Esquire

DECEMBER, 1947

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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A tradition in unrivaled entertainment

ESQUIRE'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL

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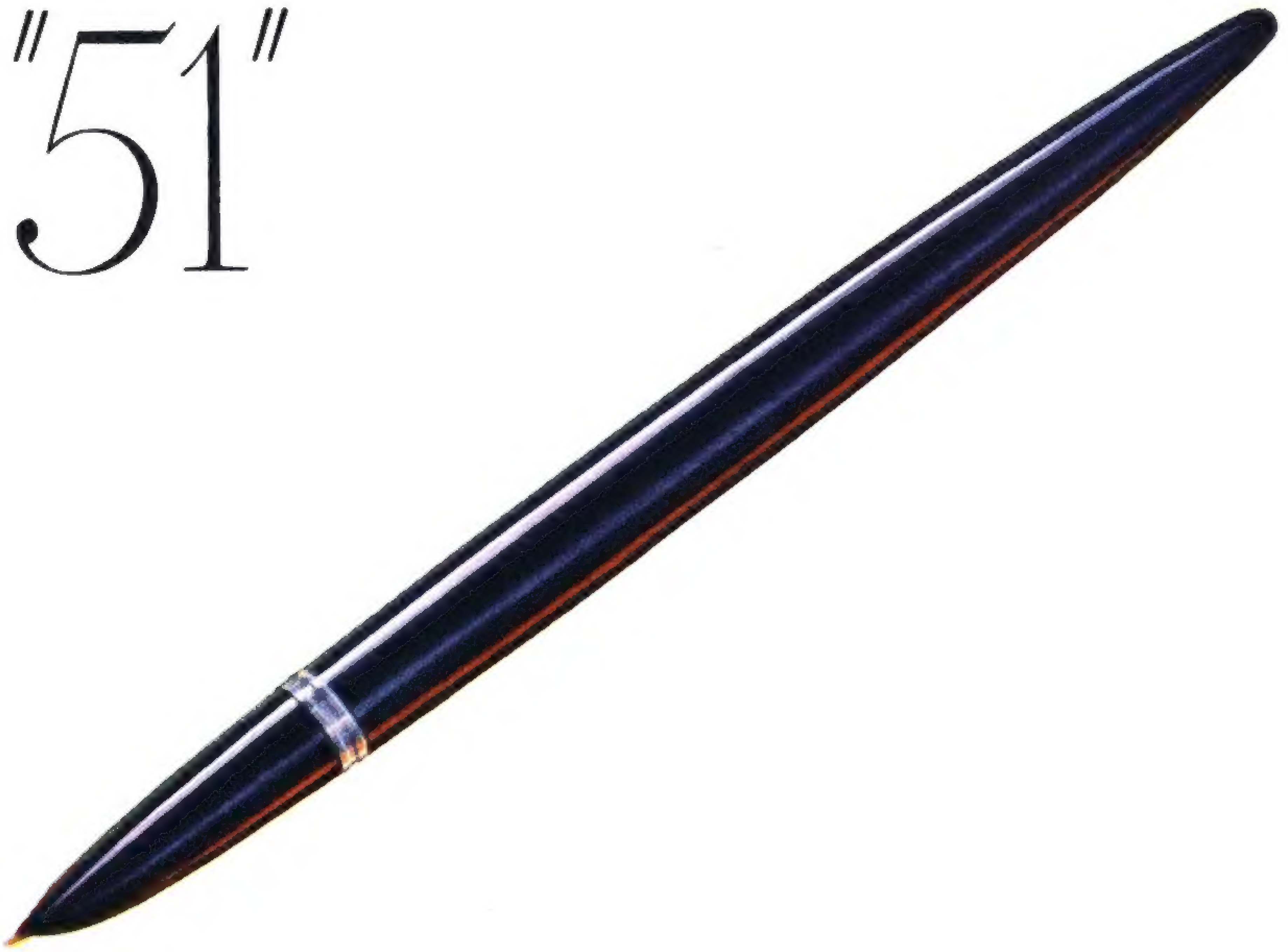
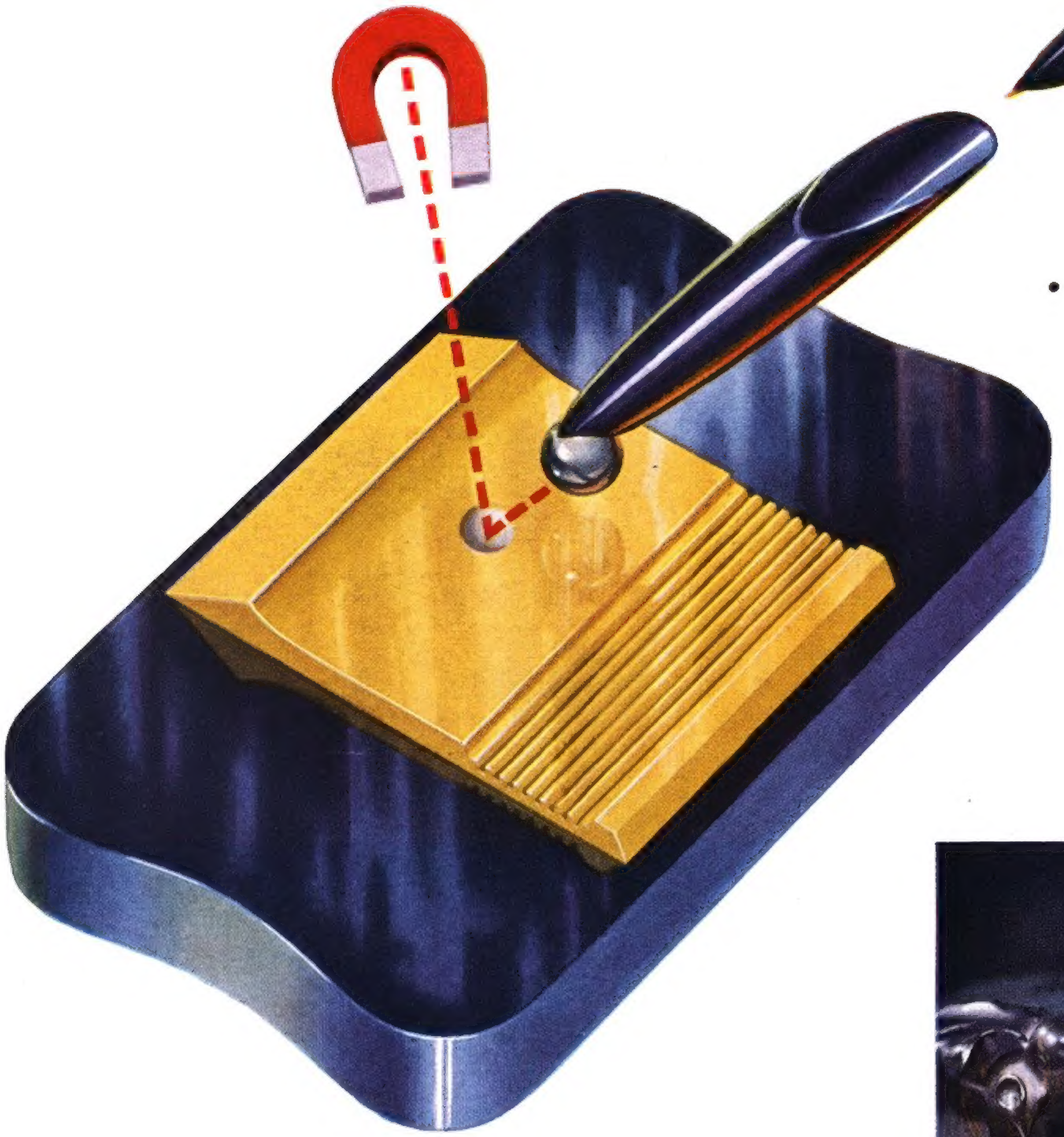
new... Parker "51"

MAGNETIX

desk set





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pivots to any angle!

A NEW-TYPE MAGNET of super-strength puts beauty and magic into this desk set! No more hinges or other friction fittings. Instead, a sphere-tipped holder is securely held to the base by magnetic attraction. The Alnico V magnet is concealed and *permanent*—will last as long as the set itself. Combined with a sleek desk model of the world's most-wanted pen, it makes the *Magnetix* Desk Set the most versatile ever created.

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ON THE DESK OF DONALD DOUGLAS—President of Douglas Aircraft Company. A new Parker "51" *Magnetix* Desk Set proves a perfect working companion. Famed for its ability to write with satin smoothness—the "51" Pen now brings new individuality to handwriting. For it offers a wide range of custom points. And it uses exclusive new Parker *Superchrome* Ink—the super-brilliant, super-permanent ink that *dries as it writes!*

15 MODERN STYLES IN RICH METALS AND PLASTICS— CREATED BY INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS DESIGNERS!

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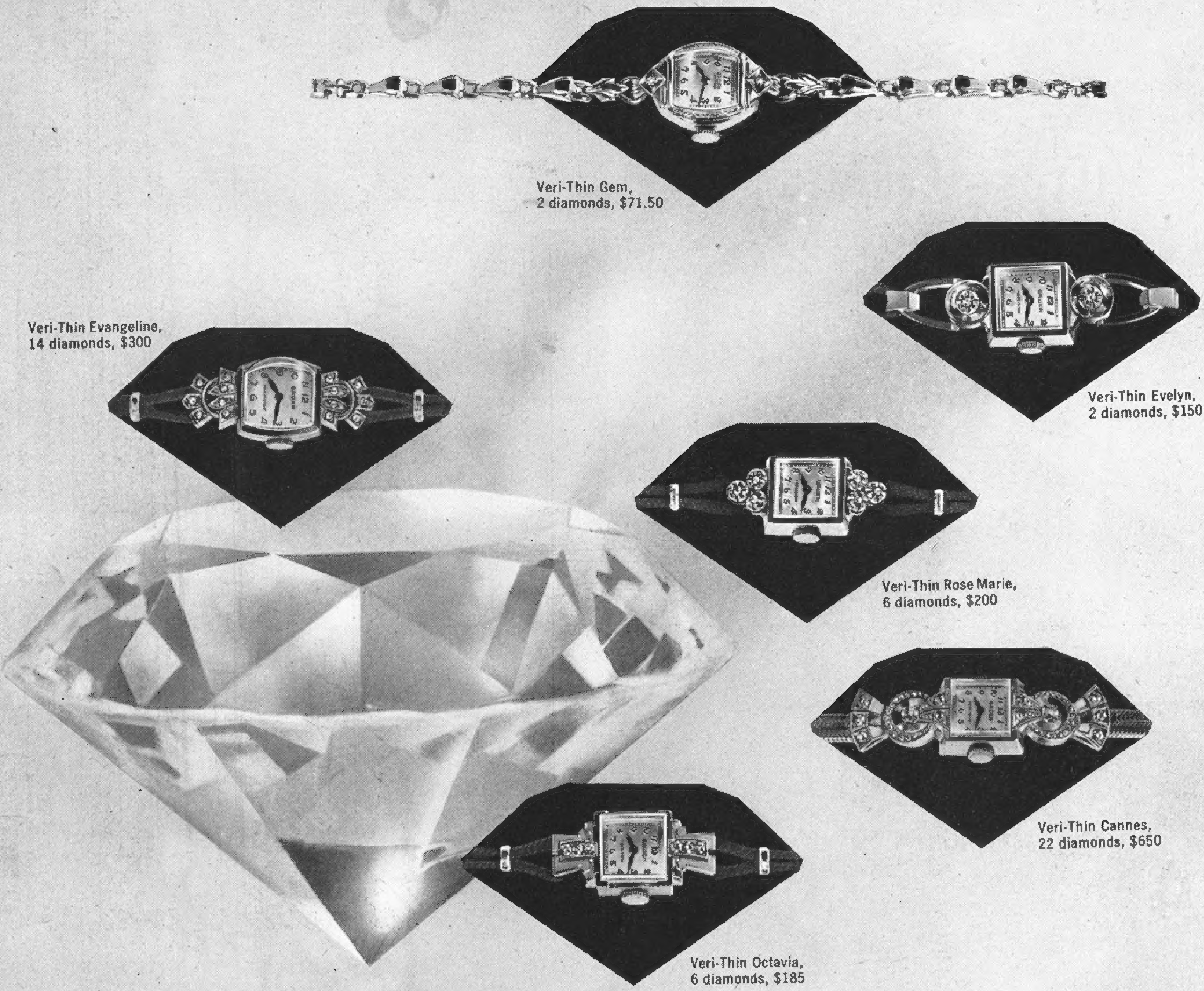
The Parker Pen Company



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2 diamonds, $71.50

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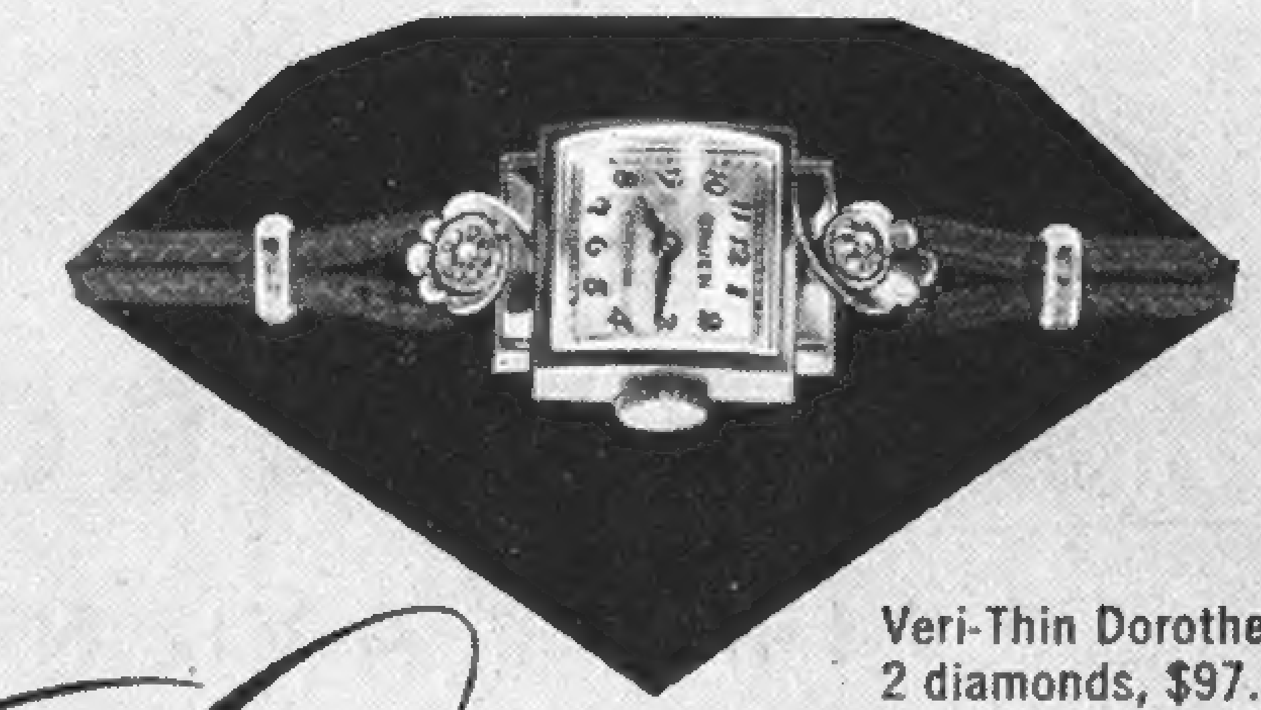

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Cross Country

TOILETRIES FOR MEN

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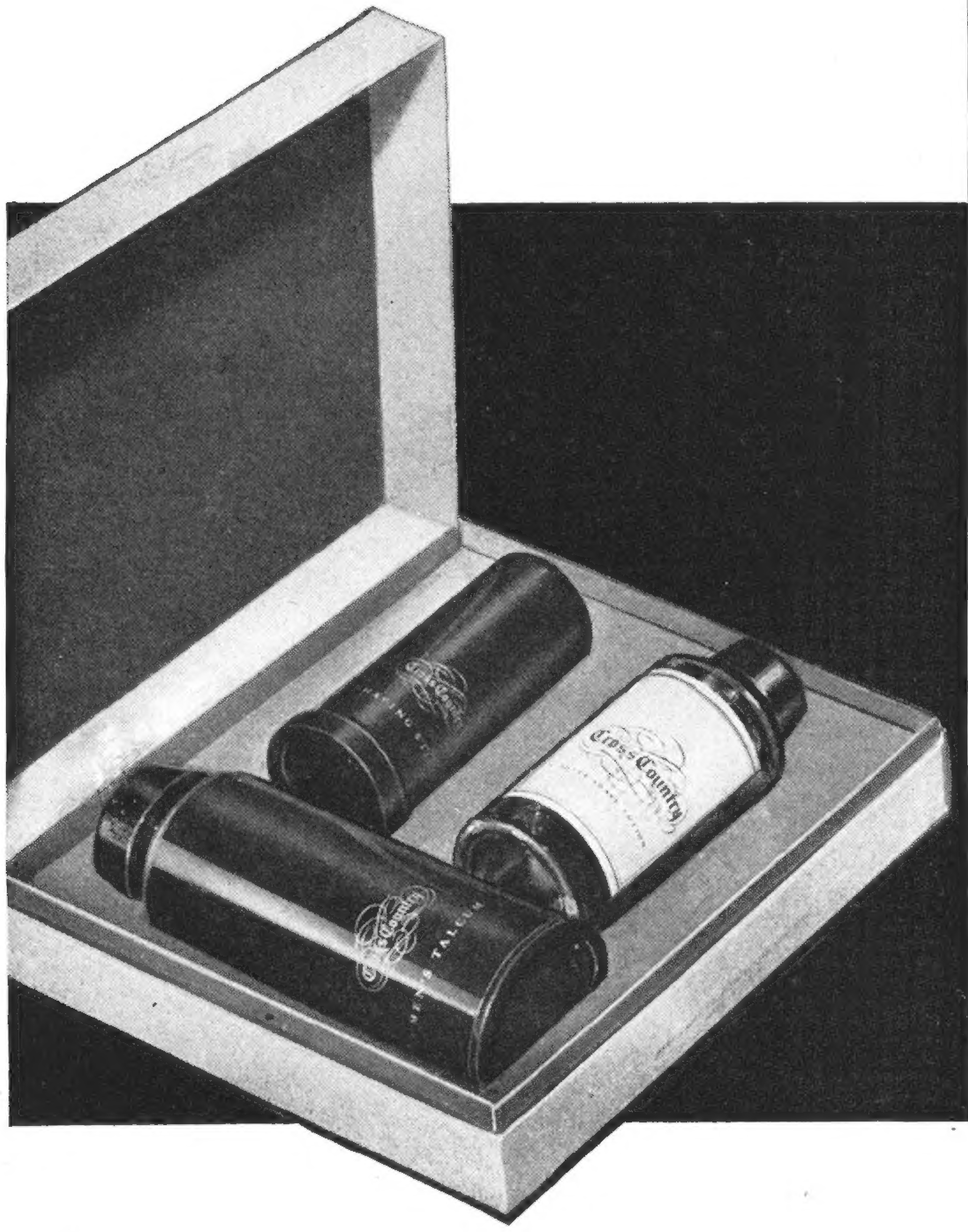

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**Subject to 20% excise tax*

MARK CROSS
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

●

Warmest Greetings

In this season of good will, we surely should call upon ours to acknowledge the gentle corrections of those correspondents who pondered page 45 of the September Esquire.

Dr. Lawrence J. Bonn, of Chicago, says of the Esquire Girl on that page:

> *"I'll admit that she is a very pretty girl, and no doubt would be a pleasant companion, with only one trouble. If she did show the temperature of 80.6 F. as you so state under the picture, I'm afraid that she would be rather chilly and somewhat stiff due to rigor mortis . . . and too chilly for male companionship."*

Well, Dr. Bonn, it must be admitted that the loveliest of women should be maintained at a careful 98.6 F., regardless of the copywriter who stated otherwise, perhaps unduly influenced by his experiences on the Murmansk run during the war.

It is our intention, therefore, to restore every Esquire Girl from now on to a proper temperature and, bearing in mind the lovely creations of Ben Stahl, Coby Whitmore, and Al Moore in this issue, to add occasionally a suggestion of added warmth, if only to make up for the degrees so thoughtlessly omitted from previous issues.

To Dr. Bonn, and the others who have dealt so kindly with us on this scientific point of thermal control, we bow in thanks and refer you to pages 101, 119, and 120, with our warmest holiday greetings. —D. A. S.

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Esquire

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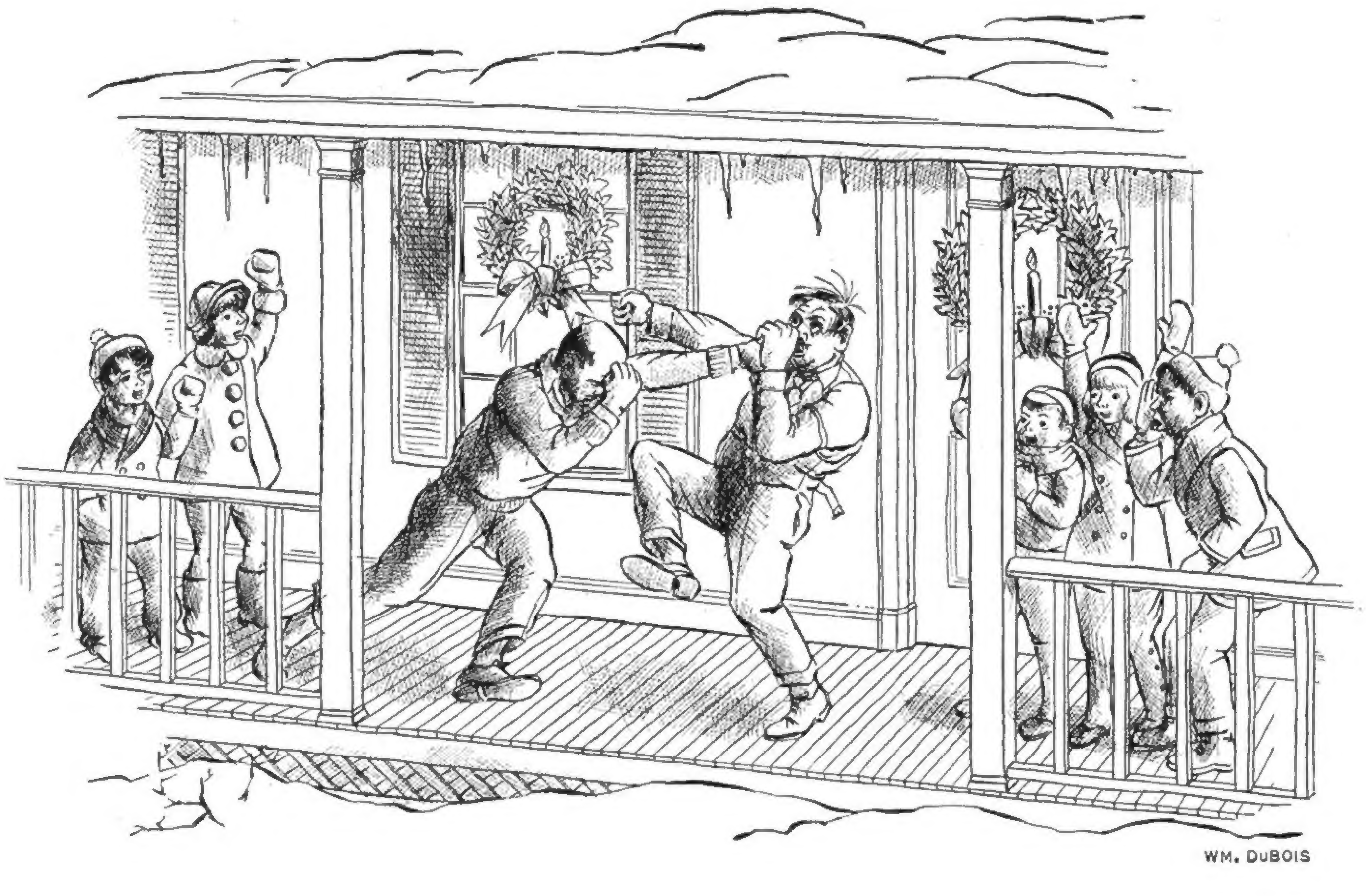
TM. REG.

Editorial: Merry Christmas to Virginia



That beloved and immortal editorial classic by Francis P. Church, "*Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus,*" will probably never be forgotten completely. And this year in one of New York's smart suburbs, a little neighborhood cast unwittingly acted it out, as Saint Nicholas hid a kindly smile.

Let us tell you this tale of Christmas cheer, too true to keep hidden, of how one '47 Santa Claus is wearing a mouse under his left eye (*au bouffant*, as our sisters at *Vogue* would cry) hung there by his best friend, now nursing a broken arm.

It started when little Virginia called out her father, Walter Clifford, and demanded another pronouncement from that harassed Solomon. She was crying.

"Tommy said there is no Santa Claus. Tell him, daddy," she sniffled.

Clifford looked severely at Tommy, cyanide in his eyes.

"My pop says there ain't no Santa Claus, so there," said Tommy, repeating his litany of the past half-hour.

Walter, faced by the waiting circle of children, cast the die that the neighborhood will never forget.

"Just tell your father, Tommy, that I say there *is* a Santa Claus, and if he says there isn't, he's crazy."

So the children happily stuck pins into Tommy and he ran off to tell his father, Joe Harvey.

Two minutes later, Joe rang Walter's bell. The children tagged along, hoping for a fight. Both men had loud voices and big ears. Joe had played on his college golf team, twenty-four years ago, and Walter always spent a few hours each summer working in his garden. They were evenly matched.

"Have some sense, Walter," said Joe. "There's no such thing as Santa Claus and you know it. It's time you told Virginia the truth anyway."

Walter looked at Virginia's stricken face.

"I say there *is* a Santa Claus."

"There isn't!"

"You're a goddam liar!"

It was a good fight for five minutes. The children laughed merrily as Joe drove a left hook into Walter's watch pocket, severely bruising his thumb, and then the men got headlocks on each other like any two boys during a school recess, and scuffled around in straining circles like a couple of drunken jitterbugs, cursing each other as the children listened delightedly.

It was when they broke that Walter hung the mouse on Joe, and the children all cheered except Tommy. It looked like Santa Claus was in as Joe went down, narrowly avoiding squashing part of his audience. But in his pain Joe remembered some of Jimmy Cagney's judo, seen only the night before, and decided to work on Walter with one of the Tiger holds which cause instant death, but are only known to ten living masters. They both watched as he messed around with Walter's arm, and to their complete amazement, broke it. They were breathing too heavily to tell the children to run for help, but Mrs. Harvey, who had been looking down contemptuously from an upstairs window, now brightened and came over to pronounce Walter's arm indeed broken. She had heard the snap, she explained, even over the sound of her radio.

"You can take Tommy's train and follow the well-known directions with it," Walter told Joe with some bitterness, later. "Now there won't be any party for the kids because you've chased Santa Claus out of this whole town with your goddam judo. I was going to play Santa, and a hell of a fine Santa I'd be, with my arm in a splint. What do I tell the kids, wise guy—did Donder or Blitzen kick me while I was feeding them holly? Even Virginia wouldn't fall for that."

"I'll play Santa," mumbled the contrite Joe.

"You? You'd do better singing *Mammy* with that eye, not playing Kris Kringle, although I admit you've got the right build."

"I'll cover the eye," said Joe. "I'll use Nancy's pancake make-up. You won't know me. I never know *her*."

And so Joe Harvey played Santa Claus at Virginia's Christmas party.

And after all the kids let themselves be fooled, they peeked into the kitchen and then they saw something that made them sure that there really was a Santa Claus.

Walter was pouring a tall glass of something or other, and they were laughing at each other.

"Here's to Santa Claus," said Walter, "and Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," said Joe. "Skoal, to Santa."

* * *

And so we, in our way, send you holiday greetings with this issue of Esquire, overflowing by tradition with a bounty of entertainment that only makes the boys down at the printing plant shake their heads in wonder each year as the pages pile in.

We are happy once more at a Christmas issue flavored red 'n' green clean through. Esquire subscribers over the years have told us that our advertisements are preferred reading in themselves, and the more so in the Christmas issues, when the art and ingenuity and skill of our advertising friends turn out a bright and beaming set of pages that make cover-to-cover good-looking a literal reality that we firmly believe is still unchallenged.

TRADITION: That if a husband brings a sprig of holly into the house before his wife does so at Christmas, he will rule the roost for the coming year.

TRADITION: That maidens in Ireland may take four onions and place one in each corner of the room, with a man's name for every one. The one first making itself known to the delicate nostrils of the maiden entitles its namesake to a pass to her boudoir for Christmas Eve.

TRADITION: That a copy of this December issue, so hard to find only a few days after the first copies reach the newsstand, is an unexcelled gift-guide to all your knottiest Christmas-shopping problems and—placed casually on the drawing-room table of your holiday host & hostess—a favored gesture of thanks.

And so while our Christmas Eve (see page 101) takes you in mistletoe through these pages, God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen. ###

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The search is ended! An amazing development of Philco research brings you flawless reproduction of any record, old or new, without a trace of surface noise or record scratch. Those exquisite soft passages you have always heard to the accompaniment of an annoying hiss, you may now enjoy against a background of *utter silence!* Hear the magnificent Chippendale Philco 1270 with Electronic Scratch Eliminator... it's a thrilling musical experience!

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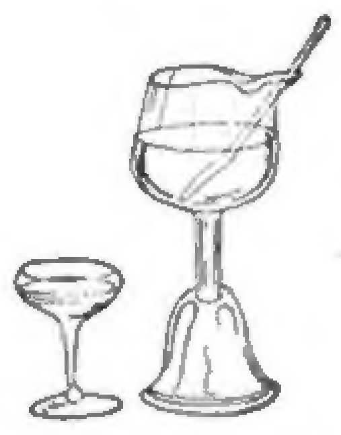
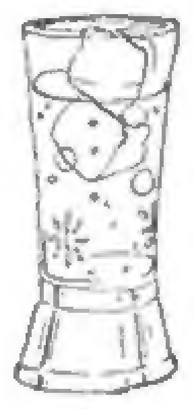
Talking Shop with Esquire

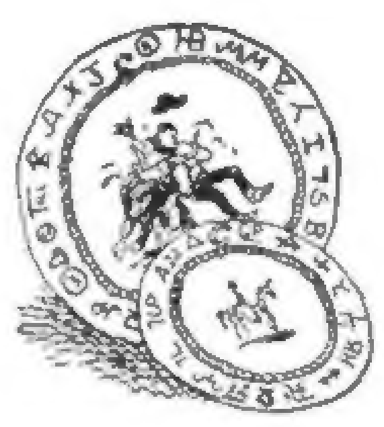
MARTINI BELL. We're partial to the gaga type of gift such as this. A round crystal bowl with pourer stands atop a solid brass bell base. When ready to serve your martinis, pick up the whole thing and summon the thirsty with a melodious ring of the brass clapper. Bell plus glass mixer stands 14" high, and mixes up to 17 ounces of fluid. Comes with glass stirrer.



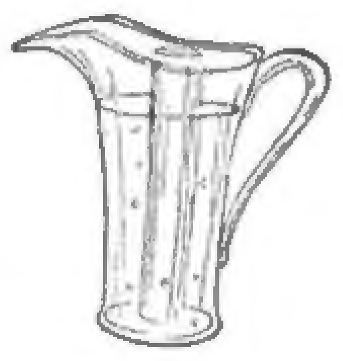
WELL LIT. Here's a bright gift idea . . . a highball glass sits on a chromium stand. When you lift the glass to sip, the contents light up by means of a couple of batteries set in the bottom. Disconcerting and fun.



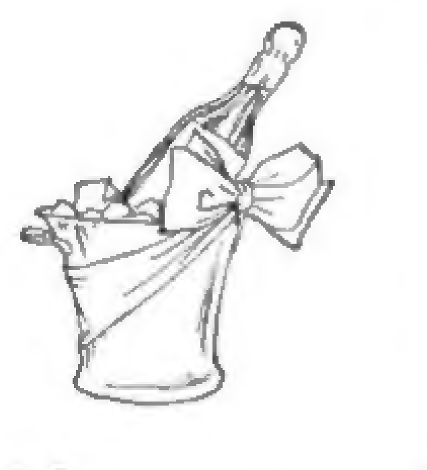
YIPEE! Eastern dudes who go in for horsey mementos and Westerners who own ranches will appreciate these fixins. A 10-pc. bar set, bar bottle, ice tub, highballs, bar glass, tray, etc., banded with saddle steerhide, with a picture of a horse's head on each. Tray has heavy rope sides. With the glassware goes a set of barbecue ware pottery in a rodeo pattern. Saddle tan background and vivid 4-color drawings of cowboys, bucking broncos or round-up scenes done by a sure-nuff cowboy artist. The borders of the plates are trimmed with authentic cowbrands of Western ranches. Quite effective.



CHILLS WITHOUT DILUTING. We speak of the ice tube pitcher, a 2 qt. glass affair which has an aluminum circular tube up the center into which you put your ice. This sealed-in feature does a good job on keeping fluids intact. Nice gift.



SEND YOUR GIFT CHAMPAGNE IN A BUCKET. Kudos to the liquor concern who thought of this ingenious merchandising idea. A bottle of excellent California champagne nestles in a ribbon be-decked emerald green plastic champagne bucket . . . you buy the works for under five bucks. For the practical minded, the ice bucket can easily double for a waste basket, flower vase or any other use the distaff side of the household might think of.



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The question as to whether a subject matter is patentable can be substantially determined by a search of the U. S. Patent records. Without obligation, write us for full information on what steps an inventor should take to secure a Patent or Trademark.

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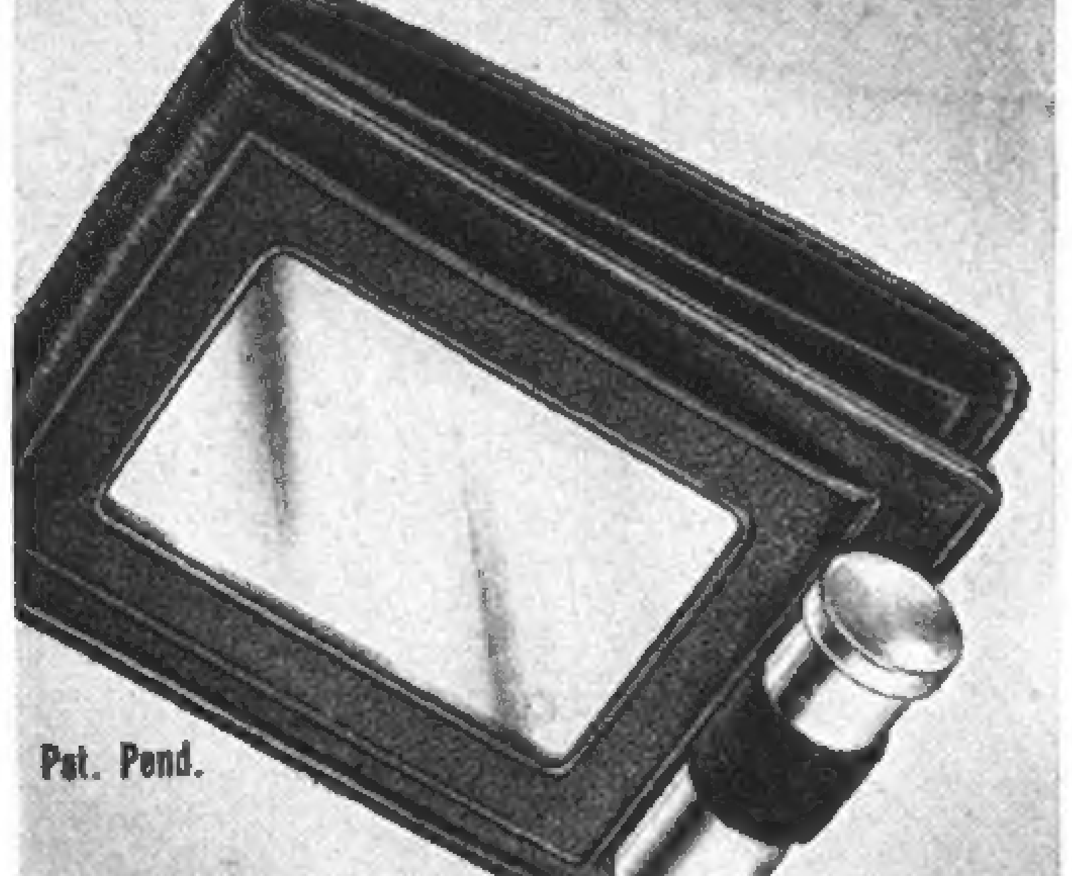
her face and her fortune..



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New "PEEL-OFF" PALETTE takes the bother out of painting—eliminates messy "clean-ups." Just peel off top sheet and Presto! . . . a fresh, paint-free working surface is ready to use. Each palette contains 50 specially processed sheets, impervious to all mediums. *The perfect gift for professionals and amateurs alike!*

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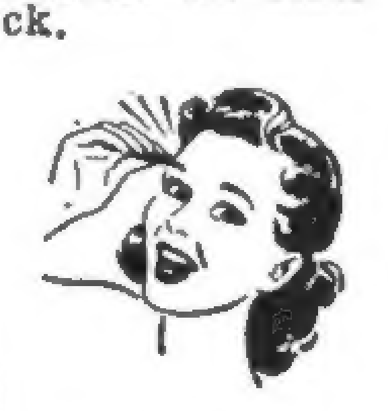
Shaving or make-up becomes fun instead of work with this amazing all-purpose illuminated mirror! Bulb brightens up your face INSTANTLY. Shave is closer, make-up time shorter. Reversible 5½" mirror has regular face on one side, magnifying on other. Made of rich, gleaming brass that keeps its lustre. Utility box (4" x 6" x 2") holds shaving, make-up articles, etc. Complete with 6-ft. cord, on-off control switch on cord and plug-in-socket on back. Operates AC or DC.



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Pat. 2267132

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Rush by return mail my illuminated mirror. I'll pay postman only $7.95 plus pstg. If not delighted, I may return in 5 days for refund.
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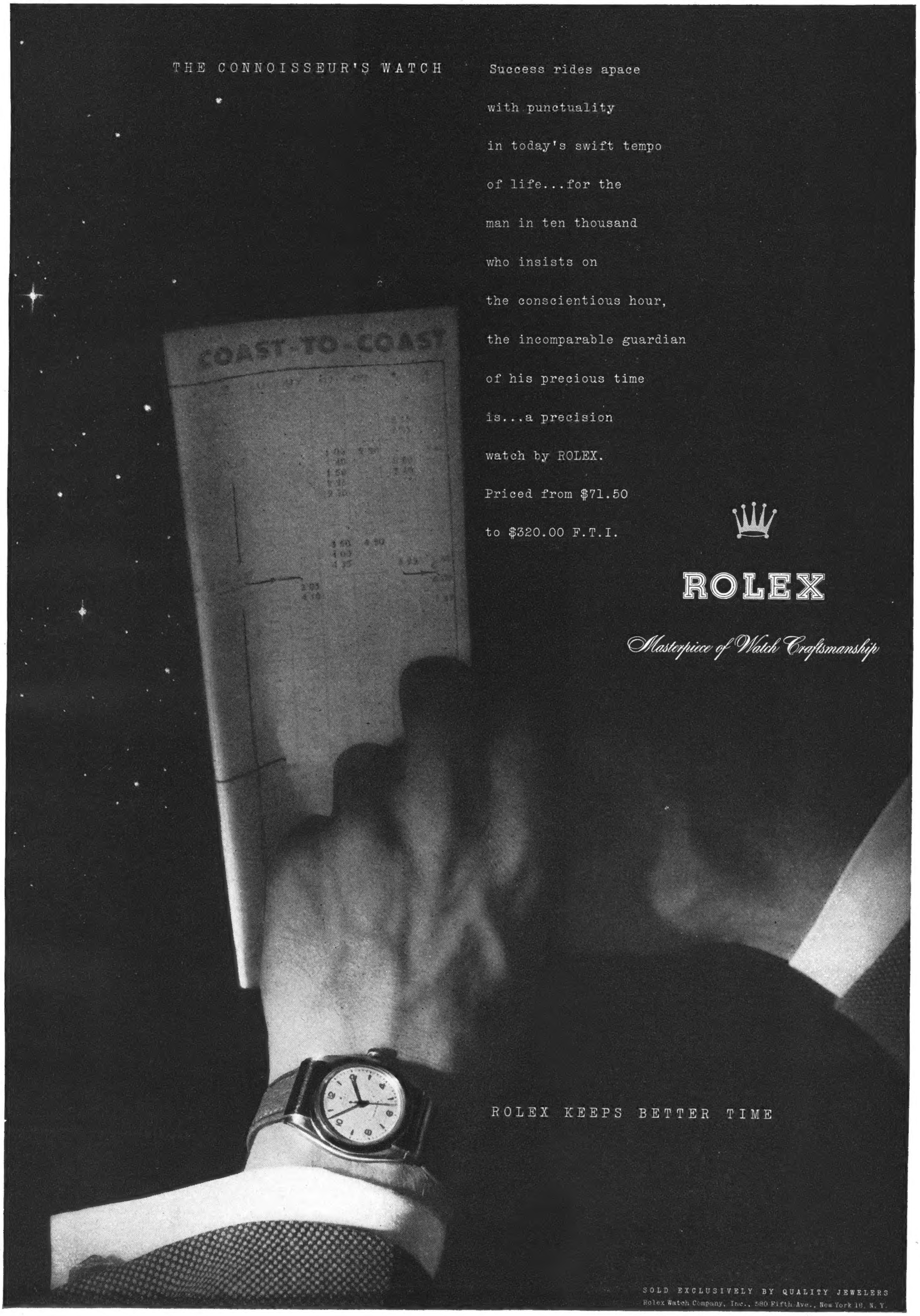

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The Sound and the Fury

Hindu push-up

Tonight a friend and I were reading the September, 1947, issue of Esquire Magazine and we found something that puzzles us very much. In your story, *Toughest Man on Earth,* you describe the Indian "dand," a form of the American push-up. We cannot figure how to do this exercise unless one is a contortionist. Could Charles Roth, the author, possibly send us a detailed description of this and a sketch if he has one available? We are anxious to learn how to do this exercise.

FRANK MASI
Alexandria, Va.

doing the Dands

I know just how Mr. Masi feels: I was confused and frustrated too when I first ran into the *Dands.*

Whether I can tell *all* about them in a letter I doubt. You see, it took the Hindus 3000 years to evolve the system, took me 12 years to learn it.

Directions: Get down on all fours, just as you do for the American floor-dip, but instead of holding the body stiff and bending the arms, sit back on your haunches, still keeping the hands on the floor. That's simple enough to understand, isn't it? Second phase is this: Push forward with the legs, bend the arms, and allow the chest almost to touch the floor as you straighten the arms. Get the idea—a sweeping forward movement in place of the stiff body floor-dip we use here. Now bend the head back and look at the ceiling. Your back has described a graceful curve, and you have completed one movement.

Now bend knees, sit back on your haunches, and do it all over again—around 25 times to start, increasing until you are doing 500, 1000 movements.

CHARLES B. ROTH

the egg and they

I am submitting a little arithmetical problem which I think will prove interesting to your figure fanciers.

A man had three sons to whom he gave 10, 20 and 50 eggs, respectively. His instructions were that each had to sell all his eggs and in order to do this the number of sales for each son must be the same—and the price per egg must be the same at each sale for each son. After these conditions were fulfilled each son brings home the same amount of money.

How is it done?

A. E. SPRIGMAN
Woodbury, N. J.

souvenir of a siren

Your pictures of Lola Montez by J. Frederick Smith interest me especially as I possess a souvenir of the lady. As a member of the BBC War Reporting Unit, I was rummaging about in the ruins of Wesel, on the first morning after crossing the Rhine with the British Second Army, when I came across a smashed curio cabinet. In a typical collection of family souvenirs, I found an old-fashioned spur with a label which said that it had belonged to "Lola Montez, dancer, rider and mistress of Ludwig of Bavaria." I had no reason to doubt the authenticity of my find as Germans are usually painstakingly accurate over such things.

The only information to be deduced from the spur itself was that it must have been worn by a woman with a very small foot. One side of the spur is beautifully inlaid with silver, the other side being plain burnished steel. The stem is three inches long, curved upwards, and the heavy rowel is two inches in diameter, fairly thick in the center, but razor thin at the rim, with closely spaced V-cuts which turn the edge into a large number of slender spikes, three-quarters-of-an-inch long and immensely sharp. As the most gentle touch could not fail to draw blood, I do not envy the unfortunate beast which had to submit to this fearsome instrument of punishment!

HARVEY F. SARNEY
British Army of the Rhine
Germany

Shank's goat

By a strange coincidence, I have a farmer friend who has a barn of the exact outside dimensions shown on Zimmerman's rectangle; but, in inches instead of feet, or 66⅔ feet by 25 feet. Green grass grows all around and he tied one end of a 100 foot rope to a corner of the barn and a goat to the free end. What was the grazing area, in square feet, the goat could cover?

R. W. SHANK
Chicago, Ill.

Esky as ransom

In answer to your *The Sound and the Fury* appeal, under the title "liberal offer," this station, really outpost, T.S.S.C. (Tamenglong State Servants Club) sends out its S.O.S. for mags, books, and pictures for the hill tribes of this eastern frontier of India.

These tribes, up till a short while ago, were head-hunters, only deviating from this wholesome hobby after they had one look at Esky. They decided they would find it more profitable to collect Eskies for their trophy trees than to collect heads. One can only believe this on seeing the remains of my Esky every month, after the locals have done with it. The unfortunate part now is that they are beginning to demand more ransom. Surely some of your readers can help me save my cranium from the "Sound and Fury" of the demands made by these hill tribes.

Who knows someday you may be in the same predicament.

ROBERT G. MENGIES
Assam, India

global fellowship

I have this date mailed to Eduardo Sa, Lisbon, Portugal, the copies of Esquire from January to August, inclusive, of this year.

I wonder if some of these people in foreign lands wouldn't like an occasional roll of your sister publication *Coronet*? Each little bit would help extend the practical wisdom of democracy as we understand it. It might be a good idea. No? Yes?

B. H. RUGGLES
Washington, D. C.

invitation to kibitzers

It was with pleasant surprise that I saw the poem, *The Highwayman,* by Alfred Noyes with the beautiful art layout in your September issue. Prior to your publication date, I had purchased the film rights to the classic, and I intend to make a feature-length picture with it as the basis. Mrs. Noyes, Jack Dewitt and Renault Duncan are now working on the screen play.

Perhaps some of your readers have ideas about casting the principal characters in the story, as a possible guide in our efforts.

If they would care to send suggestions to me I would be very happy to give them careful consideration.

JAMES S. BURKETT
8739 Sunset Boulevard
Hollywood 46, Calif.

again the Julep

When I was a member of The Pendennis Club in Louisville, no bartender would dare to serve me a mint julep made in accordance with Mr. Hart's recipe, which was featured in your August issue.

Now—here is the proper way to make a mint julep:

Place a small cube of sugar in a 14-oz. silver julep cup. Crush the cube slightly. Drop on top a half dozen tender mint leaves and crush them on the sugar rubbing the crushed leaves all around the inside of the cup and slightly over the edge. Then fill the cup to the top with shaved ice—press down. Add a level teaspoon of granulated sugar over the ice. *Do not measure the whisky!* Just pour it through the sugar and ice until the cup is almost full. Allow it to set a moment and frost. Then fill the cup level with the brim with ice and additional whisky. Stick several mint tips into the center of the ice and serve. Do not use straws. One of the joys of drinking a mint julep is getting your nose right into the sprigs of mint.

Many people prefer a crystal highball glass to a silver cup because the glass will frost just as quickly and the beautiful patterns of the green and amber color of the julep is something for an artist to behold. You cannot get that color in a silver cup.

A julep should set at least five minutes before being tasted; then it should be sipped and not swallowed down.

THOS. C. FISHER
Tokyo, Japan

Harris' headrest

Here's the solution to my problem concerning the five-gallon radiator. The problem was: a five-gallon radiator has a mixture of 80% water and 20% alcohol. How much of this mixture must be drained and replaced by pure alcohol to make the mixture 70% water and 30% alcohol?

20% of the remainder of the radiator's contents (after our unknown amount is drained) plus the pure alcohol which is to displace the unknown amount would equal 30% of the whole, which is 5 gallons.

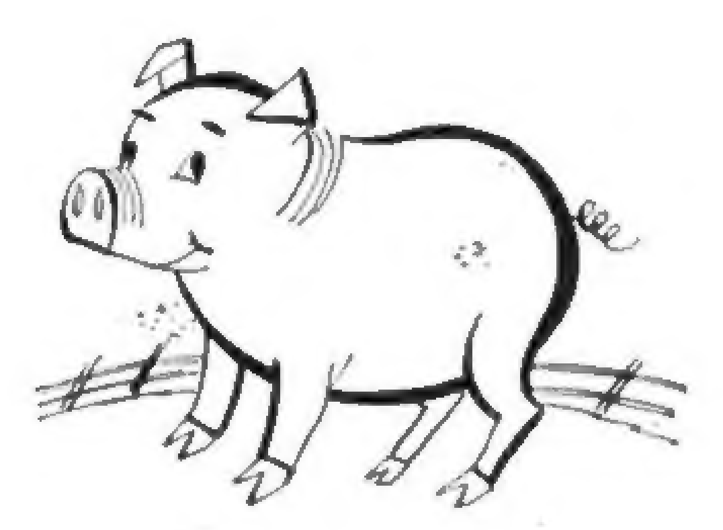
Putting this statement in an algebraic equation:

x equals the amount of mixture to be taken out.
x will also be amount of alcohol to be put back in radiator.
20% (5-x) plus x equals 30% times 5
20/100 (5-x) plus x equals 30/100 times 5
100-20x/100 plus x equals 150/100
100-20x plus 100x/100 equals 150/100
100-20x plus 100x equals 150
100x-20x equals 150-100
80x equals 50
x equals 5/8 gallon, the amount to be drained

The difficulty that most men encounter is the idea that every time you drain a drop of solution 20% of it would be alcohol.

The above solution eliminates this difficulty.

GENE HARRIS
Santa Fe, N M.



Lindeman's livestock

A farmer buys 60 animals consisting of pigs at $3.00 a head, sheep at $6.00 a head, and calves at $25.50 a head. How many of each does he buy if he spends exactly $451.50 on the total purchase?

B. LINDEMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

rumbullion

Virgin Island rum is not heavy bodied, if I may take exception to Scott Hart's otherwise excellent article, in September's issue. Having spent two and a half years in St. Croix, V. I., long enough to be accepted by the oldest native as a "Cruzan," I feel fairly well qualified to rush to their sides and leer at Scott Hart for making this glaring error.

Moreover the Planter's Punch, while a fair drink, is not, as Hart inferred, the most popular of all rum drinks in the Caribbean.

Here's a drink that is very popular down there.

Fill a glass to the top with broken hunks of ice (don't chip it!), squeeze, with the hands, the juice of one-half lime over the ice, pour in one ounce of rum, place the lime rind on top of the ice, fill with cola and stir lightly That makes what is known there—and in the States—as a Cuba Libre; it beats a Planter's Punch all to hell.

S/SGT. EDWIN D. KENNEDY
Patterson Field
Fairfield, O.

What's the other reason for this picture?

WHENEVER you see four red roses you're probably reminded, first, of the matchless whiskey they symbolize . . . Four Roses.

But there's *another* reason for *this* picture. We hope it will remind you that today, or tomorrow, or one day soon, may be an anniversary or some other very special occasion for a certain friend of yours—an occasion you should commemorate with a gift.

If that is true, remember what a grand present Four Roses would make!

For this whiskey—with its mellow, distinctive flavor—is a gift that reflects *your* thoughtfulness in choosing the best, and compliments the good taste of the man who gets it.

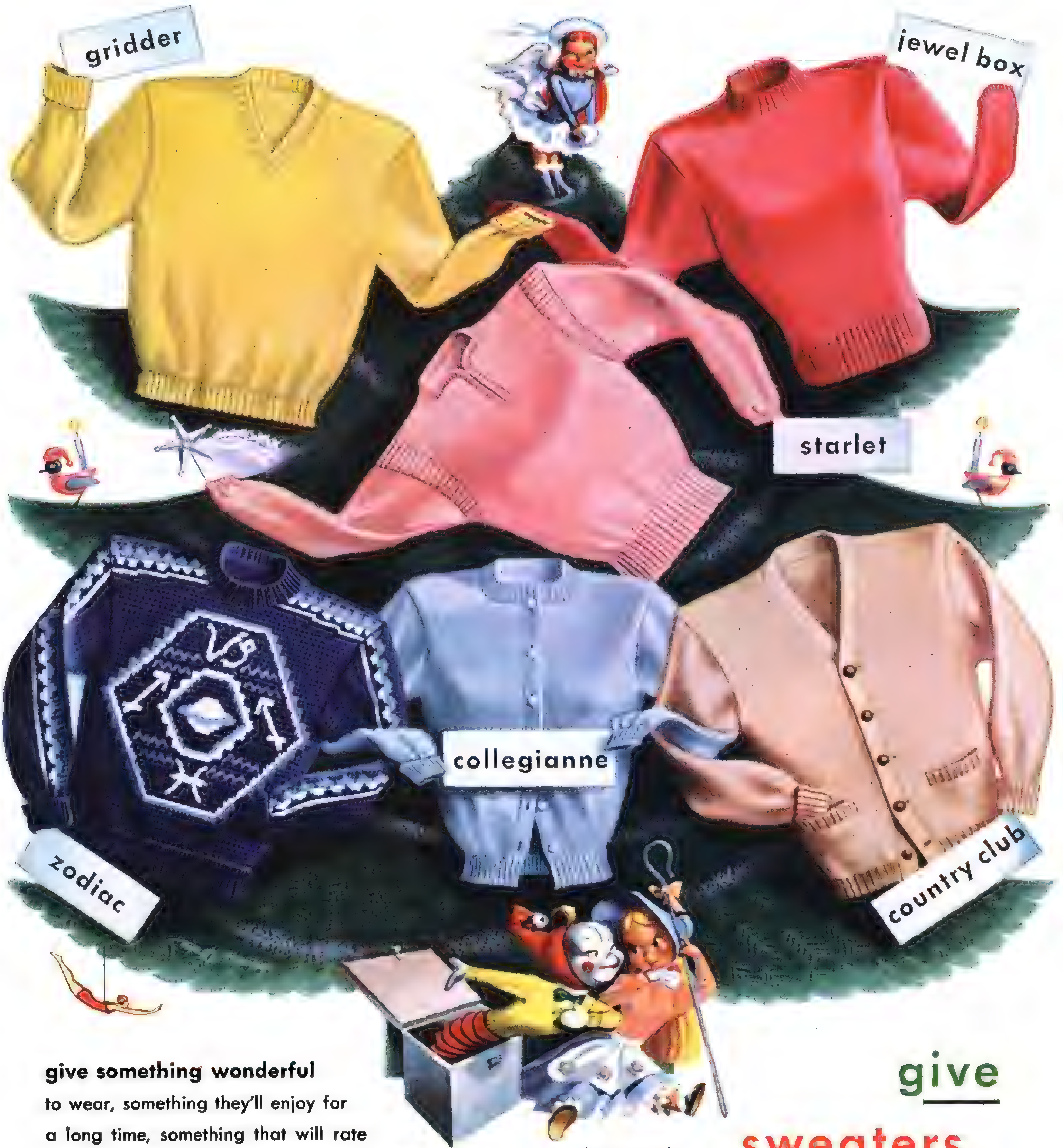
• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

FOUR ROSES
FINE BLENDED WHISKEY



design pat. pend.

give something wonderful to wear, something they'll enjoy for a long time, something that will rate you as a "wonderful giver"... in other words, these marvelous new Jantzen sweaters as perfect as sweaters can be...tailored superbly in the finest imported worsted wool, spun and dyed in marvelous colors by Jantzen. For the girls, "starlet" is 10.95... "jewel box" 8.95...both have divine dressmaker details and special Jantzen shoulder pads..."collegianne", heavenly new cardigan, is 9.95. For the men, "gridder" is 8.95..."zodiac" 10.95..."country club" 13.95...all three have special Jantzen no-sag shoulders. Many more gay new styles, 4.50 to 14.95 at most stores.

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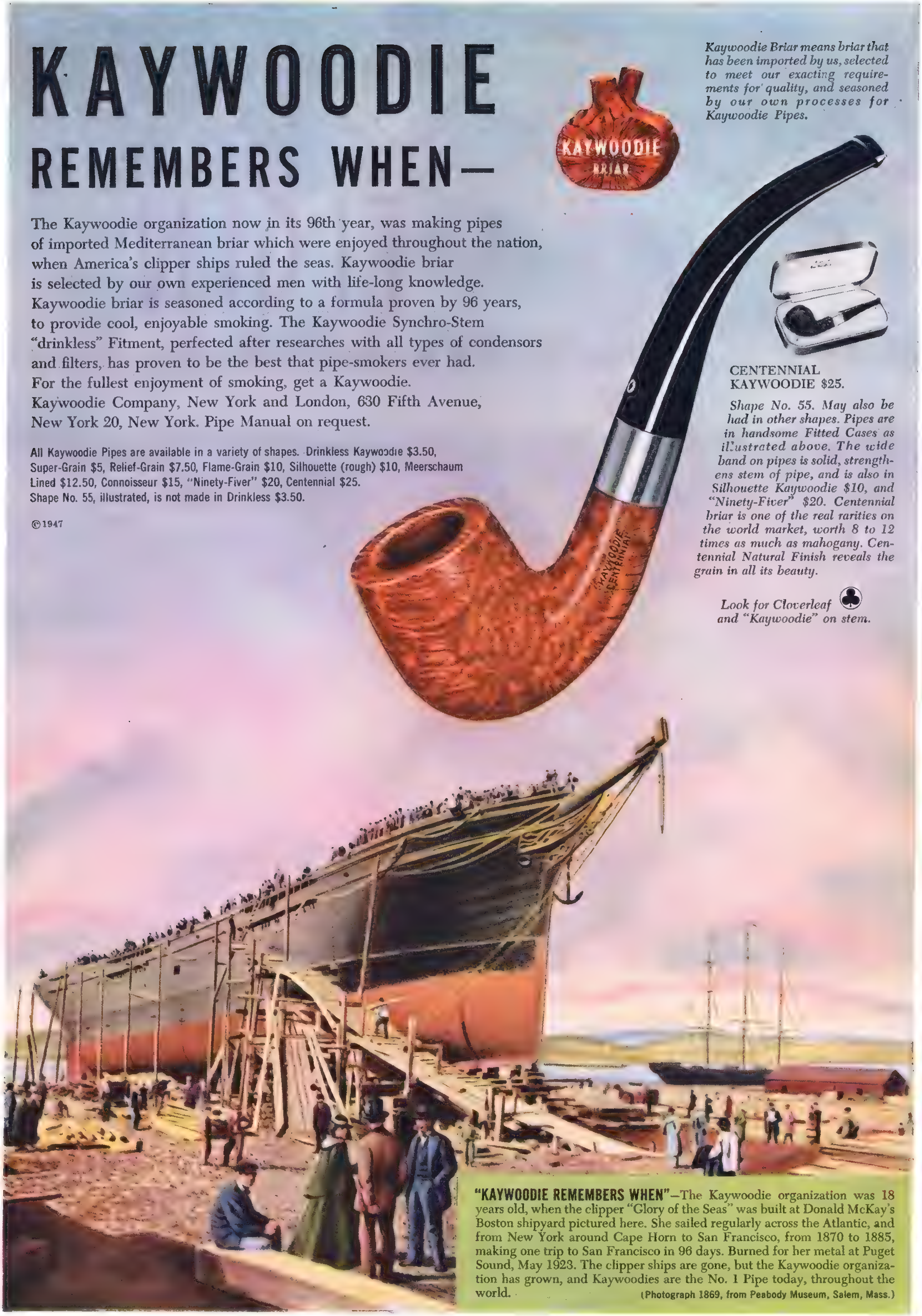

KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN—

The Kaywoodie organization now in its 96th year, was making pipes of imported Mediterranean briar which were enjoyed throughout the nation, when America's clipper ships ruled the seas. Kaywoodie briar is selected by our own experienced men with life-long knowledge. Kaywoodie briar is seasoned according to a formula proven by 96 years, to provide cool, enjoyable smoking. The Kaywoodie Synchro-Stem "drinkless" Fitment, perfected after researches with all types of condensors and filters, has proven to be the best that pipe-smokers ever had. For the fullest enjoyment of smoking, get a Kaywoodie. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York. Pipe Manual on request.

All Kaywoodie Pipes are available in a variety of shapes. Drinkless Kaywoodie $3.50, Super-Grain $5, Relief-Grain $7.50, Flame-Grain $10, Silhouette (rough) $10, Meerschaum Lined $12.50, Connoisseur $15, "Ninety-Fiver" $20, Centennial $25. Shape No. 55, illustrated, is not made in Drinkless $3.50.

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Kaywoodie Briar means briar that has been imported by us, selected to meet our exacting requirements for quality, and seasoned by our own processes for Kaywoodie Pipes.

CENTENNIAL
KAYWOODIE $25.

Shape No. 55. May also be had in other shapes. Pipes are in handsome Fitted Cases as illustrated above. The wide band on pipes is solid, strengthens stem of pipe, and is also in Silhouette Kaywoodie $10, and "Ninety-Fiver" $20. Centennial briar is one of the real rarities on the world market, worth 8 to 12 times as much as mahogany. Centennial Natural Finish reveals the grain in all its beauty.

Look for Cloverleaf ♣ and "Kaywoodie" on stem.

"KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN"—The Kaywoodie organization was 18 years old, when the clipper "Glory of the Seas" was built at Donald McKay's Boston shipyard pictured here. She sailed regularly across the Atlantic, and from New York around Cape Horn to San Francisco, from 1870 to 1885, making one trip to San Francisco in 96 days. Burned for her metal at Puget Sound, May 1923. The clipper ships are gone, but the Kaywoodie organization has grown, and Kaywoodies are the No. 1 Pipe today, throughout the world. (Photograph 1869, from Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.)

They'll be so much happier with an ELGIN

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LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL ON THE DIAL

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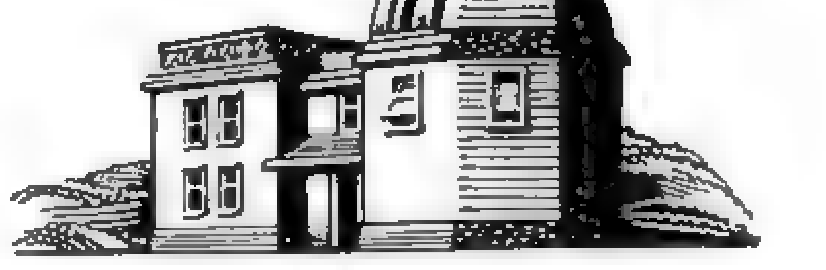
See the beautiful new Elgin Watches at your jeweler's. They all have the DuraPower Mainspring. And they all have rust-proof Elginite Alloy Hairsprings†, too; are factory adjusted to temperatures and positions.

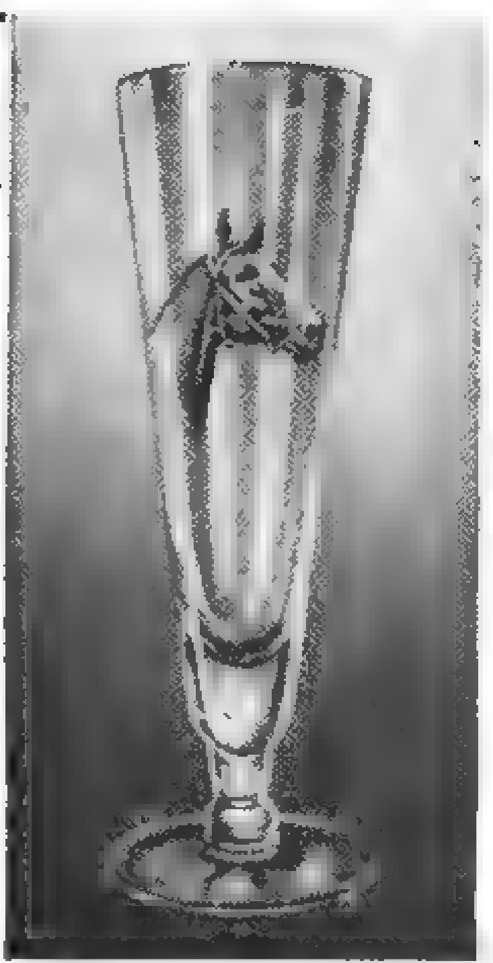
Yes, indeed. The one you want to surprise with a watch will be so much happier with an Elgin . . . an Elgin with "dp" on the dial. †Patent No. 2,146,231

The most important watchmaking development in over 200 years!



Now to Elgin's famous star-timed accuracy the DuraPower Mainspring adds a permanency of timekeeping performance never before possible in any watch. Elgin observatory time from the stars is the official time of United Air Lines. *Patent Pending

Hear Elgin's "2 HOURS OF STARS" *on Thanksgiving Day.*



PILSENER BEER GLASSES

Your favorite beer or ale seems to taste better in these graceful glasses and the artistic horse head in black by C. W. Anderson will draw admiration whenever you and your friends gather together for those pleasant moments of refreshment. 8¾" tall—holds 9 oz. Makes a memorable gift, too. 8 for $6.25—12 for $9.00. Postage prepaid. Your money back if not delighted. Safe delivery guaranteed.

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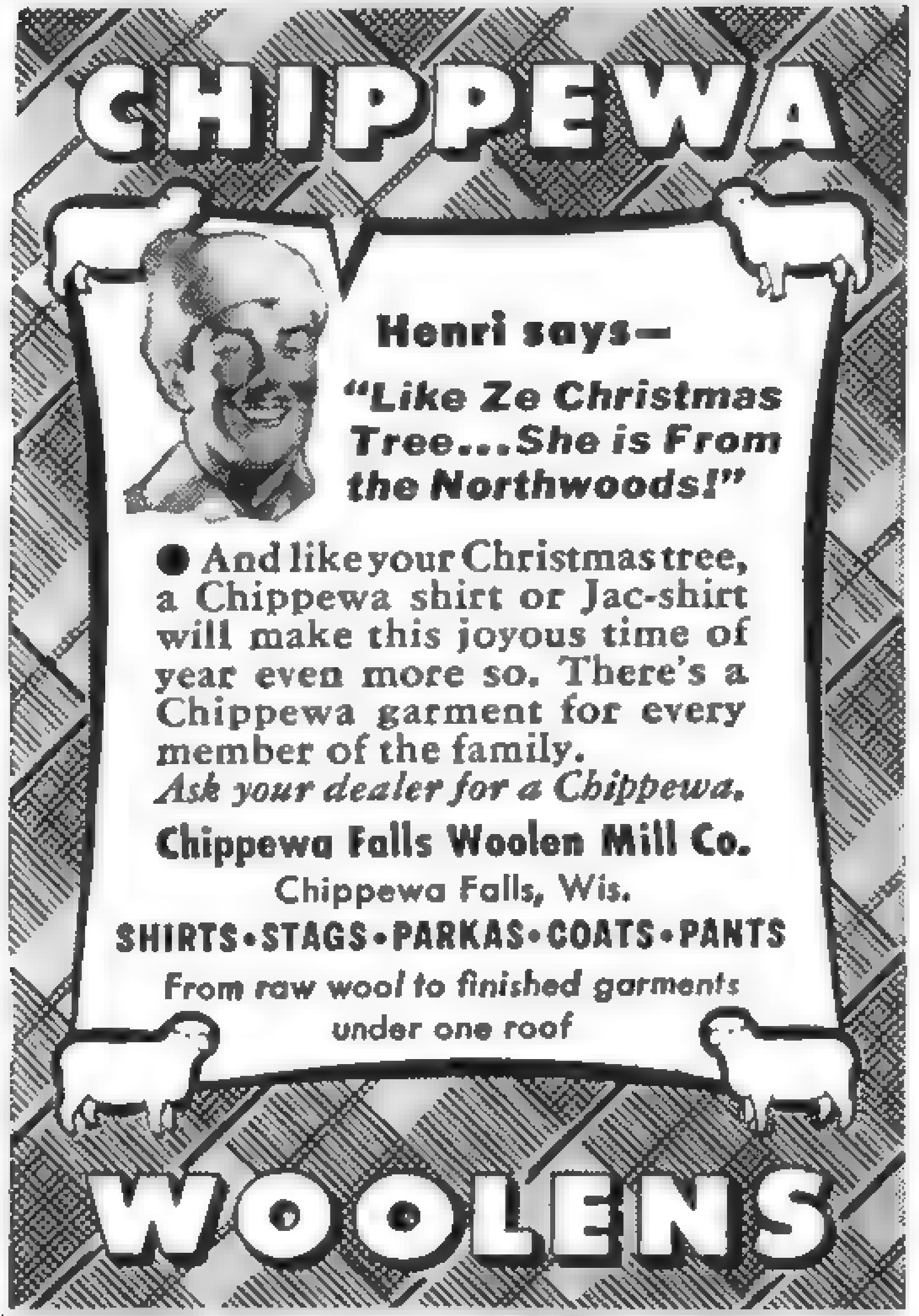

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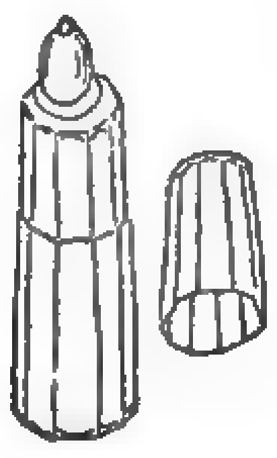
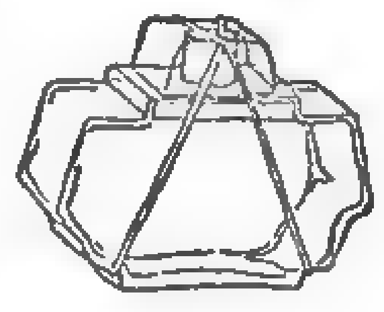
Talking Shop with Esquire

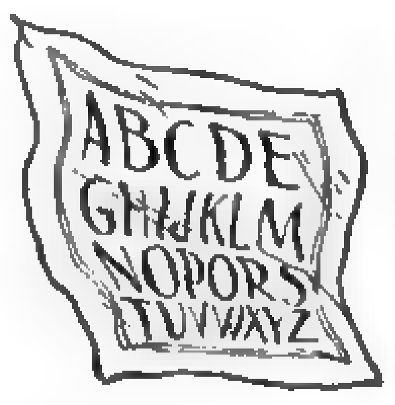
PERFUME DISPENSER . . . she carries her favorite scent with her wherever she goes in a 24 kt. gold plated perfume dispenser. About the size of a lipstick, with a ball point top which releases just the right amount of scent at a time.



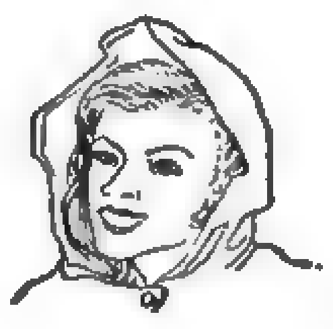
PERFUMES. The new perfumes would appear to be more subtle, more lady-like than of yore. While they make no out and out play for passion, they have persistant undertones so that you get the message. There's "Shanghai", warm, vibrant and deepened by musky overtones that are definitely Oriental. "Intoxication" a heady fragrance in a beautiful jewel-cut flacon. Another called "Emir" . . . and this one the maker describes as "reminiscent of the night a Persian Emir chose his queen." Wow! Another is called "Fame", a true French perfume and an important, unforgettable scent. Another newcomer is "Command Performance", sweet, elegant, yet potent. Comes in a crystal bottle with a chunky crystal stopper. "Terpsichore" is handsomely packaged in a bright red leather case lined with cream satin cushions. A removable red leather pedestal holds the flask-like gold lettered bottle which is topped by a gold stopper. Box can be used as a jewel case afterwards.



THE ALPHABET SCARF. Pure silk scarves can be, as Hollywood would say, "*san*sational". And women certainly go for them. One large 36" square is printed in large block letters of the alphabet, plus numbers from 1 to 10. Another scarf uses a tea set, sugar bowl, creamer and enormous cups as a print design on a Wedgwood blue background. Cut glass plates and glass prints form another scarf design; and best of all, a scarf printed in huge jewels in birthstone colors.



THISA AND THATA FOR SLICK CHICKS. Why not a cummerbund set consisting of wool jersey gloves, a reversible hood (red on one side, royal blue on the other, worn either way out) plus a wide sash, a regular cummerbund borrowed from a gentleman's dress clothes. Or how about a black lace hood that can be worn as an apron or a peplum and lace gloves (elbow length) to match? Or leopard mittens sans thumbs, to be worn *over* her regular gloves come a sudden chill. And lazy boots . . . of colored wool jersey, with ankle strap—fine for prowling around the house or for traveling. Washable, natch.



Ranger

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Snowflake bracelet	19.80
Matching pins or earrings, pair	7.80
Pin or tie clasp	6.90
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BLUE & GREY • MAROON & GREY • BROWN & BEIGE
$7.50

Custom Made
MONOGRAMMED NECKWEAR

A fine, thoughtful gift. Neat monogram beautifully executed. Pure silk crepe, 50 inches long. Order today for pre-Christmas delivery. Send us your gift list and mailing instructions now! Use coupon below.

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Send me ________ ties, monogrammed as follows
1. ________ 2. ________ 3. ________
Colors: 1. ________ 2. ________ 3. ________
CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐
for $7 50 per tie is enclosed.
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what better GIFT than a
Upper Barrel
Lower Barrel
It Writes!

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The modern precision writing instrument enjoyed by every smoker. Lightweight metal, anodized in permanent colors. Snuffer cap, (a must for pipe smokers) unique patented clip, and fully guaranteed. For an unusual but practical gift . . . buy a HAVALITE

Choice of COLORS

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- Maroon
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- Fuschia
- Silver
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- Wine
- Yellow
- Orange

Or a two tone combination with the upper barrel one color, the lower, another.

$5 postpaid *from*

Send a $5 bill, Money order, or check to
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2014 Chapala Street,
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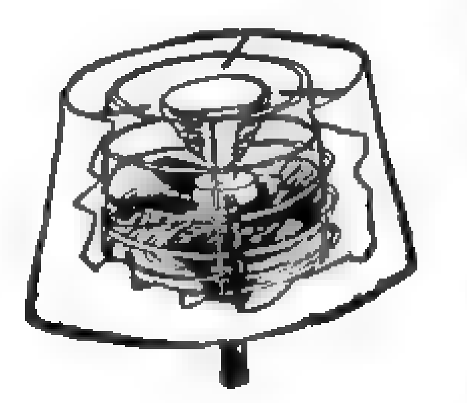
and HAVALITE will come to you postpaid in an attractive gift box. Be sure and specify color.

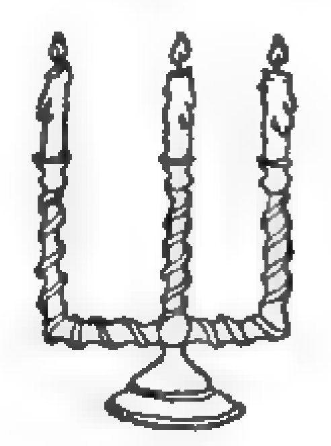
California Sales Tax is included

Talking Shop with Esquire

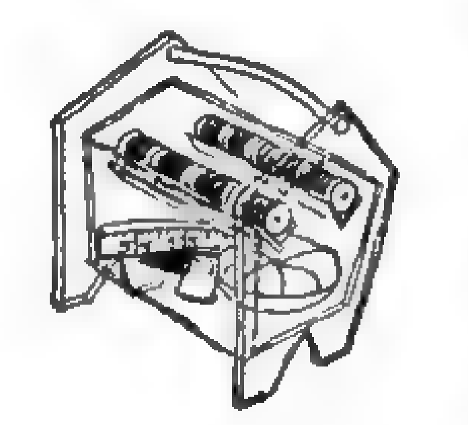
FAN LAMP. She'll bless you for this one. At first glance, it's a regular floorlamp, with bronze or silver finished stand and a silk shade. But under the shade, things begin to happen. A built-in exhaust fan...with the lamp-shade serving as funnel . . . gently draws the cool air from the floor and mixes it with the heated air near the ceiling. Just switch the fan on, and you have a completely draftless air circulation with a flick of the finger. The fan lamp cools your rooms in summer, and freshens indoor air in winter without drafts or direct blasts. Dispels smoke, stale air, and costs little to operate. And that's not all. By removing the lamp-shade and tilting the superstructure, the fan lamp can be used with infrared or ultra violet ray bulbs for heat treatments, hair drying or as a direct fan.



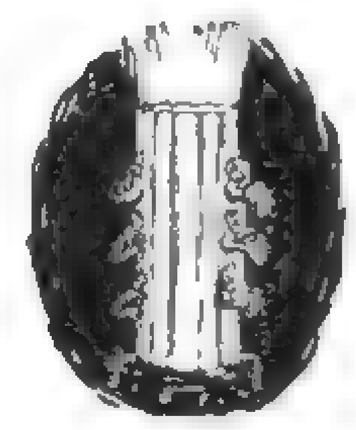
TWO OR THREE BRANCH CANDELABRA. Twisted bronze, hand-buffed to a gleaming finish. Start out with a 3-branch unit, or turn it into a 2-branch affair by using a tiny bronze flame stopper which can be used instead of the center stick.



ULTRA MODERN SEWING KIT . . . made of transparent plexiglas . . . mother can see at a glance just what it contains. In spite of its delicate appearance and light weight, the plastic sewing box is durable and practical. The wide double covers at the top, give easy access to the contents. Of plastic, too, is a handy sewing box. Its a flat, round box, sectioned into 3 parts to hold buttons, pins, etc. The round cover holds 16 spools of thread on spindels, and has a pin cushion in the center, plus a pair of shears. Very inexpensive.



LAMP WITHOUT A SHADE. Looks like a flower vase in rich chartreuse color pottery standing on a black plastic base. Interesting feature is that this new reflector comes without the usual formal shade. Light is thrown directly upward from the base itself, and through the winged shaped louvres (slats) on each side (they look like triple handles). The lamp is a beauty for hallways, mantles and spots where decoration and soft light are wanted.



Ranger

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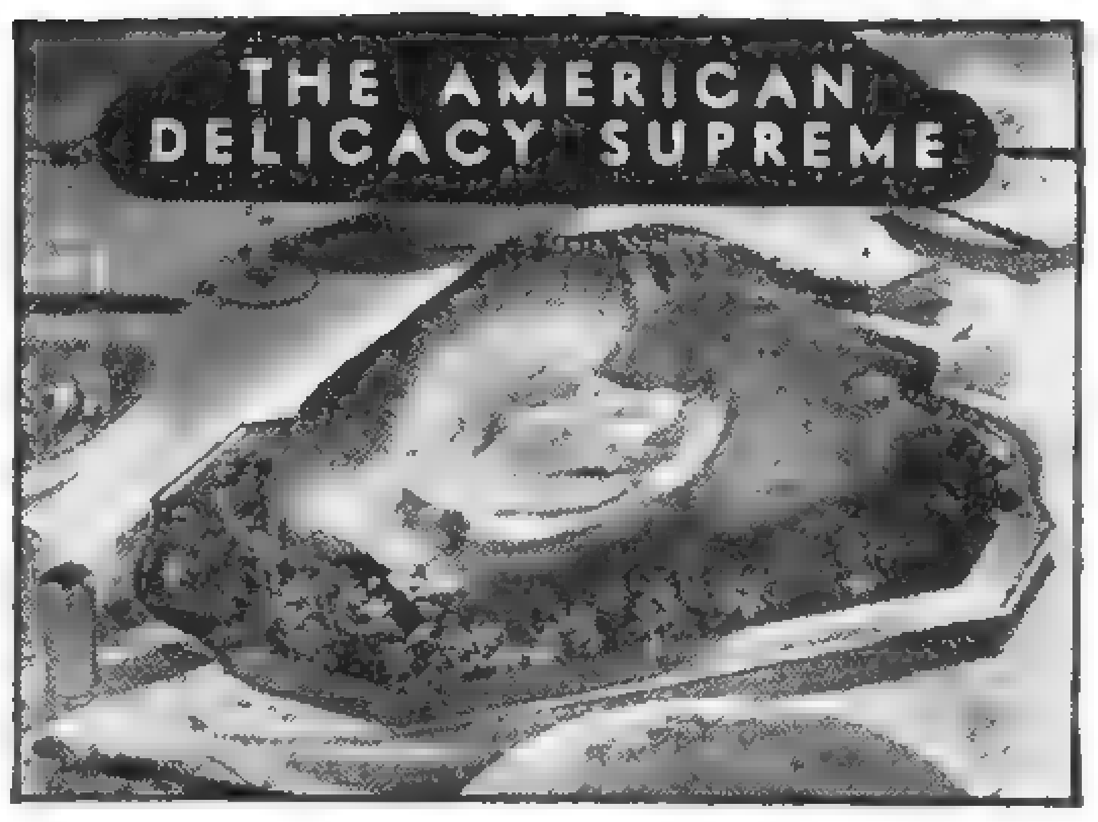

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SMOKED TURKEY

Tender, delicious, ready-to-serve . . . a unique holiday treat for your family and friends . . . the perfect centerpiece for any festive board! Sanitarily packed . . . rushed by *prepaid express* anywhere in continental U. S. Whole smoked turkeys 8 to 14 lbs., $1.50 per lb.; half smoked turkeys 6 to 8 lbs., $1.60 per lb. *Specify weight.* Gift card enclosed if desired. Money-back guarantee.

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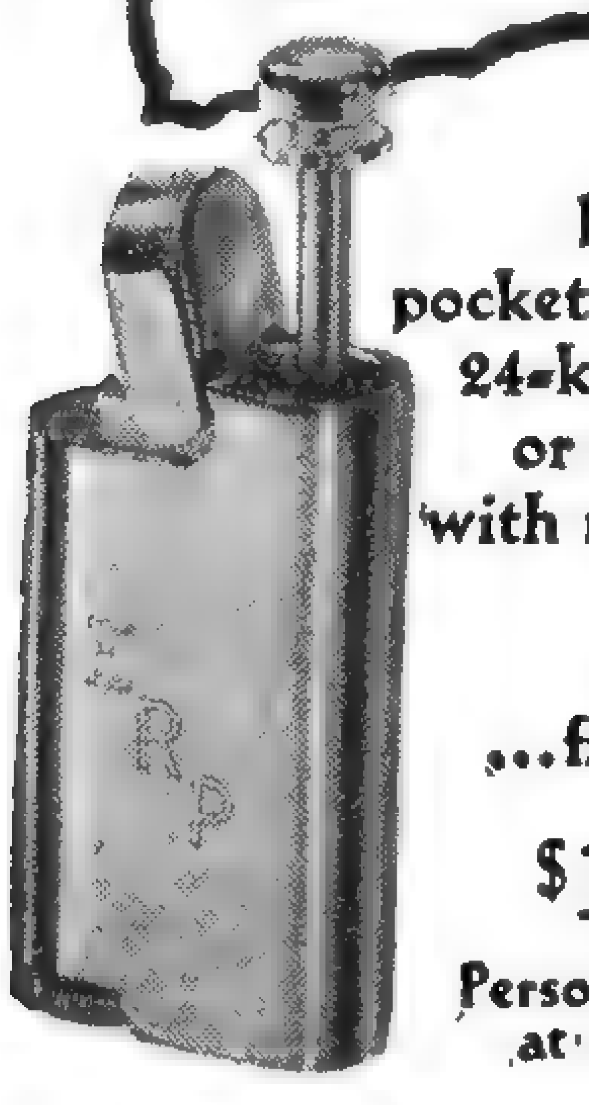

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...filling funnel too.

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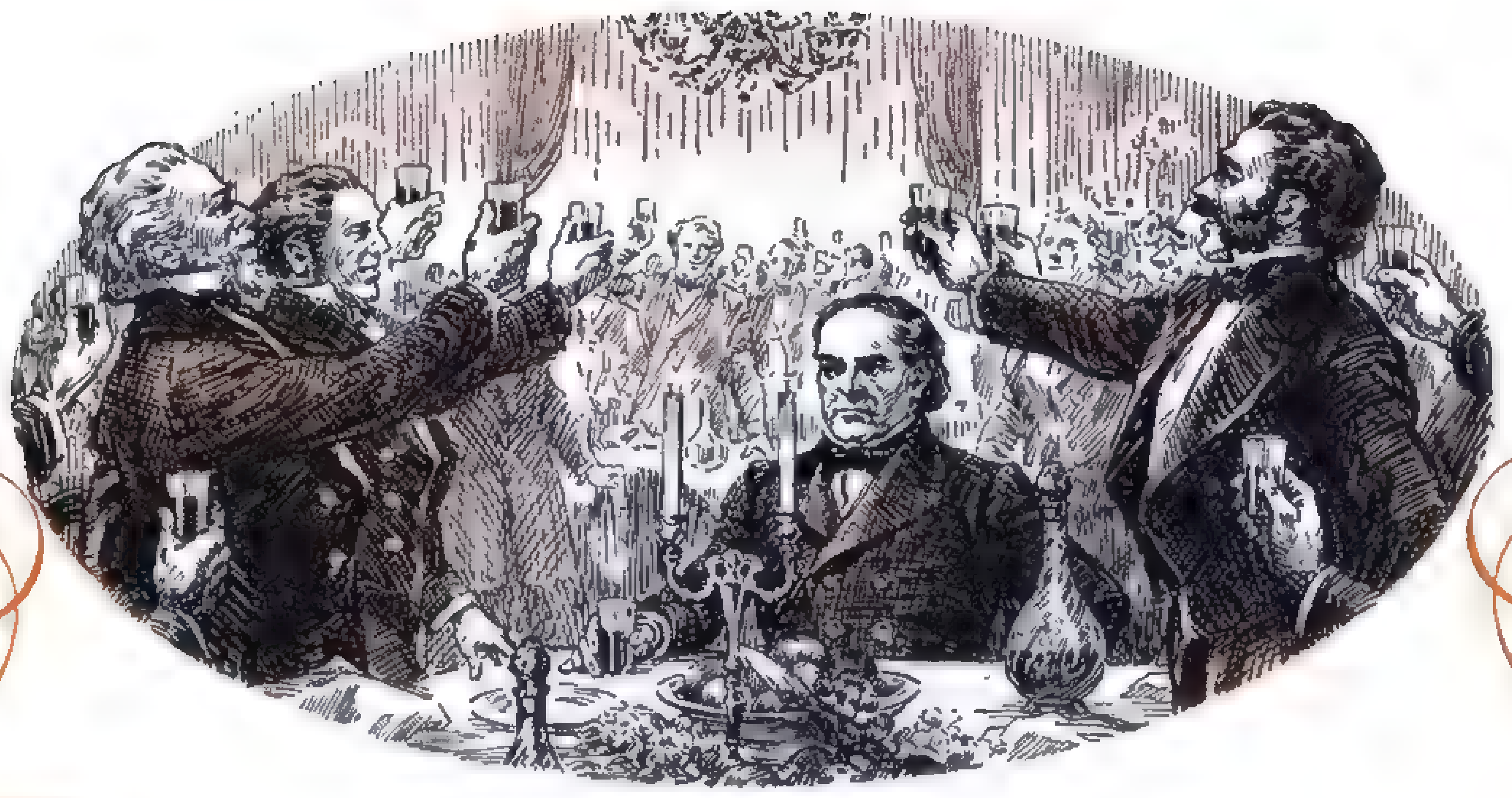

They drank to Daniel Webster...who had spread the fame of James Crow's whiskey

A dinner was given to honor Daniel Webster, in 1837, at Versailles, Ky.—not many miles from where James Crow distilled his famous whiskey. Crow's whiskey was especially appropriate for this occasion, for it is known that Webster held it in the highest esteem.

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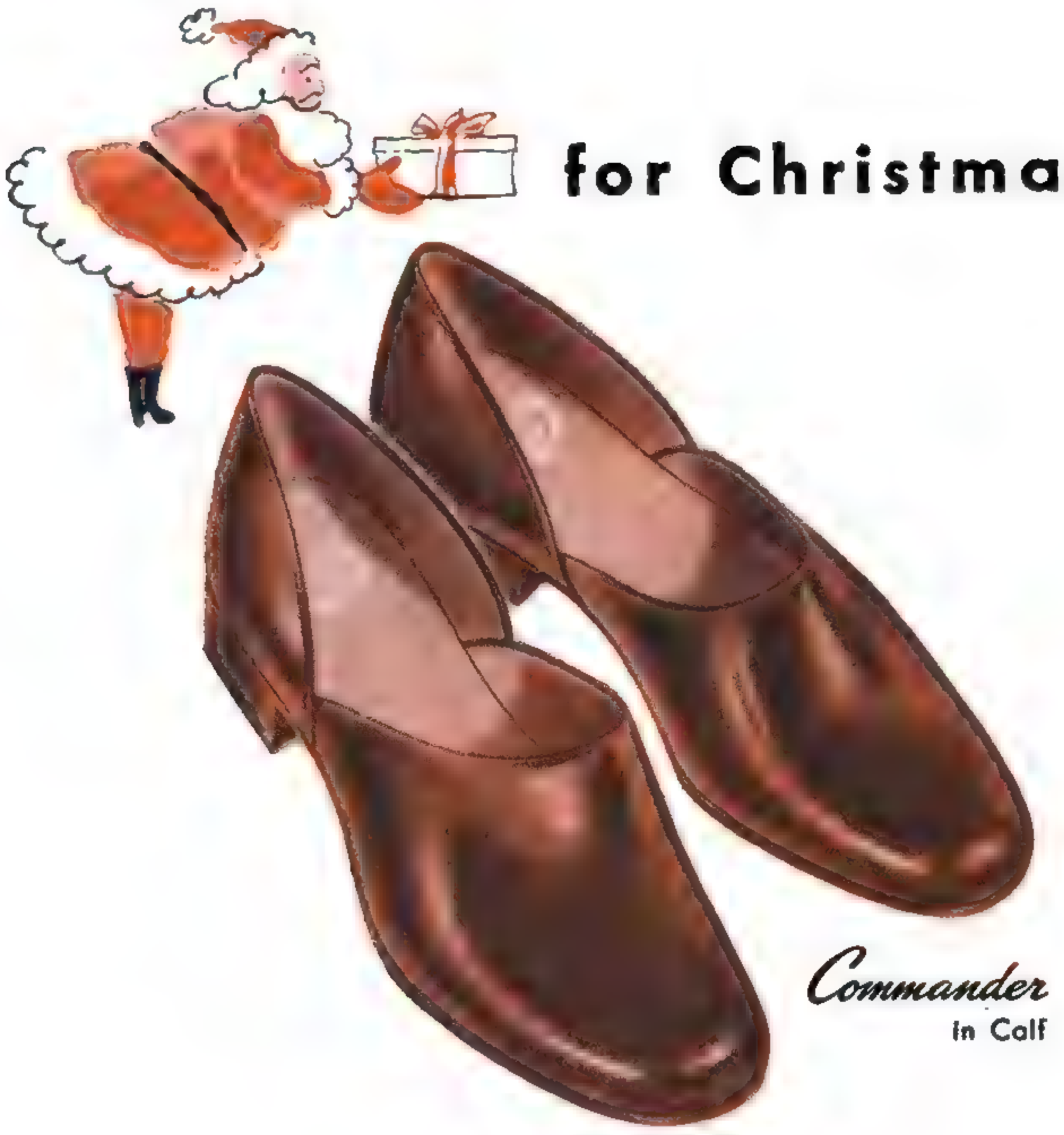
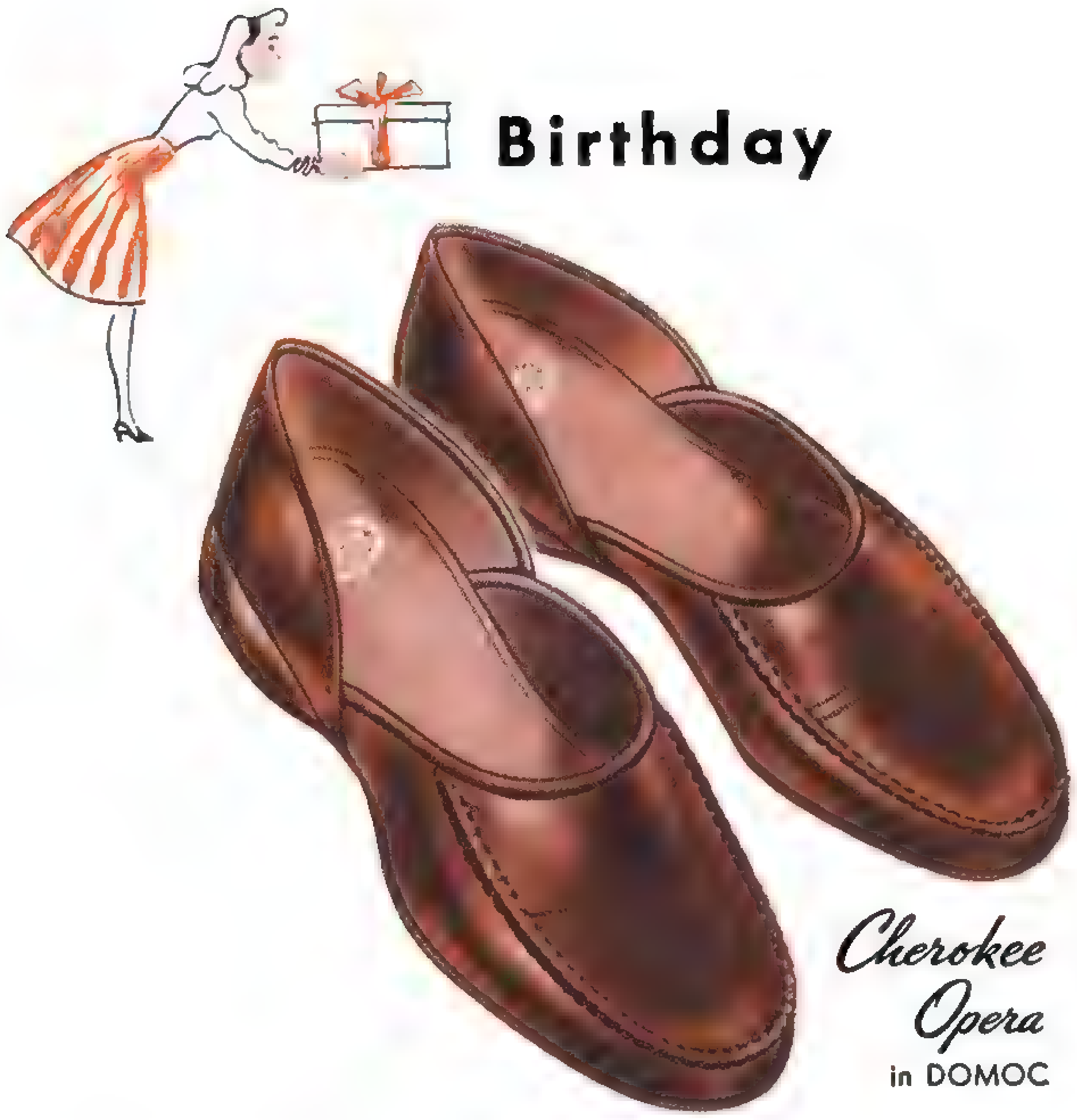


Commander
in Calf

for Christmas



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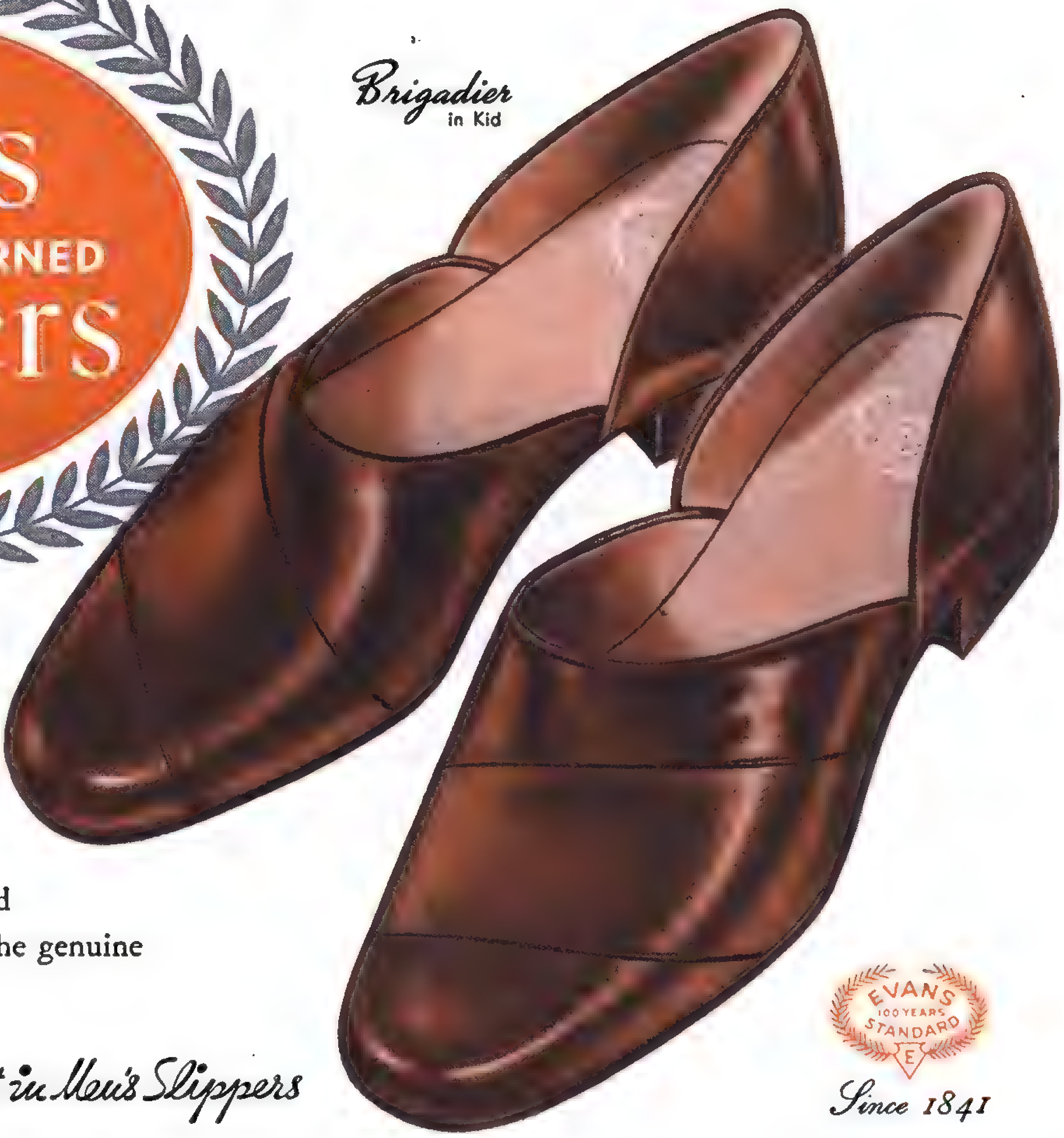

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The ice is in the cube—SEALED IN! Keep beverages COLD this amazing way—*without dilution!* Use "NICE CUBES" in highballs, cocktails, soft-drinks, fruit juices, wine, etc. . . . even BEER! Tasteless, odorless, shatterproof crystal plastic cubes with water *permanently* sealed in, freeze solid in ice-tray. Drop them in your drink—they'll chill without dilution—for, when the ice melts, the water remains sealed in the cube! Clever? More than that—a household necessity! And they LAST INDEFINITELY. Just re-freeze and re-use again and again!

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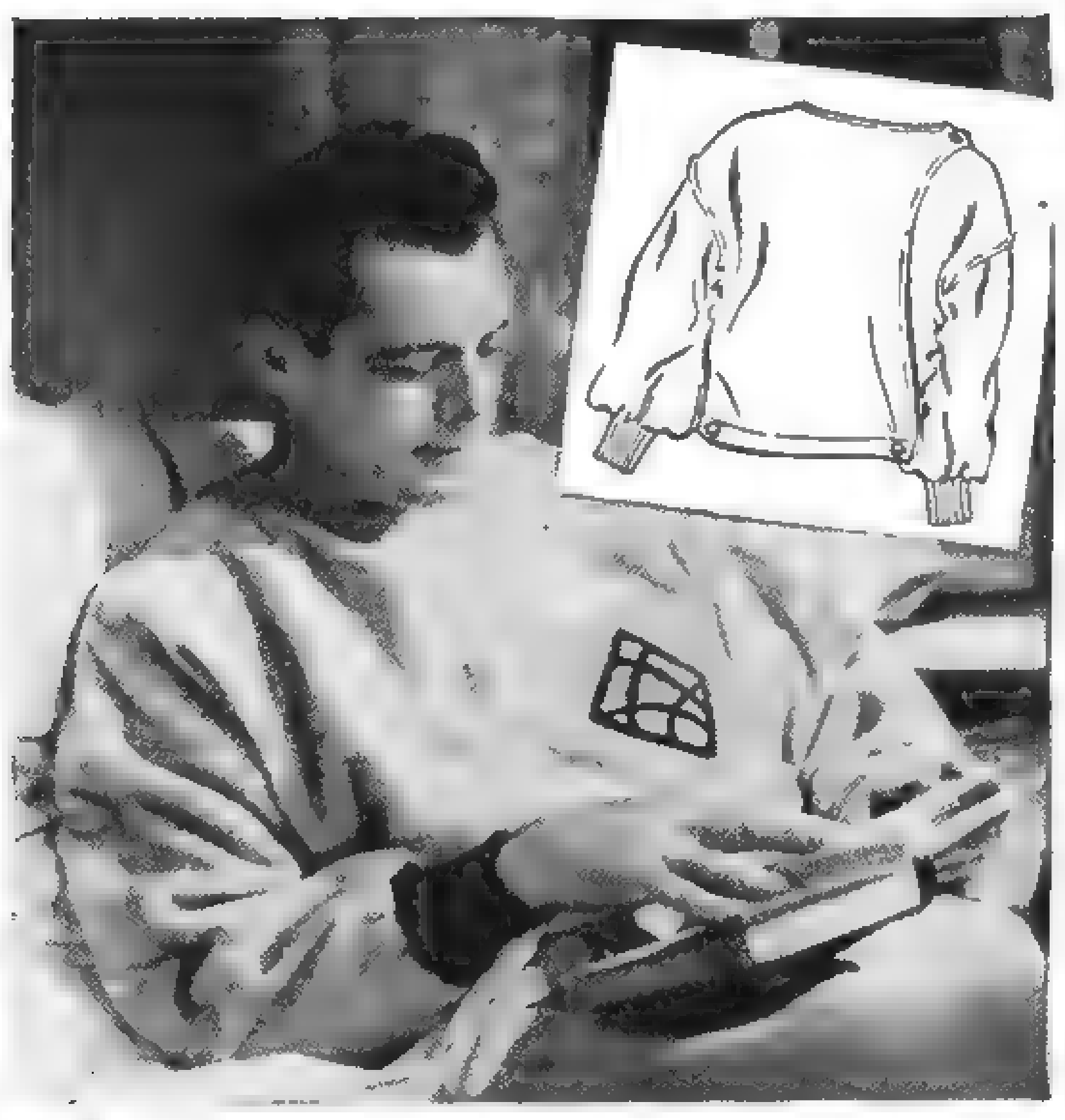
Readinjack



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Talking Shop with Esquire

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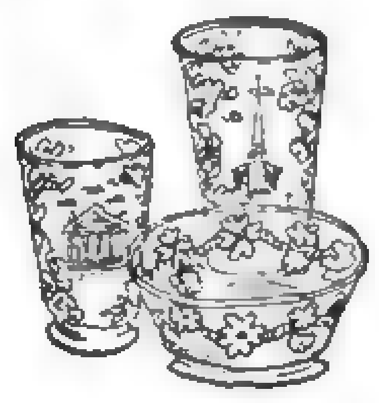
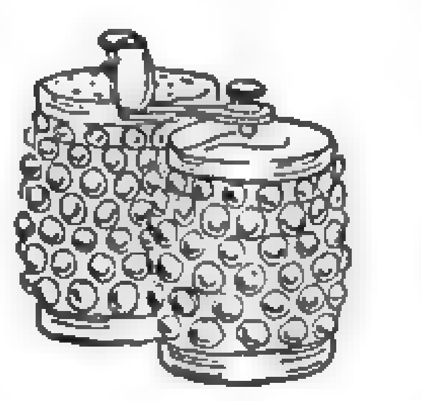
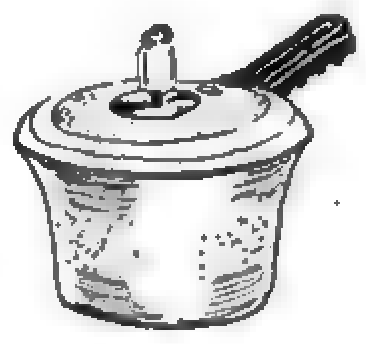


STERLING SILVER . . . a precious possession. This time its a Swedish modern pepper mill and salt shaker called "Silver Wedding". Set comes in a silver and blue gift box, complete with pepper corns for the pepper mill. Both mill and salt receptacle are of triple plated silver over aluminum. If Mater likes pepper mills, then she might like one in knobbed glass with silver top . . . salt shaker to match. The set looks like an antique . . . in everything except the modest price.

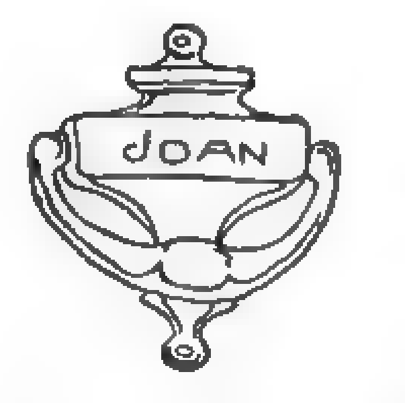


FOR MATER . . . A USEFUL GIFT with glamour. No workaday stuff to remind her of a life of toil, but something beautiful or unusual yet useful . . . a conversation piece when she and the ladies gather for the weekly gabfest. "My boy gave me that," she'll say with pride.

POT ROAST IN 55 MINUTES . . . that's how much time Mother can save if she owns a meatmaster pressure cooker. The new size cookers are six quart size, big enough to do large cuts of meat or a whole fowl. A seven pound pot roast or a six pound chicken can be cooked to a turn in 55 minutes. The master is made of cast simalloy, contains a front grip in addition to saucepan handle for easy lifting. Mom can spend all day at the movies and still get her roast on the table in time!



PLENTY OF BRASS . . . that's what decorators say for decor. So come up with some brass gifts. A miniature colonial door knocker for Mom's bedroom; (engraved with her name, of course) a pair of brass sconces decorated with the American eagle; a magnificent Menorah . . . seven branched candle stick with adjustable arms; a colonial brass wood holder with cast brass claw feet; a brass fender and foot rest in a handsome grilled design . . . a fine frame for the fireplace; a pair of solid brass andirons, 22½" tall . . . and beauties.



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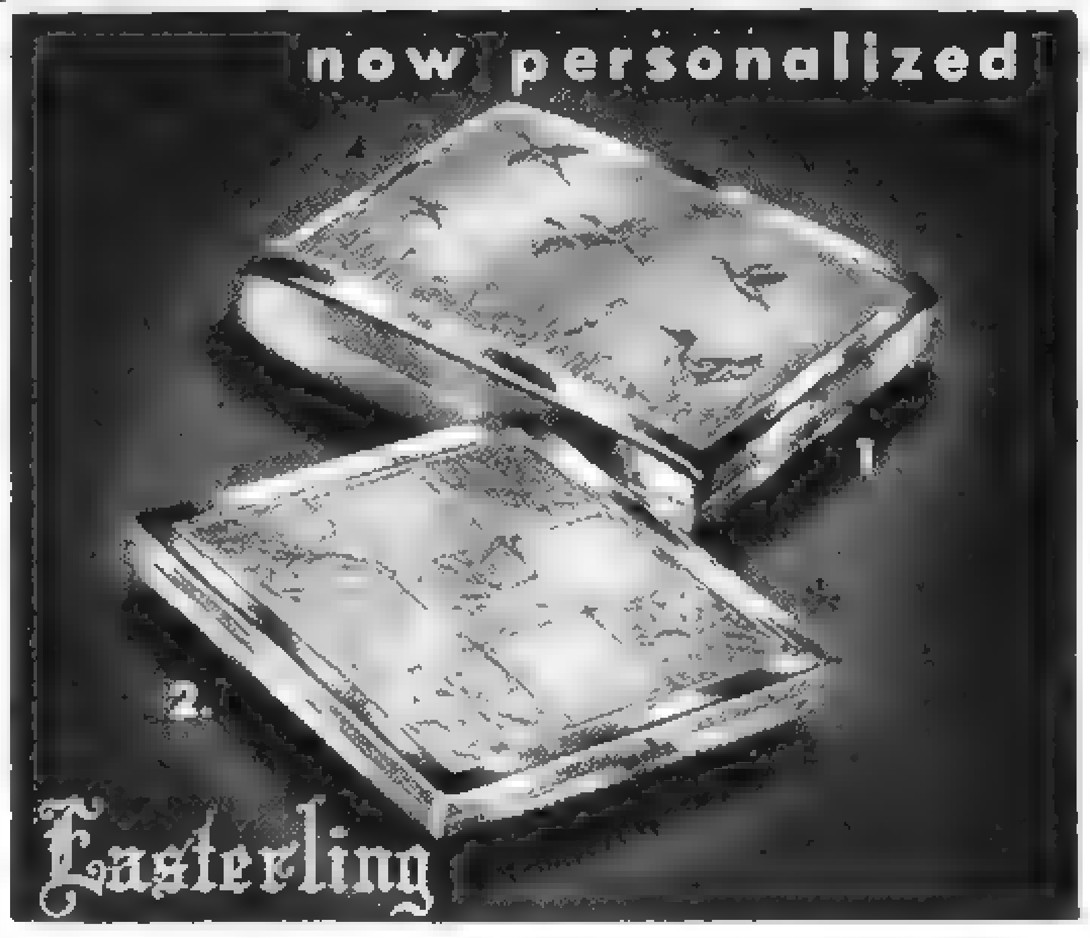

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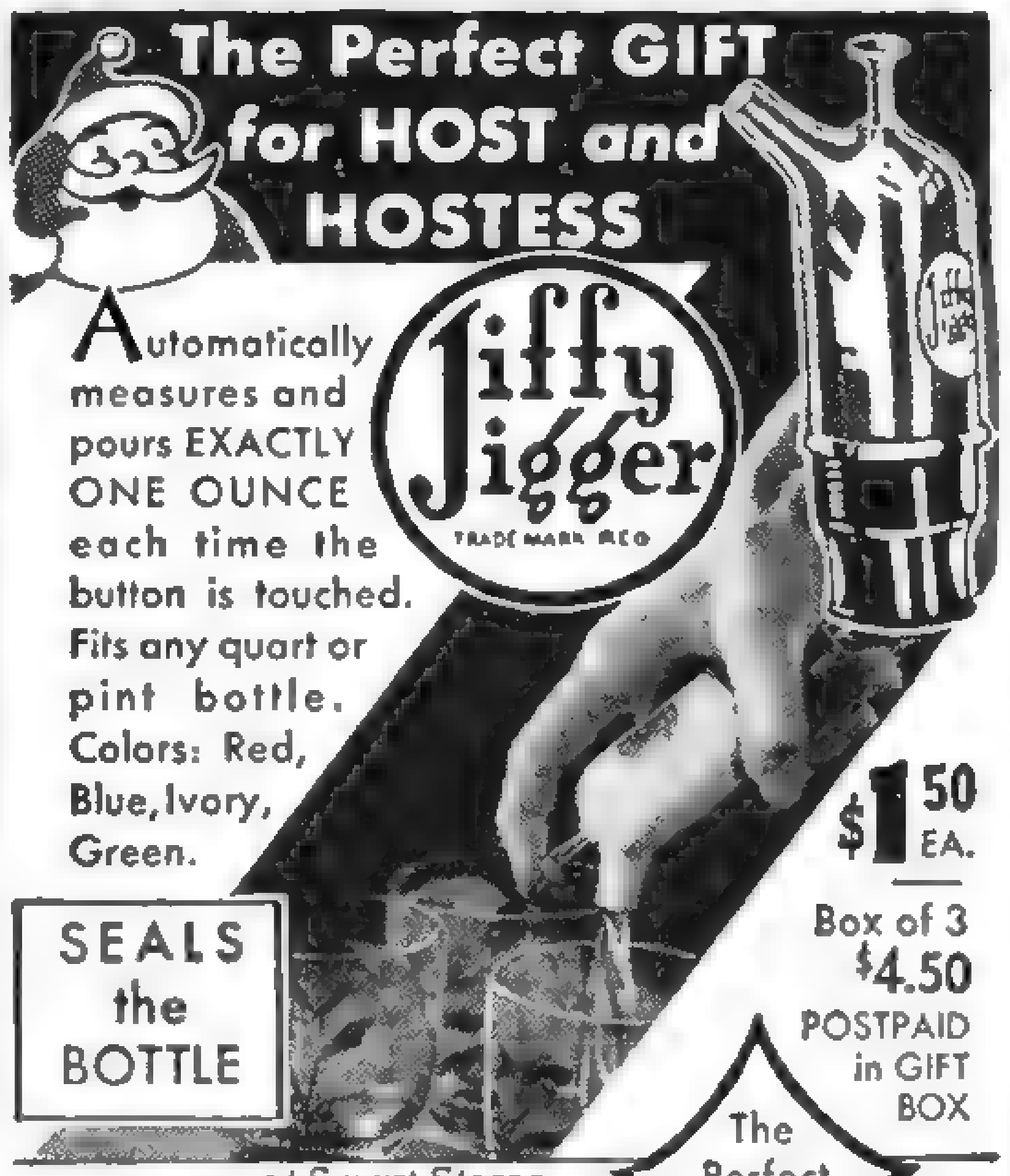

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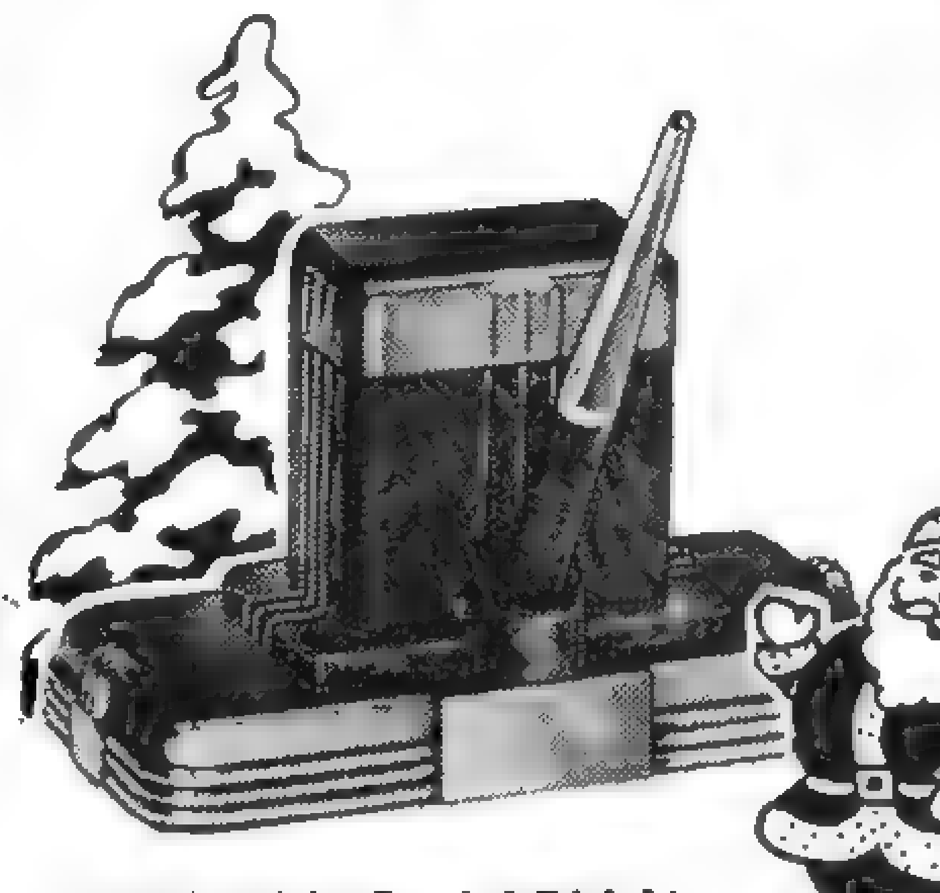

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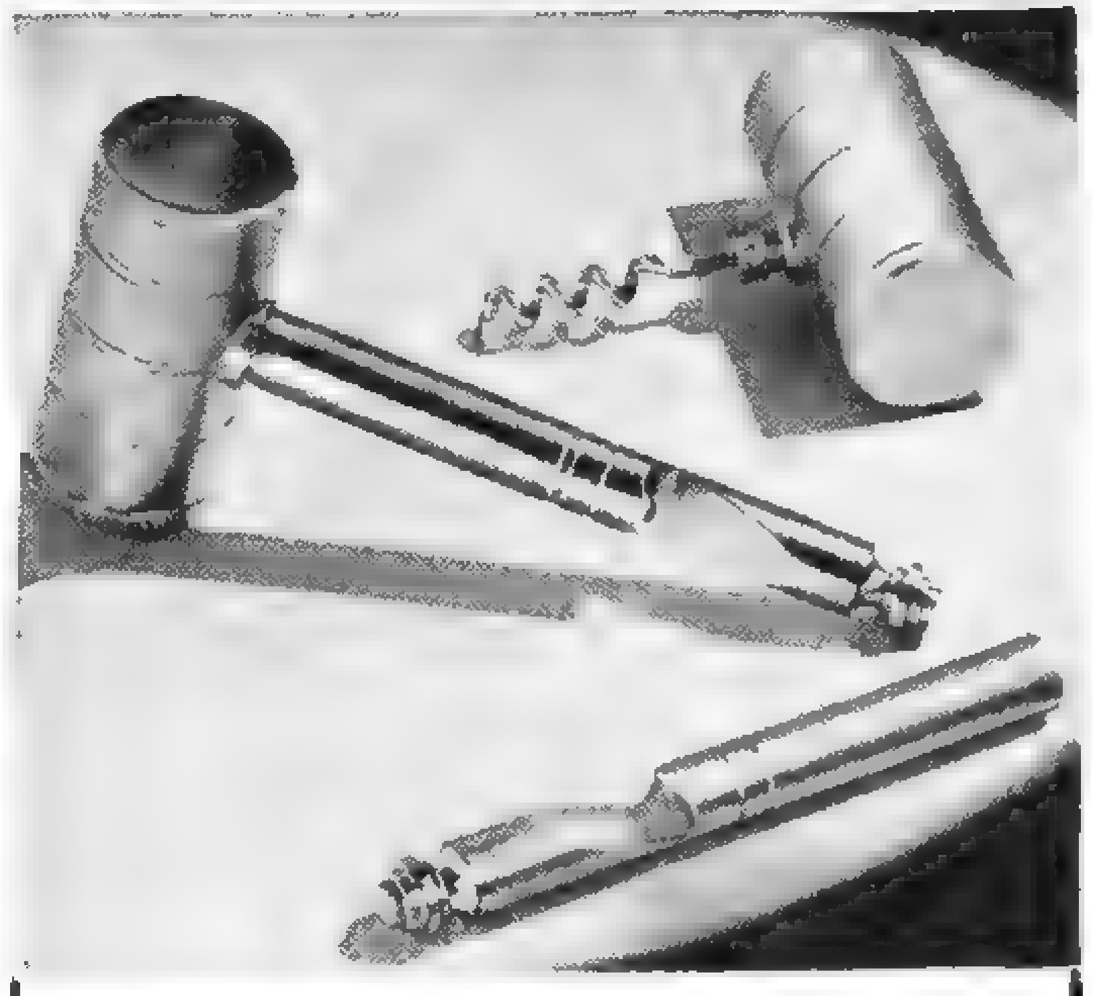

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FOR
Christmas
FOR YOUR MEN!

Julmor
JAC SHIRT

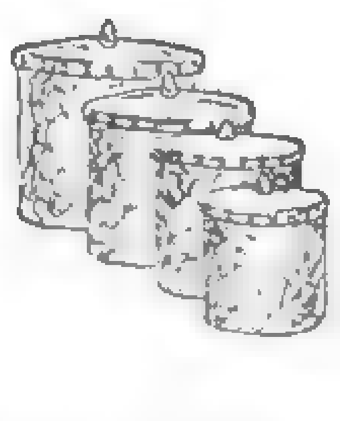
A COMBINATION SHIRT-AND-JACKET OF 100% VIRGIN WOOL WATER-REPELLENT EMBERGLO FABRIC FOR MEN AND BOYS

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE OR WRITE TO

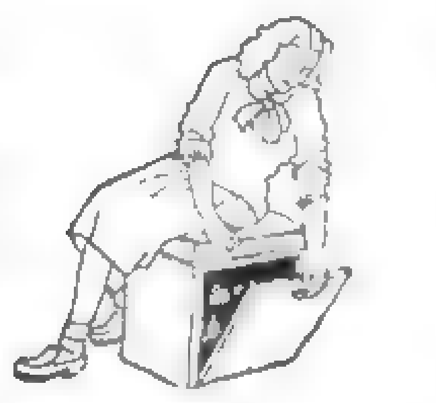
JULES L. SIMON & CO.
SUITE 805—MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO 54, ILL.
FACTORY, FRANKFORT, IND.

Talking Shop with Esquire

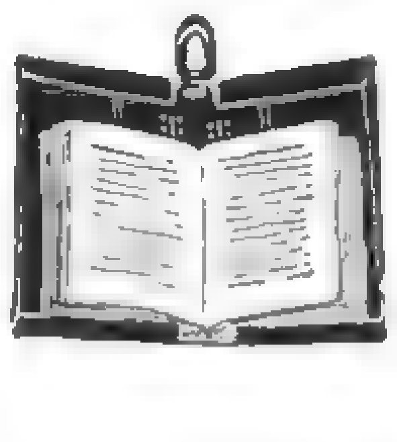
PLASTIC CANISTERS. No ordinary kitchen canisters, these. They're made of bright colored marbleized, translucent plastic in ruby red, blue, yellow or green. To top each canister, a heavy crystal clear cover protects the contents and provides an instant view of the interior (no lables needed). Carefully spaced ridges around the cover's edge create a firm grip on the close-fitting container to keep out dirt and dust. Pretty enough to adorn a breakfast room.



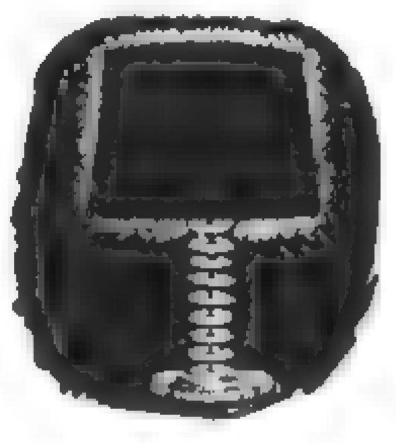
HASSOCK RACK. Chances are, Mom is a tidy soul, and waxes annoyed when she sees phonograph records strewn all over the window sills and tables. Make her happy, buy a leatherette covered hassock which holds 50 10" and 12" records safely and neatly. The rack slides open gently with a drop-front door, making the index and records easily accessible without rising from the seat. Hassock itself is strong and well made with a 3" padded seat.



FOR READING IN BED. If Mater likes to burn the midnight oil, get her a book lamp. Its a plastic cover into which you slip your book then switch on the swivel lamp which is attached to the top of the cover. The lamp adjusts to any angle for reading efficiency and folds into a compact unit for travel use. The light confines illumination to reading area only, thus allowing the occupant of the other bed to sleep, undisturbed. Works on AC or DC current.



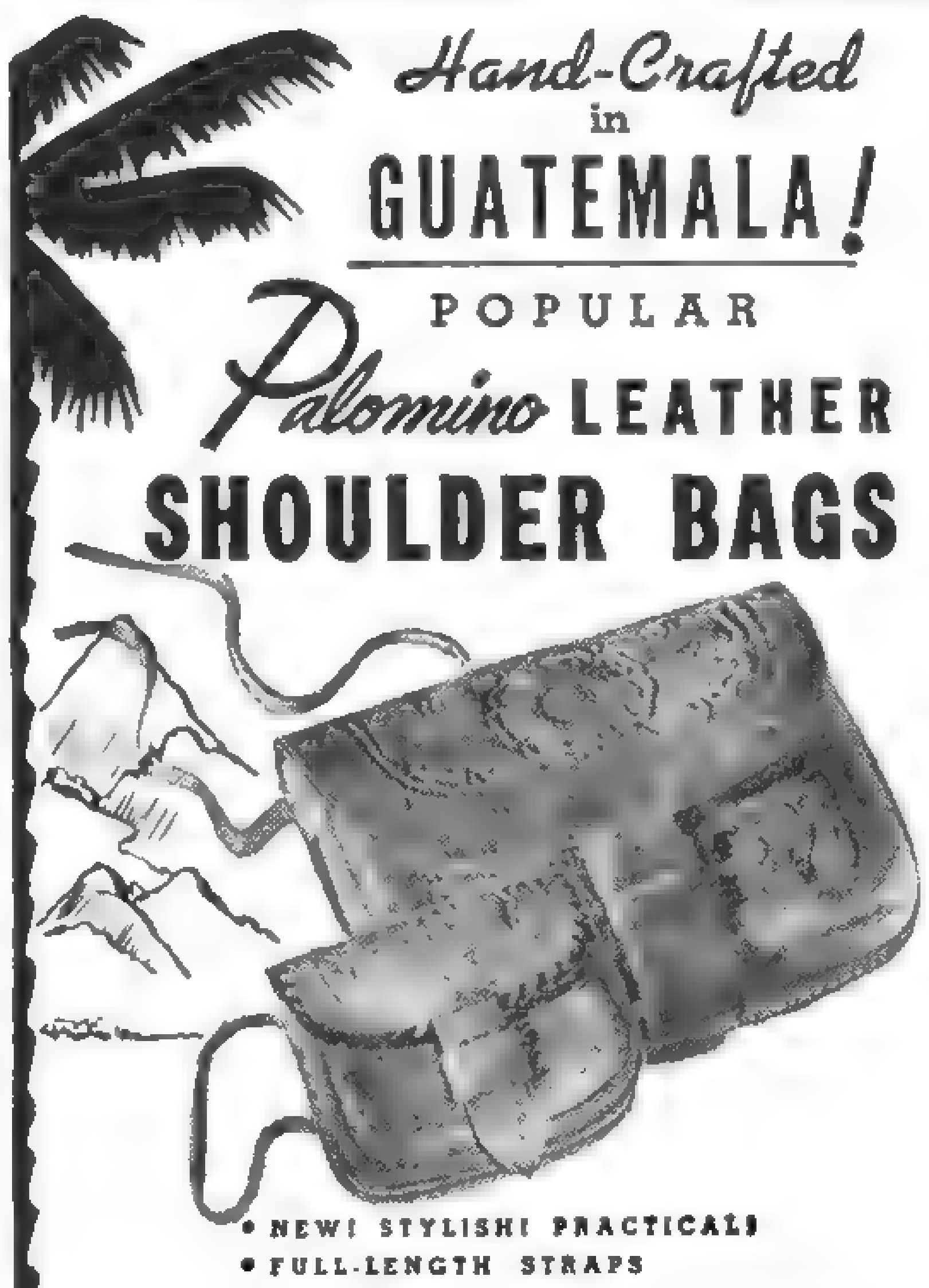
GLOWS IN THE DARK. Another unusual lamp conceived in transparent, phosphorescent plastic. Each of the fourteen oyster-like shells which make up the stand, is treated with a phosphorescent pigment. Result, a warm, blue glow which acts as a beacon in a dark room. Lamp is 25" high, and topped with a parchment shade trimmed with a narrow pink braid at top and bottom. Ideal for the boudoir.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Hand-Crafted in GUATEMALA!
POPULAR
Palomino LEATHER
SHOULDER BAGS



- NEW! STYLISH! PRACTICAL!
- FULL-LENGTH STRAPS
- SIZES FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Beauty and long service are combined in these genuine cowhide bags. Large bag is 8 x 9½ inches . . . smaller size 4½ x 6 inches. Ideal for casual or sportswear. Makes wonderful gift! Both bags sent POSTPAID—TAX PAID, for $18.50

$12.60

SMALLER SIZE $6.60

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BROPAR Distributors
Formerly "La Fiesta"
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WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

the perfect **GIFT** *for* **FISHERMEN!**

Weighs up to 8-pounders 24" Steel tape rule
FITS IN YOUR WATCH POCKET
NEW! ONLY 2½ OZ.
FOLDS UP
Langley

FISHERMAN'S **DE-LIAR**
WEIGHS and MEASURES FISH!

A new, clever lifetime gift for your favorite fisherman (or clients) that will really be used. No more guessing with a De-Liar in his pocket. Weighs and measures the "Big Ones." Monel metal scale-hook and flexible steel ruler in handsome black rust-proof metal case. Chrome trim. Sturdily built. Order today to assure Christmas delivery. Money back guarantee.

ONLY $2

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Please send me .... Langley Fisherman's DE-LIARS at $2 each postpaid. (Make check or money order payable to SPORT SALES CO.) In California add 5c tax.

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Address..
City .... State

The GIFT of the YEAR
HOLDS MUSICAL CHEER
Hasso-Rak

18 INCHES HIGH
$15.95 PREPAID

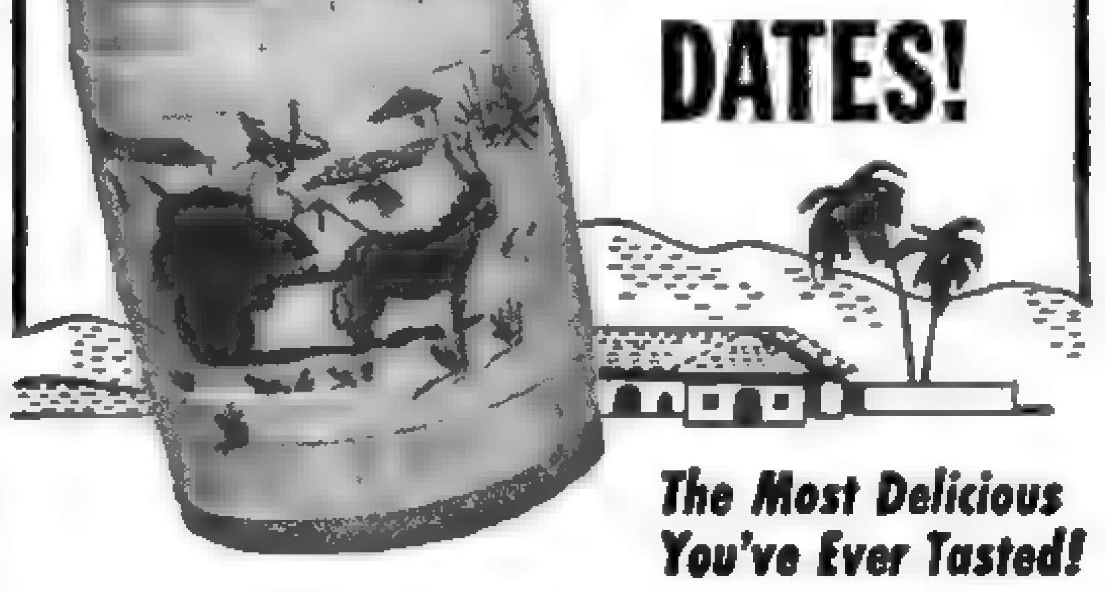
HOLDS 50 RECORDS SAFELY

Your records are safely stored in this sturdy hassock with rounded sides and a 3" padded seat. The rack slides open gently with the drop-front door making the index and records easily accessible without rising from the seat. Attractively covered in durable simulated leather, the Hasso-Rak comes in blue, red, and ivory. An ideal Christmas gift of beauty and year 'round utility.

Sorry: No C.O.D.s send check or money order

PROTECTO MFG. CO.
352 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

GIVE *California*
BRANDIED DATES!



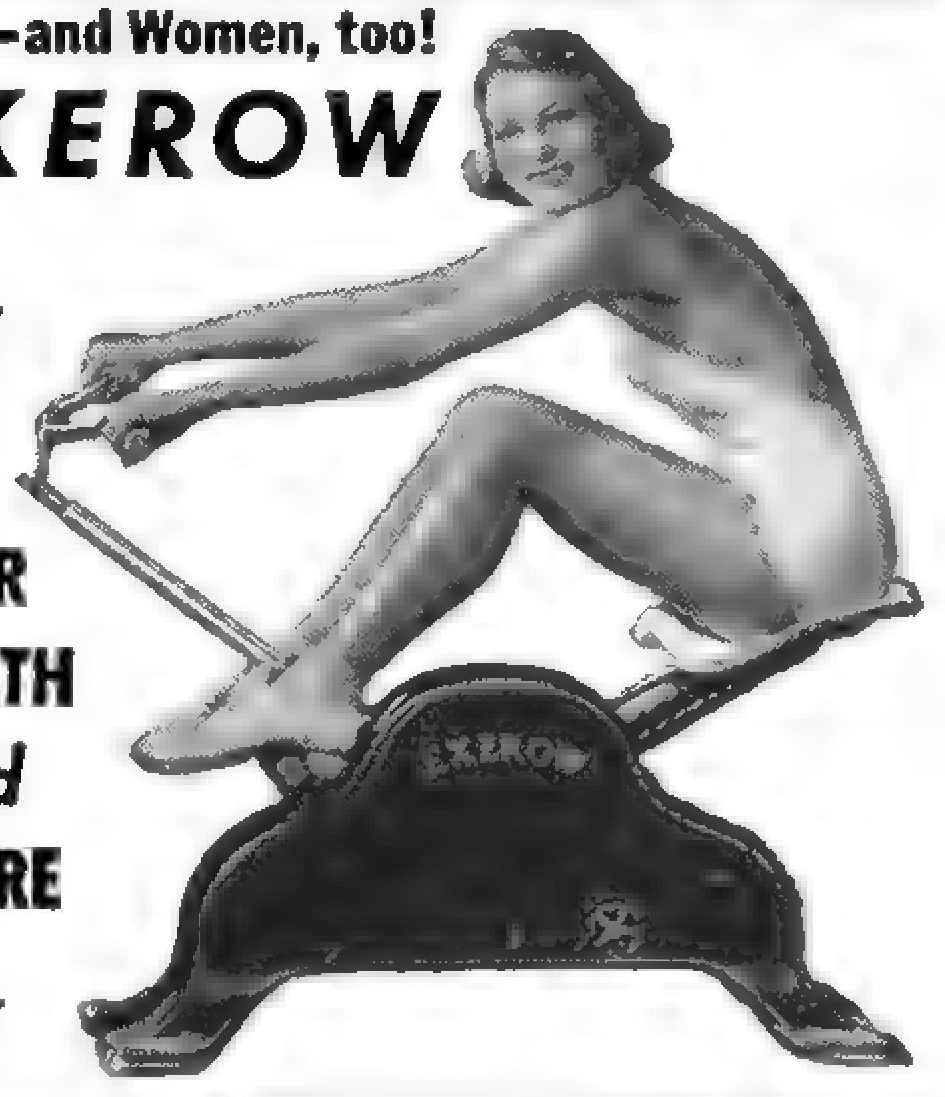
The Most Delicious You've Ever Tasted!

Choice pitted dates, sun-ripened and packed in champagne type brandy, wine and syrup. Packaged in colorful, many-purpose hand-painted wooden kegs. 3 lbs. *prepaid* $6.35 • 5 lbs. *prepaid* $8.85

Shipped Prepaid Direct to Your Christmas Gift List with Your Card Enclosed. No C. O. D.'s, please.

Rancho Montecito
13452 Ventura Blvd., Dept. HB, Sherman Oaks, Calif.
SEND FOR FREE FOLDER ON OUR FULL LINE

MEN—and Women, too!
EXEROW
★
for YOUR HEALTH and FIGURE
★



RIDE and ROW THE BATTLE CREEK WAY!
Enjoy most efficient health-building rowing AND riding! Natural HYDRAULIC pull of rowing plus benefits of horseback riding—adjusts for mild exercise or strenuous workout as you wish. Rhythmic movement of handles, seat and pedals "symmetrizes" and beautifies entire figure. EXEROW safely normalizes WEIGHT—improves HEALTH and appearance. Direct factory price. Write for information TODAY.

Battle Creek EQUIPMENT CO., C127
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A GIFT SUGGESTION TO FOLLOW
FAMOUS HULL COMPASSES

FOR CAR OWNERS (ILLUMINATED) $5.95
FOR CAR OWNERS (STANDARD) $3.95
FOR BOAT OWNERS $2.75

HULL MFG. CO., P. O. Box 246-G11, WARREN, OHIO

SUNNY SAYS:
To give your feast outstanding savor
serve Schenley's Sunny Morning Flavor
SCHENLEY
RESERVE

FIRST IN AMERICA—Thanks to SUNNY MORNING FLAVOR!

Treat your Thanksgiving guests
to the *extra* pleasure in Schenley's
famous Sunny Morning Flavor.
You'll earn *extra* thanks for serving
America's most popular whiskey.

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

SCHENLEY
SCHENLEY

Now available in the distinguished pre-war decanter, as well as the familiar round bottle. In both—traditional Schenley quality . . . from the world's greatest treasure of whiskey reserves.

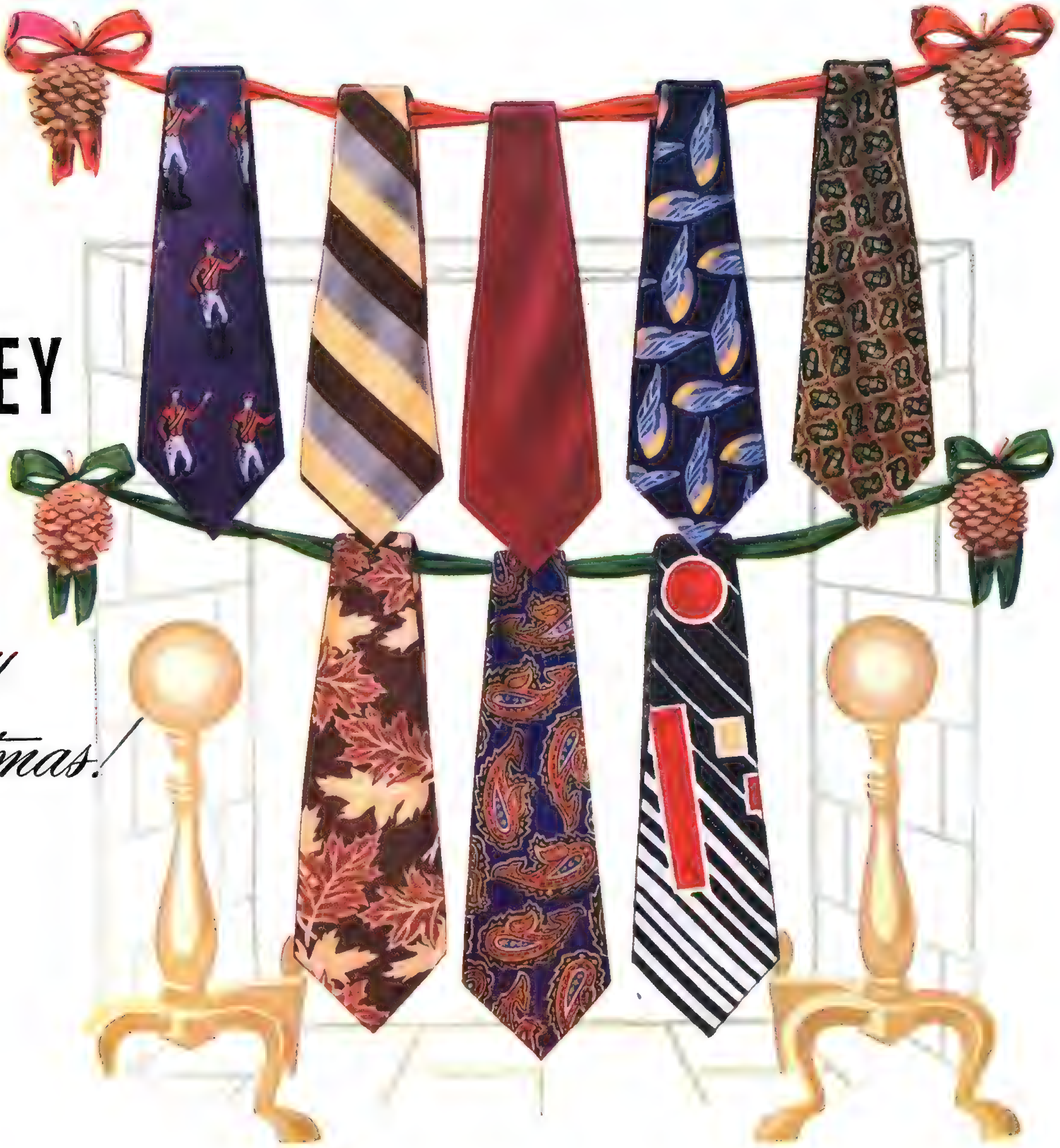
MARK OF MERIT
SCHENLEY

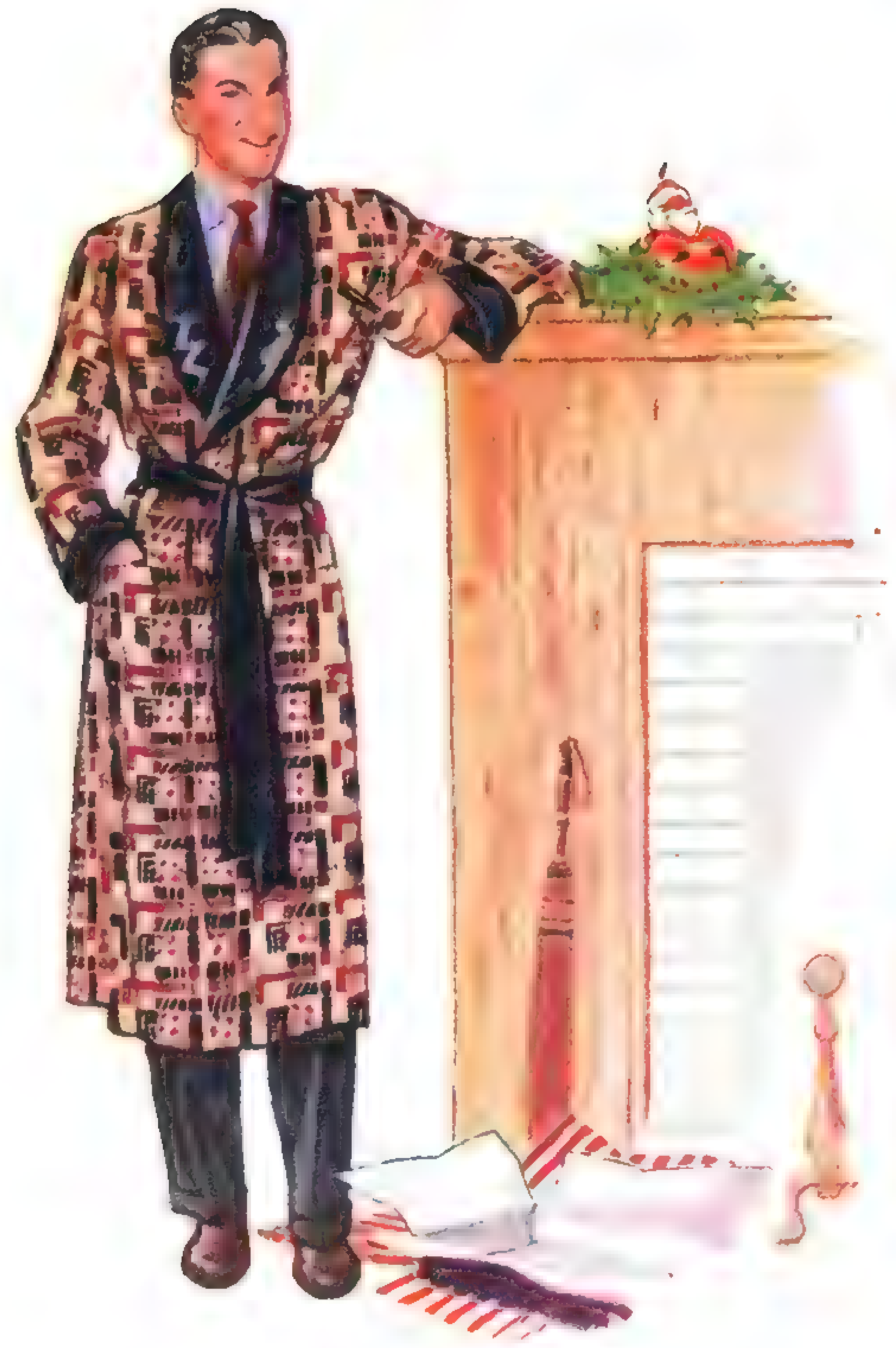
A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

RARE PRE-WAR QUALITY BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. COPR. 1947, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

CHENEY

makes many a merry Christmas!



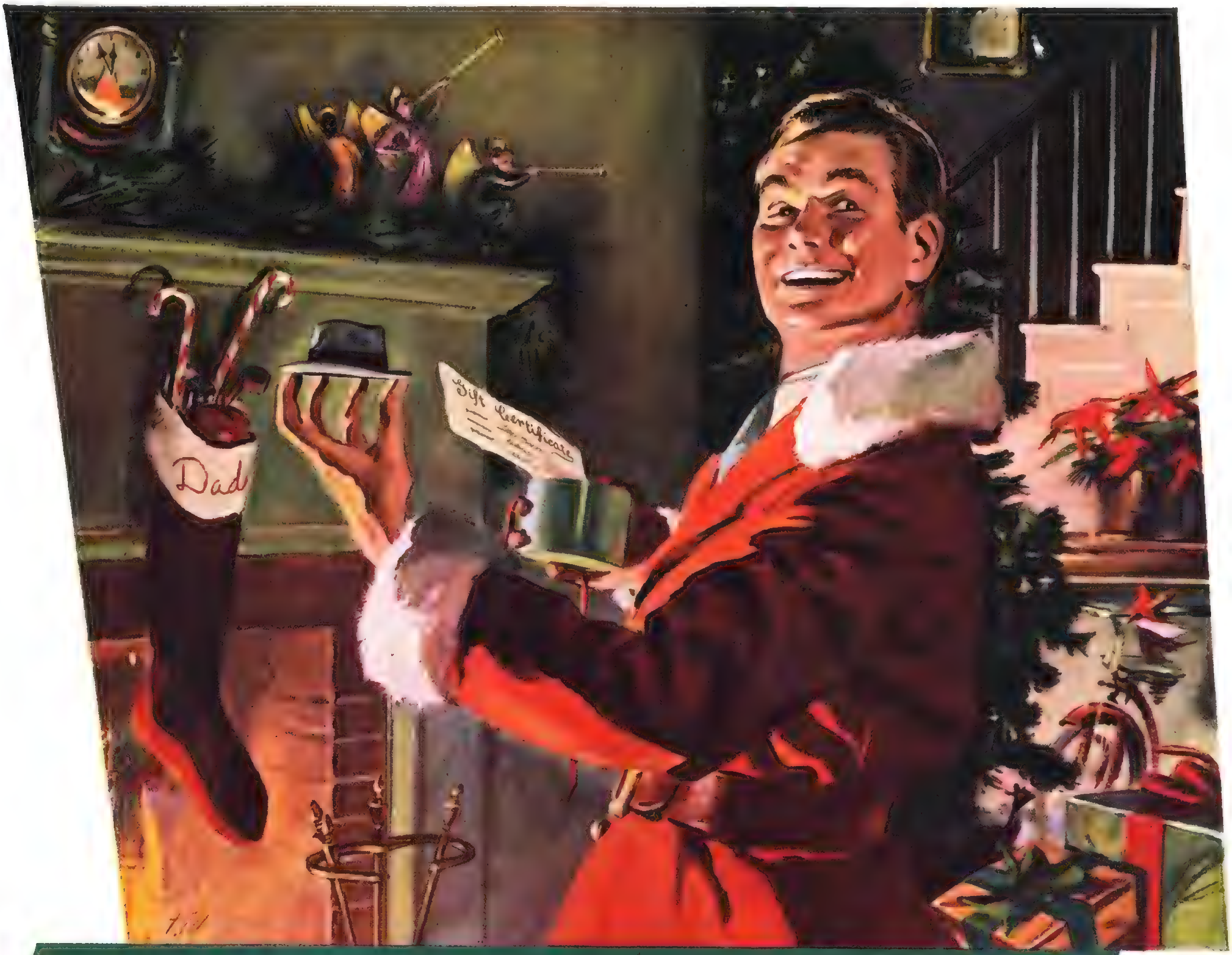


There's variety enough in Cheney ties to gladden every male heart in America on Christmas morning. Silk, nylon, rayon—stripes, spots, splashes, solids—every type of pattern from the famous American Game Birds to the new, exclusive Tina Leser Originals. So make a man happy at *any* price . . . from $1.00 to $3.50!

CHENEY ROBES, too! In fine rayon or Cheney's famous Nylard (an extra-special nylon). They're full cut for lounging, Christmas morning and thousands of times after. Striking patterns, rich colors, and painstaking tailoring in the Cheney quality tradition. $18.00 to $29.50.

★ CHENEY

FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER, WRITE DEPT. E,
CHENEY BROTHERS, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



"that's for you, pop!"

don't try it on for size, Pop! It's only a smart idea—a ticket to style and comfort in a hat. You can do the picking yourself. There's a real expert way to fit you with the right hat—right style, right color, right shape for the head man. You always did go for a successful appearance. Now go to a Recognized Hatter, and choose the hat that fits your head and makes the most of your personality!

give him a hat
this delightful easy way

Give your favorite man a double thrill this Christmas. First, he gets this handsome certificate in a miniature hat box that's virtually a gift in itself. Later, when he uses the certificate at a Recognized Hatter's—wherever the plaque at the right is featured—he gets the hat that's right for him!

RECOGNIZED
Hat Research Foundation
1946-47
HATTER

this plaque identifies
a Recognized Hatter

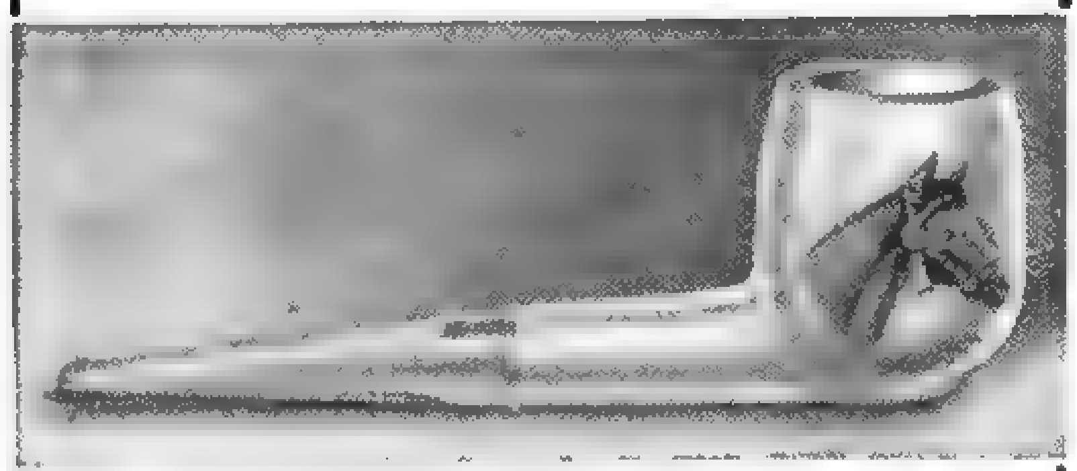
Gift Certificate

Essentials for a Man's Christmas

You'll find no better way to wish him Merry Christmas . . . and a very Happy New Year. Gift Sets illustrated: A—$10; B—$2.85; C—$5; D—$3.75. Other Sportsman Gift Sets, from $2 to $10. At better stores everywhere.

A
B
C
D
Sportsman
GROOMING ESSENTIALS
Distinctly Masculine • Decidedly Correct
JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC., NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • LONDON • TORONTO

A Real Pipe

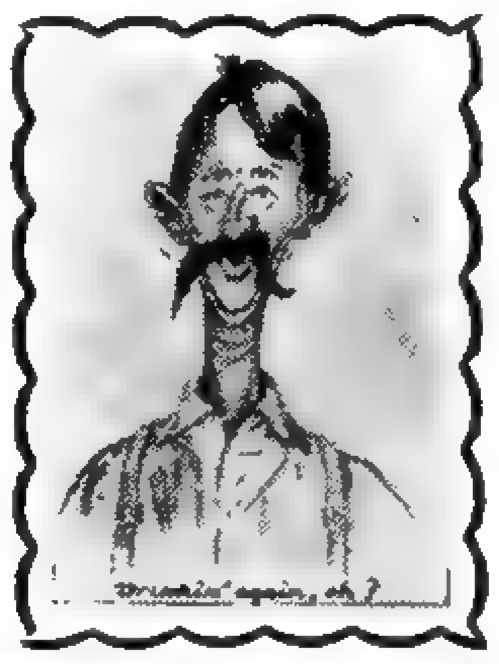


for a
REAL SPORTSMAN

This is a real find as a gift for a pipe smoker, horseman or collector. The blue-ribbon winner's head is painted on the bowl in color and is actually fired on to stay. This meerschaum-like, American-made pipe has a hollow bowl. Length about 5½ inches. Price $6.00, prepaid. Money back if not delighted.

"little joe" Wiesenfeld Co.
Dept. B25 Baltimore 1, Md.

You'll want this
FASCINATING
PICTURE



for your Party Room

Amuse and intrigue guests with this startling picture. Seen in color, it does strange things to most persons' eyes. Makes an appropriate gift for certain friends. Size 9″ x 11″, behind glass, light wood frame. Shipped postage prepaid. No C.O.D. $1.75

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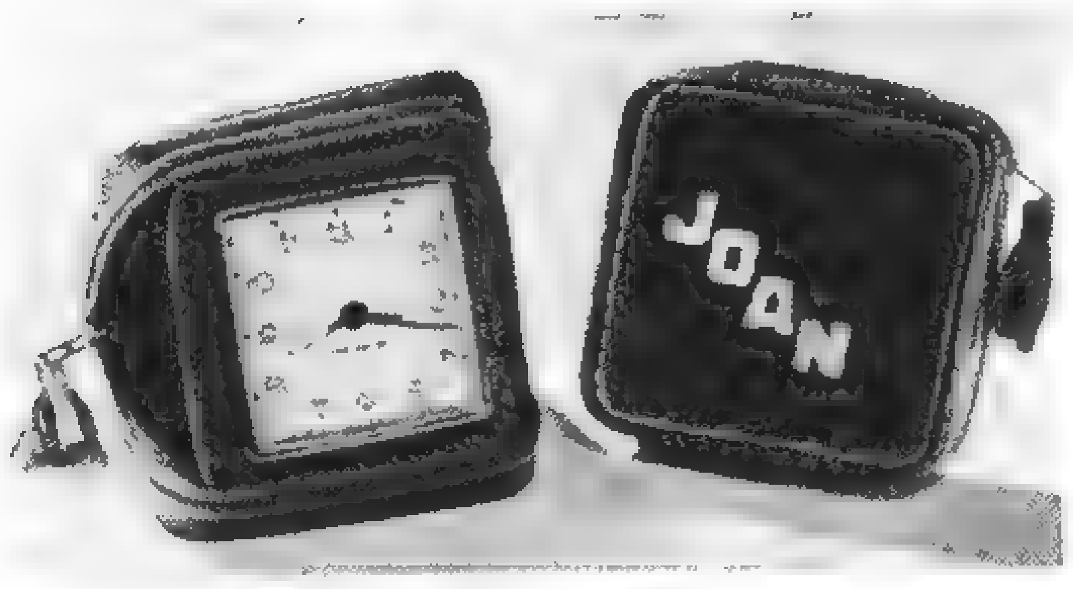
Portland 5, Oregon



Give Him or Her a
Guaranteed Travel Clock
GENUINE LEATHER Personalized in Gold, White or Green Letters

Exquisite Travel & Dresser Clock enclosed in genuine leather case, all-around zipper. *Guaranteed* New Haven movements. Luminous dial & hands. 30 hours on one winding. First name or initials appliqued **FREE**. Red with white or gold letters, black with gold or white; or brown with gold or green.

ONLY $9.95 COMPLETE
We pay 20% Fed. Tax & Pstg. Send check or M. O.
Mention color & first name or initials
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CROWN CRAFT PRODUCTS
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BAR-FLIES
CERAMIC BOTTLE STOPPERS

CLEVERLY MODELED AND HAND PAINTED IN HOLLYWOOD - TO GRACE YOUR HOME BAR
A FINE GIFT OR PRIZE ITEM - NATURAL, BRILLIANT COLORS HIGHLY GLAZED - SIGNIFIES THE CONTENTS.
PAT (rye) 8 BALL (gin) ANGUS (scotch) COLONEL (bourbon) PANCHO (rum) - POSTPAID ANYWHERE IN U. S. A. FOR 7.50
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE - *Buy Now for Xmas.*

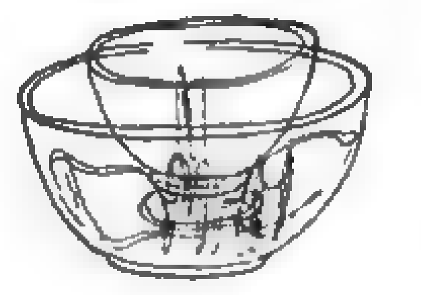
AURORA, 682 N. ROBERTSON BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIFORNIA

PLEASE SEND ME POSTPAID . . SETS OF "BAR-FLIES" AT $7.50 PER SET.
I ENCLOSE ☐ CHECK MONEY ORDER ☐

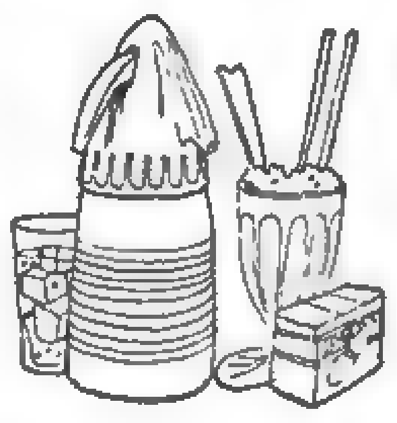
NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY______ZONE______STATE______

Talking Shop with Esquire

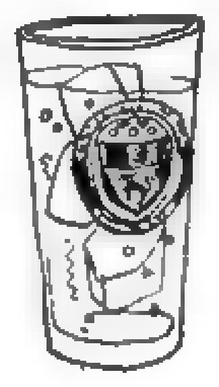
COCKTAIL ICERS. You'll get a lot of credit for producing a gift bearing the recipient's monogram. It's that personal touch that goes a long way. This gift looks like a lot for relatively little outlay. A set of 8 3-pc. icers, a bowl for ice into which fits a fruit or tomato juice liner of glass, and a bowl to hold sea food. Each ice bowl is handsomely monogrammed with 3-letter initials.



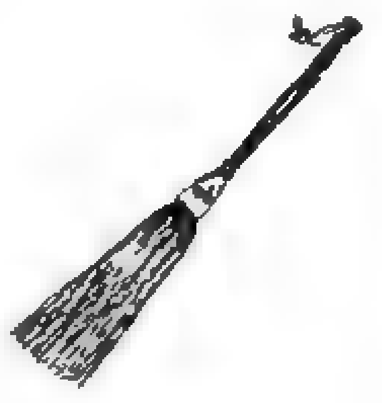
ENTERTAINING IDEAS. For convivial hosts, bar accessories are in order. Ever dependable, refillable syphons are back again in smartly restyled, streamlined, bullet shaped containers. Their magic bulbs turn tap water into sparkling club soda, whizzin' with fizz, and ready for a super highball. Teetotlers use the syphons for carbonated fruit drinks, or for ice cream sodas for the kiddies. And for a slight token gift, gay colored plastic syphons and tops to put over ordinary bottles of fizz water to seal the bubbles inside. A touch of the button top sends a swirling torrent of bubbles into the glass. Tops come in various colors.



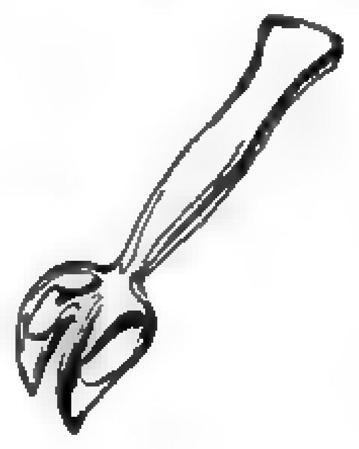
COLLEGE EMBLEM HIGHBALLS. Old grads who like to hoist the old school emblem can do so with highballs, cocktails or old fashioned glasses bearing various college seals on their sides. Dartmouth, Columbia, Yale, Harvard, etc., in appropriate colors. These go big as gifts.



FIRE PLACE BRUSH in hues as multi-colored as the fire itself. Fibers are blue, green, red and brown, coiffed with a contrasting color straw and bound by a broad band of genuine leather. Oak handle has a leather thong for hanging. About 32″ long. Nice cheerful sort of gift.



BEER BOTTLE OPENER. Things have come to a pretty pass when you have a special opener for beer. A hefty gift for little dough, however. This opener, a mammoth 6″ long knuckle in heavy brass, is made with two prongs like a fork. Also a cap lift for ordinary bottles. Makes a good paper weight, too.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

You can get yours-NOW!
ARMY AIR FORCES REGULATION A-2
Flight Jacket
1st-Quality Leather

$19.95 POST PAID

Get the official Flight Jacket made famous by America's Top Pilots, Bombardiers, Navigators and Flight Personnel! Windproof, rainproof, lightweight but extra warm. Dark brown, first-quality *leather*. All perfect, "no seconds." Send money order or check. Money-back guarantee.

NOTE SPECIAL FEATURES!
Solid brass zipper. Pure wool cuffs & waistband.
Safety snap collar & pockets. Water-repellent lining.
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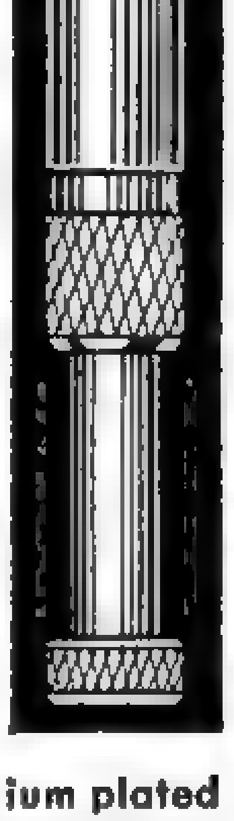
37-47 82nd St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.
Enclosed is $19.95. Height....... Suit size........
Name..........
Address..........
City..........*Zone*......*State*..........

MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY!

DON'T PULL HAIR FROM NOSE
May Cause Fatal Infection

Use the Hollis KLIPETTE
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.
ROTATING SCISSORS



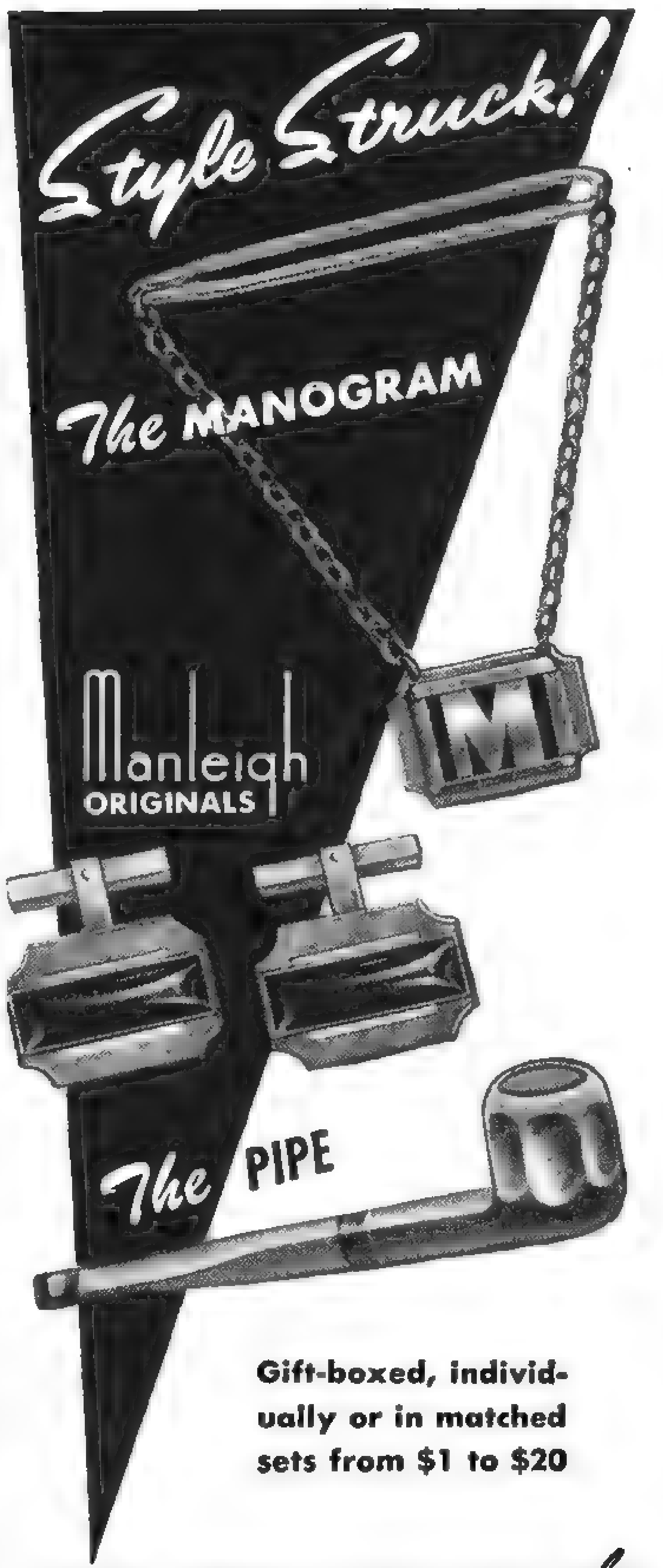
You can cause serious infection by pulling hair from nose. Ordinary scissors are also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair clipped off gently, safely.

$1 Made from fine Surgical Steel. Chromium plated—also in 24 Kt. Gold Plate in smart leather case at $3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax)—a perfect gift for any *special* occasion.

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK

HOLLIS CO. • 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J. • Dept. 13-B
Enclosed is $............ for .... KLIPETTE(S) at $1 (no tax);............in gold plate at $3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax). If I'm not entirely satisfied, I may return the above for refund within 10 days.
Name__________
Address__________

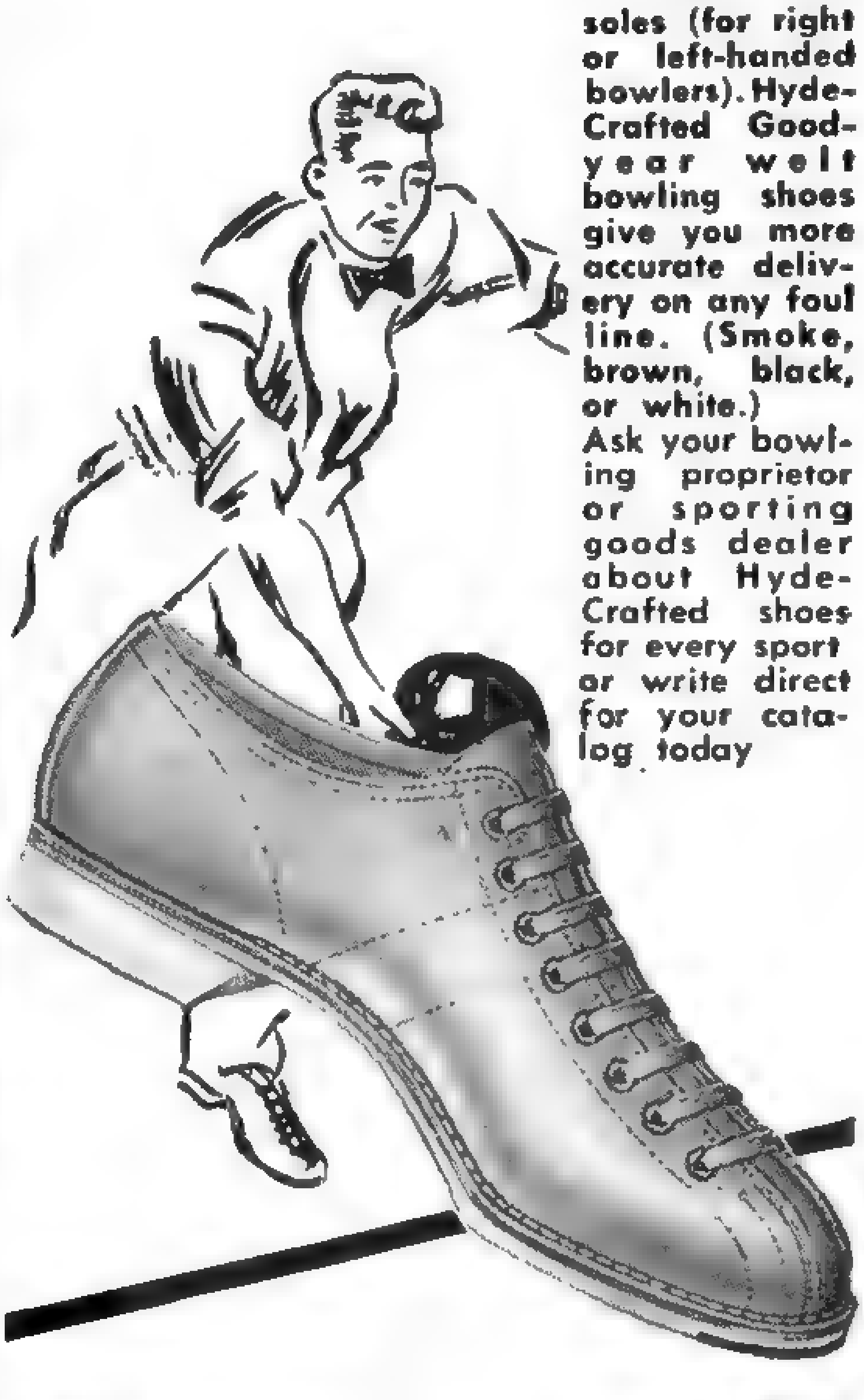


Gift-boxed, individually or in matched sets from $1 to $20

JEWELRY NECESSITIES by
Manleigh
PROVIDENCE 3
RHODE ISLAND

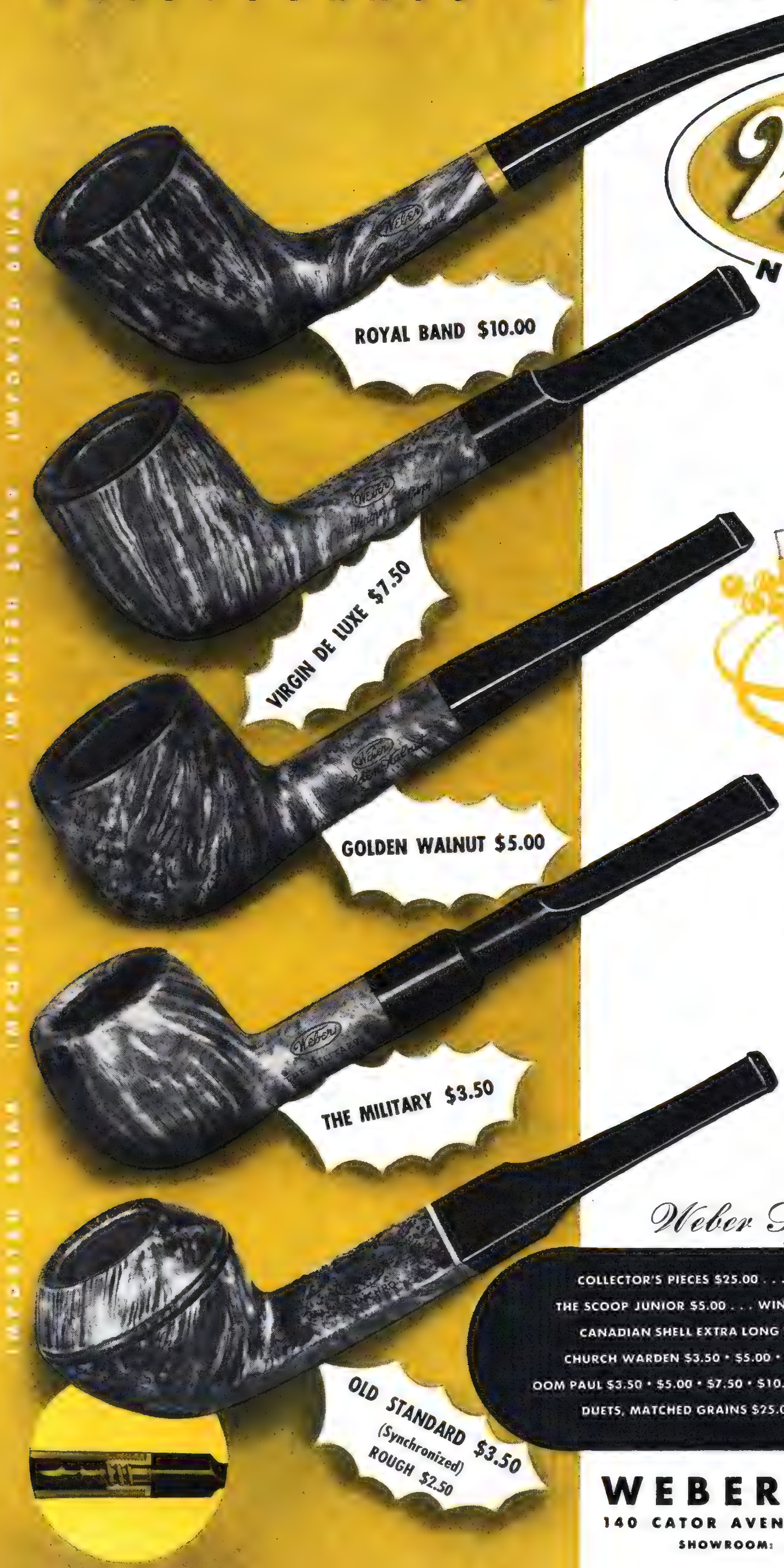
foul line pals

Footwork's half the battle with a tenpin. That's why seasoned bowlers go for the built-in arch supports that give them hours longer "tension-free" pin busting on sure-footed soles (for right or left-handed bowlers). Hyde-Crafted Goodyear welt bowling shoes give you more accurate delivery on any foul line. (Smoke, brown, black, or white.)
Ask your bowling proprietor or sporting goods dealer about Hyde-Crafted shoes for every sport or write direct for your catalog today



HYDE
ATHLETIC SHOE CO.
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

ARISTOCRATS OF THE PIPE RACK


IMPORTED BRIAR IMPORTED BRIAR IMPORTED BRIAR IMPORTED BRIAR
ROYAL BAND $10.00
VIRGIN DE LUXE $7.50
GOLDEN WALNUT $5.00
THE MILITARY $3.50
OLD STANDARD $3.50
(Synchronized)
ROUGH $2.50

SMOKE

Weber

NONE BETTER

THE IDEAL

Gift

Weber pipes are made from the finest seasoned imported briar, handcrafted by skilled artisans. Perfect designs, proper light-weight balance, and beautiful grains are featured in a wide variety of popular shapes and styles, available in all price ranges. The exclusive moisture-proof "Dri-Smoker" bit, for cleaner, sweeter, more comfortable smoking is fashioned in every Weber briar.

If you're looking for an extra special pipe to add to your collection (or to your favorite pipe smoker's collection), buy a **Weber.** You'll then know and appreciate the finer smoking qualities that make **Weber** the world over the choice of discriminating pipe smokers. At better pipe shops everywhere.

Write in for our FREE color booklet, showing illustrations of the complete WEBER pipe line and a host of tips on pipe smoking and pipe care.

Weber Specially Pipes . . .

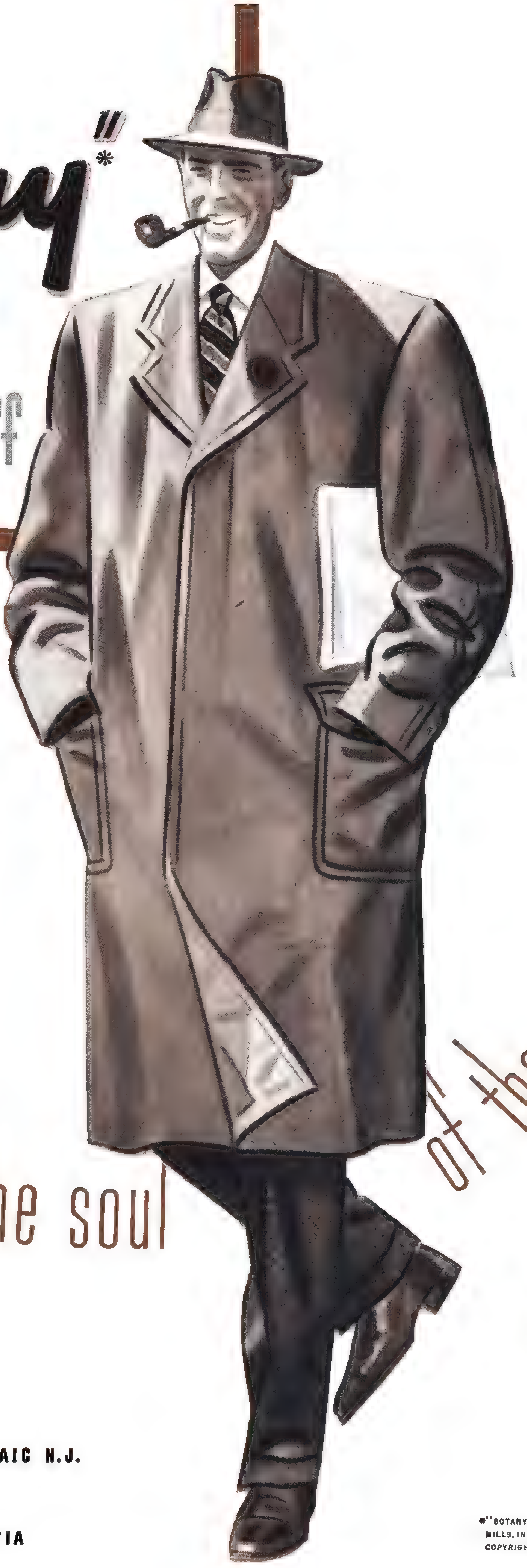
COLLECTOR'S PIECES $25.00 . . . THE SCOOP $7.50 • $10.00 • $12.50 • $15.00
THE SCOOP JUNIOR $5.00 . . . WINDPRUF $3.50 • $5.00 • $7.50 . . . CAVALIER $3.50
CANADIAN SHELL EXTRA LONG $3.50 . . . GIANT CURVED $5.00 • $7.50 • $10.00
CHURCH WARDEN $3.50 • $5.00 • $7.50 . . . GIANT BILLIARD $5.00 • $7.50 • $10.00
OOM PAUL $3.50 • $5.00 • $7.50 • $10.00 . . . CANADIAN EXTRA LONG $5.00 • $7.50 • $10.00
DUETS, MATCHED GRAINS $25.00 . . . 7-DAY SET OF MATCHED GRAINS $100.00

WEBER BRIARS, INC.
140 CATOR AVENUE JERSEY CITY 5, N. J.
SHOWROOM: 535 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

"Botany"*

BRAND **500**

tailored by Daroff



Featuring the master fabric of a great mill and the master needlework of a great tailoring organization...this "Botany" Brand 500 Covert Topcoat, Tailored by Daroff, represents every man's ideal of this classic garment. At good dealers everywhere, $55.

"Botany" Brand 500 suits are $55.
"Botany" Brand 500 overcoats are $65.

the fabric is the soul of the suit

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

BOTANY 500
TAILORED BY DAROFF

Fabric by **BOTANY MILLS INC., PASSAIC N.J.**

Tailored by **DAROFF · PHILADELPHIA**

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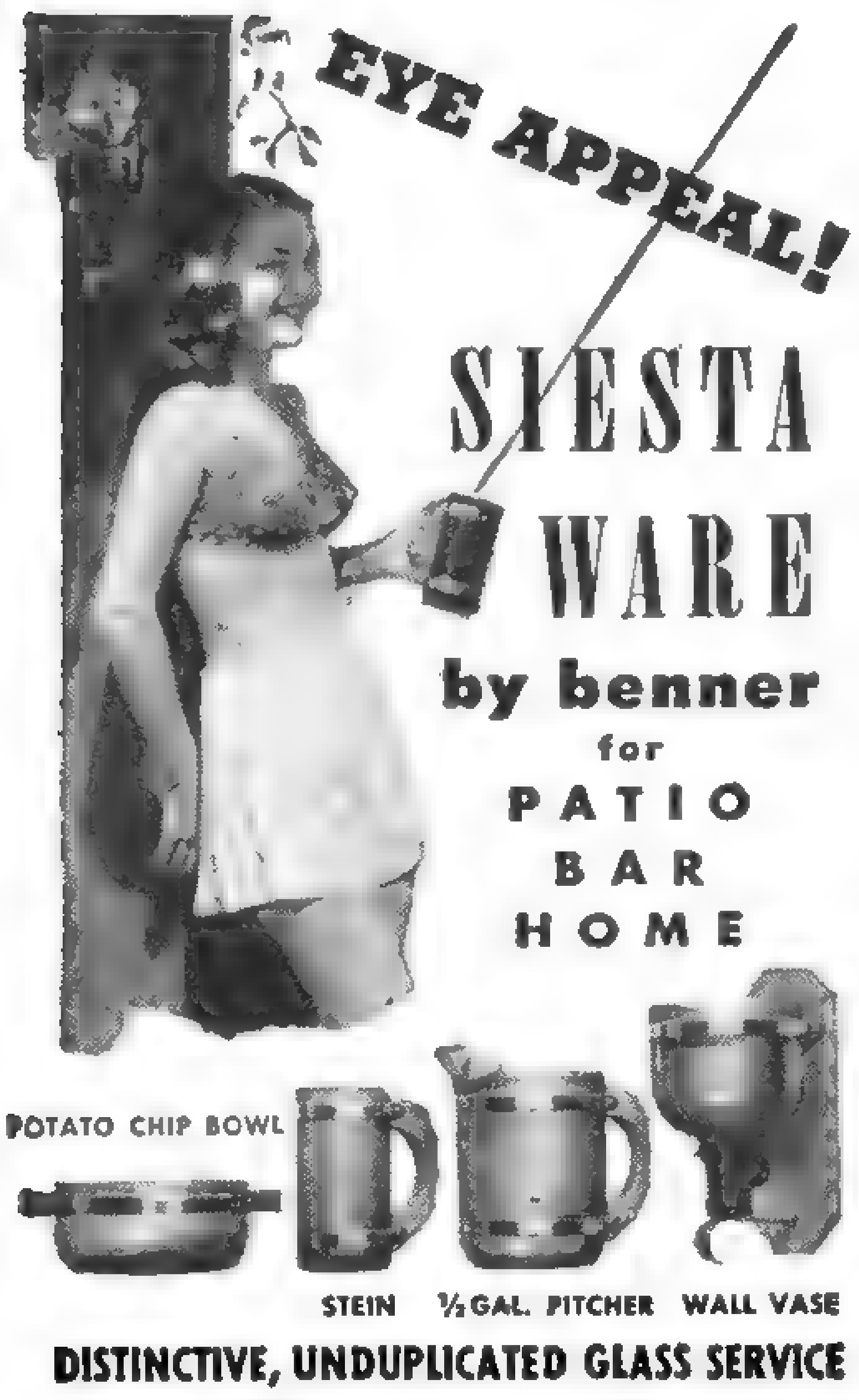
POCKETS BULGE?
TRY THIN BILLFOLDS
Noymer
STYLISTS IN FINE LEATHER
FOR A MISS OR MRS.

Top: Marquis, $7.50 plus tax
Centre: Monarch, $4.00 plus tax
Bottom: Pauline, $3.50 plus tax

Write for Dealer Nearest You

NOYMER MFG. CO., BOSTON 10, MASS.



DISTINCTIVE, UNDUPLICATED GLASS SERVICE

Cleverly Fashioned from Blown-Glass Bottles! Mellow Amber, carved-oak handles, ancient-styled brass bands—created by California craftsmen. Siesta Ware will draw excited compliments from your guests.

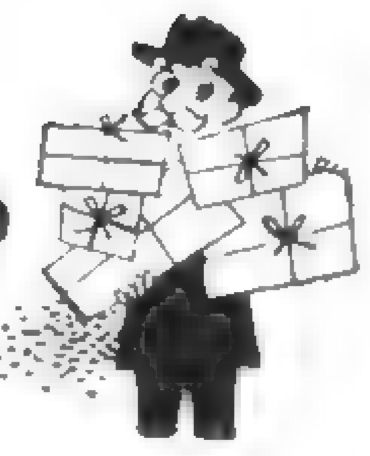
QUAN.	LIST NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
	No. 100	Beer Stein	$1.25 each
	No. 101	6 Beer Steins	6.00 per set
	No. 102	1-Gal. Pitcher	4.95 each
	No. 103	½-Gal. Pitcher	4.50 each
	No. 200	Ice Tea Glass	.75 each
	No. 201	6 Ice Tea Glasses	3.00 per set
	No. 300	Hi-Ball Glass	.75 each
	No. 301	6 Hi-Ball Glasses	3.00 per set
	No. 302	Ice Bucket	1.95 each
	No. 303	6 Hi-Ball Glasses & Bucket,	4.75 per set
	No. 401	6 Cocktail Glasses	4.50 per set
	No. 402	6 Cocktail Glasses & ½-Gal. Pitcher	8.50 per set
	No. 500	Wall Vase	3.50 each
	No. 600	Candle Holders	3.25 per pr.
	No. 700	Pretzel Dish	1.75 each
	No. 800	Salt & Pepper Shakers	2.50 per pr.
	No. 900	Ash Tray	2.50 each
	No. 950	Relish Dish	1.85 each
	No. 960	Bon Bon (or Hors d'Oeuvres) Dish	1.85 each
	No. 970	Potato Chip Dish	2.50 each

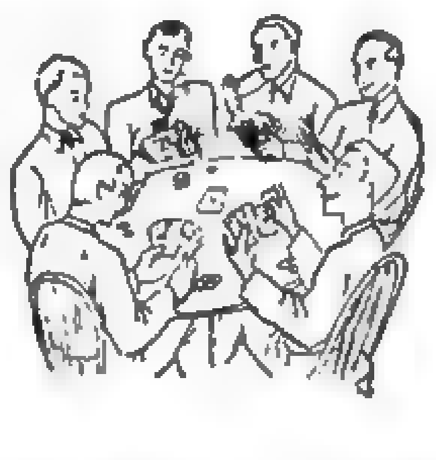
PERSONALIZED SAND-CARVED MONOGRAMMING
1 letter . . . 25c each 3 letters . . . 50c each

At Your Quality Dealer's or Order Direct. Prices Postpaid U.S.A. Send check or money order today. Write for free catalog.

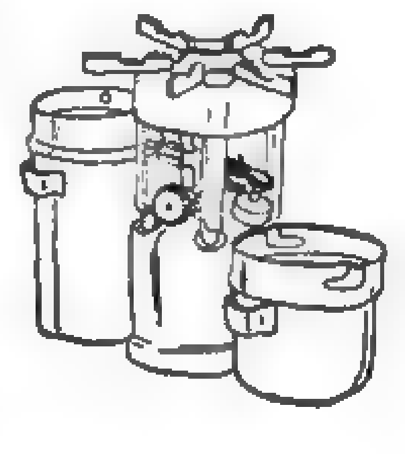
BENNER GLASS COMPANY
176 San Fernando Rd., Los Angeles 31, Calif.

Talking Shop with Esquire

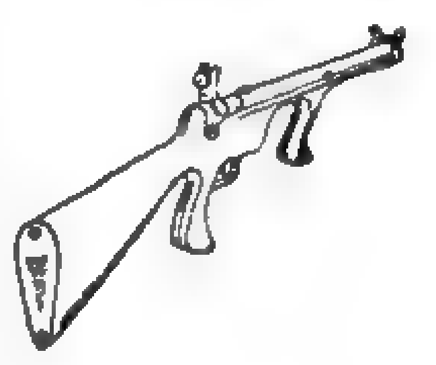




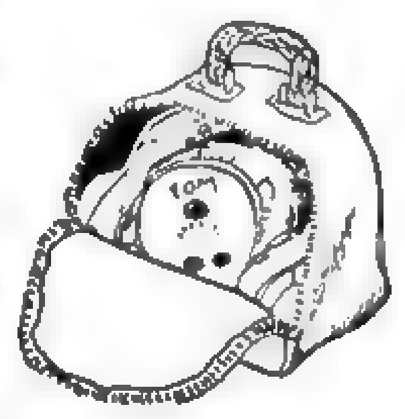
CARD PLAYER'S GIFT . . . a special top which converts an ordinary card table into a regulation 60″, 8-place circular poker table . . . and in 3 minutes flat! There are 4 portable steel sections which contain felt lined poker chip wells, ashtray wells and drinking glass wells. Each section has a detachable steel leg which snaps into place rigidly. A square of felt, which forms a felt playing center, is spread over the card table before the sections are put on. When not in use, the 4 sections nest together with felt and legs into a carton only 4′ long.



FOR HUNTERS, a pocket stove which fits into a telescope case (same type as the GI stove used so successfully during the war). The stove is no bigger than a quart sized fruit jar, stands only 8½″ high, and weighs 3 lbs. Burns a pint at a time of any kind of gasoline. The light weight aluminum case makes two handy cooking utensils, there's a wrench which slips into a slot on both top and bottom sections, for a handle. Cooking grids open out to hold a good sized fry pan.



HIT THE BULL'S EYE. This indoor target gun will go great guns with the whole family. Safe enough to shoot in the living room, as it can't shatter windows or injure furniture, yet it is ballistically accurate. Gun is powered by a strong, durable propelling cord . . . no smoke, no noise, no powder or smell. You don't need a special target range, for the gun comes in a target box that is easy to set up. Shot is collected at the bottom of the box and may be used again and again. Holds 65 shots with automatic feed mechanism.



FOR BOWLERS. Experts who own their own balls, deserve one of the new streamlined ball bags for trips back and forth to the alley. Bag comes in cowhide or pigskin, a size to fit the ball. The bag drops open in front, by means of a zipper, to allow for easy insertion of ball and shoes. There's a specially built-in curtain, which surrounds the ball and serves to keep white shoes from contact with the wax covered, dusty ball.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Gift for his ties
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The Fold-Away Tie Bar
Holds over 100 ties. Sort by color on each of 4 bars. Folds away to less than 2 inches. Mahogany finish. Gift boxed.
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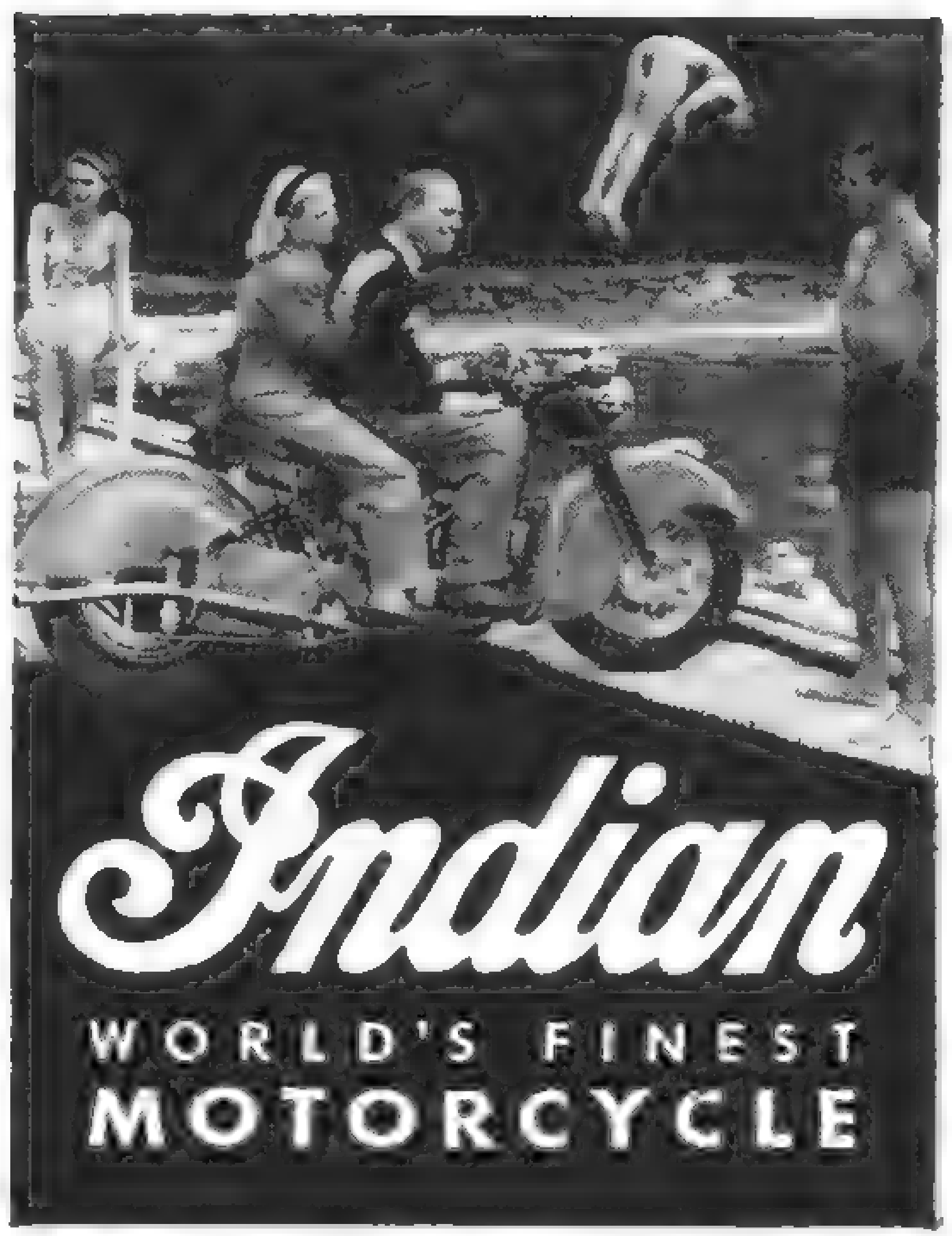

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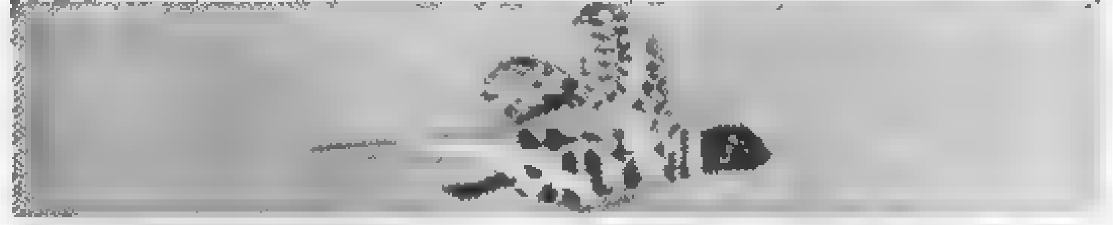

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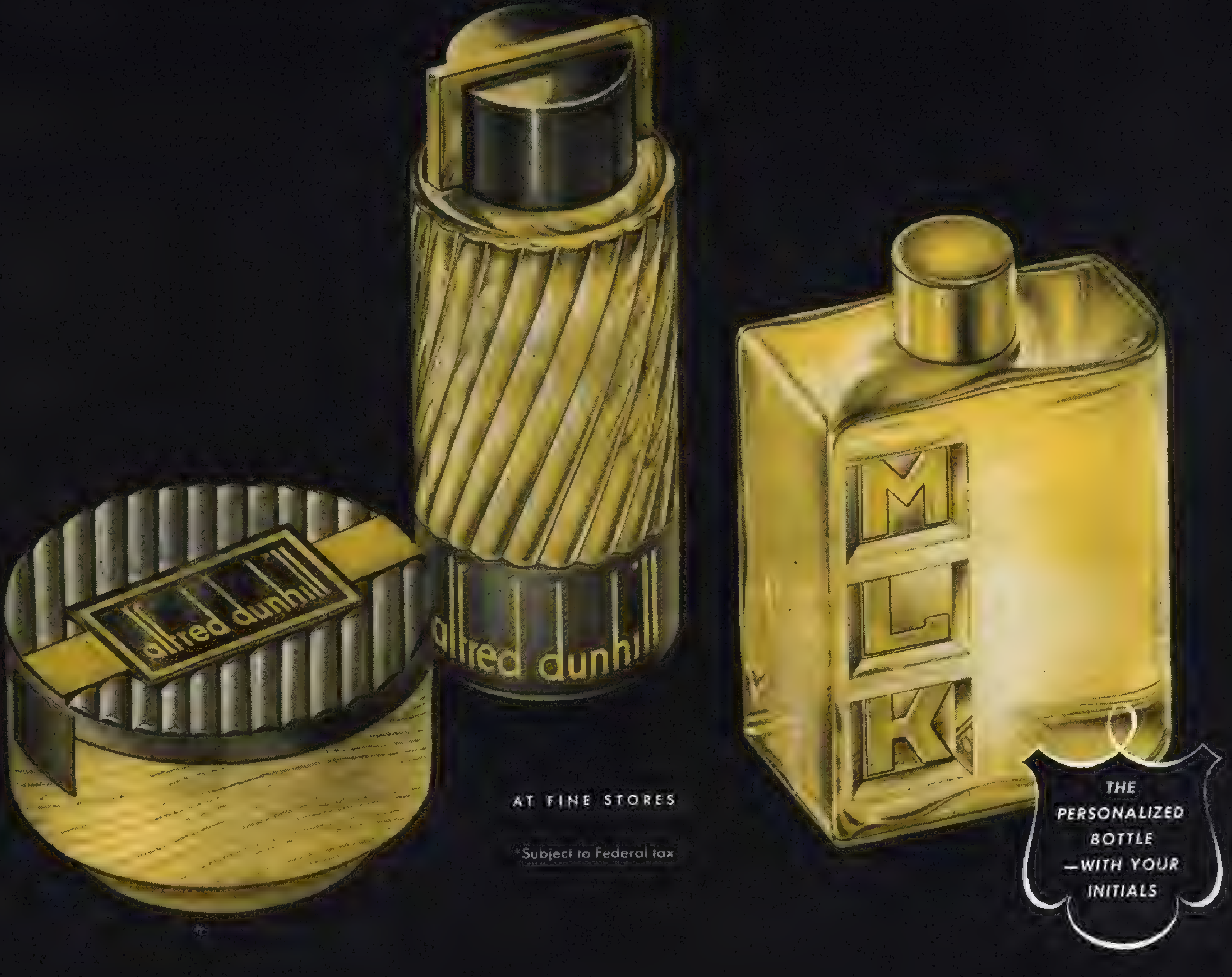
In Spiral bottles, or Personalized with your initials.

Shaving Bowl, $2.00 . . . Lather Shave, $1.00 . . . Brushless Shave, $1.00 . . . Talc*, $1.50.

Alfred Dunhill, 660 Fifth Avenue, New York 19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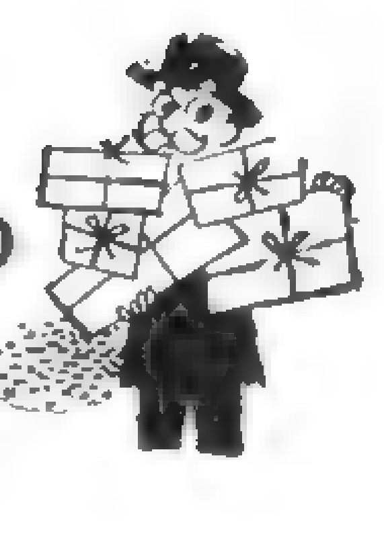
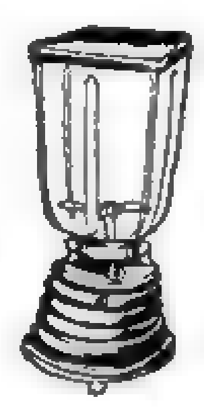
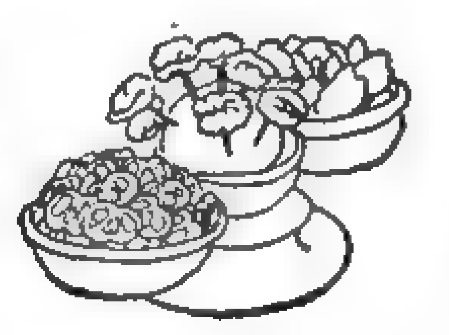
Talking Shop with Esquire



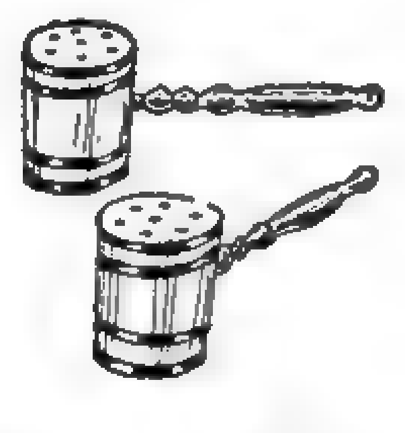
HOW TO DRINK A BANANA. Here's the sort of gift that will put you in solid for life. One of those electric drink mixers. The glass container holds 4 stainless steel cutting blades that deliver 80,000 chopping strokes a minute. Throw in a handful of vegetables or fruits, and they come out liquids . . . and in record time. Also beats eggs, chops meat, mixes batter, purees foods for infants and invalids. But best of all, makes up a frozen daiquiri like a pro, as it converts chopped ice to appropriate slush and froth. Mixer has a detachable base to make for ease in cleaning.



TRAY-BOWL SNACK BAR. Three turned wooden bowls are hitched together like Siamese triplets. The middle one is attached to a lazy susan type stand, so that all three bowls revolve to provide ready service from any point of the compass. The wood is preserved by a finish which is impervious to heat, cold, oils, etc. Fill the containers with sauces, potato chips, cole slaw, salads, hot creamed dishes. Good looking and most useful.



SALT AND PEPPERS, MALE VERSION. Bachelor households will have their condiments housed in novel shakers. In the shape of a brass mallet or gavel . . . solid cast brass which can be monogrammed. Or shakers shaped like hurricane lamps, butter churns or water buckets . . . all in brass. Another pair is done like miniature cocktail shakers in shining metal.



FANCY COOKING UTENSILS. Bachelor apartments should abound with tricky utensils, decorative and useful. Try giving 8 individual, oven proof casseroles which fit on a metal tray. The good-looking green and brown color casseroles, each with its own cover, are good enough looking to bring right to the table. For perfectionists, there's a copper fry pan, square in shape, which turns out square poached eggs . . . to fit into a sandwich, of course. Or a small, round copper saucepan to fry a single hamburger. Silly, huh? But a good gag gift.

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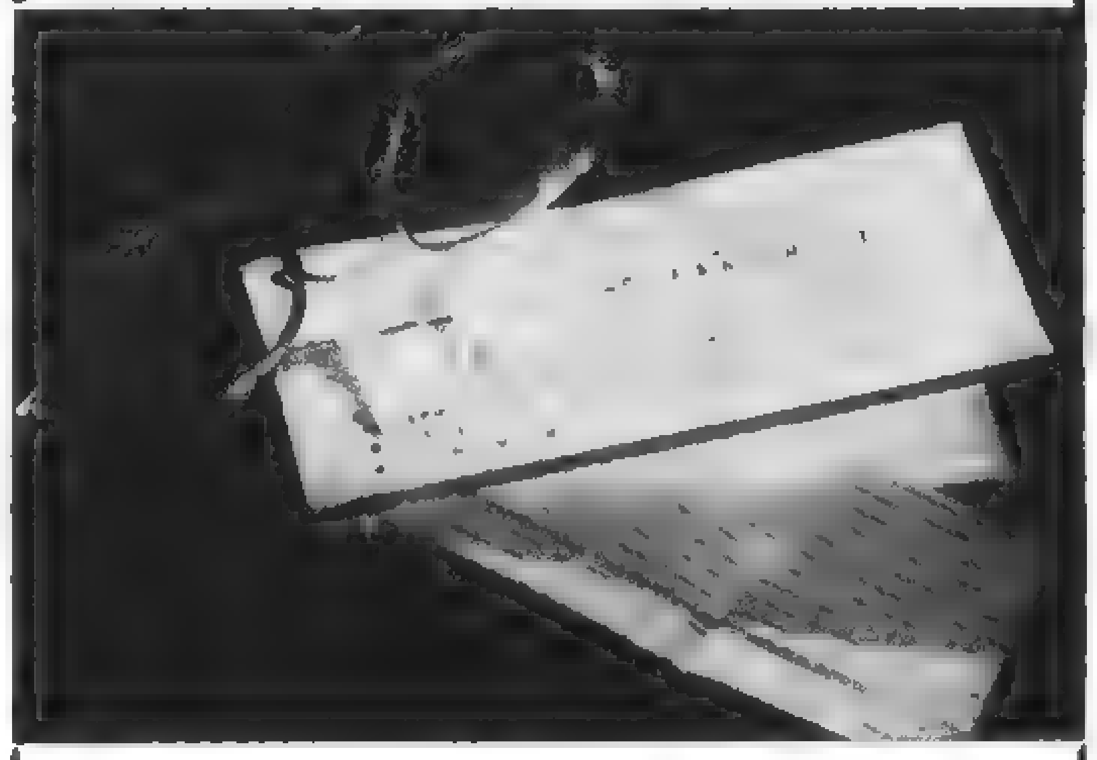

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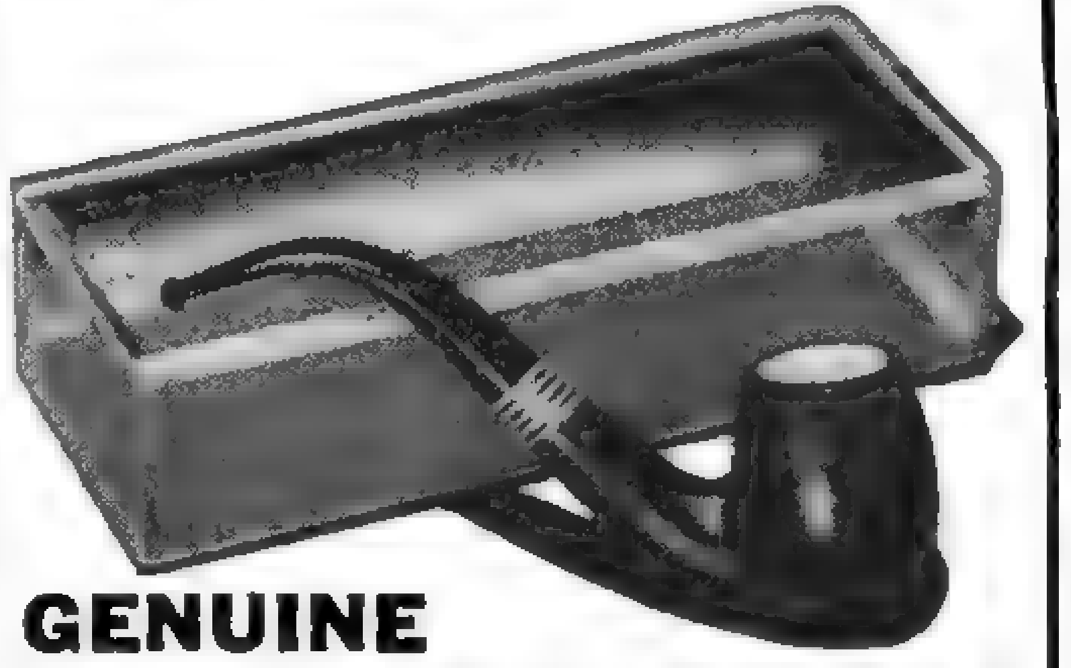

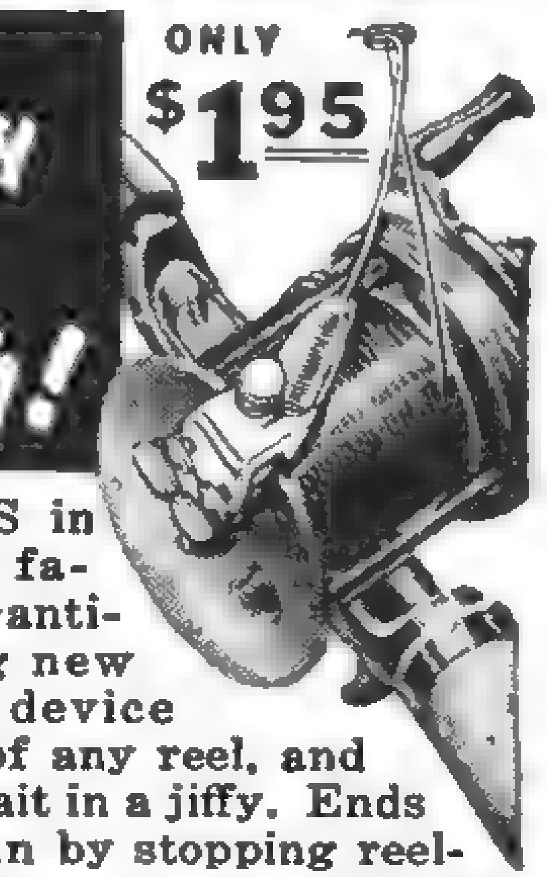

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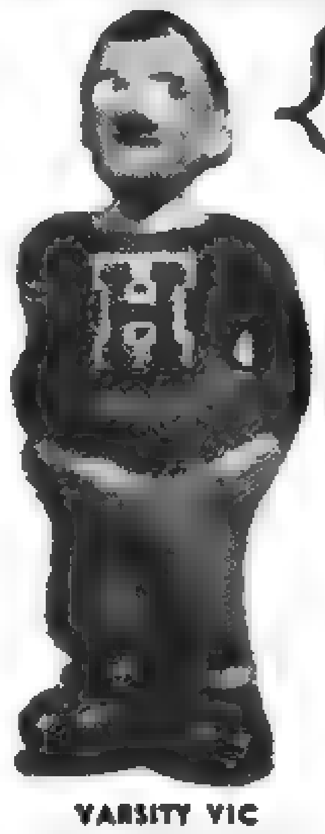

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PARATROOP HUNTING BOOTS

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Only $9.87 plus postage

Sizes 4 - 13½ Widths AA - EEE

CORCORAN, INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.
Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots.
Check Money Order for $9.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D.
E-12
Name________________
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Among Fine Christmas Gifts None Surpasses Bretton Bands

Bretton Queen

Ultra smart expansion band distinctive, graceful, streamlined. In white, yellow or pink 14 kt. gold, $50; 1/20 12kt. gold filled, $10.50.

Bretton Bretweave

The real thing in basketweave watch bands for men—masterfully conceived and designed. With expansion center or exclusive Supermatic safety catch. In white, yellow or pink 1/20 12 kt. gold filled, $10.50.

Trust mom and dad to know the kind of Christmas gifts that are as thrilling to give as they are to get. Experience is on their side. Which explains why they make it a point every year to give fine quality, superbly styled BRETTON watch bands—as evidence not only of their good judgment, but of their good taste as well. Take a tip from the wise—put BRETTON bands high up on *your* gift lists, too. Popularly priced, at leading jewelers everywhere.

Bruner-Ritter, Inc., Fifth Ave., New York, and Montreal.

Bretton

FIRST AMONG FINE WATCH BANDS

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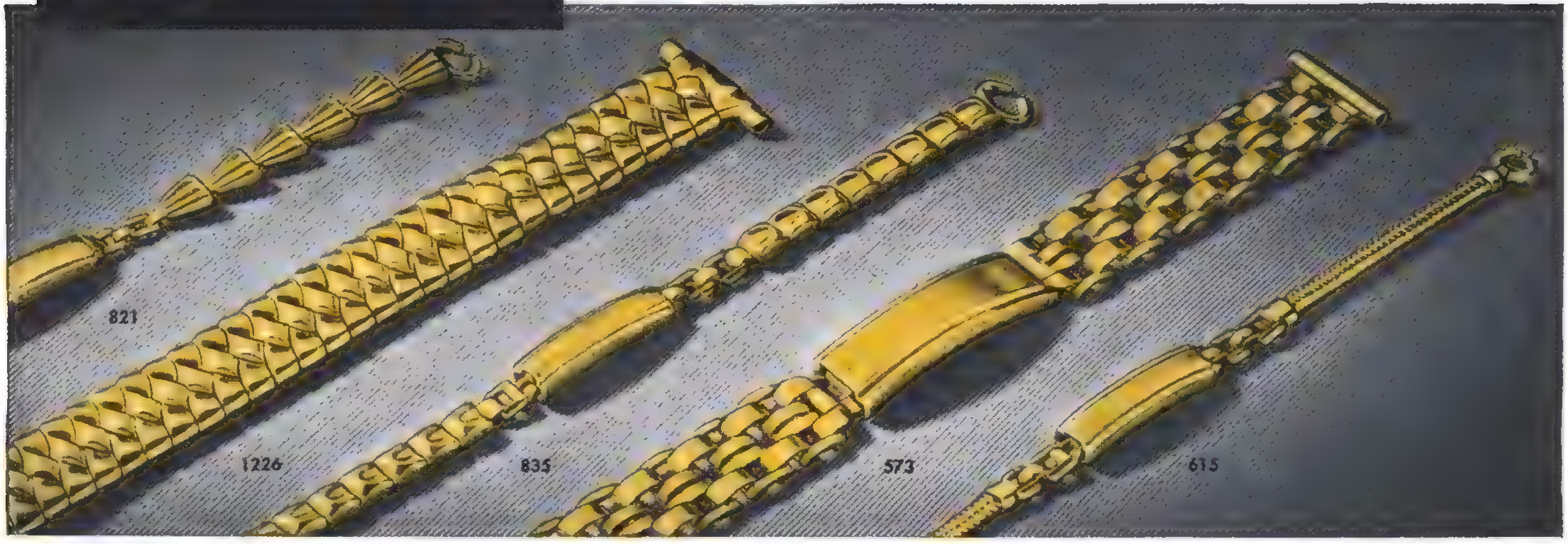
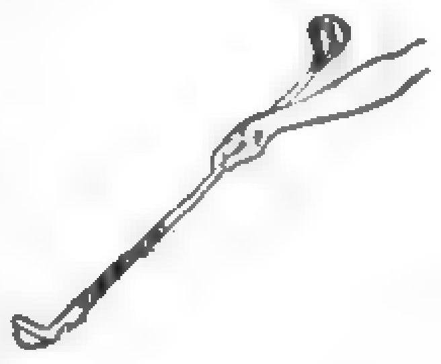


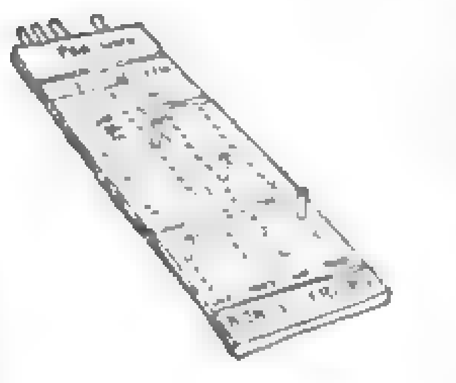
Newest of the new BRETTON bands—available in white, yellow or pink—1/20 12 kt. gold filled. No. 821, $4.75; No. 1226, $8.75; No. 835, $5.00; No. 573, $6.50; No. 615, $5.00.

Talking Shop with Esquire

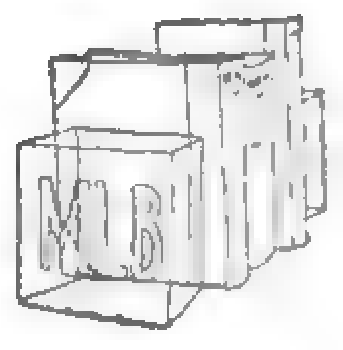
GOLFERS' GADGETS. Here's a gift for the duffer . . . a golf ball retriever. It's a cup-shaped, tubular necked device of rust proof-metal, which slides on over any standard club head. The scoop shaped cup makes it easier to get under the ball, thus lifting it out of water or soft earth without the usual acrobatics and numerous caddies. For backyard golfers, a driving practice contraption. A square of wood is secured to the ground by means of 4 long spikes. The board has a metal arm to which is attached a heavy leather strop (one end of which is shaped like a golf ball, and painted white). Strop swings on hinges, and you just take a wallop at the ball-shaped end. No balls to chase, no effort.



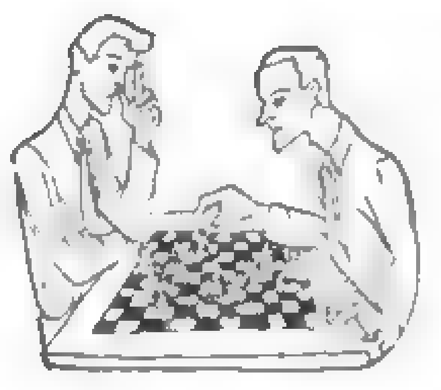
BAD MATHEMATICIANS who total up bridge scores inaccurately, should be given one of Sidney Lenz's new score boards, which follows the same method used on cribbage score boards. The wooden score board, at any stage of the game, pegs the visible score, enabling all players to see at a glance the actual points required for game, etc. Pegs are of colored plastic.



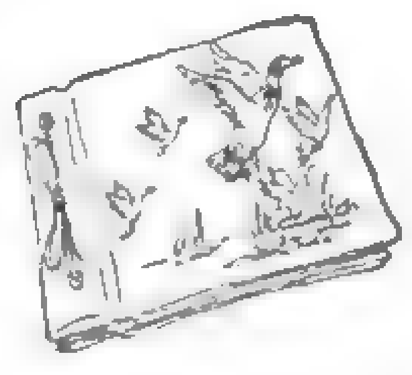
LUCITE BOOKENDS. Another monogrammed gift . . . huge ¾" thick blocks of crystal lucite with block engraved initials on each end. Bookends are 5 or 6" high, simple and mighty handsome.



MAGNETIC CHESS OR CHECKERS. Here's one for players who play aboard rough riding trains, steamers, planes, etc. A magnetized plate under the playing surface and a magnetized metal disk in the checkers or chess men, hold them firmly in place, even if the board is turned upside down!



WILD DUCK SET. An idea for a sportsman. A set, consisting of photo album, scrap book and waste basket covered in simulated leather and deeply embossed in a full color wild duck design. The authentic coloring of the ducks and water plants against the maple color background, gives a rugged masculine effect.



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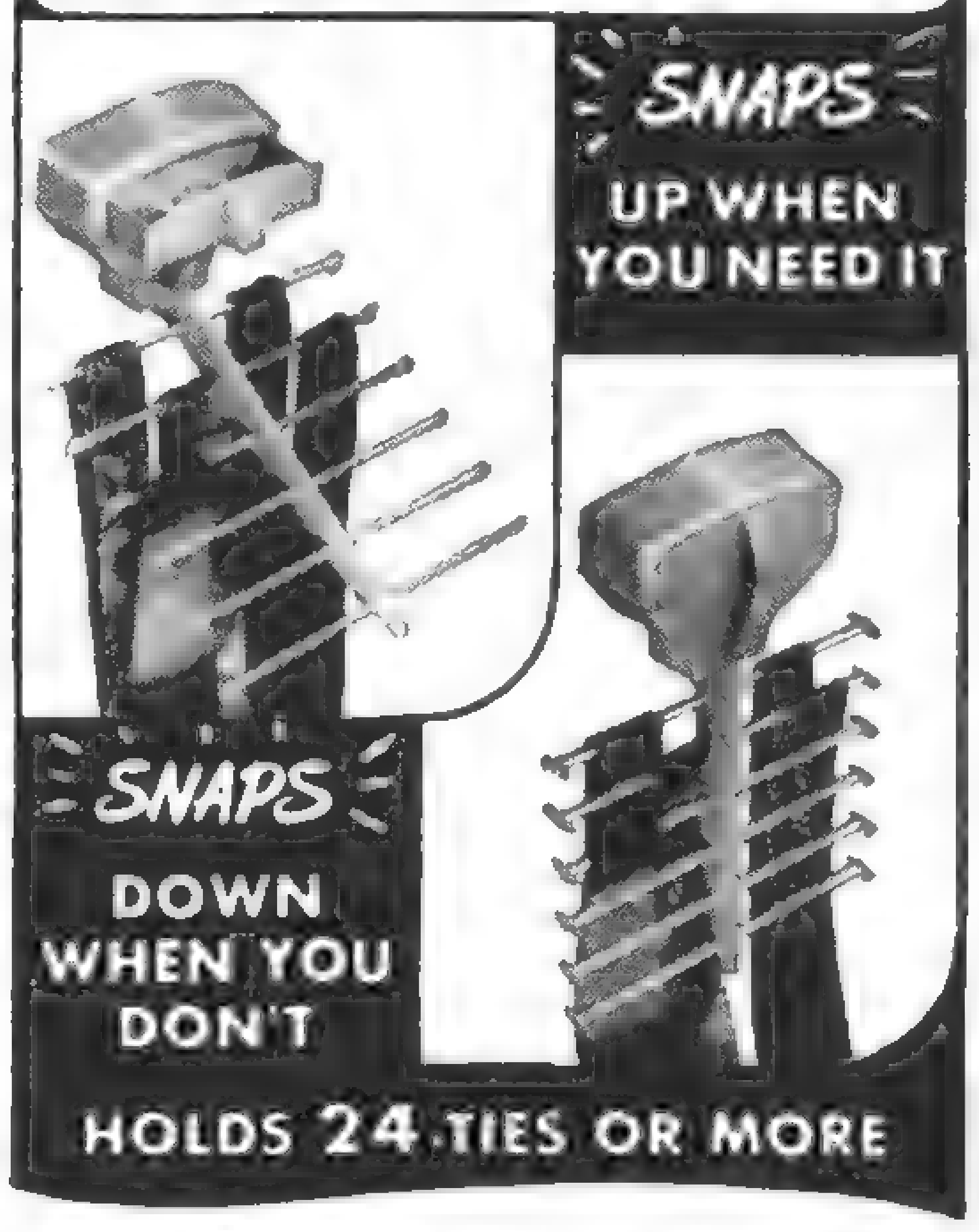

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Designed for the man who delights in the "new" because it is usually the most efficient—Snap-Rack makes every tie visible for selection yet holds them all securely without hooks or loops. Takes up a minimum of space when "down"; no projecting parts. Has small drawer for accessories. Easily installed on wall or back of door.

Comes in walnut—ivory—maroon

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Give him the Superfortress two-suiter and companion bag and you give him luggage made from the finest leathers, flawlessly crafted. Exclusive steel edge construction (pat. pend.) will take him anywhere for years in style.

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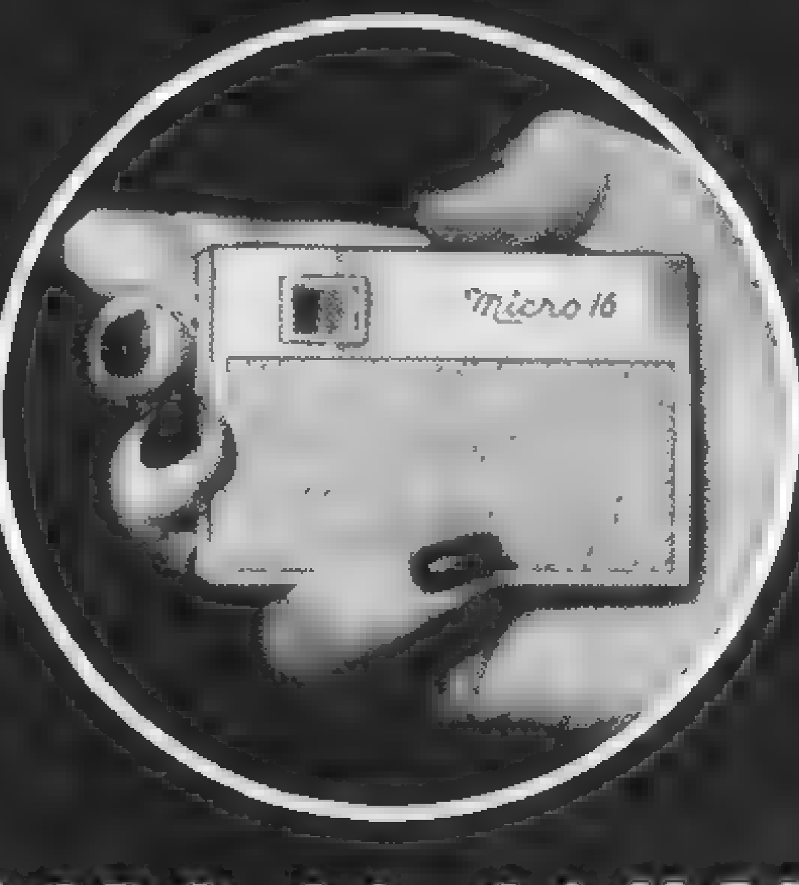

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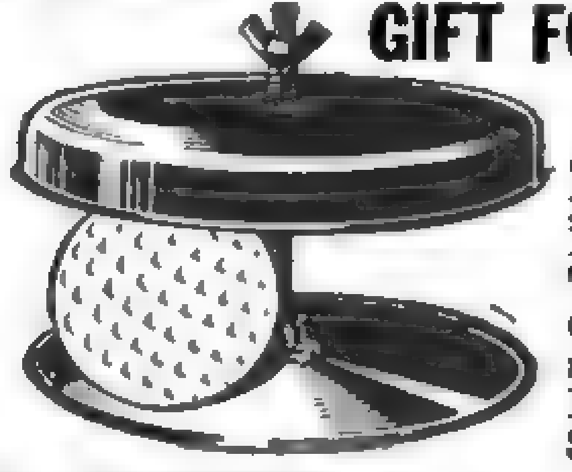

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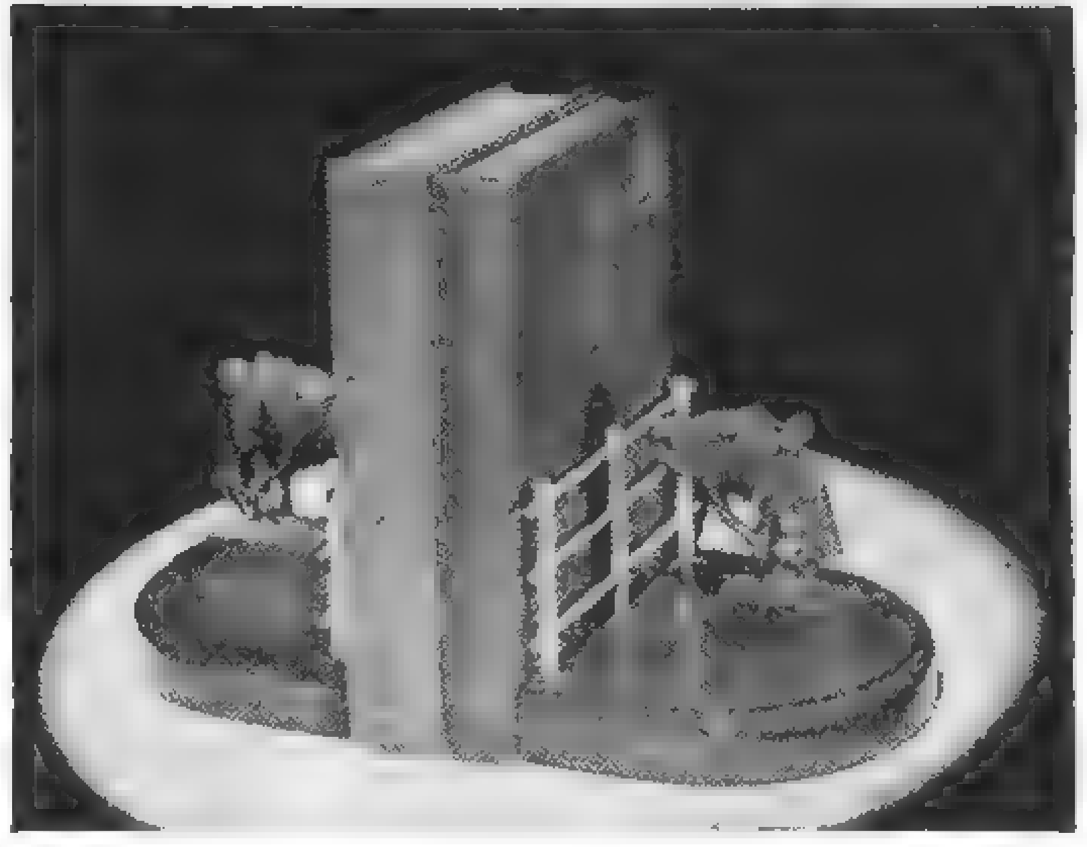

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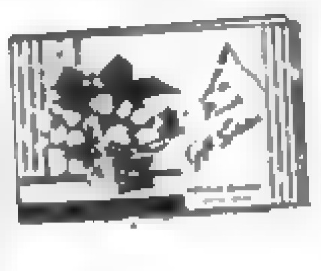

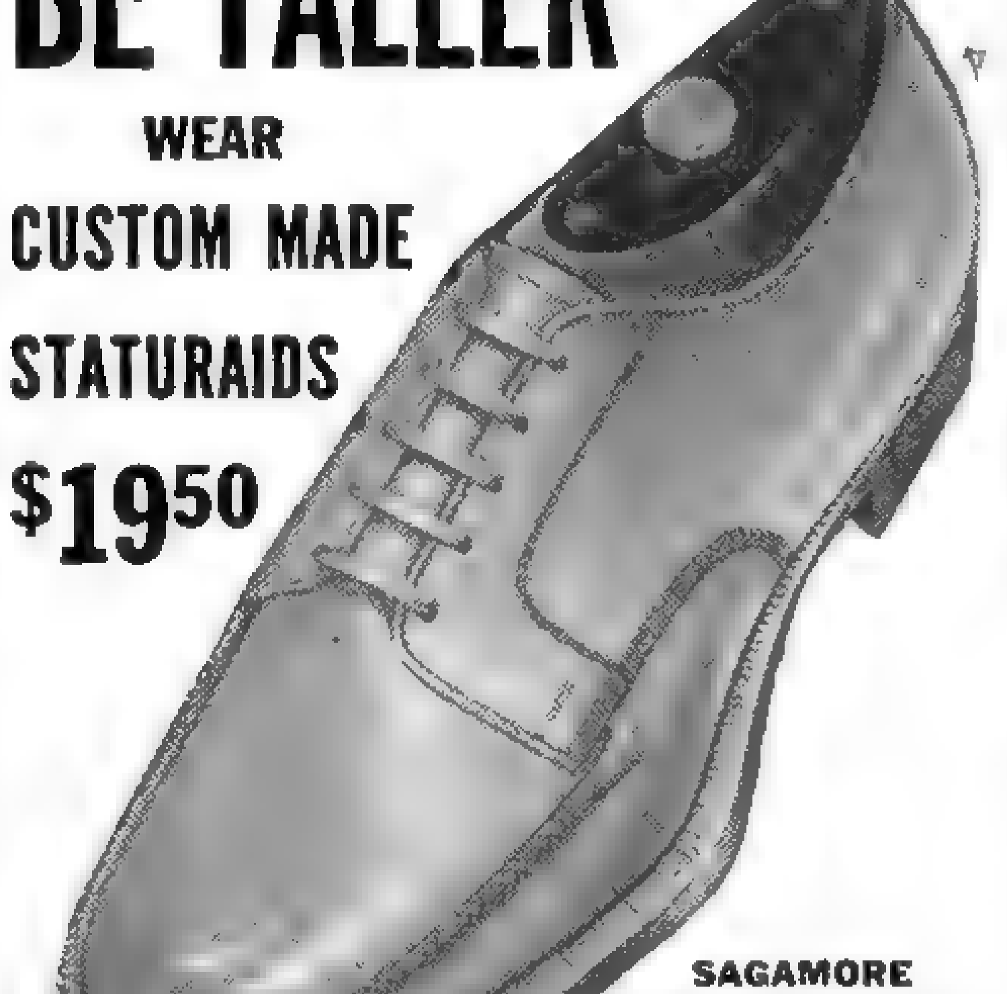

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SAGAMORE
No 1003—brown calf (shown above)
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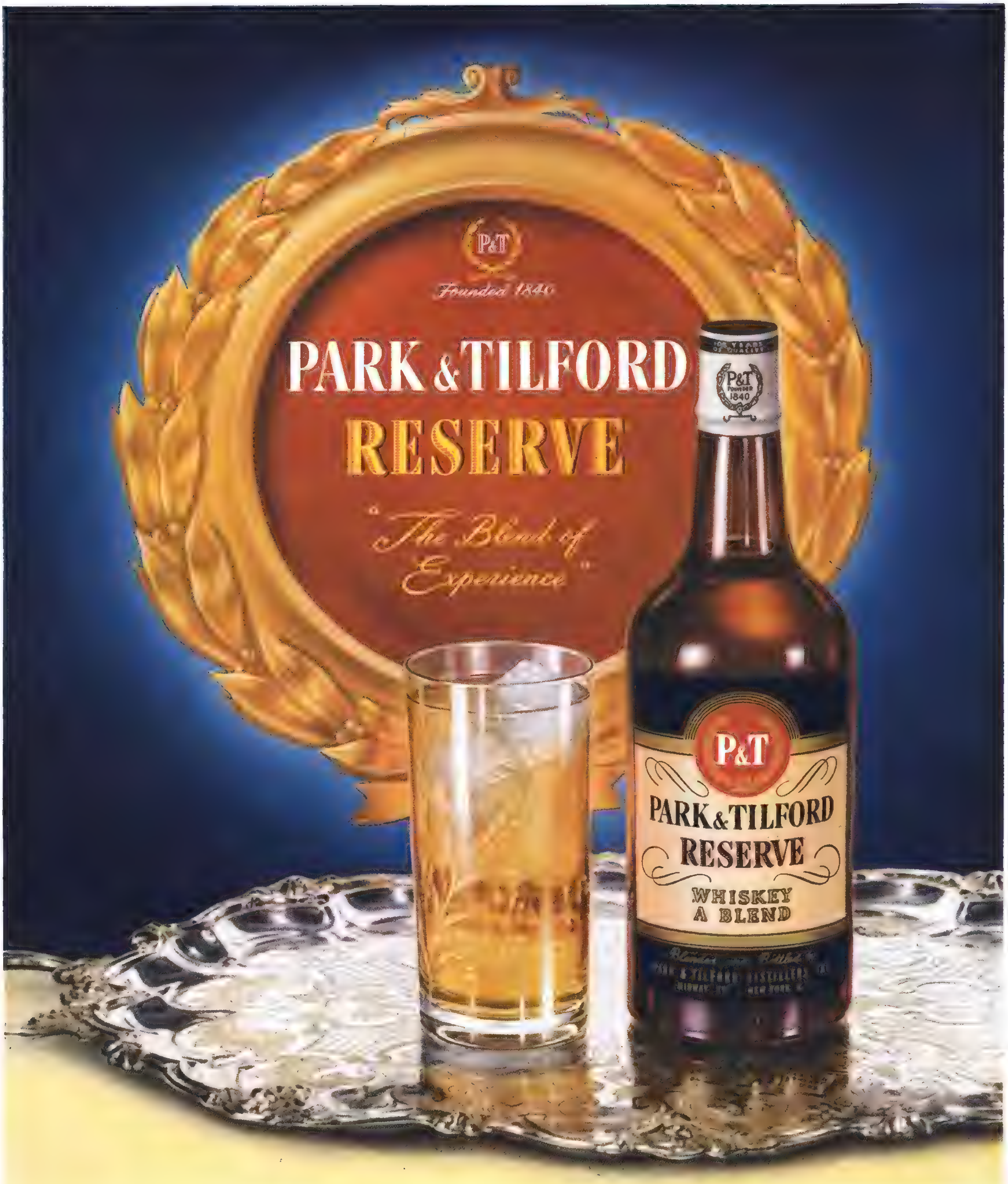
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HIS EXCELLENCY "AA"
21 jewels, also available
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$52.50

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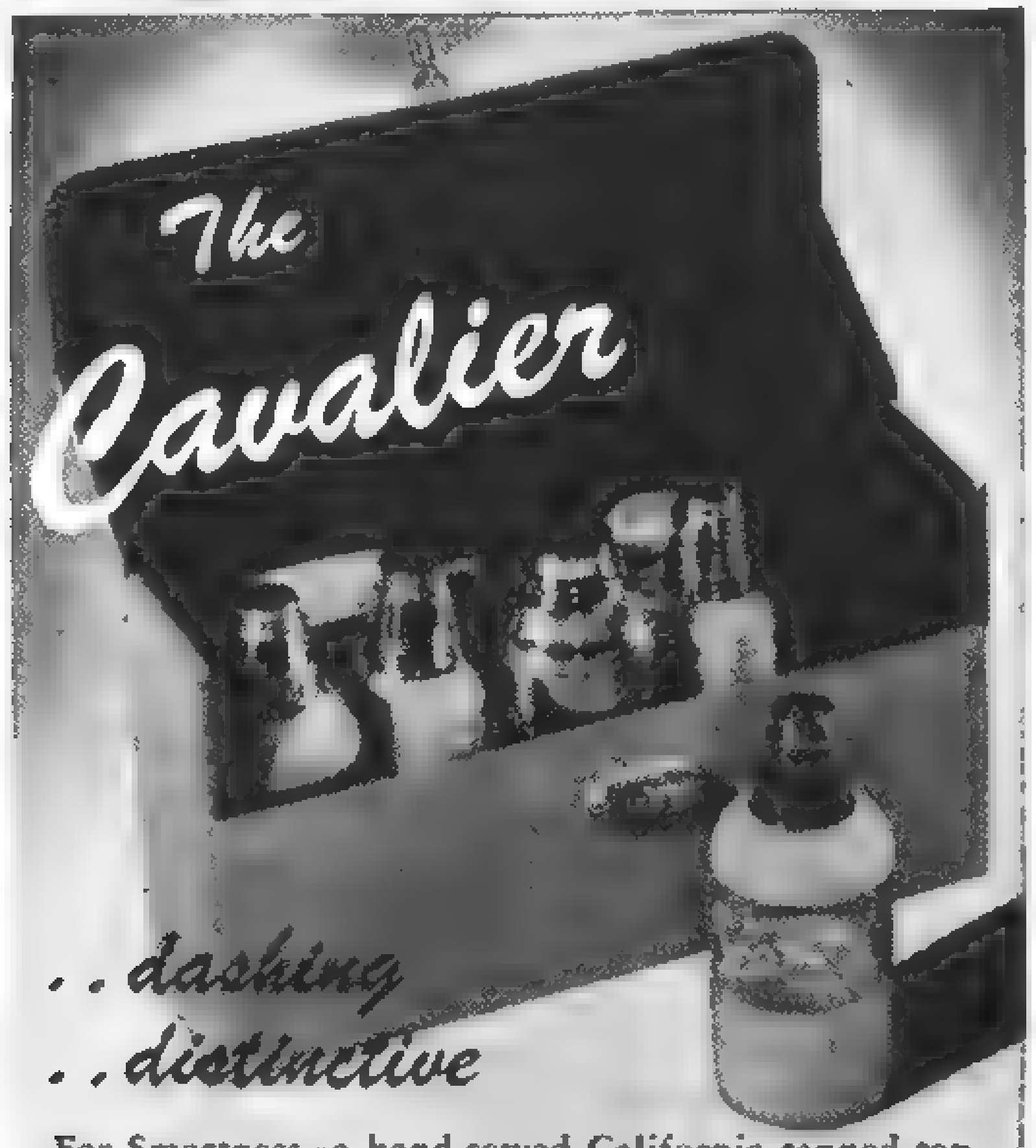

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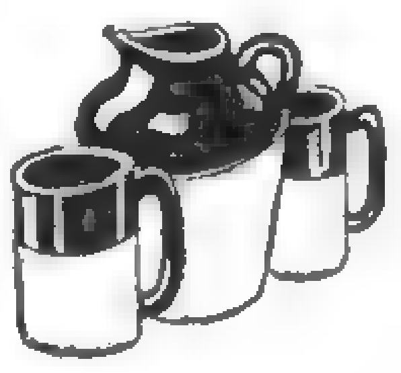
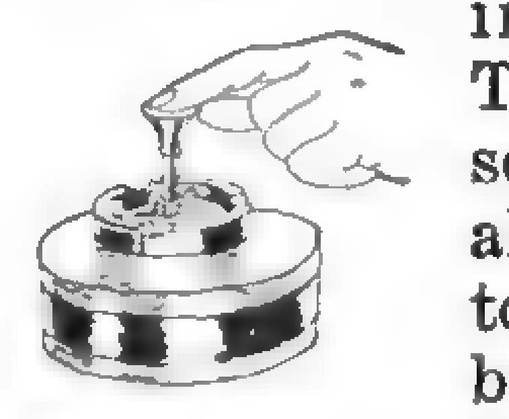
Talking Shop with Esquire

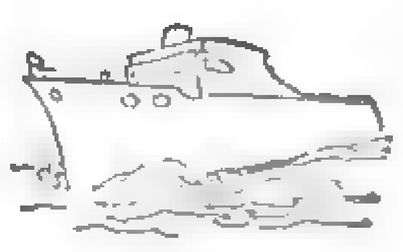
PROSIT! Beer drinkers will love you for this one. A large beer pitcher and six 16-oz. steins made of tavern type brown and white stoneware with a true salt glaze. The steins will hold high or low temperature liquids with equal ease.



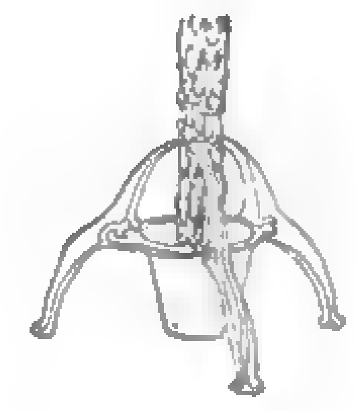
GIANT ASH TRAY. A California pottery puts out an aggressively masculine ash tray seven inches square. The rim of the square is notched all the way round to hold any number of burning cigarettes at a time. The cig rests on the edge, drops ashes into a moat-like slot around the inside of the tray, and eventually puts itself out. Trays are done in eye-catching ceramics . . . chartreuse, turquoise and brown combinations. Another ash tray is called a spin-away. All you do is push down on the plunger top and a disc whirls around dumping ashes into the chromium bottom. Cigarette stubs and ashes disappear like magic and odors are sealed in. Will hold a goodly batch of butts. There's a cork bottom to protect the furniture. No scratchee.



CABIN CRUISER SMOKING SET. Aquatic lovers will appreciate this one. A smoking set made in the shape of a streamlined cabin cruiser. Done in mahogany or saddle color leather, gold tooled, and 16½″ long. The cabin part opens up to hold a cork lined cigarette box; the smoke stack turns out to be a lighter and there's an ash tray with a wire top to facilitate ash flicking.



CHRISTMAS TREE HOLDER. Save yourself a lot of grief in setting up the tree by putting it into a tree holder. Consists of four rigid cast iron parts, no small bolts, nuts or fasteners. Holder adjusts itself to fit any size tree trunk up to 2½″ in diameter. When erected, it is non-collapsible, self-centering and self-adjusting. By giving one leg an extra "bite", the holder will make a tree with a crooked trunk stand up straight. Cup holds water to help keep needles from drying and falling.



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the Bulb with the RED Band
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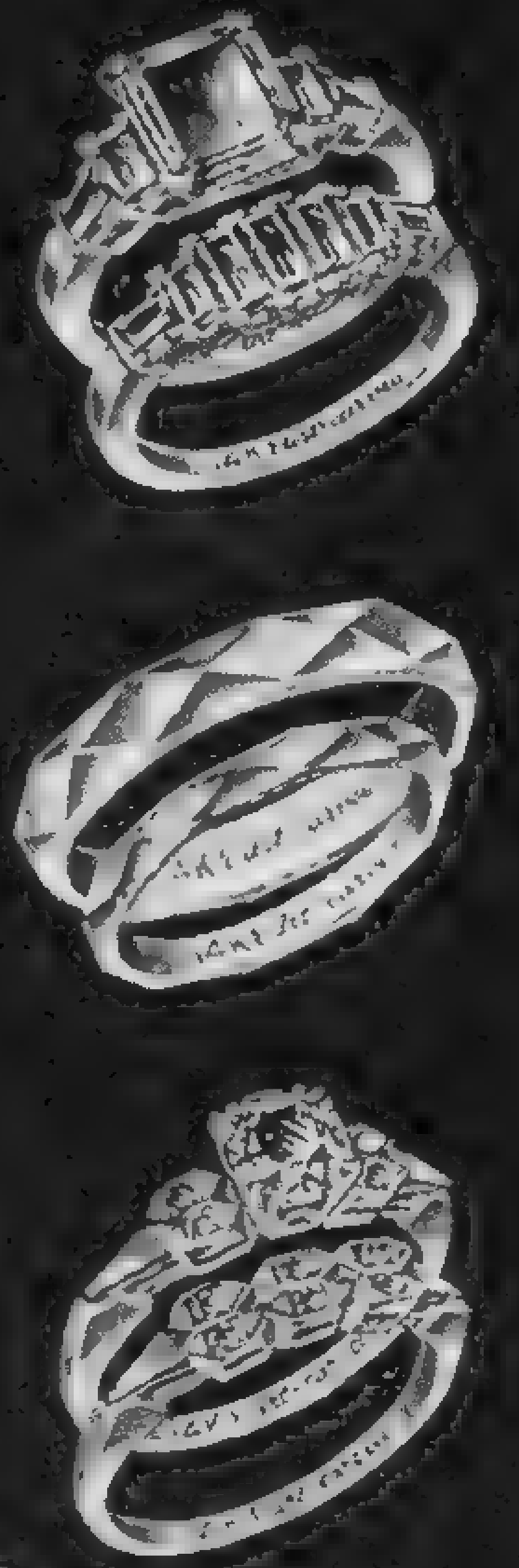
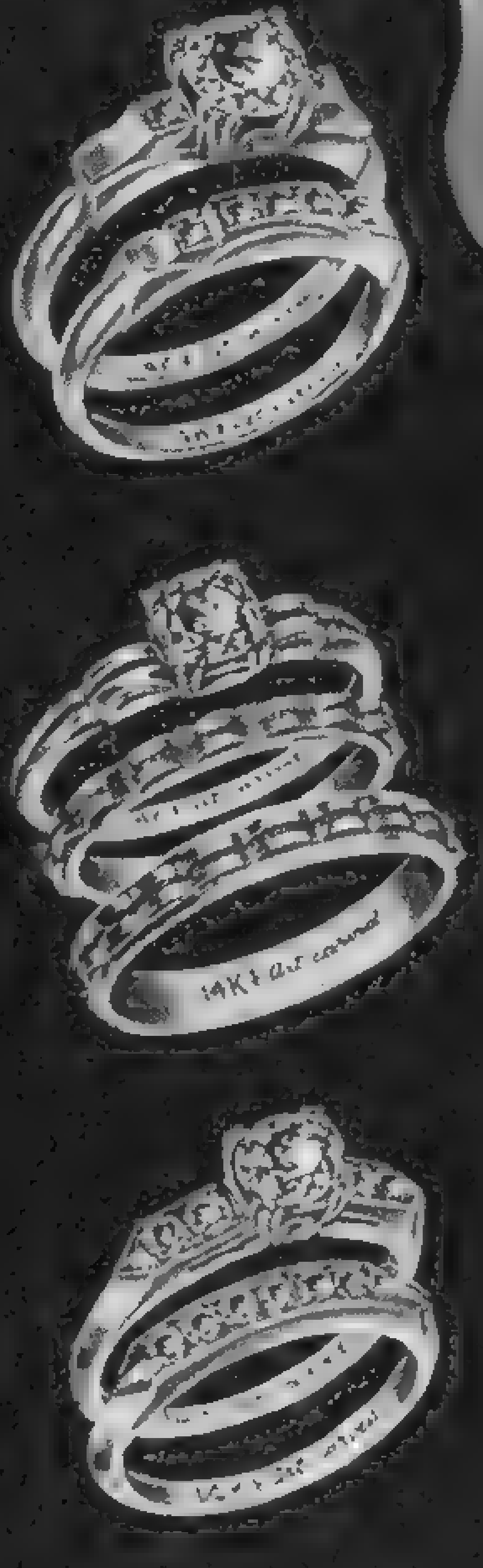


GOWN BY TAILORED WOMAN



The organ plays . . . your heart beats even faster . . . your rings reflect the radiance of your eyes. Precious rings, for they bear the trusted name *Art-Carved*. Only *Art-Carved* diamonds are singly selected, cut and polished by experts true to unvarying high standards of quality . . . then set in rings individually created by talented *Art-Carved* goldsmiths. Every genuine *Art-Carved* ring is guaranteed and recorded for your protection by America's oldest and largest ringmaker. In the ring, on the tag, ask your jeweler to show you the proud name *Art-Carved*.*

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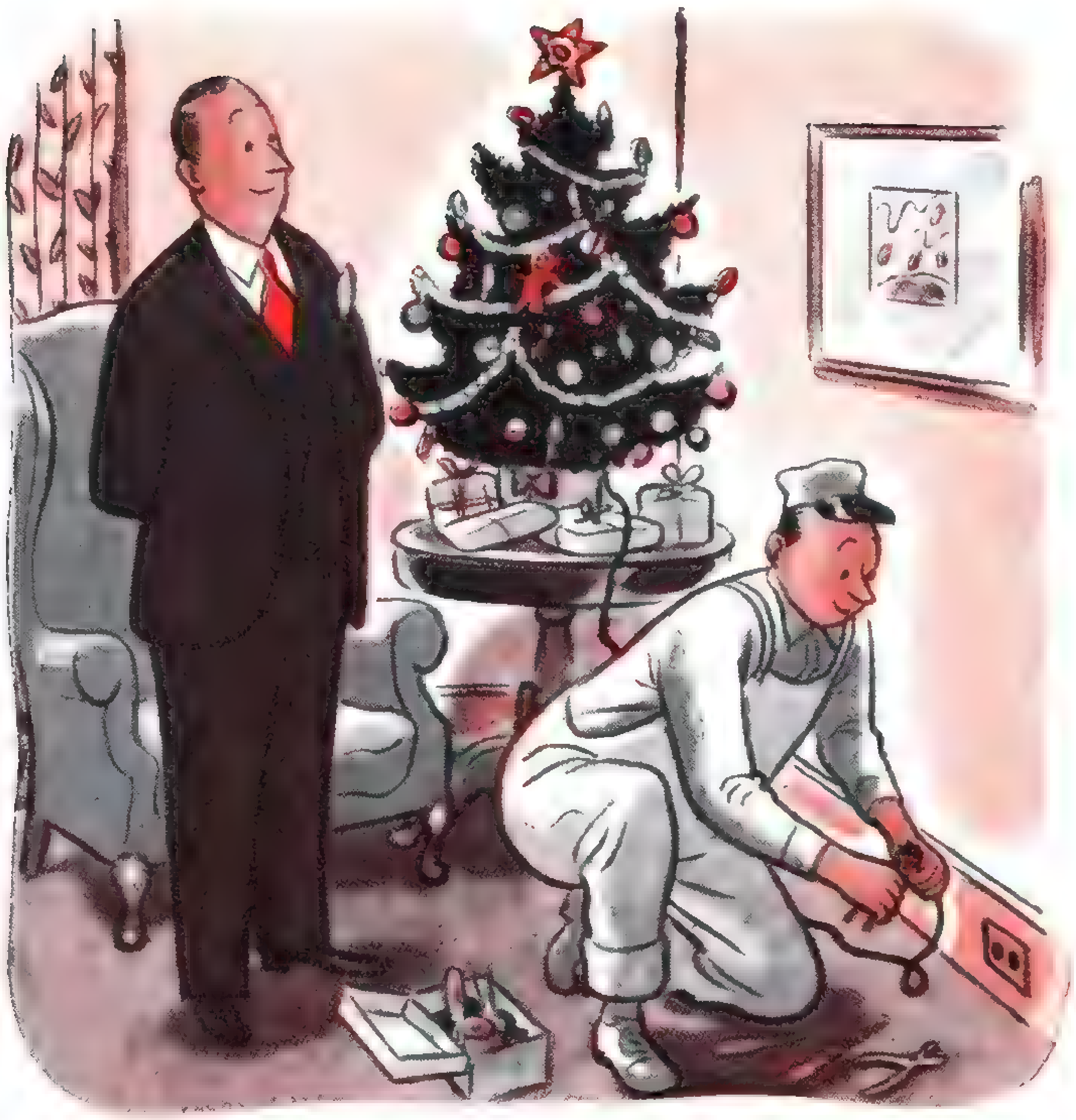
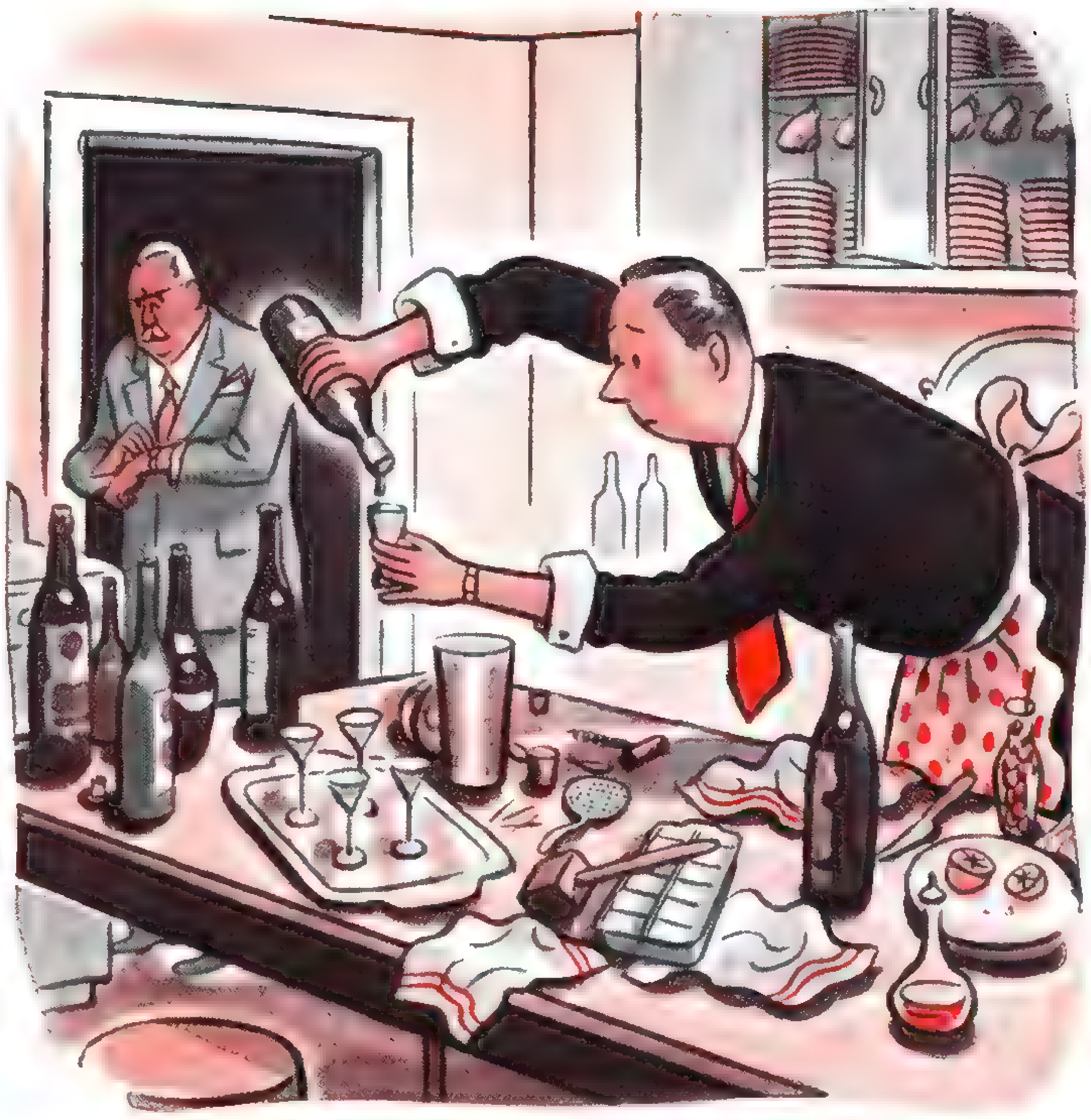
FREE! The new booklet, "How to Select your Diamond Ring," containing important facts about color, clarity and cutting which you should know before you buy your diamond. For instance, gem diamonds are rarely absolutely colorless and still more rarely bluish. Because they reflect other colors around them, diamonds may appear to possess a blue tint when viewed in daylight. Write for your copy to J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. E-9, 216 E. 45 St., New York 17, N. Y.

*Trade Mark Reg.

SOME JOBS CALL FOR A SPECIALIST!



When lights upon the Christmas tree
Blow out a fuse—or "short"—
Dad promptly calls a specialist—
A man by training taught.



But when it's time for Christmas "cheer,"
Dad fancies he's adept.
With loving care he mixes drinks
Friends often don't accept.

For better drinks—with less work—serve cocktails made by Specialists!

Mixing drinks is a specialist's job—just as *your* job is—so why take chances? Call on the skill of the most experienced *specialists* in the cocktail business—Heublein!

You'll find that Heublein's Cocktails are made from top quality ingredients—and they're so easy to serve! Just use lots of ice, strain and serve! (All Heublein Cocktails are made extra strong to allow for 20% dilution by the melting ice.)

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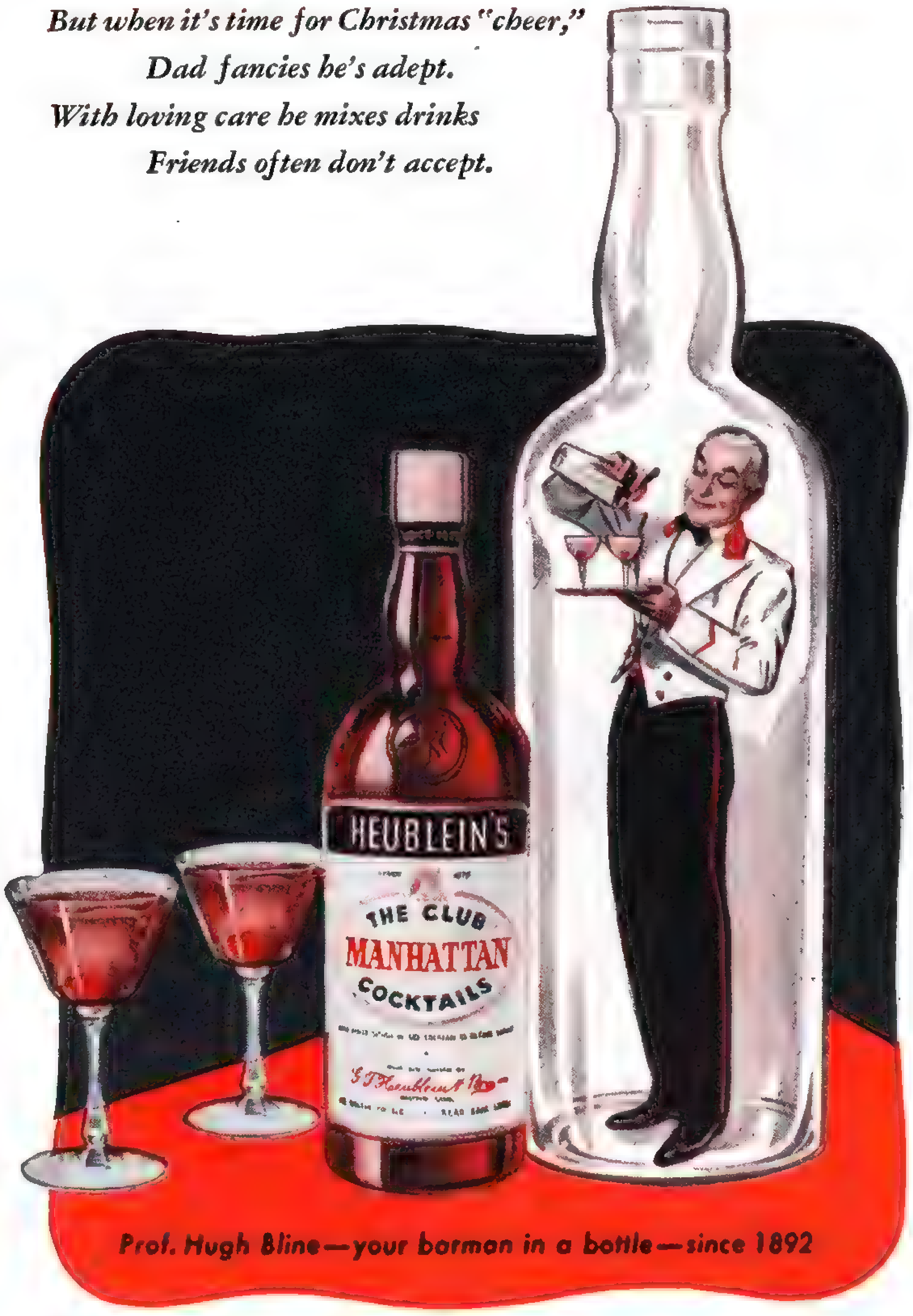
Old Fashioned, 70 *proof*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.



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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Collectors!
Gift Seekers!

Magnificent Western Stallion with beautifully-wrought detachable Mexican Saddle and separate green felt saddle blanket...or...Sleek, authentic English Thoroughbred Hunter with rider... In gleaming *hand-cast, hand-buffed* bronze plate with copper highlights on mane, tail and saddle. Exquisitely hand-wrought throughout. Authentic in every detail. Real Collectors' items.

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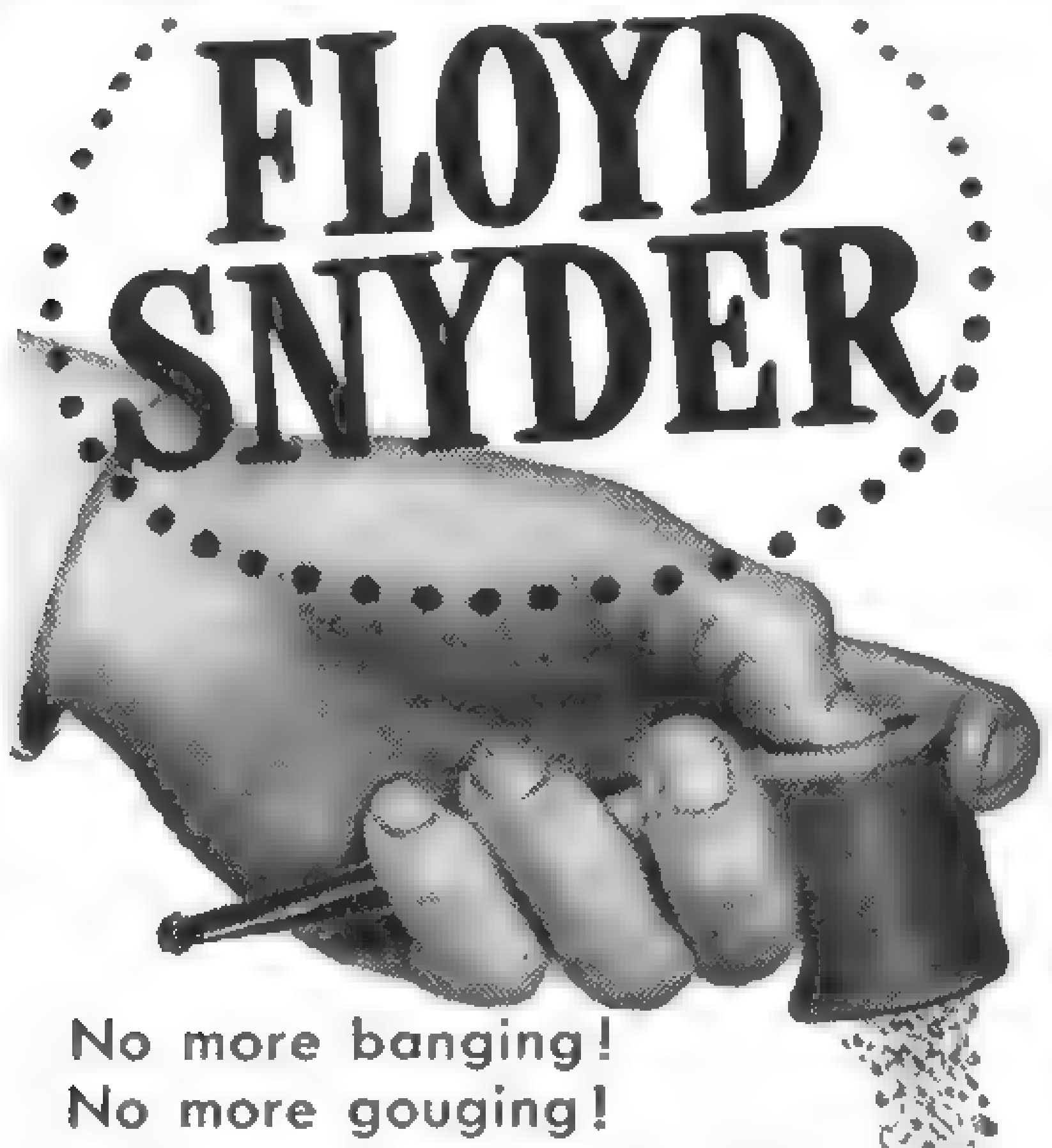

No more banging!
No more gouging!
No more scraping and scattering ashes and dottle!

PRESTO... PUSH THE BUTTON ON THE BOTTOM

and your NEW FLOYD SNYDER PIPE is clean, Mister!

√ Smokes cool, clean, dry
√ No Breaking-In
√ Smokes sweet, smells sweet
√ Styled to fit your hand
√ Light-weight, well-balanced
√ Nicotine filter, moisture trap

At better tobacconists, everywhere in imported Italian Briar.
$5.00 $7.50 $10.00
THE PIPE FOR REAL PIPE-LOVERS

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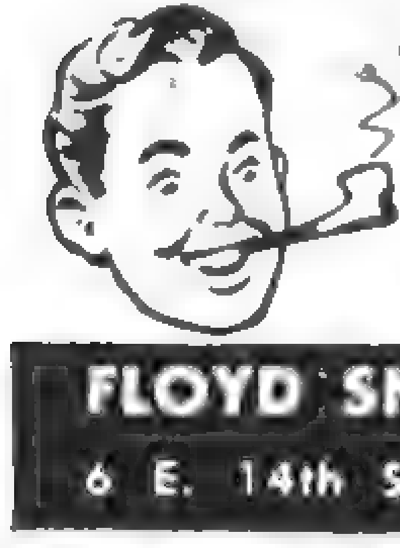
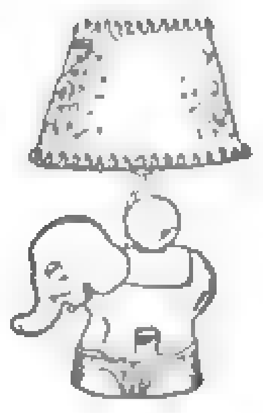
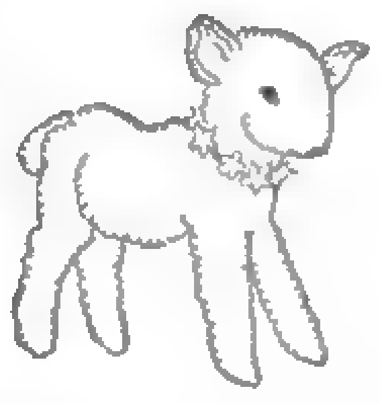


Talking Shop with Esquire

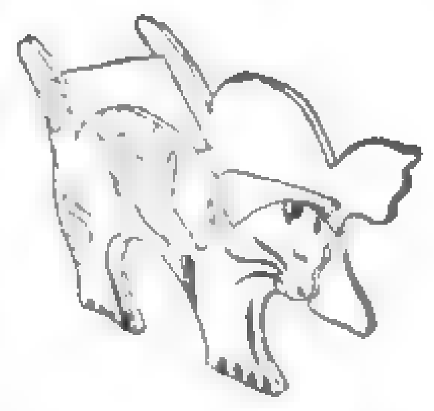
JUVENILE LAMPS, for bedrooms or nurseries. The lamps combine the advantages of a non-glare fluorescent night light, with regular incandescent light of any wattage. Lamp bases, in chip-proof enamel, are shaped like elephants, kittens or teddy bears. Each animal holds in its paws, a ball shaped fluorescent bulb which lights up in color. Another ingenious lamp has nursery rhyme pictures set in slots around the edge of an octagonal shade. The colored transparencies show Boy Blue, Bo Peep, Mary and her lamb, etc. Films are interchangeable, so that kodachrome fans can take their own colored transparencies and substitute for the nursery pictures. Teen-agers can insert pix of movie stars. Base of lamp is of white plastic.



FOR LITTLE GIRLS. Old Uncle Ranger has been doing some scouting, himself, to wit: a 17″ high stuffed doll, resplendent in white organdy frock, who plays a gay nursery tune when you pick her up. With this modern Mary, goes a wooly lamb, who plays "Mary had a little lamb," what else? And for extra measure, a brown mohair teddy bear who plays a drum also giving out with nursery rhyme melodies. (All the aforesaid items contain Swiss musical movements.) Then there's the perennial favorite of Little Mothers, the dydee ("you should pardon the expression") doll. This almost human baby with her bow legs and realistic face, drinks from a bottle, sitting up or recumbent; sips from a spoon or blows real soap bubbles. Made of flexible rubber, doll can be bathed, dressed, etc. Artificial "pretty doll" faces seem to be giving away to realism . . . for instance . . . a pair of chubby-faced belles, frankly freckled, and with soft, cuddly bodies. These dolls can outstrip Gypsy Rose Lee, as everything from straw hat to panties comes off.



PUSSY CAT CHAIR for the nursery. Two black and white cats form the two arms of the chair which is made of plywood, 17″ long. A clothes rack for kids bears a clown's smiling face; and Chico the Clown, also adorns a bath rack with comb holder, towel holder, and a place for glass and toothbrush.



Ranger

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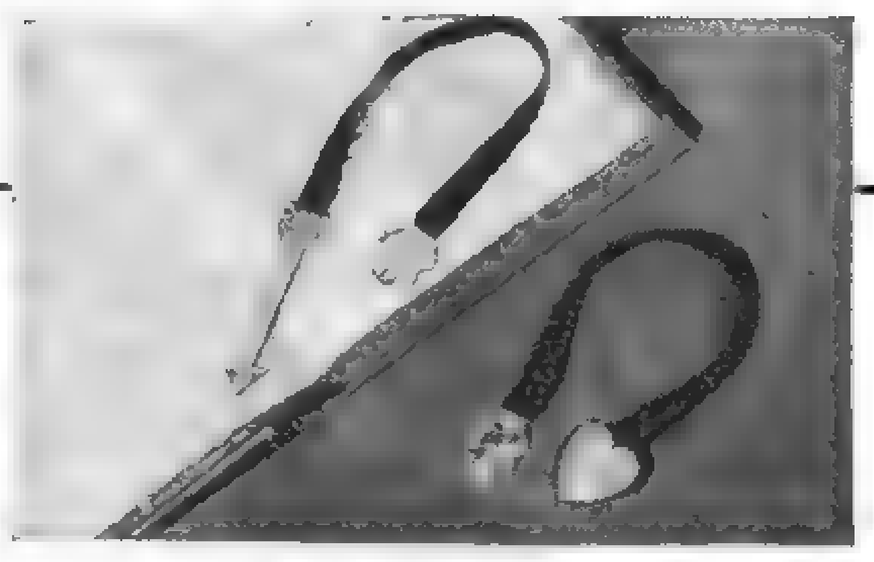

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Here is a gift for the book-worm. It may also double as a letter opener. The arrow has an 8″ black ribbon with a hand-cut 2 or 3 letter monogram at the end—**$4.20.** Our de luxe one has a heart shaped spring clip that fastens on to the book. Also with 8″ ribbon and monogrammed disc—**$6.00,** taxes included.

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No one will have to ask you for a light if you have the Picture Matches because you'll always be waiting for a chance to show them off. Just send in any black and white picture or negative, any size, and it will be reproduced on the match packs with startling clearness. The original picture is returned intact. One subject to a box.

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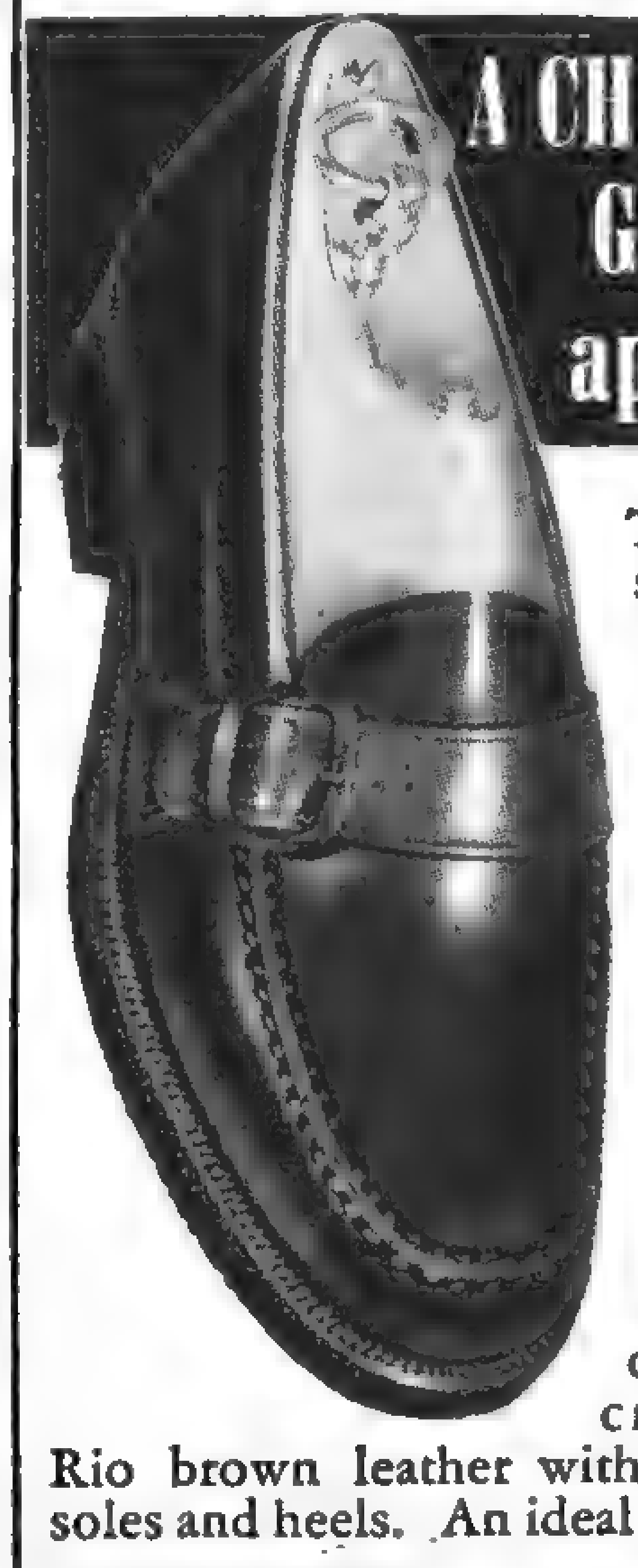

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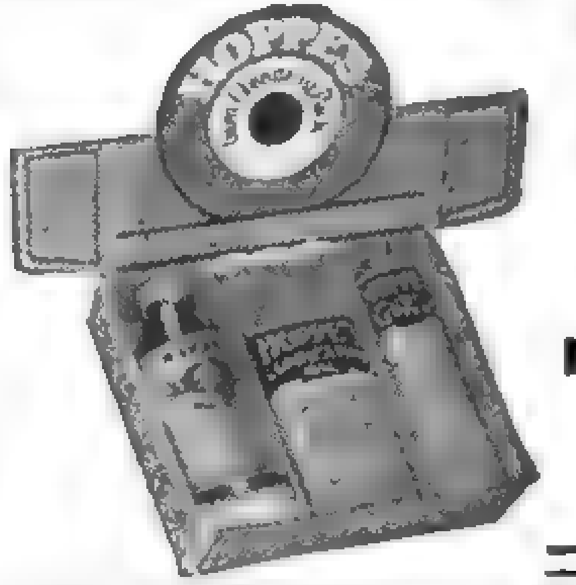

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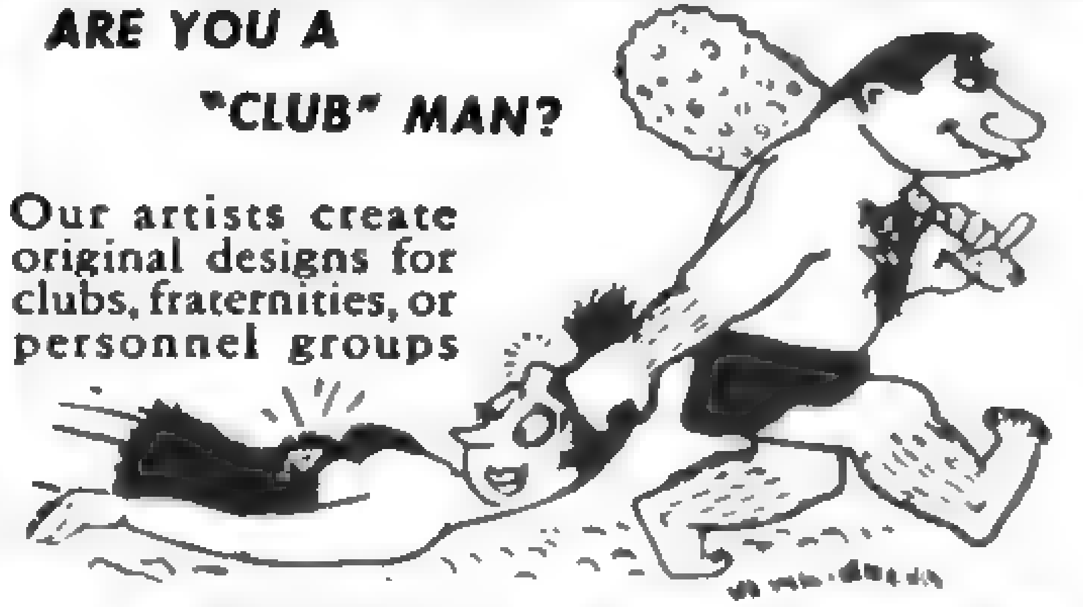

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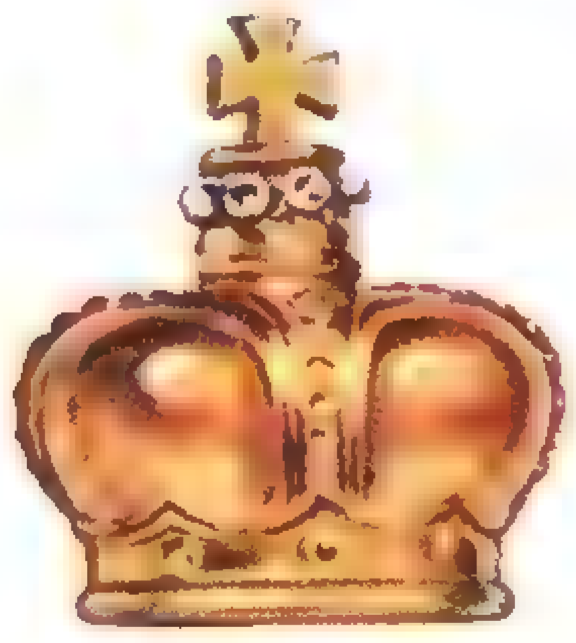
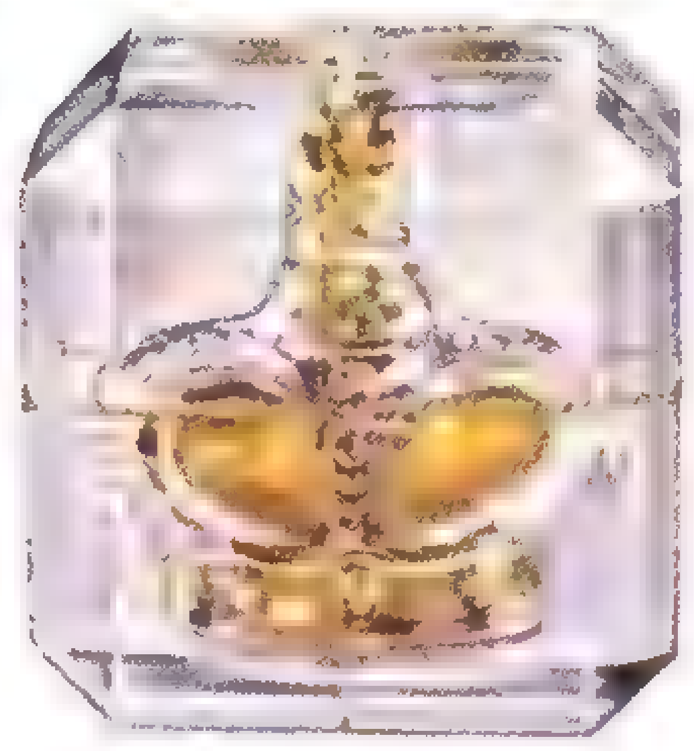
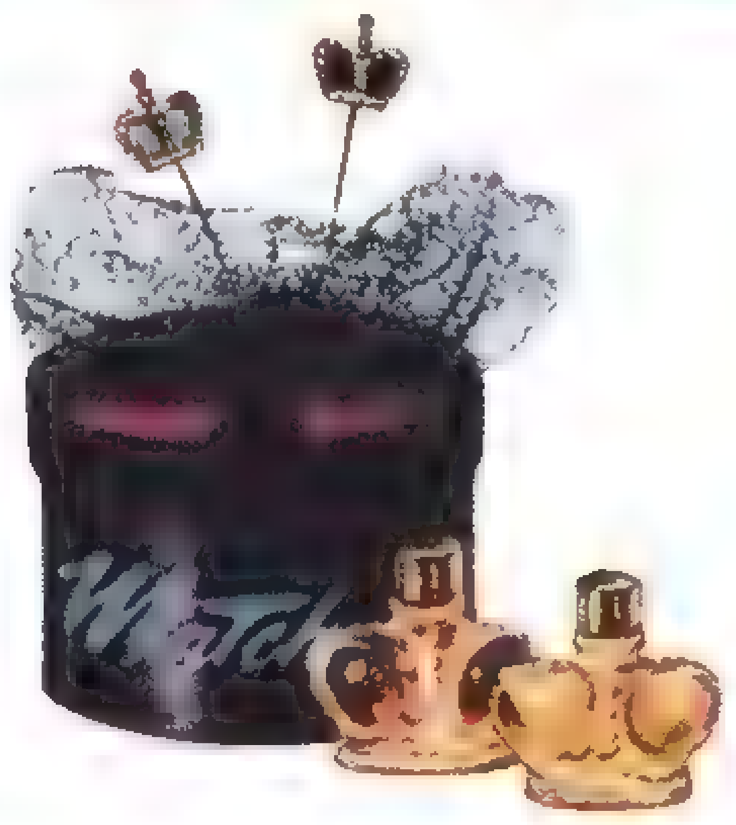


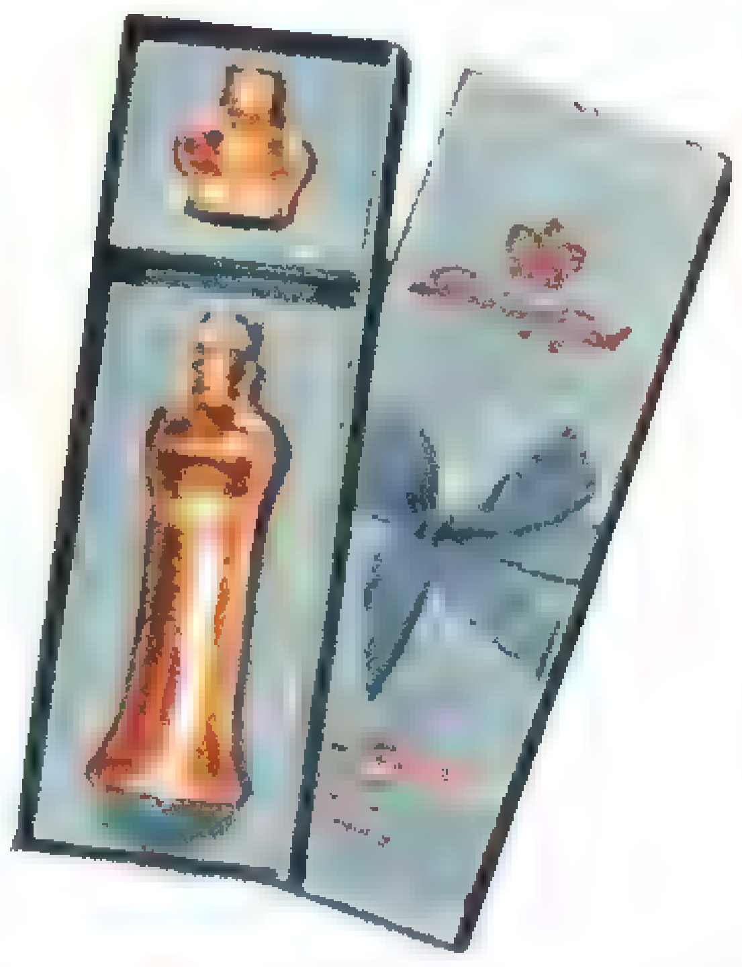
New "Royal Gem." Crown Jewel Perfume in golden miniature, necklaced in brilliants. ¼ oz., $7.50.



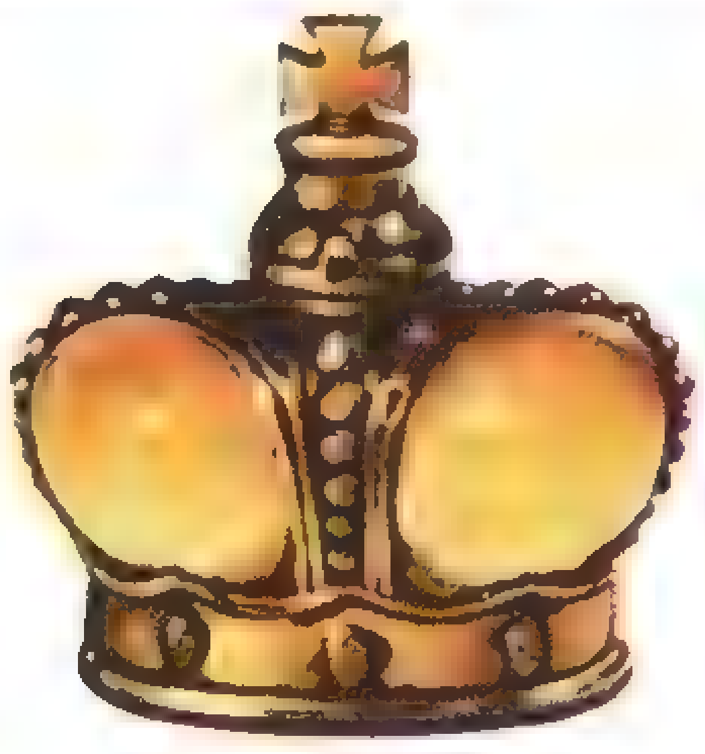
Crown Jewel Perfume. From France. Dazzling in diamond-faceted lucite setting. $25, $13.50.



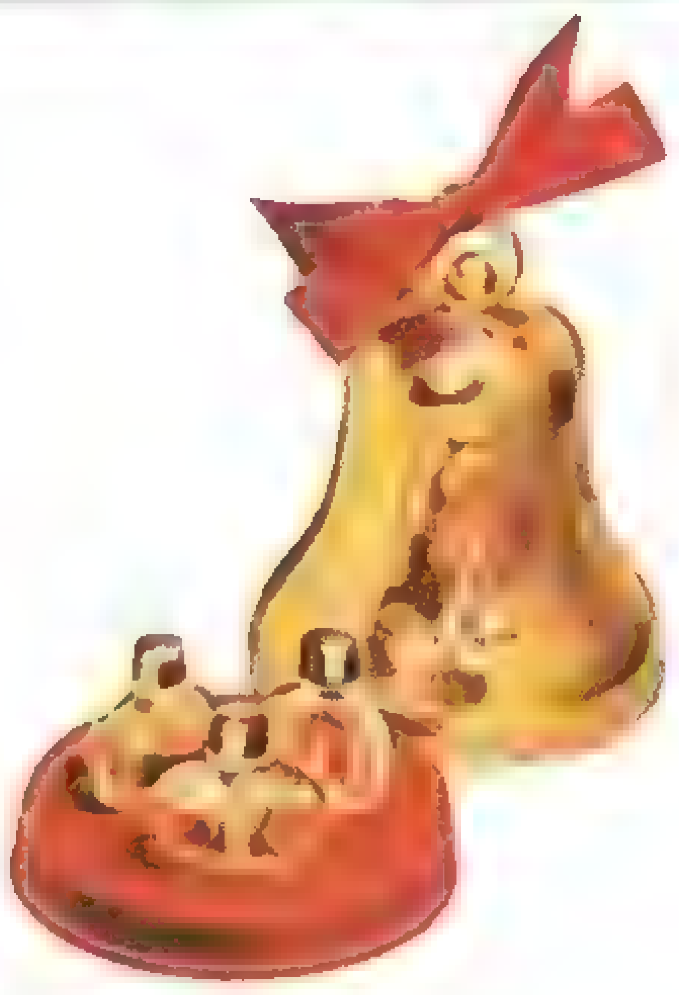
Perfume Hat Box. Stradivari and Duchess of York Perfumes, in hat box flaunting crown stickpins. $3.



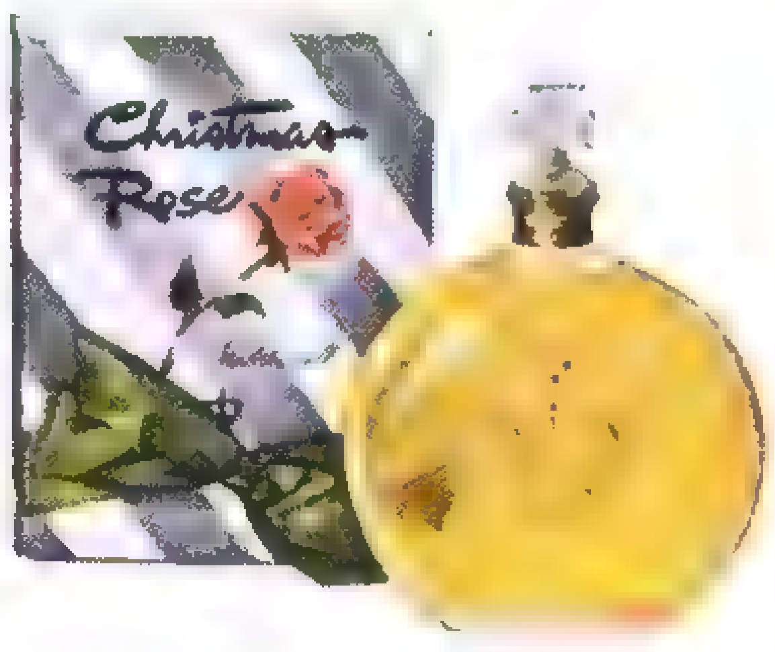
Crown and Sceptre Set. Royal match of Prince Matchabelli Perfume and Cologne. Choice of fragrances. $2.



Perfumes. Romantic Stradivari, $6.50 to $45. Tender Duchess of York and Ave Maria, $3.50 to $35.



Christmas Jingle Bell. Three crowns of Prince Matchabelli Perfume. $4.50. One-crown Bell, $1.75.



Christmas Rose Cologne. Holiday fragrance, festive companion to Holly Berry Cologne. Each, $2.

(all prices plus tax)

Crown Room Collection Christmas 1947

PRINCE MATCHABELLI

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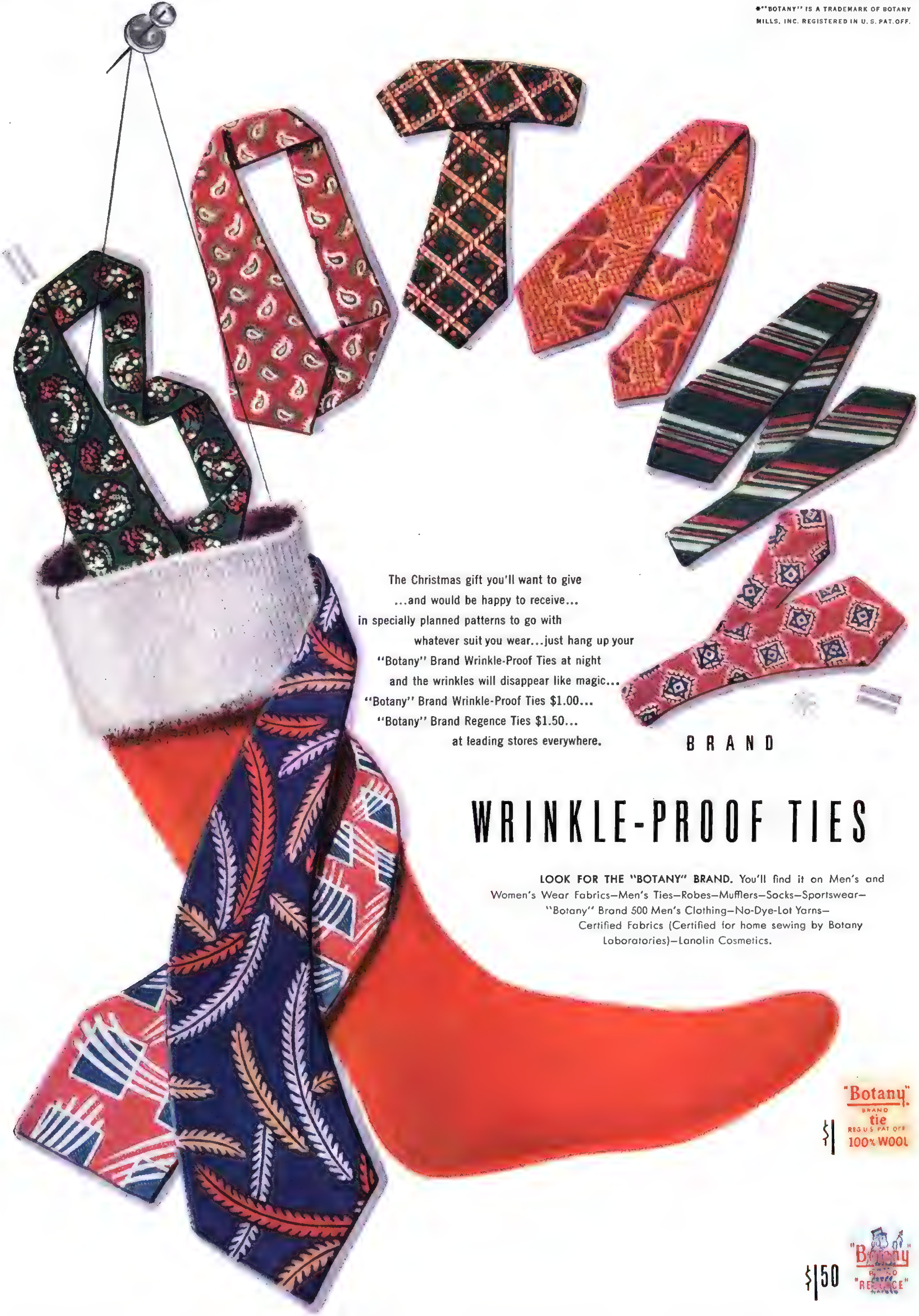

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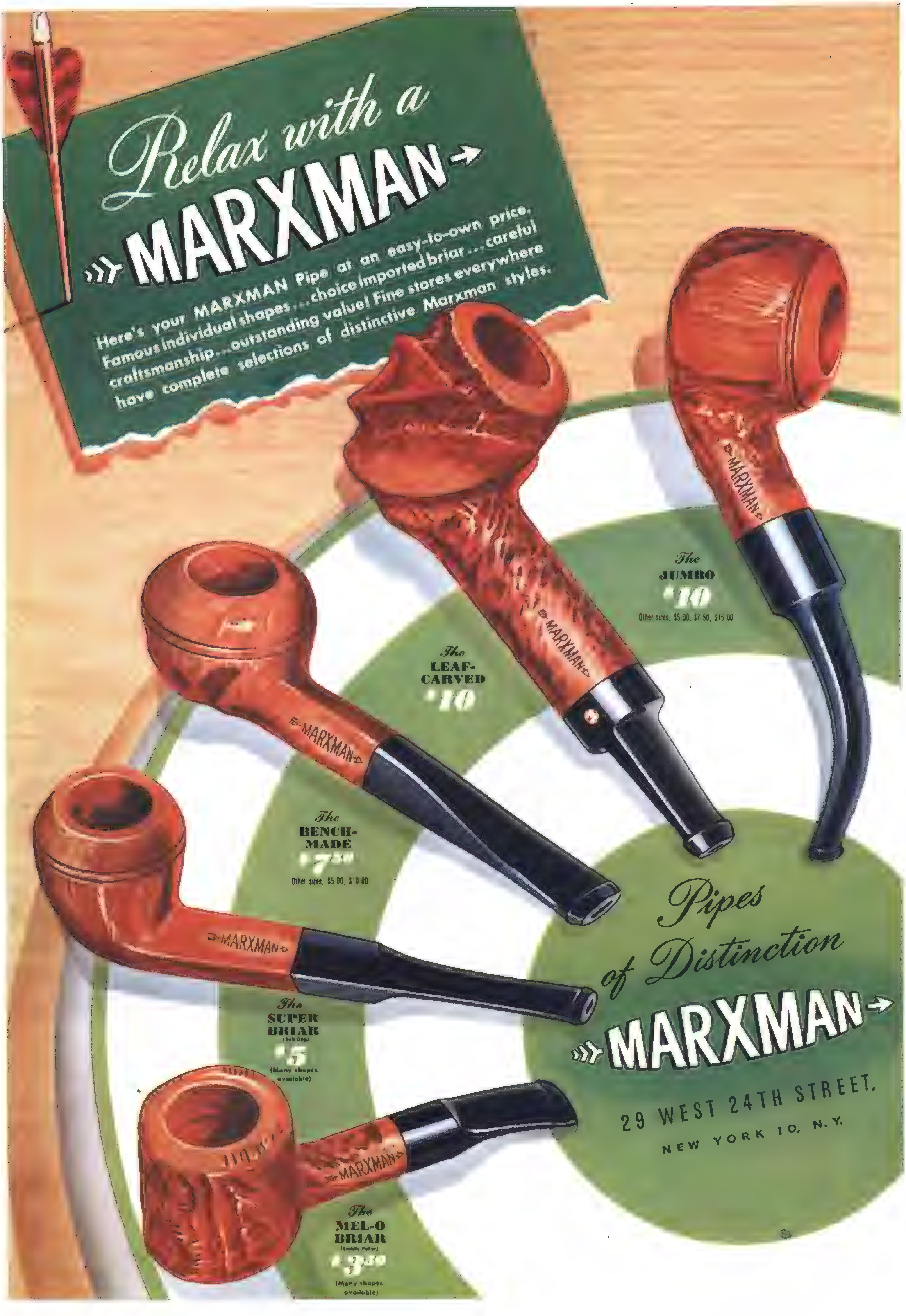

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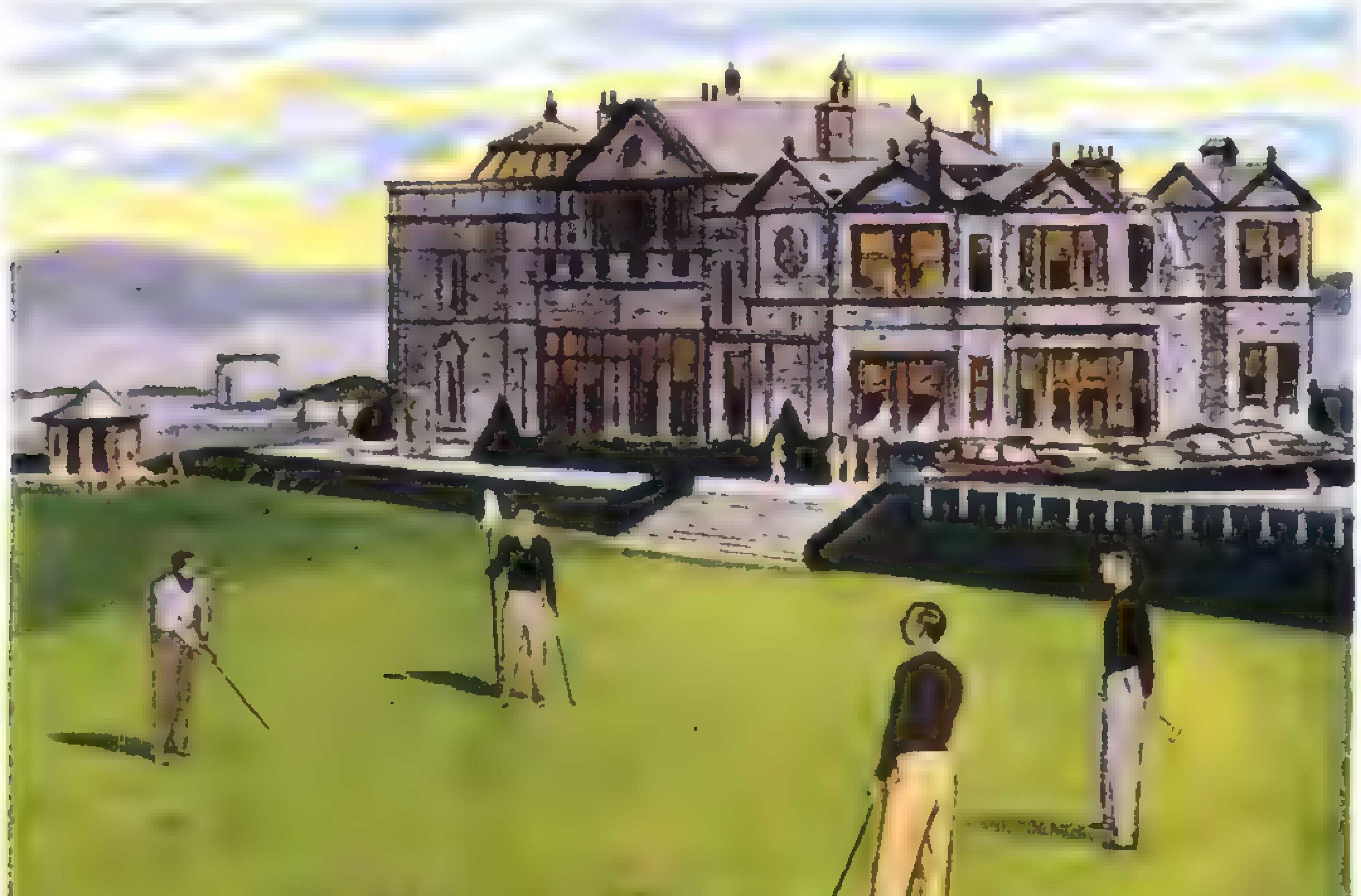

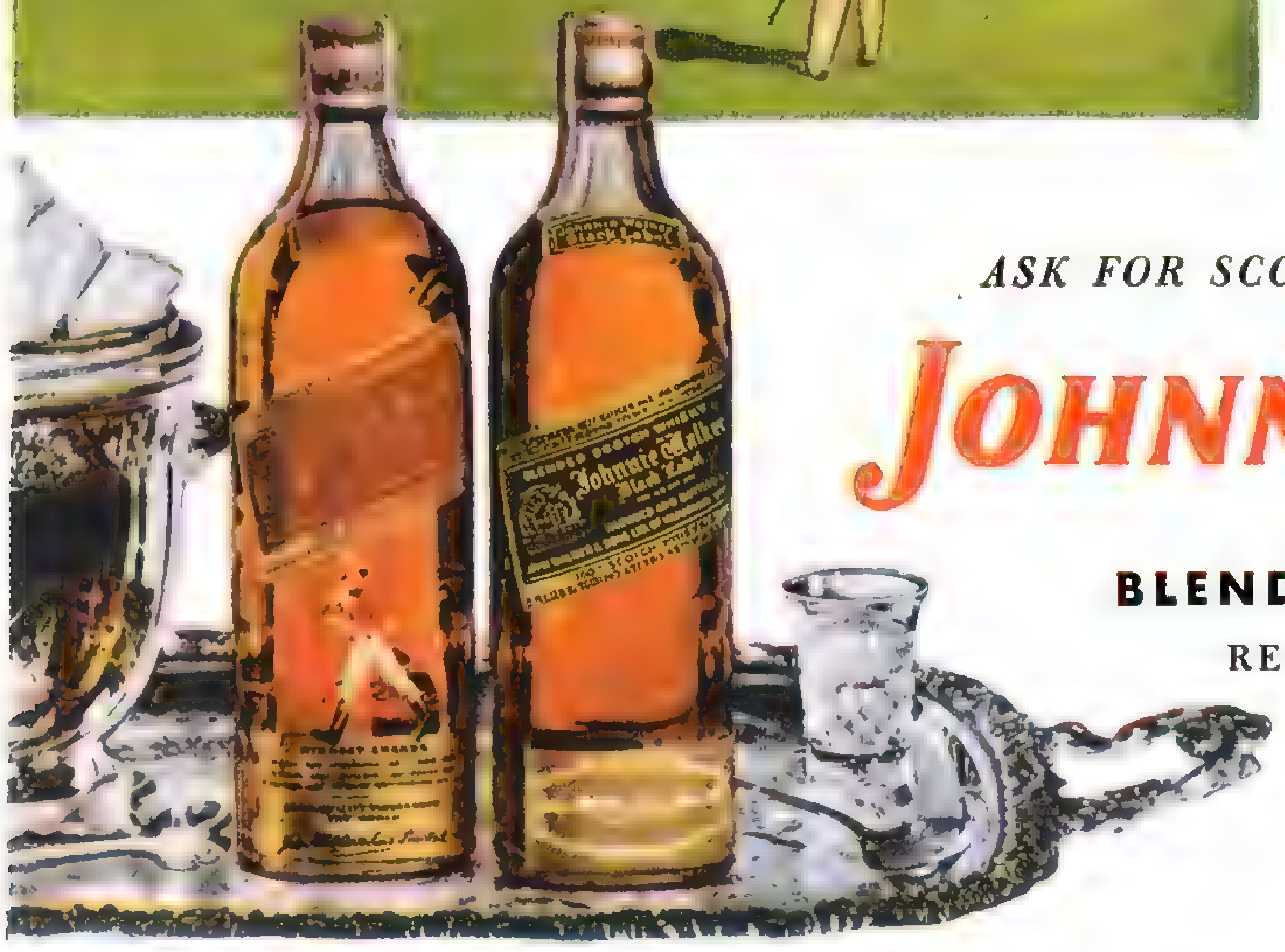

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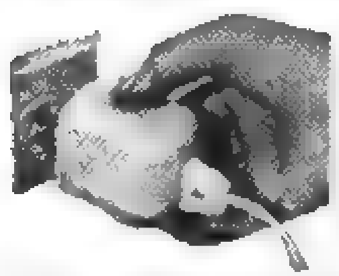

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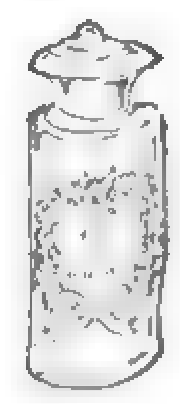
Talking Shop with Esquire

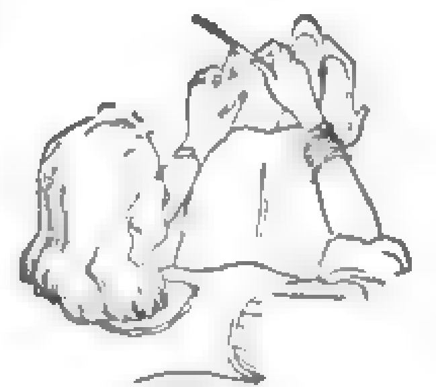
LADY LURE . . . small gifts that go over big with females of all ages. A pink heart decorated box lined with tufted satin, holds 3 miniature bottles of such well known perfume favorites as "Shocking", "Sleeping", and "Salut". A "Forgetmenot" bath set all done up on pale blue and white, contains bath oil, talc and cologne in a soothing lilac like scent. A gorgeous 4 oz. bottle of concentrated eau de toilette in a challenging scent called "Danger". The bottle is a handsome thing of twisted crystal. Another good "set" idea . . . a bottle of toilet water called No. 37 Audley, after the street address in London where the perfume originated. The odor is delicate and flowerlike. With the toilet water goes a silk scarf with a print of the lovely bottle thereon, plus dainty flowers in an all over pattern that has real charm.



MERRY CHRISTMAS IN FRAGRANCES. A shiny black miniature hat box holds little crown shaped bottles of romantic perfumes "Stradivari" and "Duchess of York". Trimmed with black net and fastened with two colorful stickpins which she can wear in her scarf afterwards. Or a bath oil set, 4 sceptre topped bottles containing what they call "devastating" bath oil called "Abano". An all over gold crown shaped bottle with a circlet of rhinestones around the stopper contains a beautiful scent called "Crown Jewel". For the Christmas tree, a glistening flacon of perfume encased in a transparent plastic sphere tied with red and green ribbons. Perfume in "L'Origan", "Emeraude" or "L'Aimant" scents. A miniature snow man holds in his arms a dram of glorious perfume called "Green Eyes" or "May Morning".

NYLON LUGGAGE. Nylon hose, bras, undies . . . and now nylon luggage, the last word in travel gear. Bright red, green or tobacco fabric that is practically indestructible, trimmed with white. Very light in weight for plane travel. There's an 18" and 21" suitcase, a hat box to match and a wardrobe with hangers.

MANICURE SETS to keep her lily whites in shape. A handsome set called "Tailor Maid" is fitted with shiny implements of *gold* plate. Scissors, triple cut nail file, knife, tweezers, etc., in a genuine leather case lined with beige moire and with a golden bronze frame.



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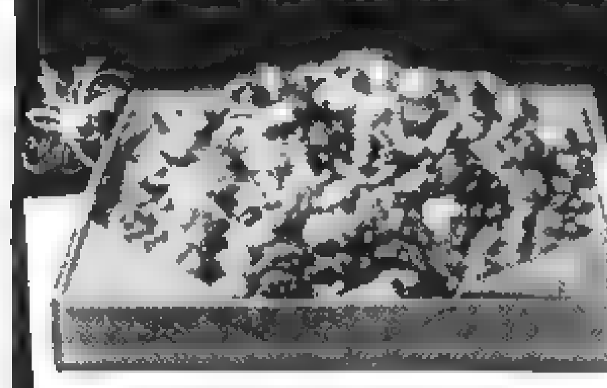

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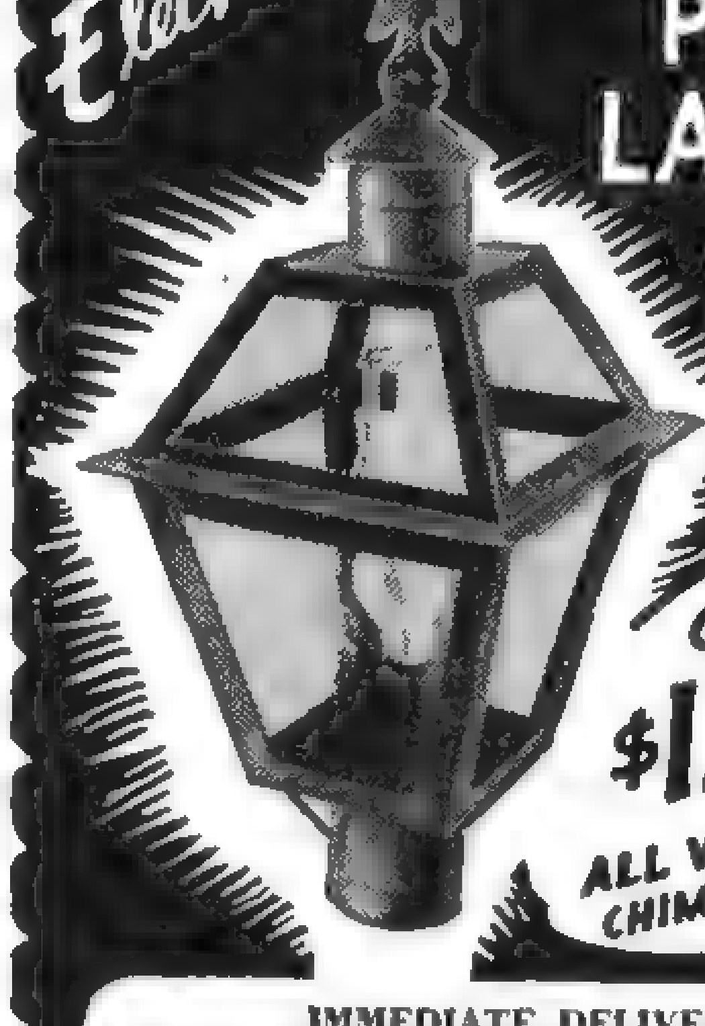

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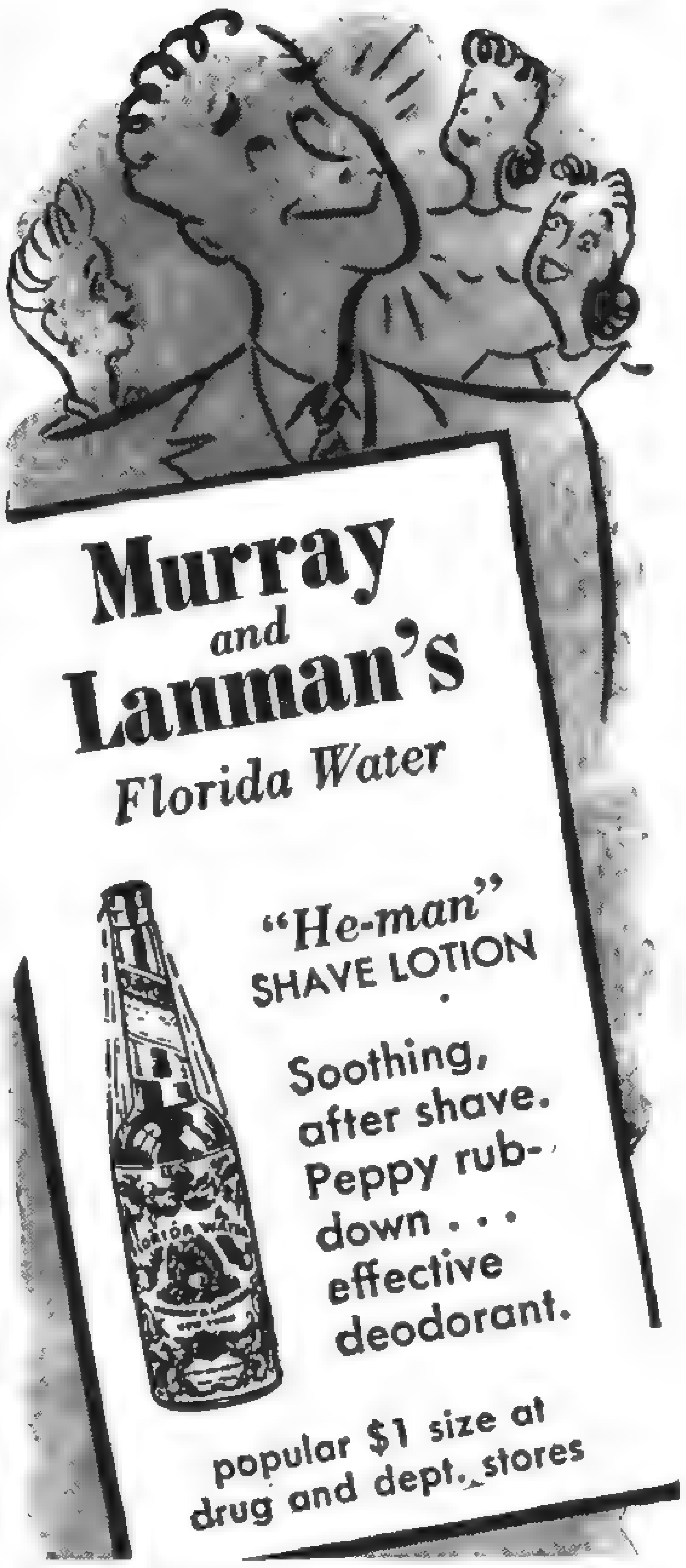
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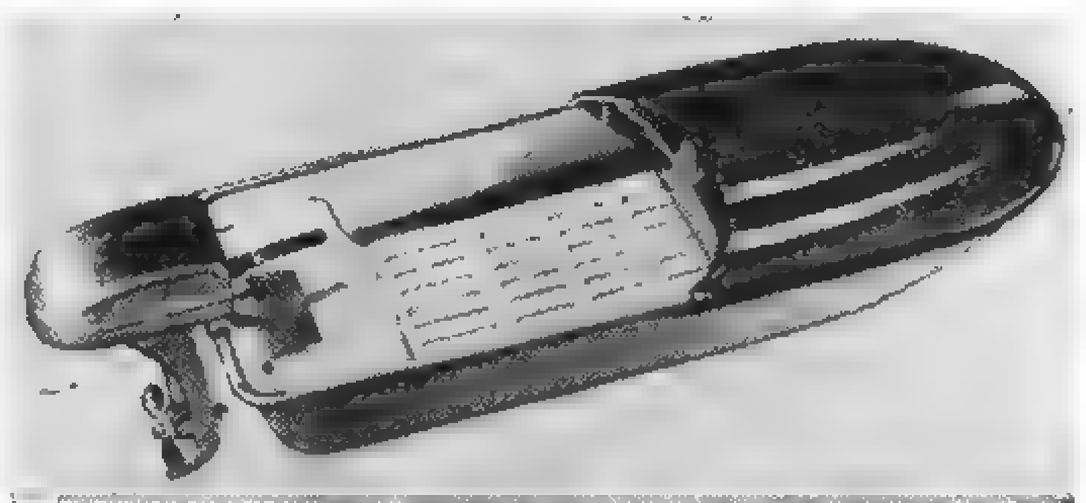

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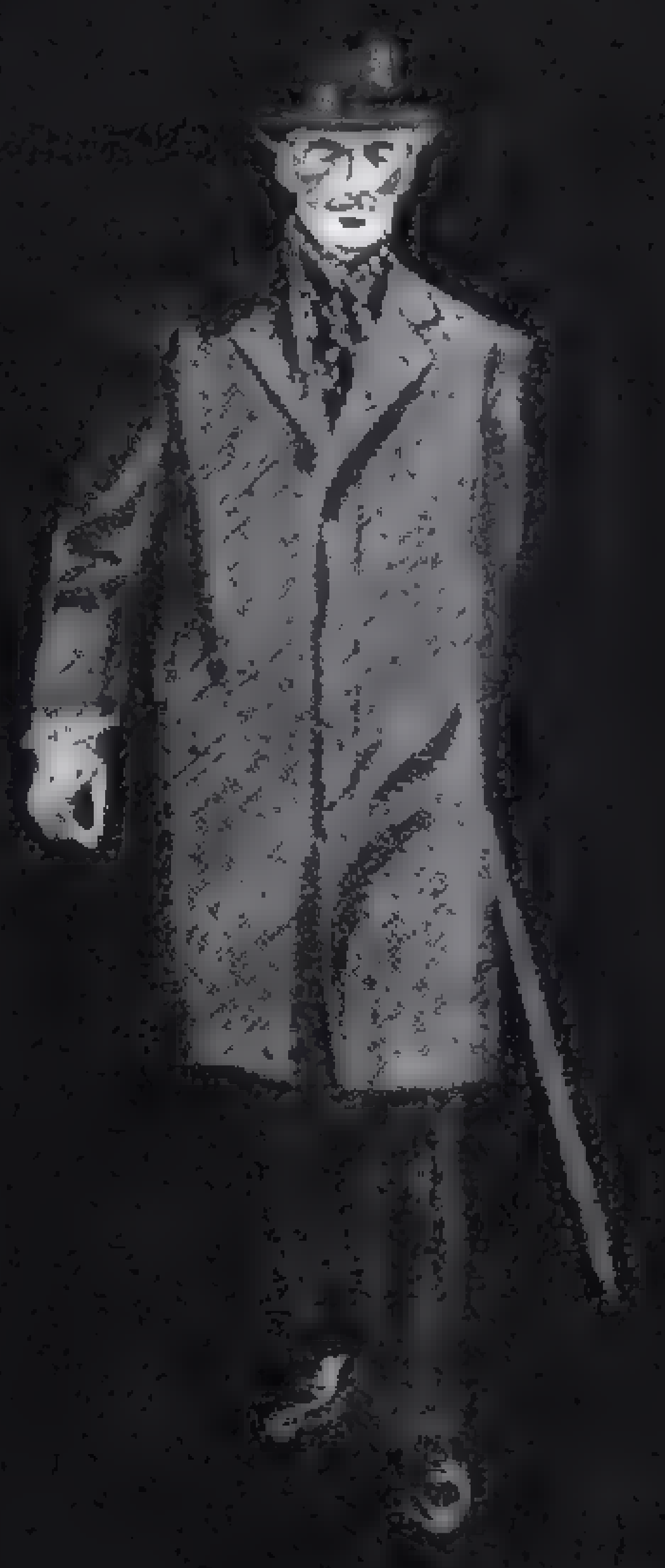

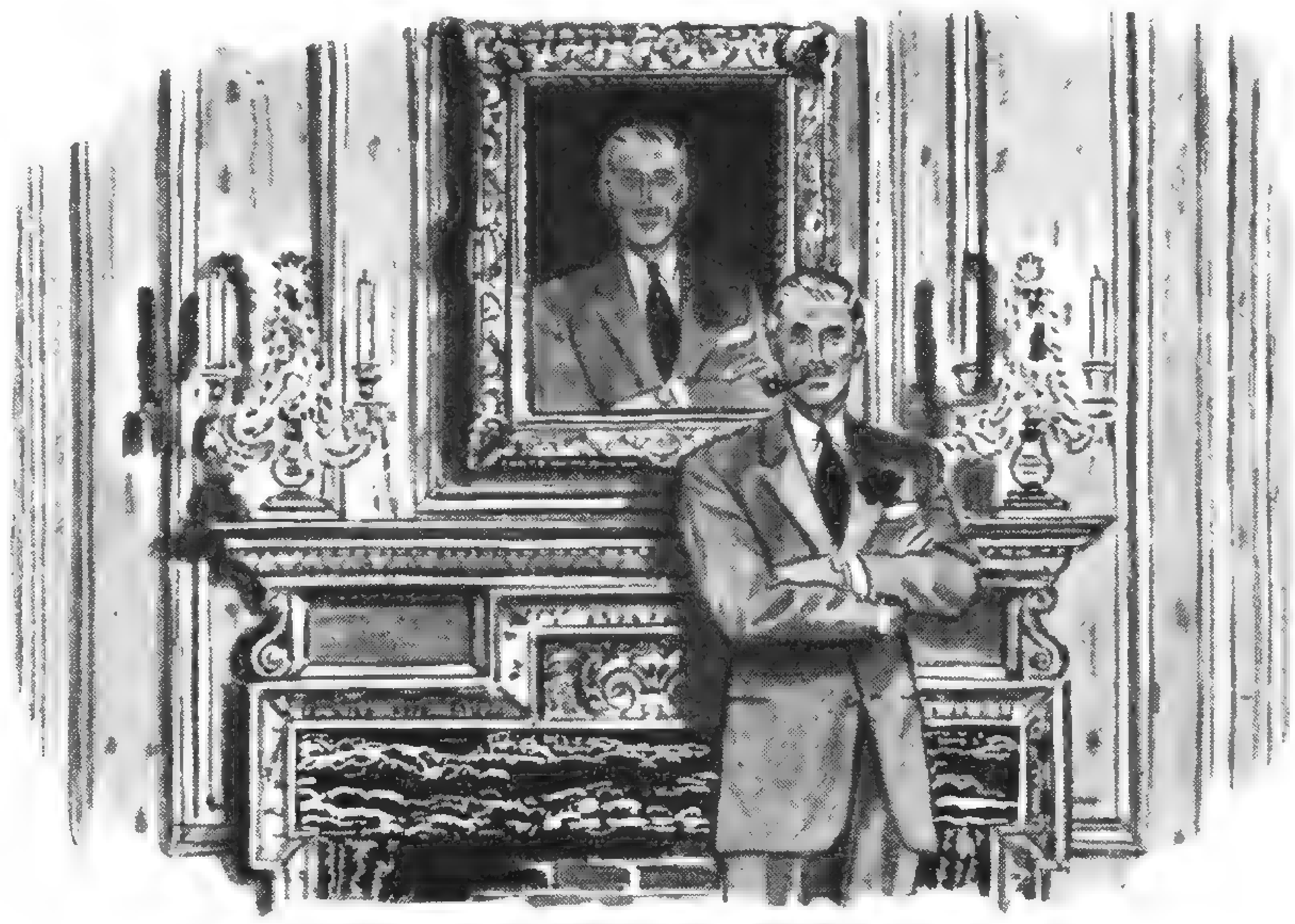

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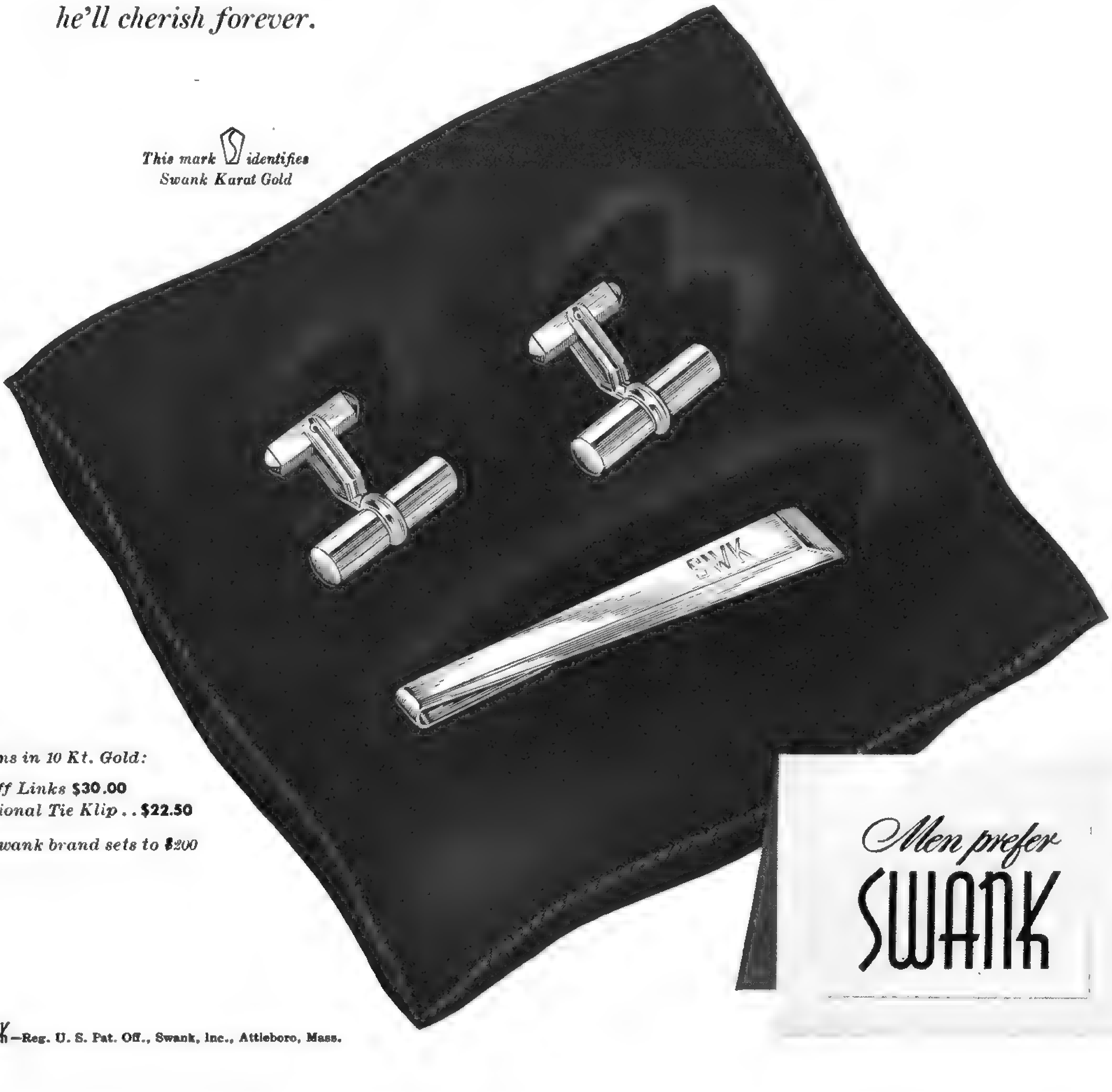

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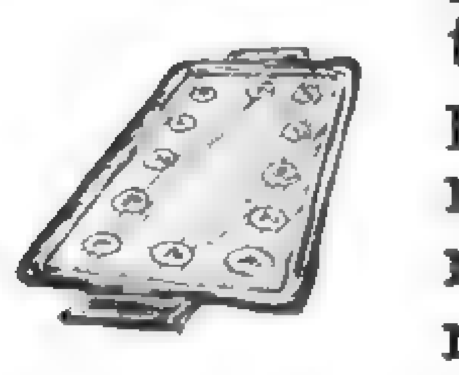
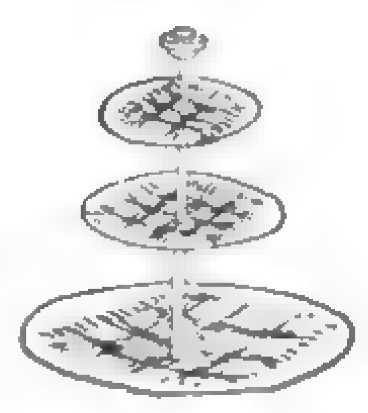
Talking Shop with Esquire

FOR SEAMEN . . . a chromium-plated cigarette lighter in the shape of a ship's wheel. Lighter plays sea chanteys when you pick it up. (Swiss musical movements.) Fishermen will cherish a magnificent mahogany finish tray, 12x18, with hand-made trout flies set under the glass surface. Or a 4 compartment cigarette box, leather covered, with 4 brightly colored salmon flies set in the glass covered top. You can also get a set of 4 circular lucite coasters, each with a trout fly embedded in the center; same decoration goes in the small, round disc of a highball stirring rod.

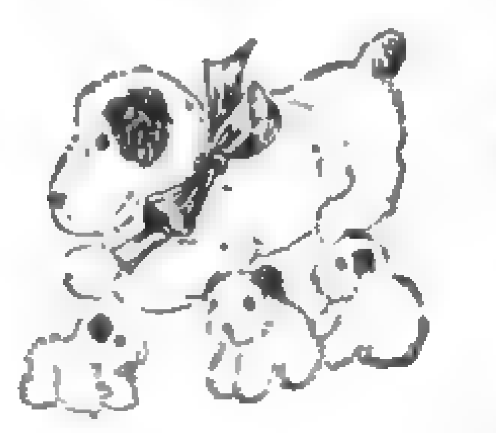


FOR BUFFET SUPPERS. Smartest set of serving dishes we've seen in many a moon are made out of a treated wood called mahoganite. Dark or bleached mahogany plates are covered with actual bright plaid cotton fringed napkins . . . which in turn are coated over with clear plastic . . . the napkin is impregnated in the wood . . . forming a colorful design. There are lazy susans, coasters, bowls, and various sized plates and trays. Also a set of napkins to match the plate design.

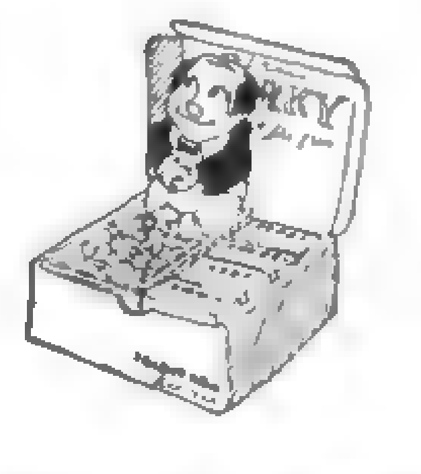


CHILD TRAINING RECORDS . . . phonograph records, voice and orchestra, which are a splendid aid in child training. "It's fun to eat"; "It's fun to be neat," "Pick 'em up and Put 'em away at toytime" are really entertaining records, endorsed by leaders in the fields of education.

BIOLOGICAL WONDER. Here's one for the books. Meet Puppsie, a plump, plush dog with a zippered stomach. By means of a simple Caesarian, the pup gives birth to triplets . . . tiny plush pups. The mama pup's cavernous interior can be used as a secret compartment to hold a small girl's treasures.



GOOD LUCK PIG. A neat box contains 50 razor blades plus "Perky", the good luck porcelain pig. Has a slot in the top for disposing of used razor blades, or for a "piggy" bank for the kids. Gives a nice "lift" to the prosaic but useful razor blades.



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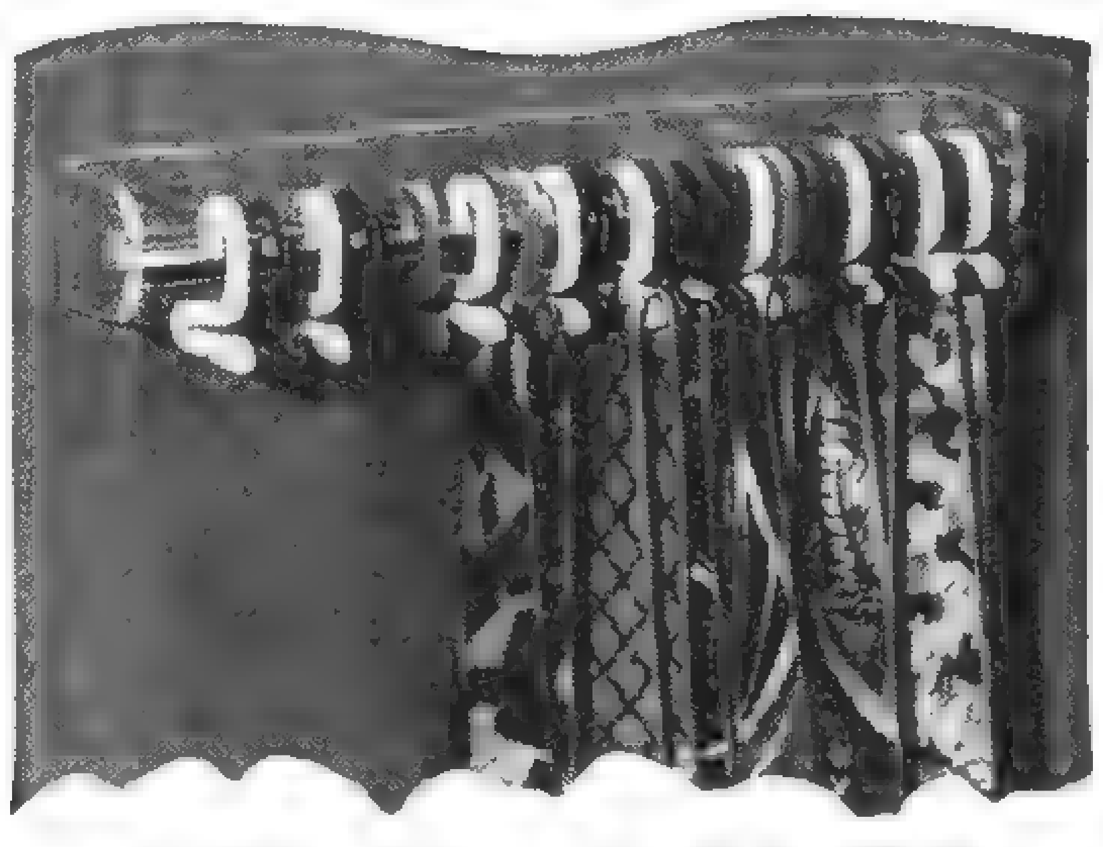
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TIES CAN'T WRINKLE OR FALL OFF. Each tie kept neat—orderly—easily selected at a glance.
TI-D-TIE RACK is an Ideal gift—sturdily built to give years of every day service. Smartly boxed. Money back guarantee. No C.O.D.'s Please.
XMAS GIVING MADE EASY. Send list of names and addresses with order. We will enclose gift cards with racks, mark packages "Do not open until Xmas" & mail for early Xmas delivery. ORDER NOW.
DeLuxe Lucite Rack 18½" long, 48 holders
$5.00 postpaid
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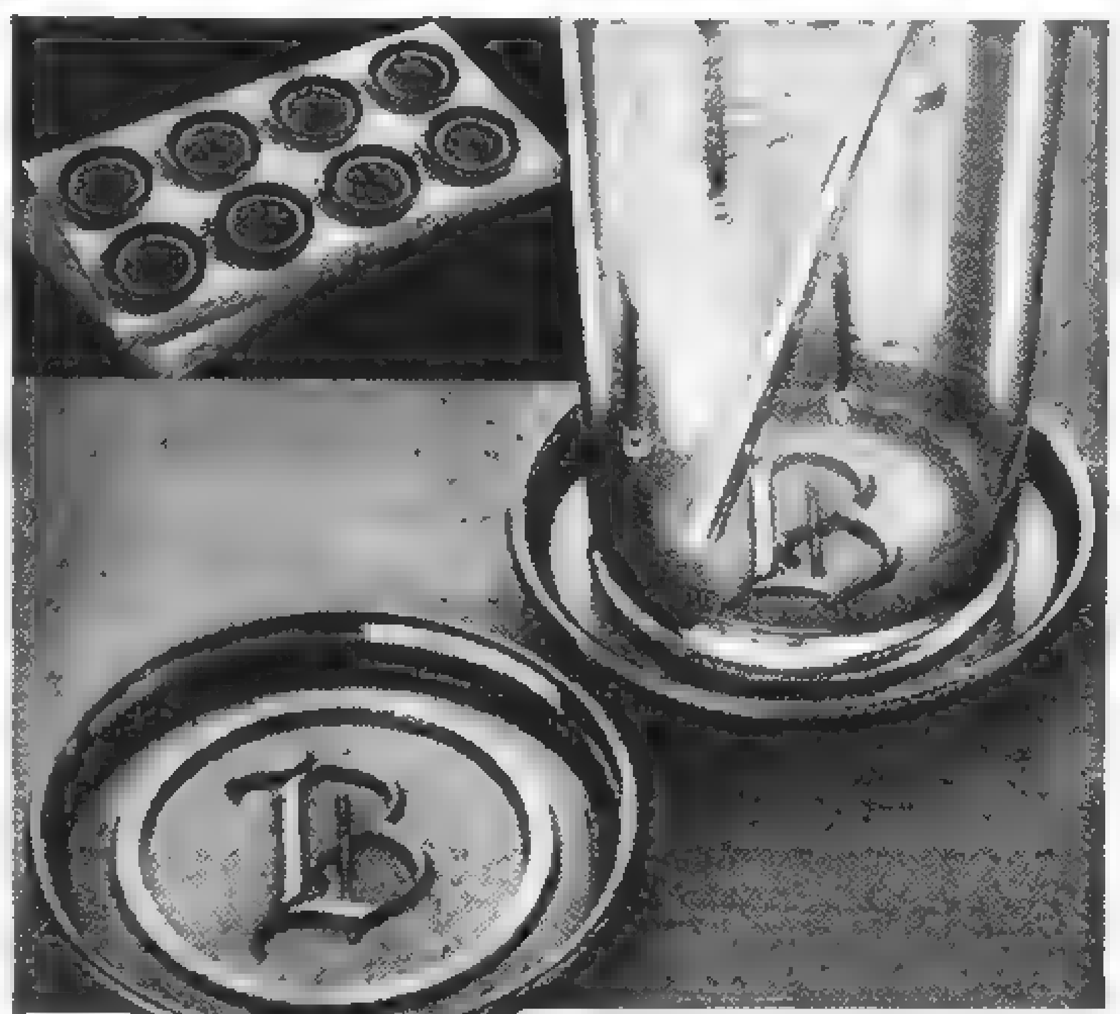
Steel Rack 10½" long with baked enamel ivory wrinkle finish, 24 holders,
$1.75 each, 3 for $5.00 postpaid
U. S. Patent No. 2403834
FRED H. STREIT CO. 100 W. Chicago Ave. Chicago 10, Illinois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Personalized COASTERS
Your most discerning friends will welcome these beautiful heavy coasters—*initialed* for that all-important individual touch. *Drip-proof, too, for the special inside ring is designed to keep the glass off the bottom of the coasters.* Anyone who entertains will love them. In special gift package. Indicate plainly initial you want. Set of 8—$7.50 post paid. Sorry, no C.O.D's.
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Give your pipe-smoking friend this tri-part sterling silver "Pipe Companion", and get his blessings. Spoon shaped scoop deftly cleans bowl of pipe; punch rids stem of debris; flat ended pack tamps down tobacco. Illustrated actual size, it folds up for vest-pocket carrying. A novel and useful gift, $4.00, Federal Tax Included. (For delivery in Tenn. add 2% sales tax). Orders shipped prepaid.
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Imported from Mexico's finest bootmaker—TRES CABALLOS. The airmen's favorite. Handsome and comfortable, unique features, so soft yet sturdy that your feet take wings. Ideal for hiking, riding, flying, business. Fully leather lined. Carefully bench-made of finest leather, by skilled craftsmen. Beautifully finished. Rich Cordovan brown only. Order by mail—give size. $18
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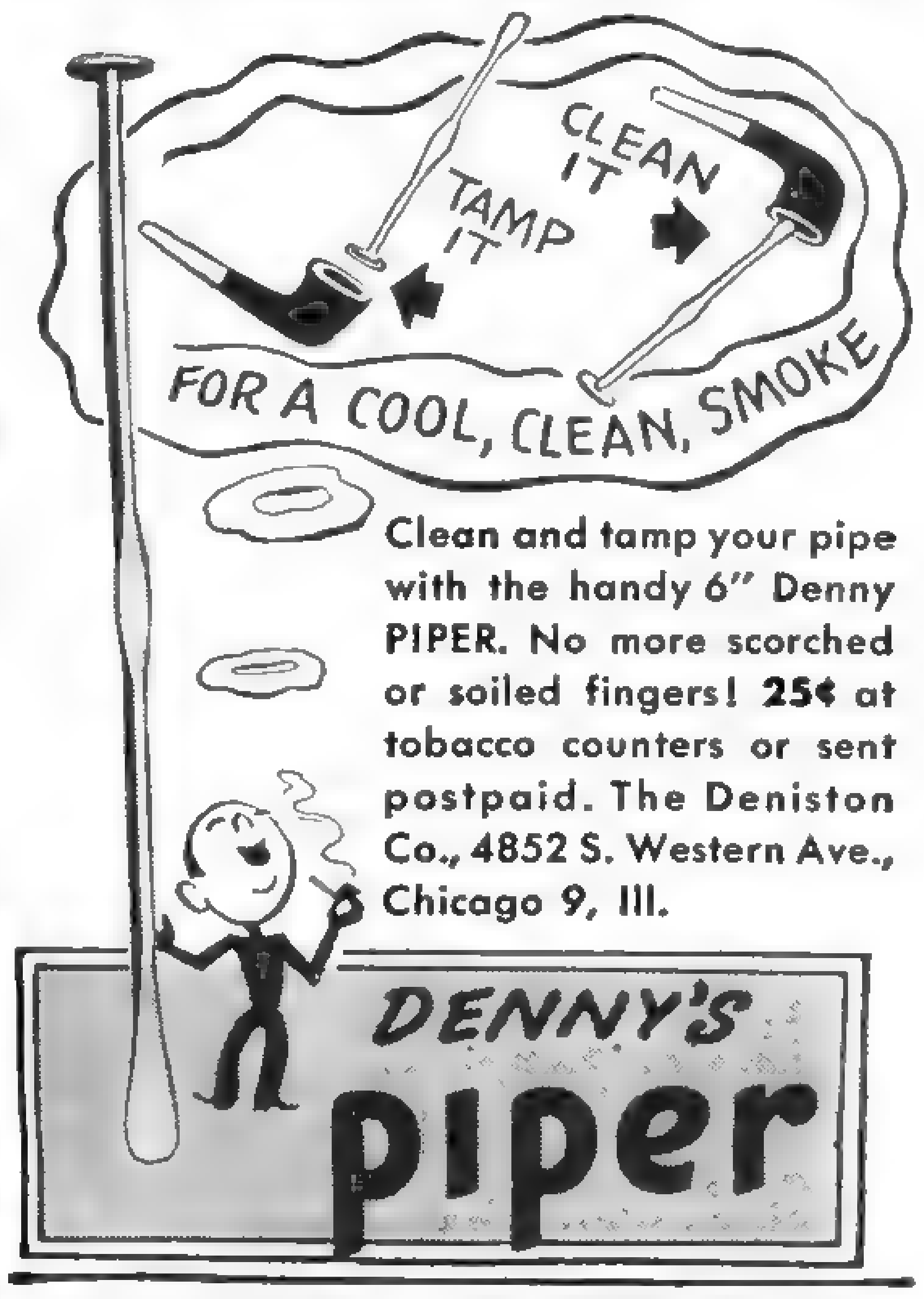

Clean and tamp your pipe with the handy 6" Denny PIPER. No more scorched or soiled fingers! 25¢ at tobacco counters or sent postpaid. The Deniston Co., 4852 S. Western Ave., Chicago 9, Ill.

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SAVES TIME AND MONEY!

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Shows how pressing sides open.
NEW, safe, electric way to press pants on a moment's notice!
SO QUICK! Just plug it in any AC or DC socket. That's all. No wet cloth, no board, no bother.
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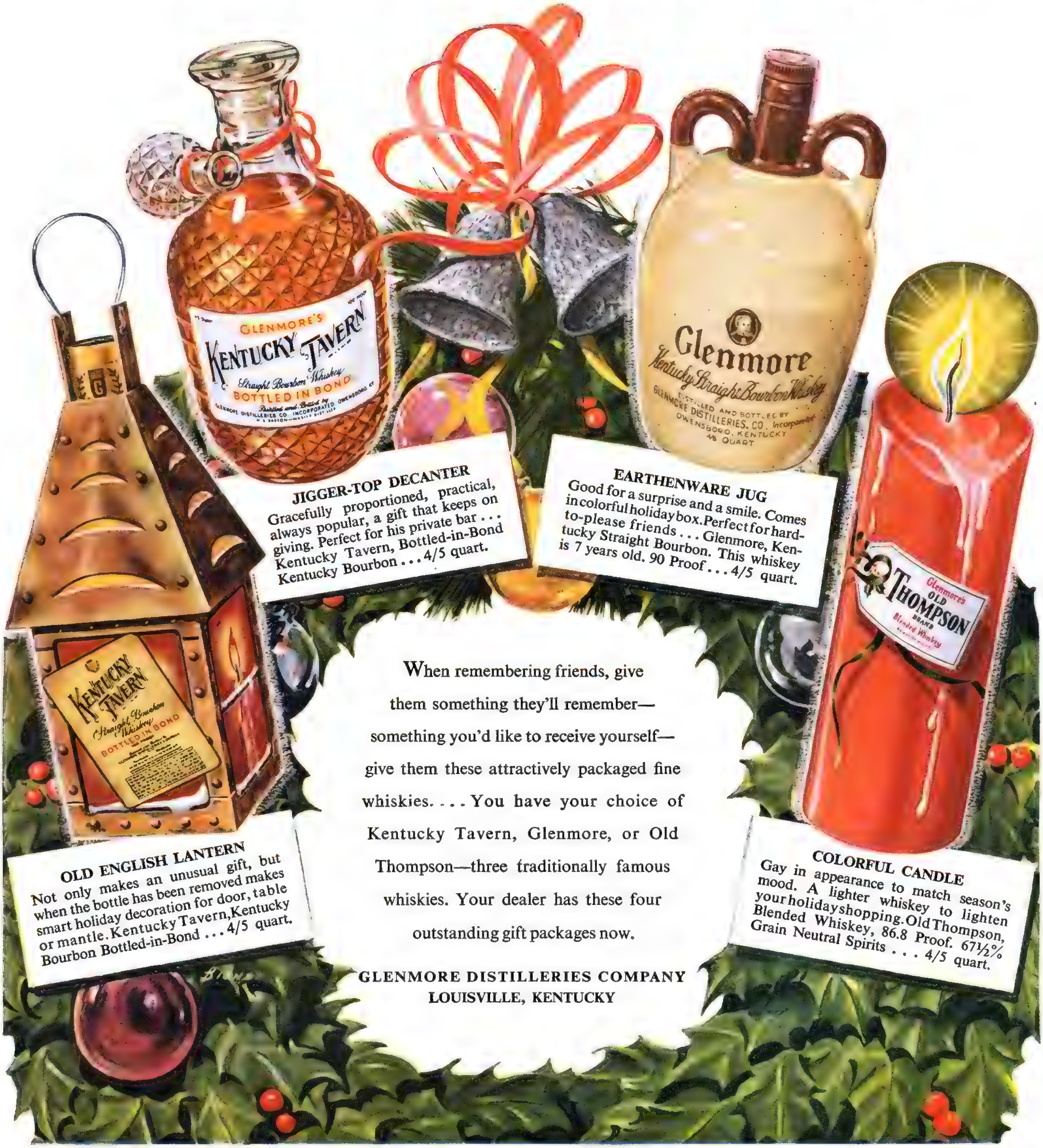
TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

For Gifts *that* GLOW *with* GOOD CHEER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Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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Gracefully proportioned, practical, always popular, a gift that keeps on giving. Perfect for his private bar . . . Kentucky Tavern, Bottled-in-Bond Kentucky Bourbon . . . 4/5 quart.

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Good for a surprise and a smile. Comes in colorful holiday box. Perfect for hard-to-please friends . . . Glenmore, Kentucky Straight Bourbon. This whiskey is 7 years old. 90 Proof . . . 4/5 quart.

When remembering friends, give them something they'll remember—something you'd like to receive yourself—give them these attractively packaged fine whiskies. . . . You have your choice of Kentucky Tavern, Glenmore, or Old Thompson—three traditionally famous whiskies. Your dealer has these four outstanding gift packages now.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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Not only makes an unusual gift, but when the bottle has been removed makes smart holiday decoration for door, table or mantle. Kentucky Tavern, Kentucky Bourbon Bottled-in-Bond . . . 4/5 quart.

COLORFUL CANDLE
Gay in appearance to match season's mood. A lighter whiskey to lighten your holiday shopping. Old Thompson, Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . 4/5 quart.

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GLENMORE, THE HOUSE WITH THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

"Here's one story they'll never believe!"

SHE: Gosh! 1 A.M. I can just see Dad's skeptical grin when I give him that old "flat tire" routine.

HE: But I'll back you up with proof! There's a grease stain on my trousers.

SHE: Not very convincing. Your coat looks as smooth as it was at 9 P.M.

HE: I can explain that, too!

SHE: Just how . . . Mr. Fix-it?

HE: Simple! This is a Timely Clothes coat with Balanced Tailoring.

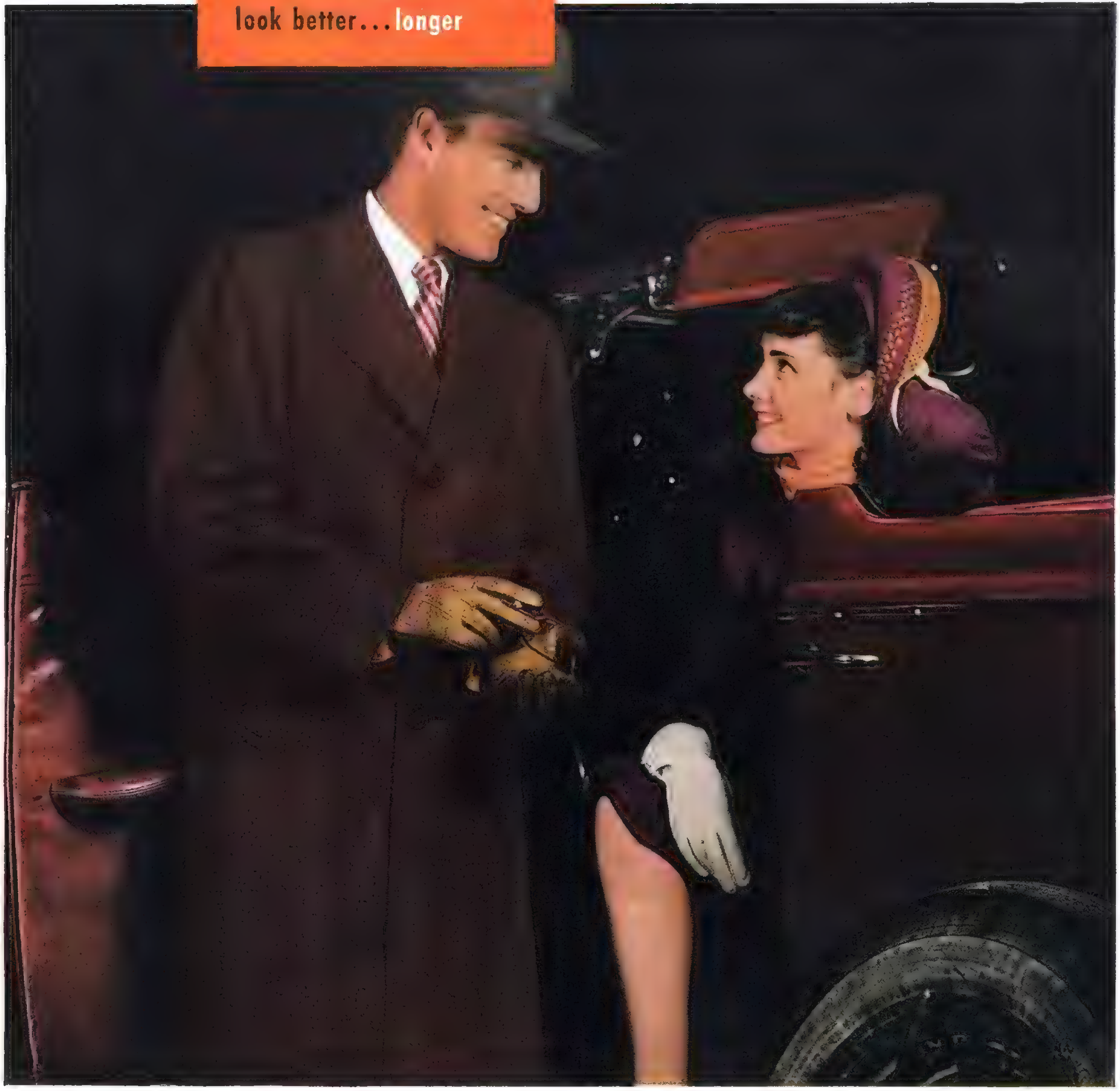
SHE: Don't tell me they're designing coats just for tire-changing.

HE: Not exactly! But Balanced Tailoring *is* geared for action . . . It's a blend of hand-needlework and machine-sewing that's got "give" plus guts.

SHE: This is one story I'd never believe! Alone on a deserted road—and all I hear is Balanced Tailoring.

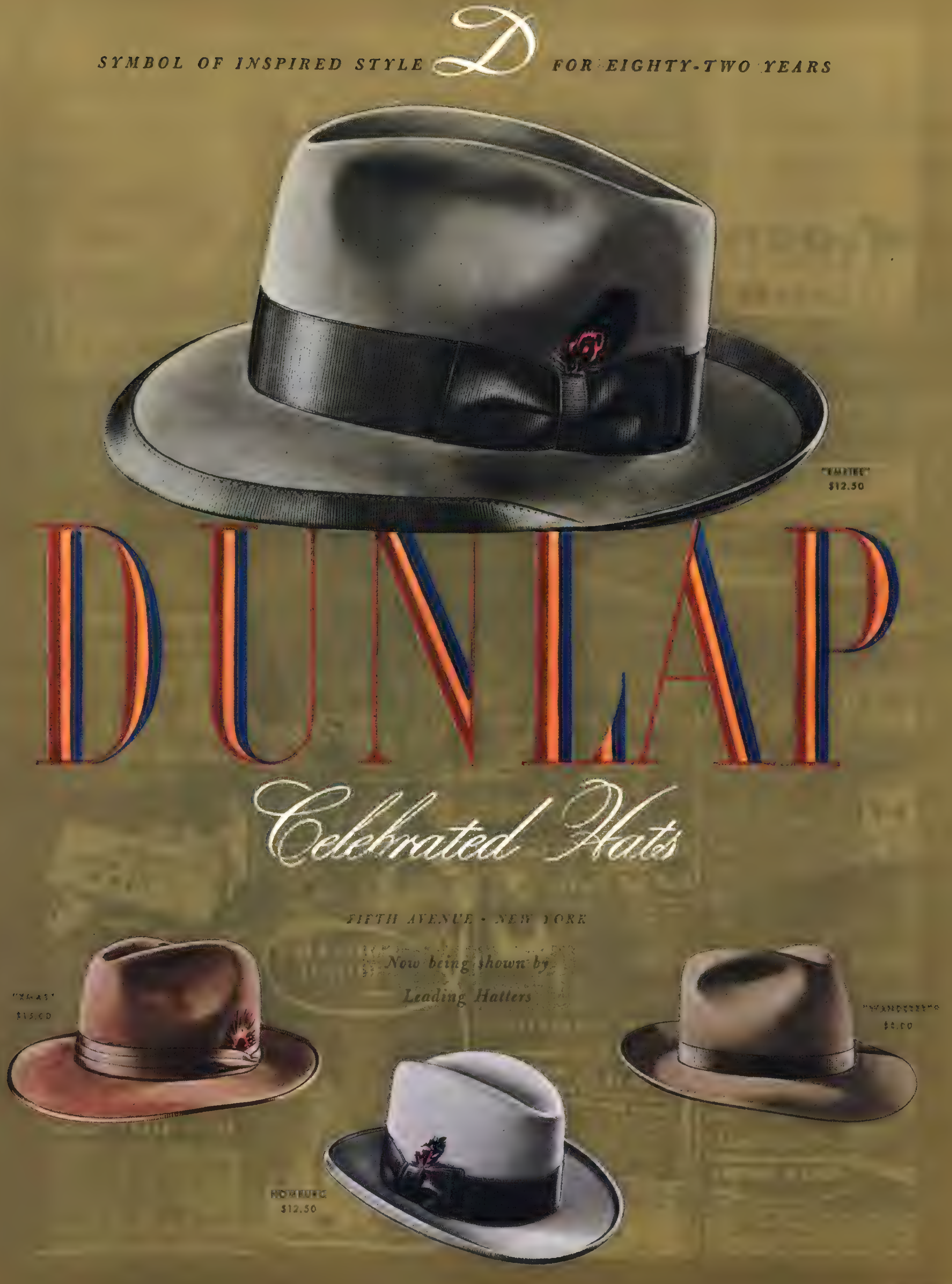
HE: Guess I'd better save that one for the old man.

Balanced Tailoring makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better . . . longer



The coat illustrated is the Finisher . . . tailored of an exclusive Timely Clothes fabric treated with a special finishing process that does for its texture what English air and water do for British flannel . . . makes it wonderfully rich and luxurious to the touch as well as to the eye.

TIMELY CLOTHES ARE MODERATELY PRICED, TOO . . . AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR NEAREST DEALER, WRITE TIMELY CLOTHES, ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.



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$15.00

"WANDERER"
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HOMBURG
$12.50

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GLASSWARE

...that puts life and laughs into any party. For gay entertaining and good drinking, serve the *next* round in these unique, singularly-shaped, 22k gold-trimmed glasses.

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Sleeveless 15.00 Full Sleeves 20.00

Sizes: small, medium, large, extra large
colors Natural, Grey, Maroon, Green, Maize

Send money order (no C.O.D.) to

The LONDON Shop
17 STATION PLAZA GREAT NECK, N.Y.

COLLAR POINTS LIE DOWN
With Geo. R. Oliver's - Stainless Steel
2-PIECE COLLAR HOLDER
3 REASONS WHY - YOU WILL LIKE IT BETTER

BEFORE
AFTER

1-NEATER LOOKING COLLAR: 2-PIECE COLLAR HOLDERS follow the edge of Collar and don't show—Holds Collar Points down smoother and better.

2-MORE COMFORTABLE TO WEAR: No crosspiece pressing against neck; you can loosen your collar for comfort or wear it open without removing 2-piece holders.

EASY TO
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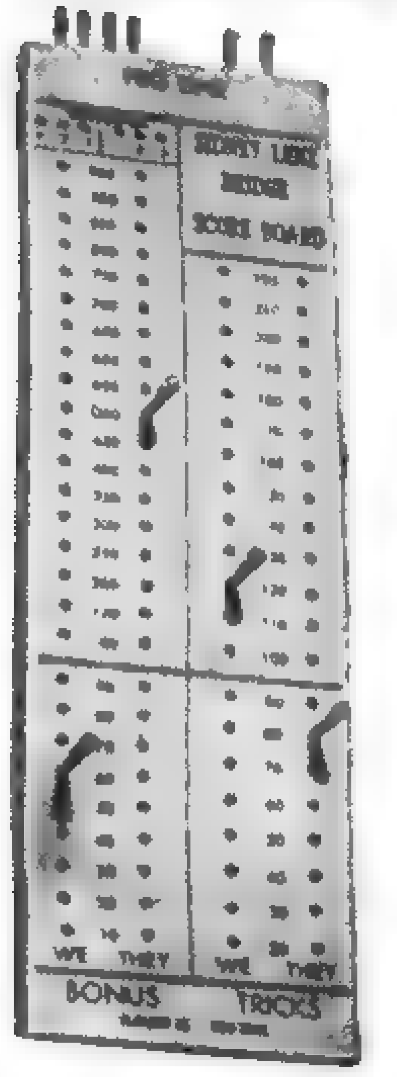
3-LESS TROUBLE TO WEAR: Install HOLDERS in Collar before putting on Shirt, Leave in Shirt overnight, Remove only when changing to a clean shirt.

Made in Regular, Long & Short lengths, Reg. fits all Reg. Style Collars. At Men's Shops, Drug & Variety Stores or send $1.00 for 4 Sets ass't lengths; 25c for 1 set to GEO. R. OLIVER MFG. CO., P. O. Box 1324, Tulsa, Okla., U. S. A. DEALERS ORDER A TRIAL ORDER TODAY.



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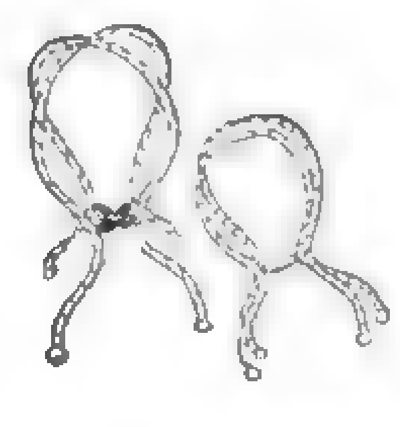
Talking Shop with Esquire

FOLDING HAT STAND . . . another good item for itinerant ladies. A ribbon covered wire frame constructed on the scissors principle which opens out into a neat hat stand. Folds flat for packing, to a 10" x 5" size . . . can be tucked into side pockets of a suitcase. And to take the place of bulky shoe trees, some stuffed ribbon covered pads to slip into the toes of shoes. In colors to harmonize with luggage linings.



SOLID GOLD FOR YOUR GIRL. A sentimental gift she can treasure . . . a 14 kt. gold heart medallion to attach to a bracelet or necklace. And burnt into the gold, a photo of *you*, done daguerreotype fashion. Charm bracelets are still going strong, particularly with what they call "functional" charms (with moving parts). If your girl has a gambling spirit give her exquisitely wrought gold charms such as a cash register with a miniature drawer which actually pulls out; a pin ball machine, or a slot machine, complete down to such tiny details as the cherry, orange and lemon. If she's a business girl, why not a tiny gold typewriter or a gold whistle to summon her taxi. The charms go on a gold bracelet with heavy gold links.

HANDBAG PEN. Fountain pen now appears in high fashion colors . . . gay little pockettes in emerald green, royal blue, scarlet, violet or even white with gold filled bands. Write like a charm as they open up to a full size pen and carry an ink supply which lasts for months. Not much longer than a lipstick when closed. Nice new colors for gents, too, dubonnet, dark green, etc., in a glen plaid gift box.

GIFTS FOR SMALL FRY. Distraught bachelors, uncles, Papas and Mamas who are in a quandary as as to gifts for the younger generation . . . take heed. To your aid comes the Toy Guidance Council . . . an impartial committee of toy experts whose purpose it is to help the old folks select toys that are not only entertaining, but contribute toward the mental and physical welfare of the child. They get out a booklet filled with illustrations and information on suitable toys, broken down according to the child's age, sex, etc. All very scientific . . . all very modern.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Unusual *Gift for Golfers!*
"BALLMARK"
Golf Ball Marker

Stamps names into Golf Balls, avoids mix-ups, lost balls returned. Attractive, durable, colorful plastic. Complete with metal type and ink supply. Buy for yourself and Christmas gifts for friends.

Complete with any name **$2**

If your dealer can't supply you, order from us at once for Christmas delivery.
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HERE IT IS, MEN!
THE TROUSERS HANGER YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR

Holds 6 trousers (ideal for slacks and skirts). Reduces pressing bills, yet keeps up your well-groomed appearance. Saves space and time. Holds with "Bull Dog" grip without marking garments. Nickel-plated spring steel clips on lustrous black enameled steel brackets. Easy to mount o.. wall or door. Your money back if you don't agree it's the slickest hanger ever made. Order now! Postpaid in U. S. A. if remittance accompanies order. C. O. D. orders—postage extra.

$1.50 each
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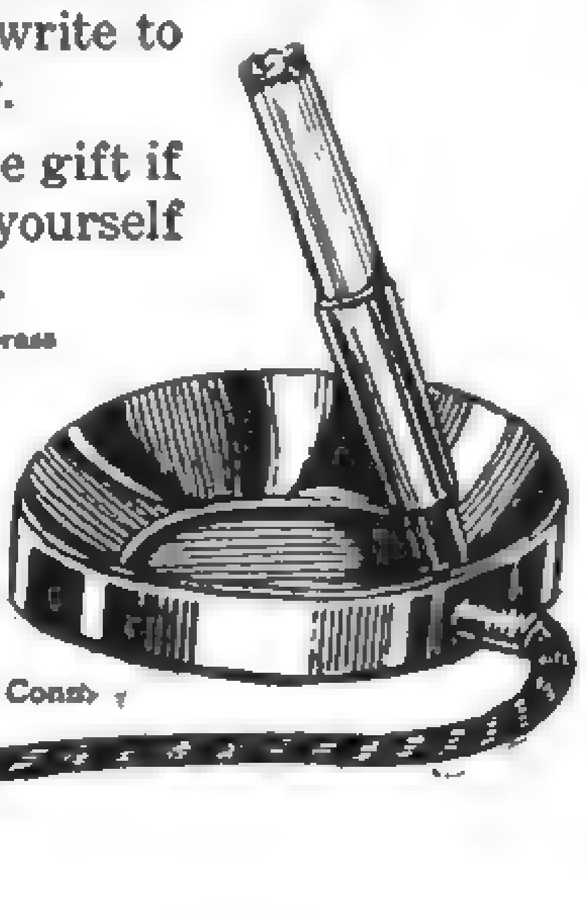
FOR SKIRTS, TOO-IDEAL FOR GIFTS

SMOKER'S ROBOT
For Smokers in Bed

No ashes to worry about in the middle of a mystery thriller—no danger of a fire if the sandman steals a base. Collects cigarette ash, sparks and butt automatically. Prevents burns on rugs, bed sheets, furniture. At all better stores, or write to Jonathan Law.

Makes a nice gift if you can bring yourself to part with it.

Chrome plated over solid brass and only **$2.65**
Postage Paid
(Sterling Silver Robot $18 tax included)



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Set of 6 Knives in Solid Walnut Case, Only **$6.95** Prepaid

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NO RESHARPENING — High quality steel and double hollow grinding helps keep these Simmons Knives super-sharp for years.

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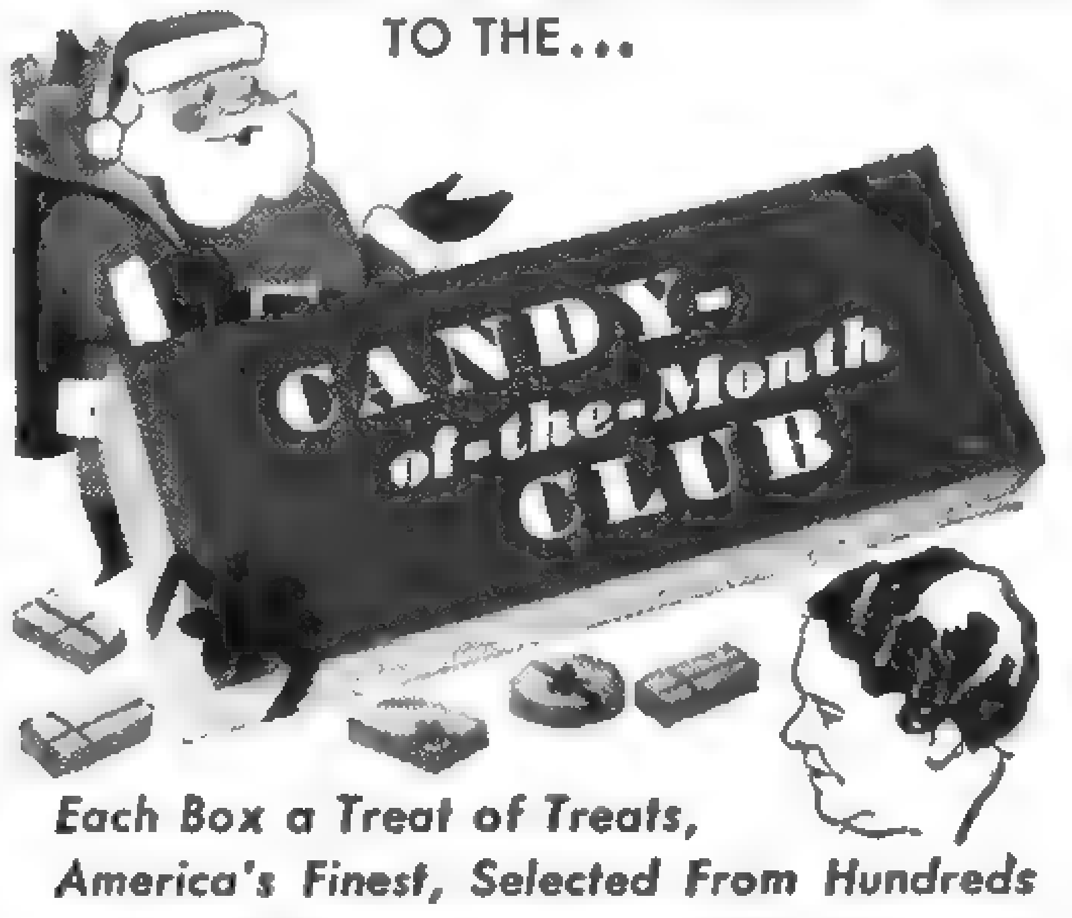

Each Box a Treat of Treats, America's Finest, Selected From Hundreds By World-Famous Hostess, Elsa Maxwell.

Month after month, remind fortunate friends of your Christmas thoughtfulness by sending Candy-of-the-Month Club subscriptions. Putman's famous Chocolate Opera Creams, Cincinnati; Butterscotch-coated Cocoanut Balls from McNally-Doyle, Cleveland; Weida's Chocolate Butter Crunchies, Patterson; Rich Almond Roca, Tacoma; Meta's Caramels Continentale from Chicago . . . and other treats, equally delicious. Every box (approximately one pound) comes *fresh* from the confectioner's. *Write for Colorful Brochure.*

THREE TYPES OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

9 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	3 MONTHS
$17.50	$11.75	$6.00

All three prices include postage, insurance and handling. You save over 10% on the regular price of these candies.

Send name and address of each recipient. Boxes of candy will be sent on consecutive months unless you specify special dates, such as birthdays, anniversaries, Mother's Day, Easter, etc.

Candy of the Month Club, inc.
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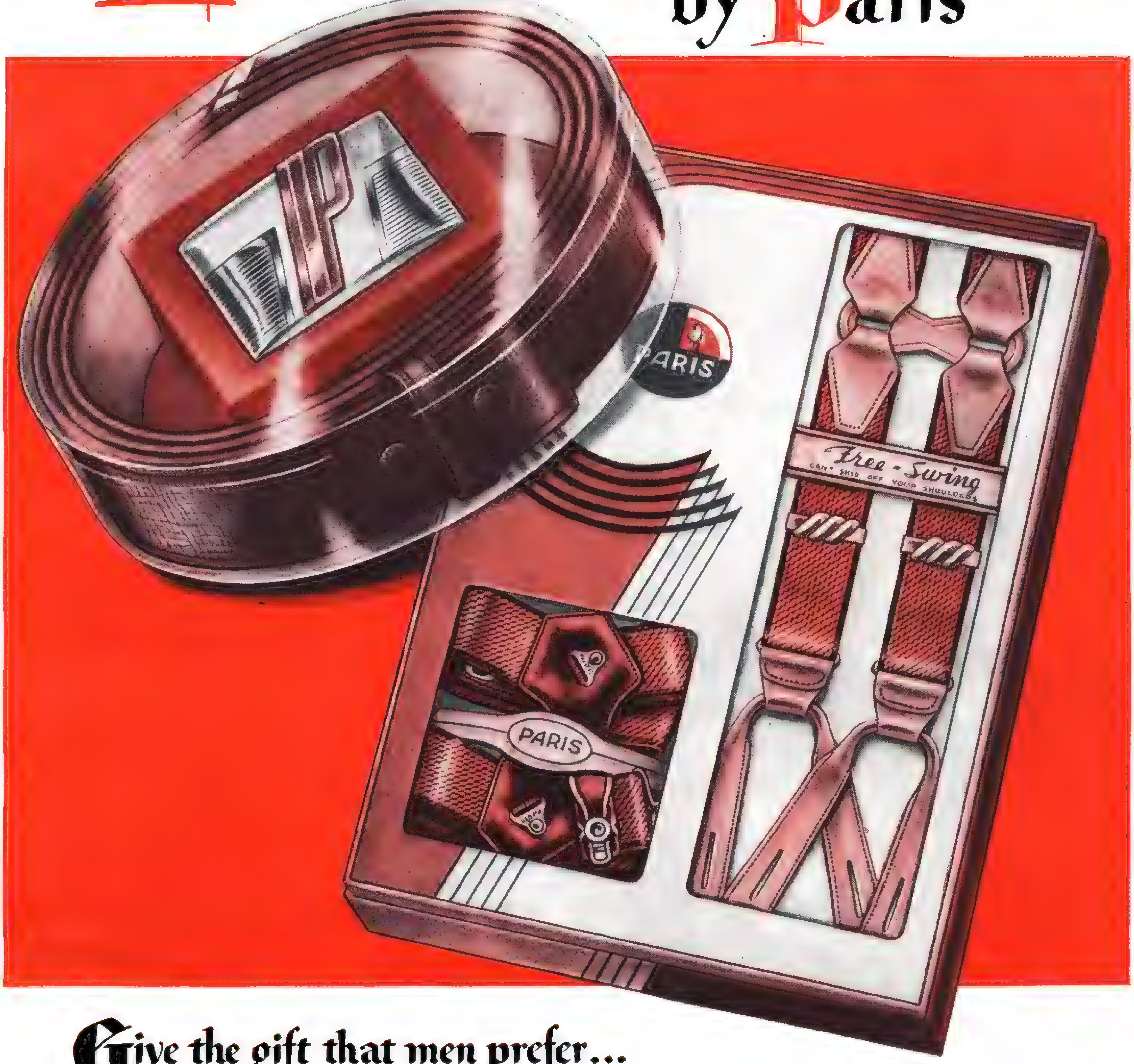
White Shoulders
perfume by Evyan

WHITE SHOULDERS REG. T. M. PARFUMS EVYAN CO

Inspirations for Christmas by Paris


PARIS
Free-Swing
CAN'T SKID OFF YOUR SHOULDERS
PARIS

Give the gift that men prefer...

Remember, "Paris"* is the choice of discriminating men the year 'round and the world over. That's why you can be sure that your "Paris" gift sets will always be doubly appreciated.

● The "Paris" Belt & Buckle Set—fine quality cowhide bridle belt—silver plated buckle with large moulded polished brass initial—$3.00. ● The "Paris" Suspender & Garter Set—comfortable all-elastic "Paris Free-Swing" Suspenders and soft easy stretch "Paris" Garters in new, matching designs and colors—$3.00. ● Other "Paris" gifts from 55¢ to $12.50—at better stores everywhere.* *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A product of A. Stein & Co., Chicago, New York, Los Angeles*

PARIS BELTS—SUSPENDERS—GARTERS

PARIS

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PATENT 1923522

A FROZEN ASSET TO EVERY DRINK

Added CHILL *Plus* IDENTIFICATION

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8! Know whose drink is whose! Just freeze these gaily-colored, water-filled numerals in your ice-tray. Then **FLOAT** one in each glass. They'll **COOLLY** remind everyone your drink is **EXCLUSIVELY YOURS.**

Shatterproof crystal plastic, with water forever sealed in. **TASTELESS—ODORLESS. LAST INDEFINITELY.**

When entertaining more than eight, use different colored sets. Your choice of this exciting assortment: Tangerine, Cherry Red, Mint Green, Lime, Hawaiian Blue, Mexicali Rose, Lemon Yellow, Georgia Peach, Concord Grape, Burgundy, Apple Green, Hollywood Orchid.

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The miniature "slot machine" that can be played anywhere by any number of players with or without banker. Strike levers and watch the wheels spin. Score cards and instructions included.

DELUXE No. 250 100 interlocking Blue, White and Red Chips—IVORY BRODI, packed in a Suede Case. $2.50

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BRODI with 50 Chips, packed in a Leatherette Box $1.50

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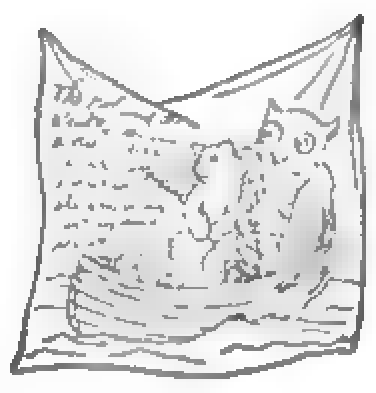
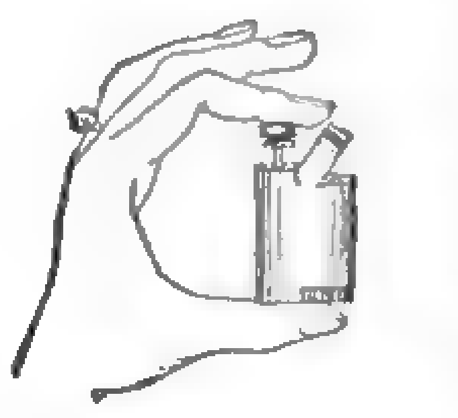
Talking Shop with Esquire

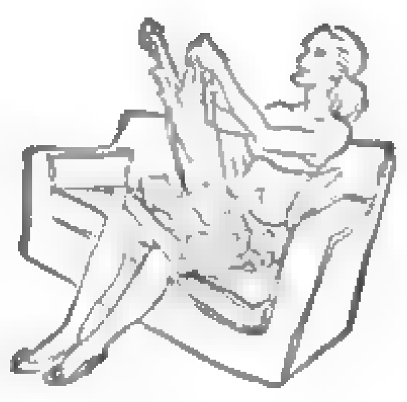
CHERCHEZ LA FEMME . . . still more scarfs . . . this one has fine lined sketches of such ladies as Cleopatra, Du Barry, Catherine The Great; another, called "Checkmate", consists of enormous checker board squares in graded shades of pink, cerise and red with black. Then there's the owl and the pussy cat scarf with nursery pictures of this classic pair, plus the entire nursery rhyme printed right on the scarf. Great thing, women's fashions!



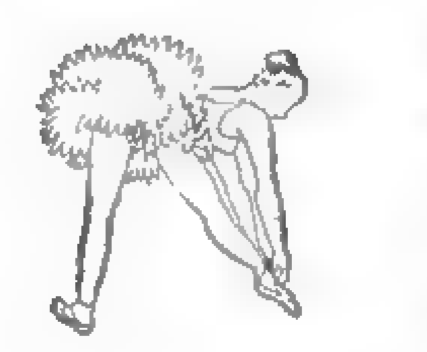
SHE'LL LIKE A PERFUME ATOMIZER. This pocket atomizer looks like a cigarette lighter, but holds nearly a dram of her favorite perfume. All she does is tap the plunger top, and a delicate spray envelopes her. In 24 kt. gold or rhodium plate with a matching case of gold or silver kidskin. Can also be had in colored morocco leather with matching case, and a filling funnel. Then there's the perfume pen which works on the ball point pen principle. Case about the size of a lipstick yet it holds nearly a year's supply of perfume. Comes already filled with the scent.



MADAME DU BARRY nightie in pristine white. One of those provocative sliding-off-the-shoulder necklines, little lace ruffle epaulet shoulders, a high molded Empire waistline, and by way of decor, rows of tear drop pearls appliqued in satin. Another nightie, to be used for traveling, they tell us, falls into the saint and sinner class. Its satin, with *long* sleeves, mind you, and a demure hand embroidered shirt collar. Then, in a sudden fit of bravado, its slashed down to the waistline in front, siren fashion.



BABY BLUE . . . that's the latest trend in lingerie colors. Take the "Bluebell" nightie . . . makes a blonde or red head look like an angel. High neck, sheer net yoke bordered with satin blue-bells. Another blue dream is called "Ballet" because of the tiny ballet dancers embroidered therein. Each dancer has a real ballerina skirt of lace. Or the blue pure silken slip with pink and blue cupids pausing at the altar of love (all hand embroidered).



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no finer gift!

Hand Sewn $12.95

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Back again—after 5 years—Nor-Kings Strap 'n Buckle Moccasins. They fit like fine shoes—cradle the whole foot snugly, perfectly—with no heel-slipping or gaping! They're *all-leather—hand sewn* from one piece of the choice center hide—with solid leather *double soles.* Rich, golden brown. On mail orders just send exact shoe size. Ask for Style 959. Add 25c for shipping. *Free catalogue!*

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$1 with 2 standard batteries and bulb

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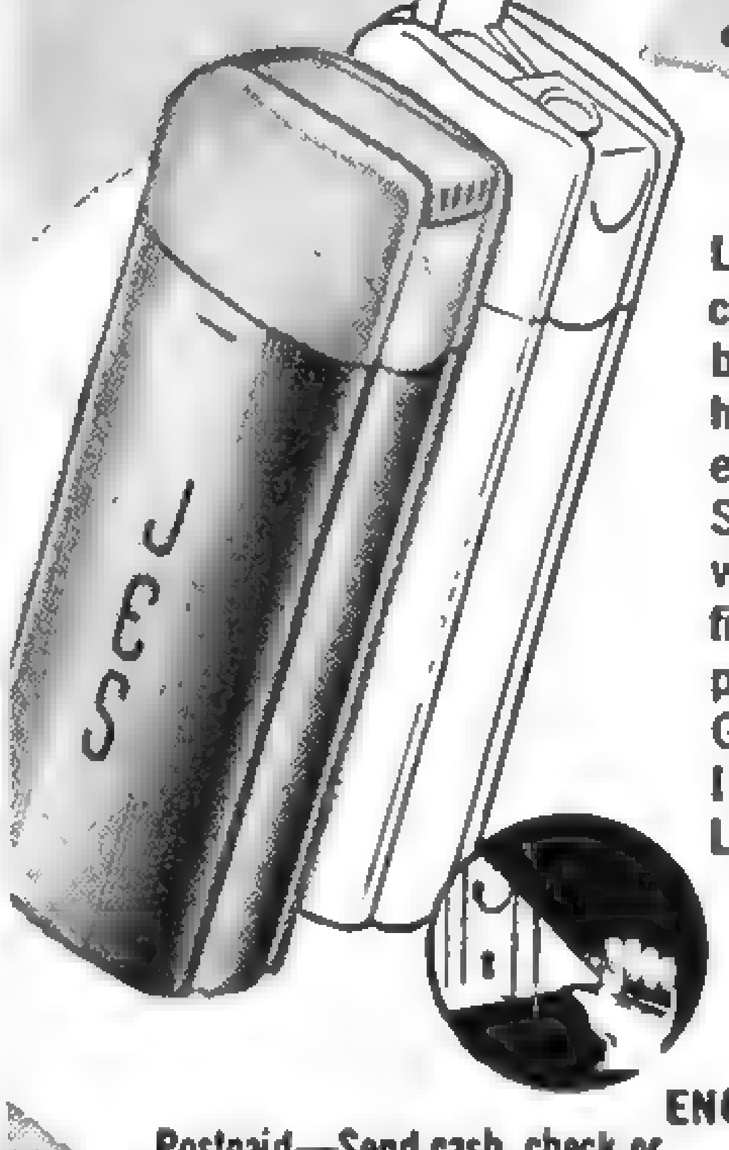

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BUY SEVERAL FOR XMAS GIFTS

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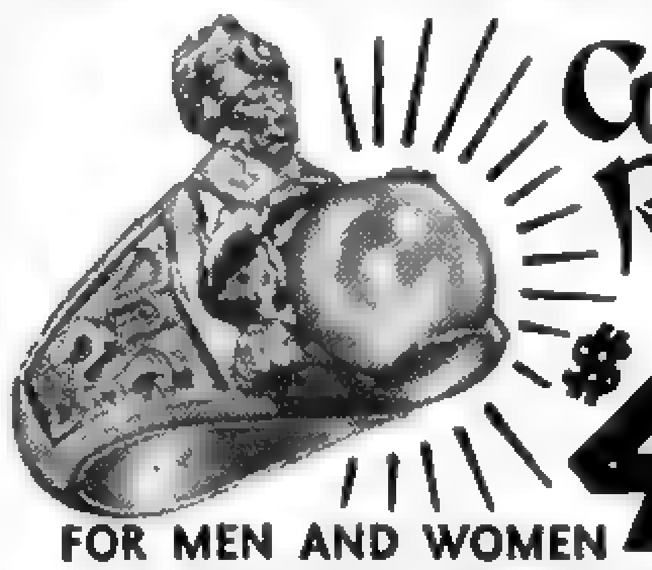
WONDER LOCK CO., 53 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.



STERLING SILVER *Mystic* GENII RING *only* $4.45

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

All the mystery of the orient! An authentic replica of mystic Genii gazing into brilliant pure Crystal Ball. Colors—Blue, Amber, White, Green. Dainty styles for women, heavier, masculine styles for men. Order now, in time for Christmas Gift giving.

Genii Earrings to Match . . . . $4.45 Pair
2-Piece Genii Chatelaine . . . $4.45 Set

SEND NO MONEY Just clip this ad, specify ring size and Men's or Women's style and mail with your name and address. Pay postman only $4.45 plus postage and tax for each item ordered. Cut out band to measure ring size. Remember, we pay Federal Tax and Postage if you send CASH with ORDER! No. C.O.D.'s to Foreign Countries.

Send for Free Catalogue Today

RODEO JEWELERS

3859 INCE BLVD. CULVER CITY, CALIF.

MEASURE RING SIZE WITH THIS BAND

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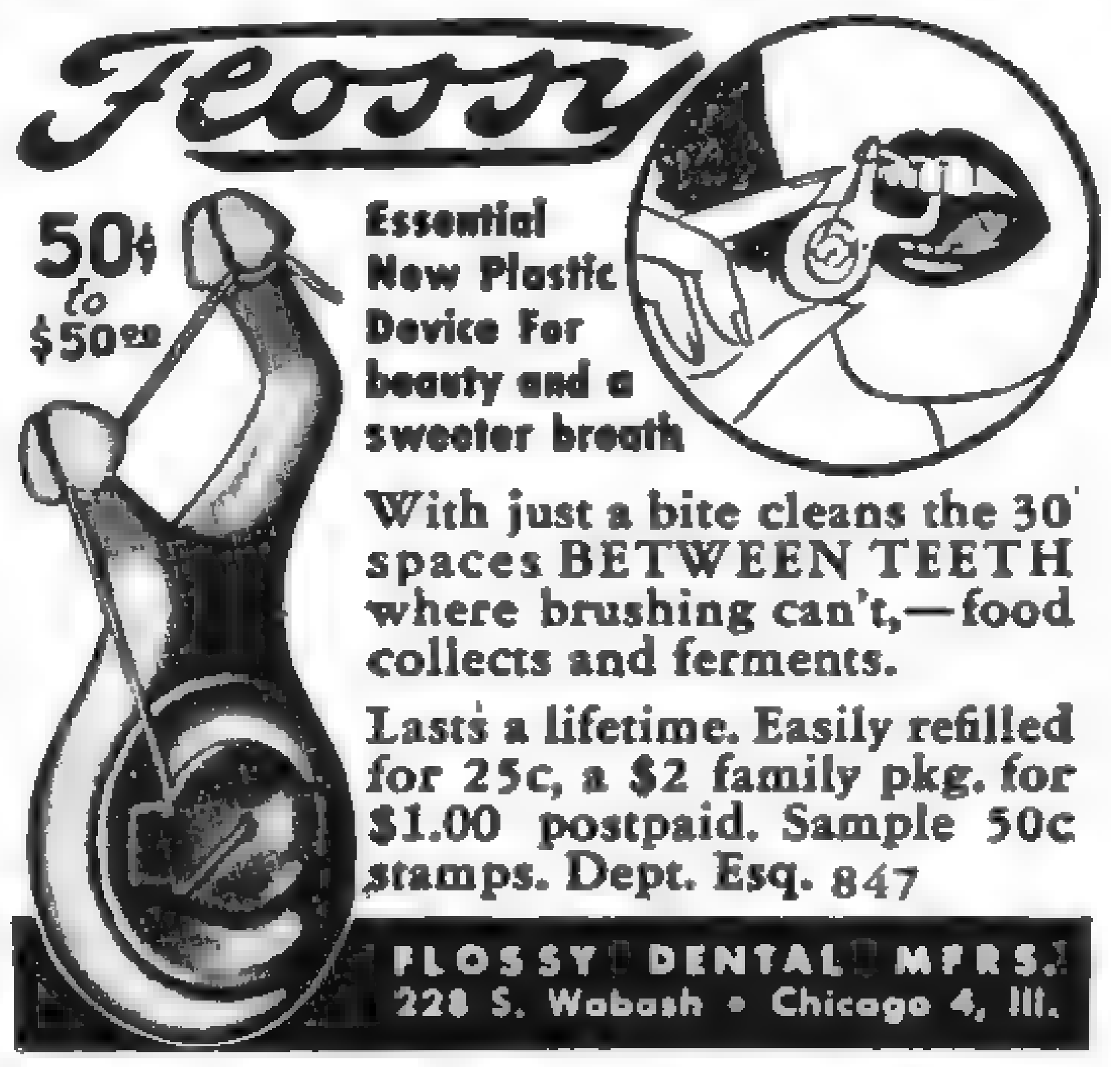

Flossy

50¢ to $50.00

Essential New Plastic Device For beauty and a sweeter breath

With just a bite cleans the 30 spaces BETWEEN TEETH where brushing can't,—food collects and ferments.

Lasts a lifetime. Easily refilled for 25c, a $2 family pkg. for $1.00 postpaid. Sample 50c stamps. Dept. Esq. 847

FLOSSY DENTAL MFRS.

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ORDER THESE LOAFER SOX

Perfect for loafing around house or cabin — after cold day's hunt—inside pacs — slipping down to breakfast—convalescing, etc. For men, women, boys and girls. Royal or Powder Blue, Maroon, Brown Scarlet, Yellow. State hose size regularly worn. Only **$2.95** per pair, postpaid. Money back guarantee. Immediate delivery. Order now. Ideal gift. **Write for catalog** including full line of Wool Sport Sox.

All-Wool with soft Leather Soles

GUY TEETER

Box 206-J

GREEN LAKE, WIS.

To My Sweetheart

FIELD FRESH GLADIOLUS CUT FLOWERS

DIRECT FROM FLORIDA

Thrilling gift idea! Gorgeous, full-flowered "glads," over three feet tall. Cut in tight buds, packed in handsome gift box and rushed SPECIAL DELIVERY. Glorious blooms for days. Card enclosed if desired.

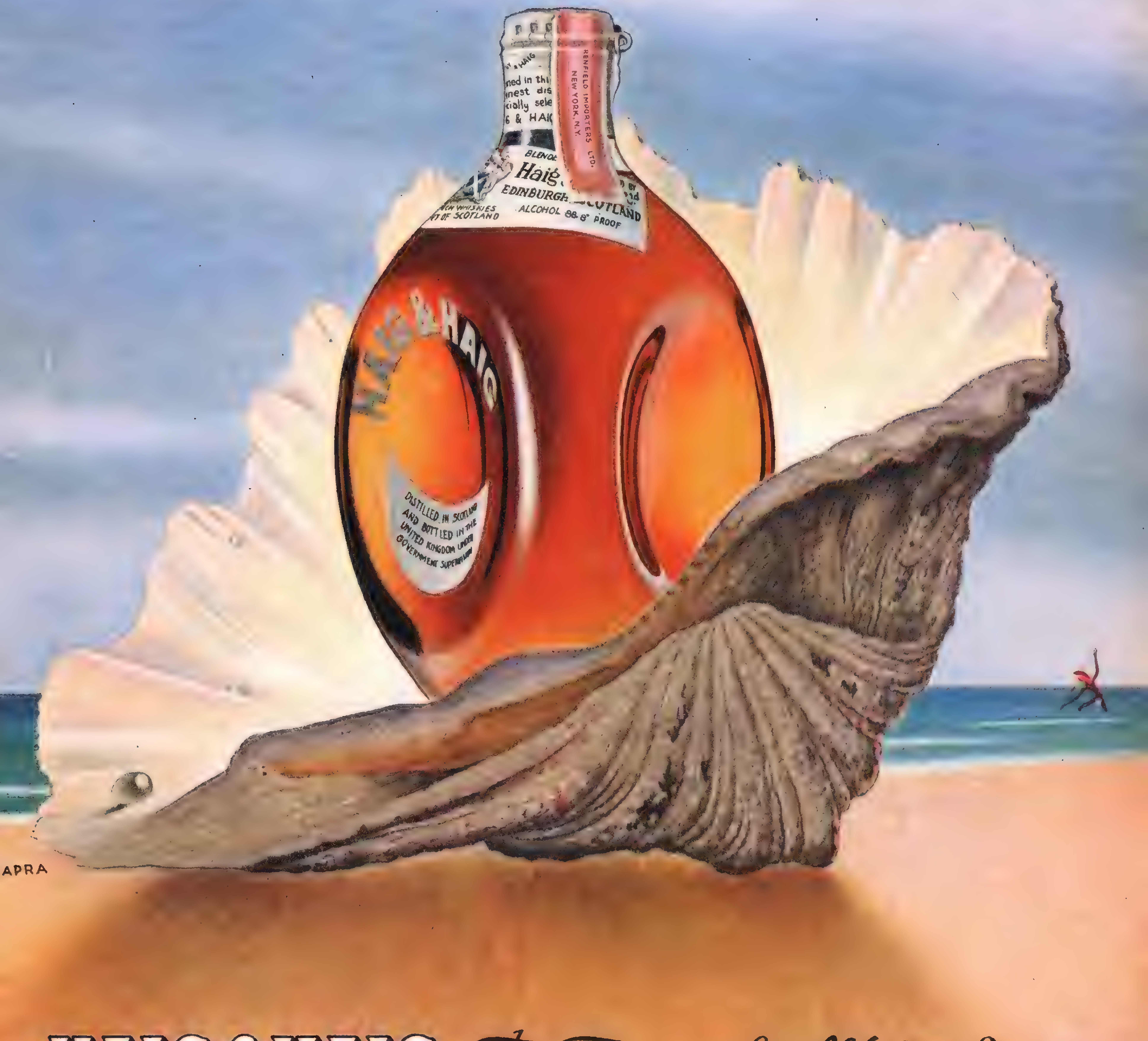
$3.50 per doz., postpaid

[East of Rocky Mts.]

Shipped NOVEMBER THROUGH MAY. Send check or money order, no C.O.D.'s, please. Satisfaction guaranteed, ORDER TODAY

Land o' Sun Flower Farms P. O. Box 527 St. Augustine, Florida

THE MOST FAMOUS BOTTLE IN THE WORLD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DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
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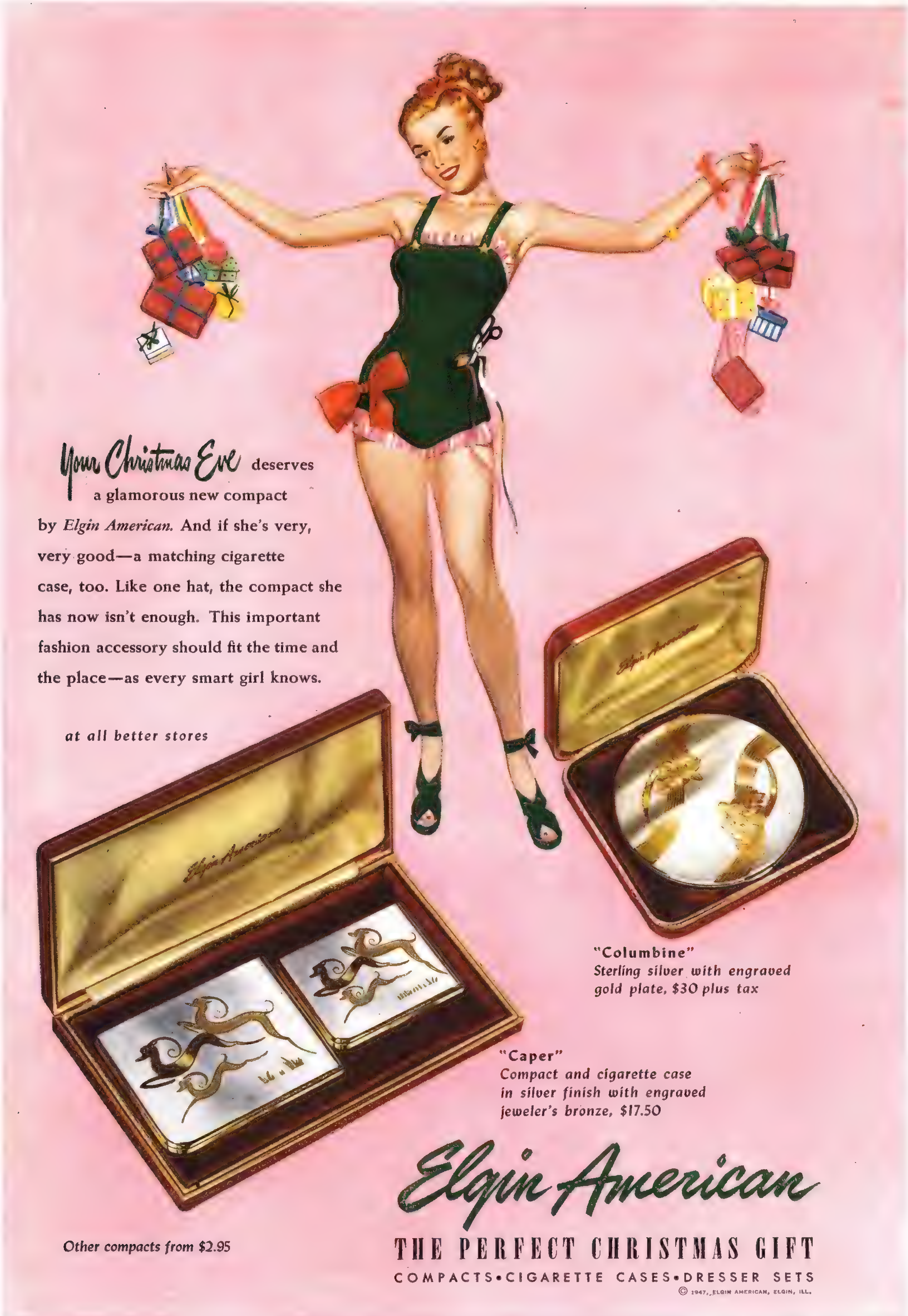
HAIG & HAIG *The First and Last Word in Scotch*

IT HAD TO BE BETTER TO ENJOY SUCH UNIVERSAL PREFERENCE FOR 320 YEARS

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK



Your Christmas Eve deserves a glamorous new compact by *Elgin American.* And if she's very, very good—a matching cigarette case, too. Like one hat, the compact she has now isn't enough. This important fashion accessory should fit the time and the place—as every smart girl knows.

at all better stores

"Columbine"
Sterling silver with engraved gold plate, $30 plus tax

"Caper"
Compact and cigarette case in silver finish with engraved jeweler's bronze, $17.50

Other compacts from $2.95

Elgin American

THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT

COMPACTS • CIGARETTE CASES • DRESSER SETS

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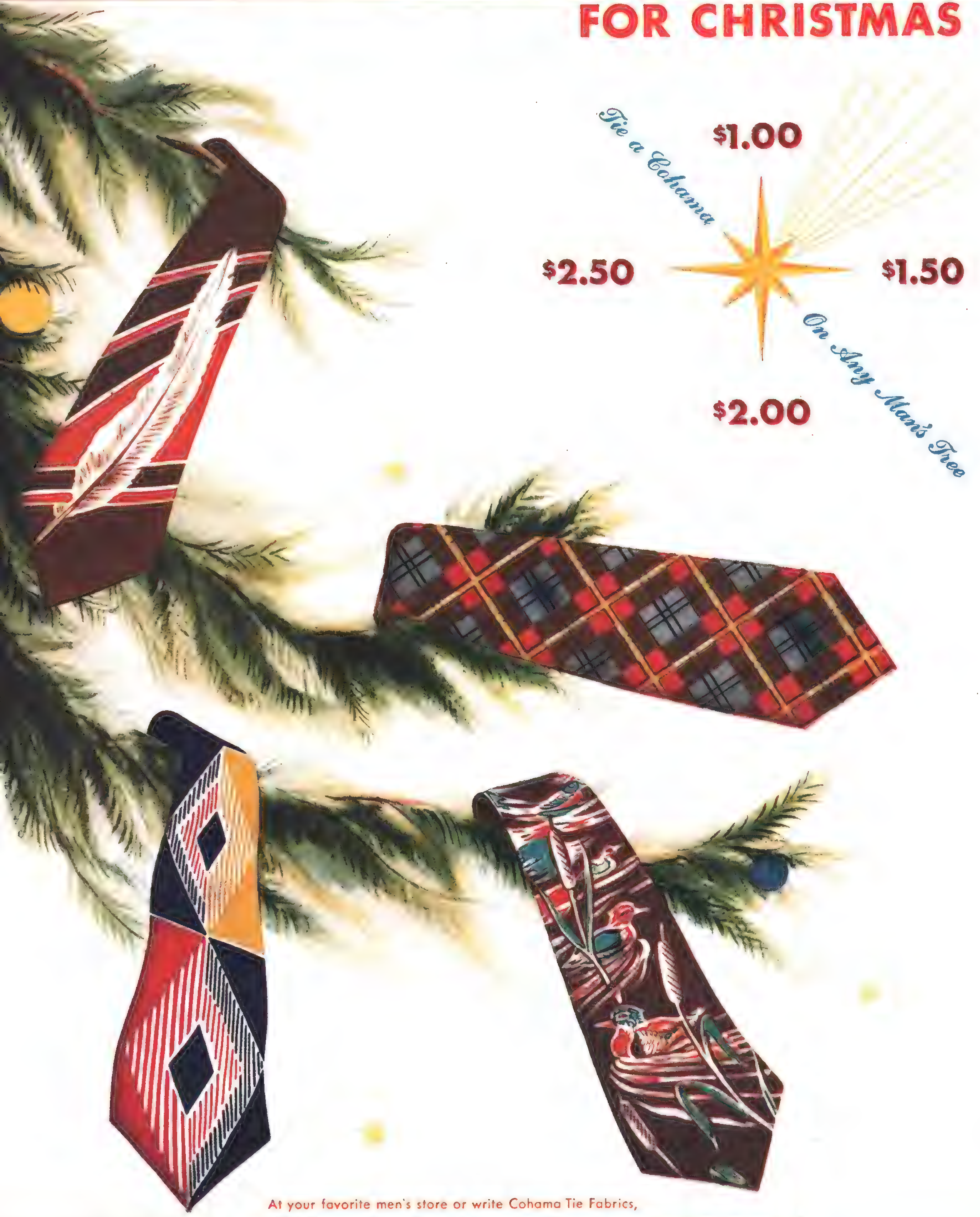
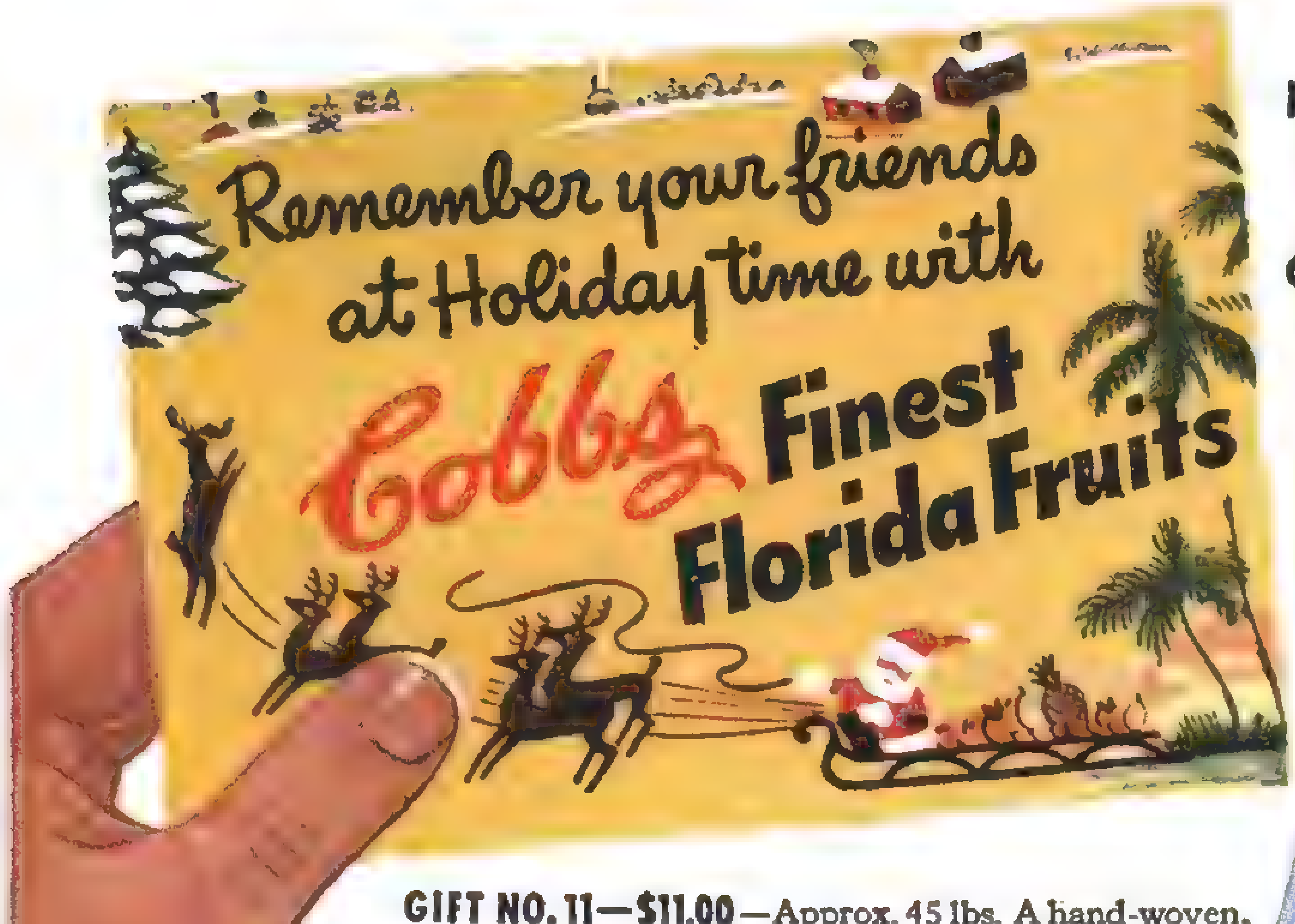
COHAMA SUN MAKER TIES

FOR CHRISTMAS


Tie a Cohama
$1.00
$2.50
$1.50
$2.00
On Any Man's Tree

At your favorite men's store or write Cohama Tie Fabrics,
1412 Broadway, New York 18 (A Division of United Merchants and Manufacturers Inc.)


Remember your friends at Holiday time with Cobbs Finest Florida Fruits

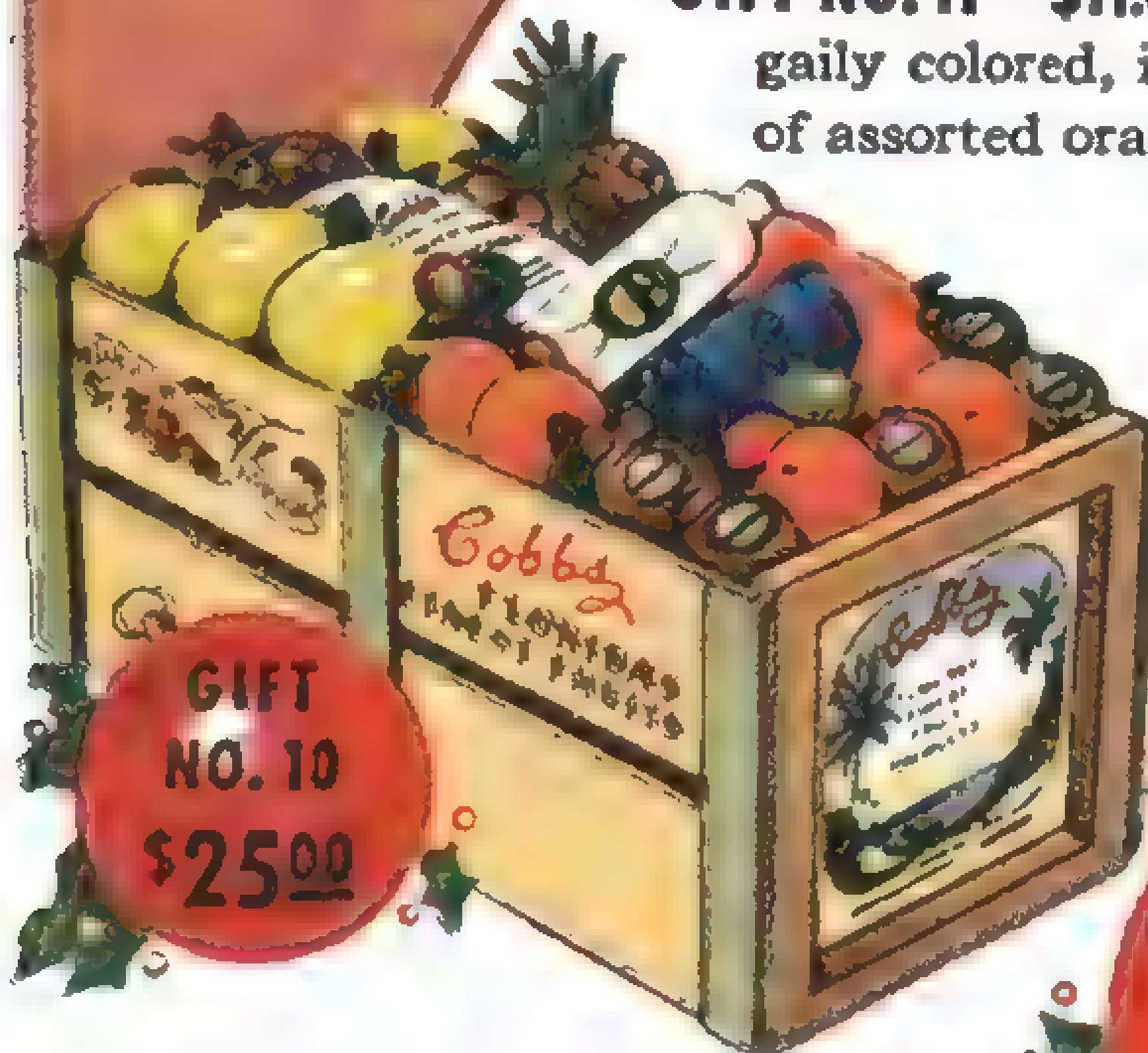
Tree-Ripe, Luscious Fruits And Delicacies From The Sunny Groves Of Florida Guaranteed To Arrive In Perfect Condition

NOTE TO BUSINESS EXECUTIVES

COBBS Gift Boxes of fruits and delicacies are preferred by many leading business executives for conveying Holiday Greetings to clients, associates, and friends.

GIFT NO. 11—$11.00—Approx. 45 lbs. A hand-woven, gaily colored, imported Mexican wicker hamper of assorted oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats, limes, and a huge sugar loaf pineapple, boxed for safe delivery. A very popular gift!

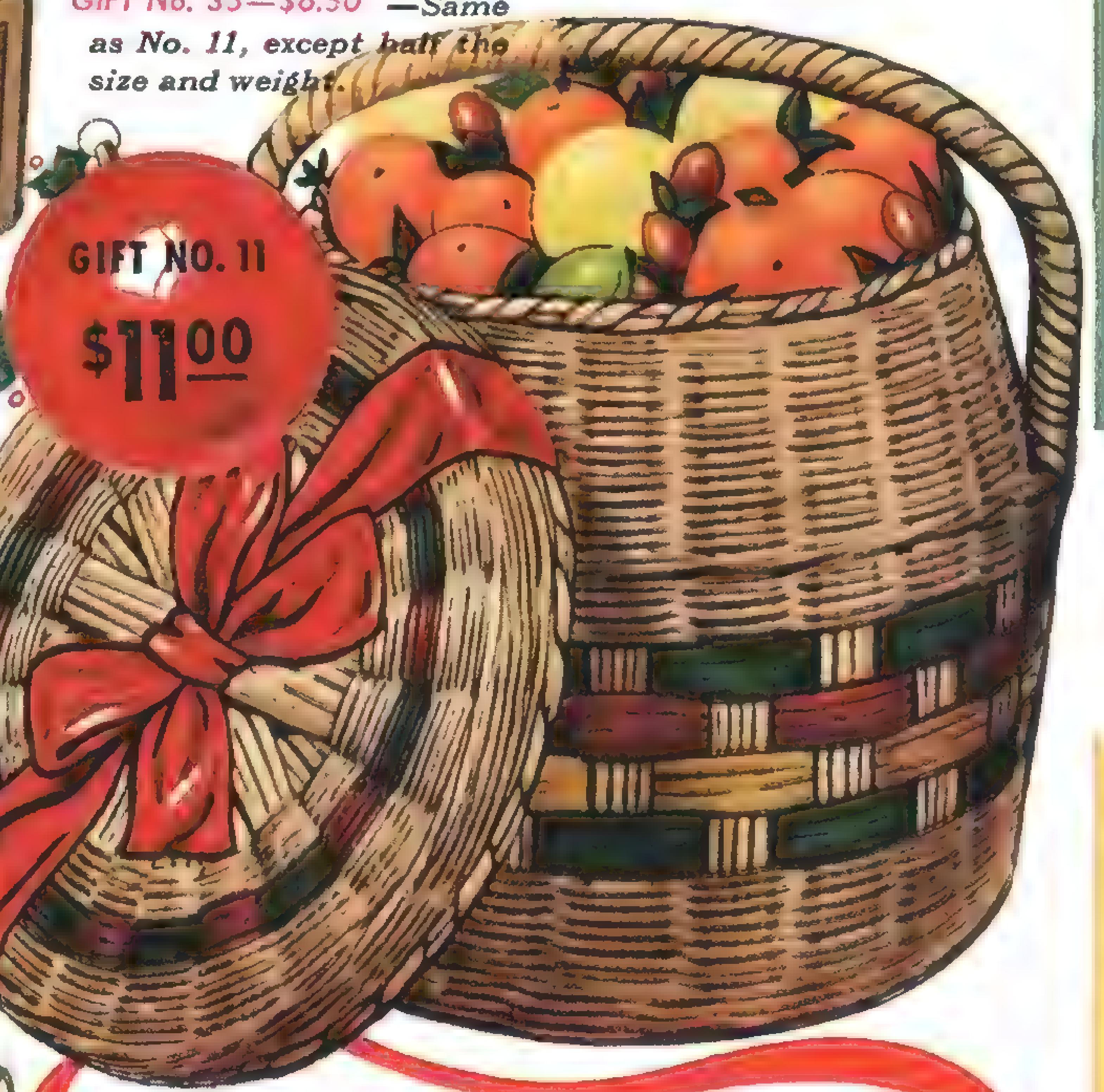
GIFT No. 35—$6.50 —Same as No. 11, except half the size and weight.

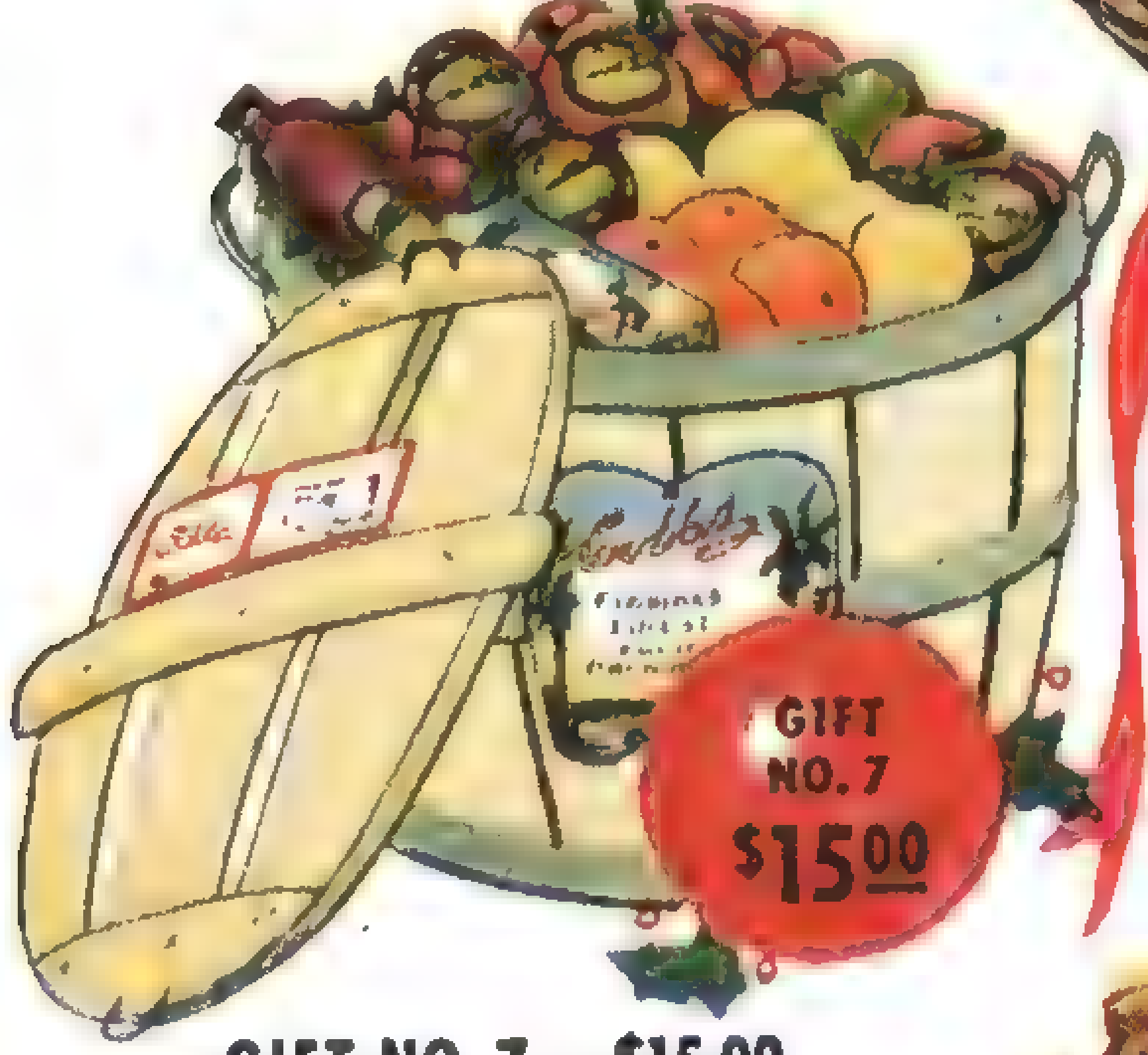


GIFT NO. 10—$25.00

Approx. 90 lbs. Large box of mixed oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats, Persian limes, a large, fresh sugar loaf pineapple, also 1 lb. jar of assorted tropical fruits mellowed in genuine, aged liqueur, handmade colored jug of orange blossom honey, handmade colored crock of tropical preserves, bag of extra fancy paper shell pecans, 1 lb. jar each of fruit conserve, mixed citrus fruit marmalade, orange marmalade, grapefruit marmalade, 1 lb. COBBS chocolate coconut patties.

GIFT No. 8—$12.75—Approx. 90 lbs. A giant box of all varieties of fruit, such as oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats, Persian limes, and a large sugar loaf pineapple.





GIFT NO. 7—$15.00

Approx. 54 lbs. A beautiful basket full of oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats, limes, a sugar loaf pineapple, 1 lb. jar of assorted tropical fruits mellowed in genuine, aged liqueur, jug of orange blossom honey, 1 lb. jar each of pure citrus marmalade, fruit conserve, and box of COBBS chocolate coconut patties.

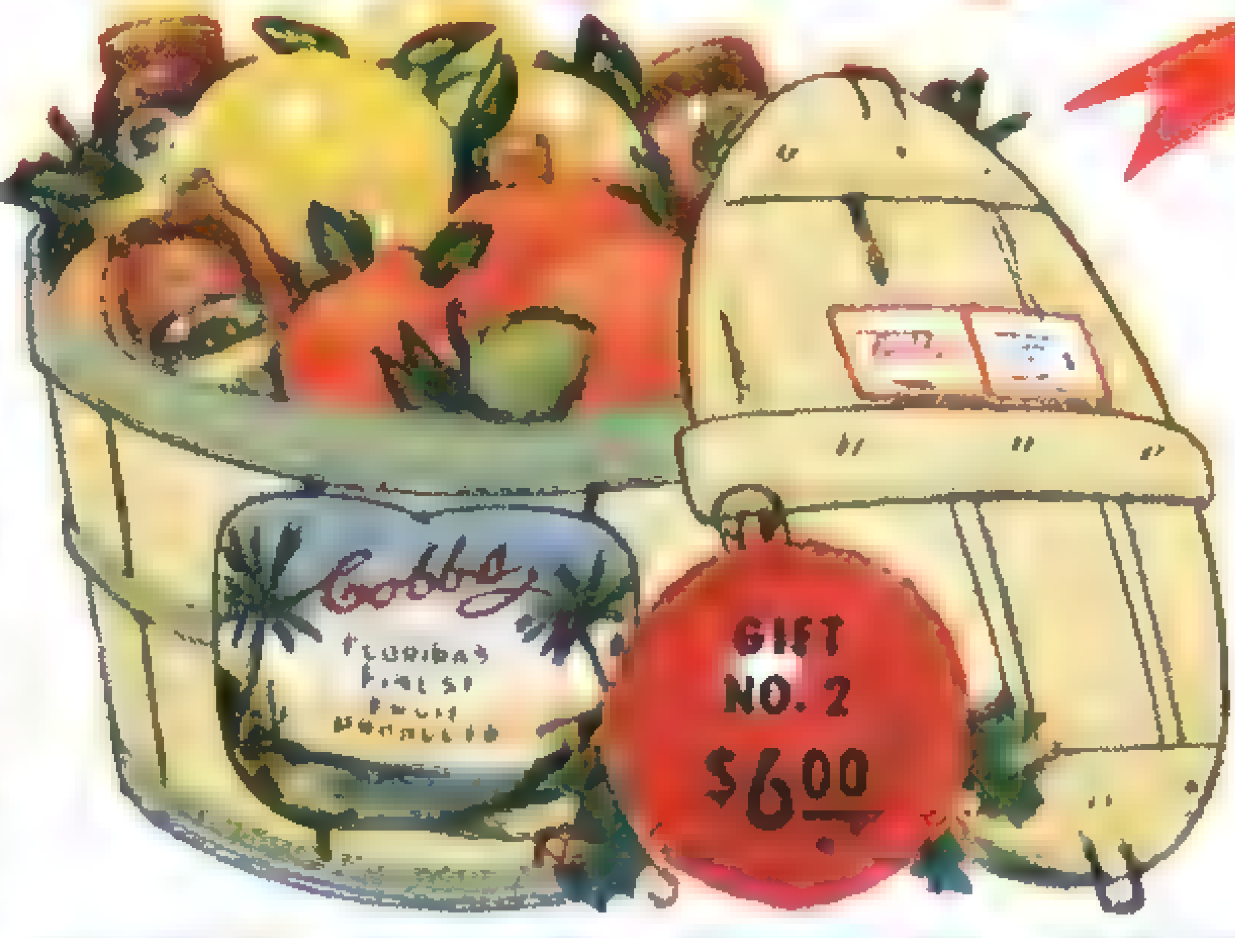
GIFT No. 4—$8.00—Approx. 54 lbs. containing a complete variety of Florida's finest fruits—oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats, limes, and a sugar loaf pineapple.

Orders should be in our hands by December 5th for guaranteed Christmas delivery. Unless immediate shipment is specified, delivery will be made for Christmas.

ALL ITEMS DESCRIBED MAY BE BOUGHT SEPARATELY.

Use the coupon to obtain full color brochure-price list of other COBBS gift fruits and delicacies.

Cobbs Box 1-AB, LITTLE RIVER, FLORIDA



GIFT NO. 2—$6.00

Approx. 27 lbs. A tasteful basket containing mixed oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats, limes, 1 lb. jar each of tropical fruit conserve, orange marmalade, and guava jelly. A typically tropical delight.

GIFT No. 1—$5.00 —Approx. 27 lbs. A gorgeous gift packed basket of mixed oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, kumquats, Persian limes, and a giant sugar loaf pineapple.

NOTE: WE DO NOT SHIP COLD STORAGE FRUIT!

Ponce de Leon discovered the real "Fountain of Youth" in the tropical fruits of Florida!

Mr. Ponce Says: "HERE'S SOMETHING REALLY DIFFERENT IN GIFTS . . ."

Cobbs YEAROUND TROPICLUB

Each month, for 12 months, Florida's Finest Fruits and Delicacies can be yours by subscribing to COBBS YEAROUND TROPICLUB. A different variety of Golden Fruits or other Florida Products brings the spirit of Christmas 12 times a year, **or you may subscribe for any 9, 6, or 3 months.**

DECEMBER, 1947—27 lb. Basket Assorted Florida Fruits. Will please everyone.

JANUARY, 1948—Colored jug of Florida Honey and Crock of Honey Fruit Jam.

FEBRUARY—Assorted Papaya Products—Candy, Jam, Nectar. A new taste thrill.

MARCH—Package of Fresh Coconuts and 2 lb. log of Chocolate Coconut Candy.

APRIL—27 lb. Basket Assorted Florida Fruits. A really glorious Easter basket.

MAY—Large Sugar-Loaf Pineapples and a 4 lb. jar of delicious Pineapple Jam.

JUNE—Giant Hayden Mangoes. Aristocrats of all Tropical Fruits. "Ambrosia."

JULY—Beautiful 2 lb. Basket of Crystallized Mixed Florida Fruit Candies.

AUGUST—Basket of Limes for Summer Drinks and jar of Preserved Kumquats.

SEPTEMBER—Box of Florida's Rich Avocados (Alligator Pears). Giant size!

OCTOBER—Four 1 lb. Jars Assorted Tropical Fruit Jam and Basket of Fruit Candy.

NOVEMBER—Our Famous Tropical Fruit-Nut Cake, Aged in Genuine Brandy.

12 Month Order (All Items)	$45.00
9 Month Order (Any 9 Items)	36.00
6 Month Order (Any 6 Items)	28.00
3 Month Order (Any 3 Items)	15.00

From all parts of America, year after year, comes praise for COBBS Gift Boxes.

"Fruit arrived in perfect condition. Thank you."

"You certainly live up to your good name."

"Thanks for a delightful box of Florida Sunshine."

"A wonderful surprise. It really brightened up our Christmas."

"Fruit far superior to what we can buy here."

We pay express delivery charges. Gifts cannot be shipped into Arizona, California, or Texas. Orders must be accompanied by remittance. References: Dun & Bradstreet, Inc., or any bank. We reserve the right to substitute when necessary, but always of equal or greater value.

Make your selections from the gifts shown here, and send us the names of those to whom you wish boxes delivered. Our tree-ripened fruit will be plucked from the groves, carefully packed with your greeting card enclosed, and shipped—**within 24 hours after picking**—to arrive before Christmas, **satisfaction guaranteed.** ***We do not ship cold storage fruit.*** More than 1,500,000 gift packages have been shipped to enthusiastic customers during the past decade. **We are the largest Packers, Shippers, and Manufacturers of tropical gift fruits and delicacies in America.**

COBBS, Box 1-AB, Little River, Florida

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order for $. . . . . for gift packages to be shipped to names on attached list. *For Canadian shipments add 10 per cent.*

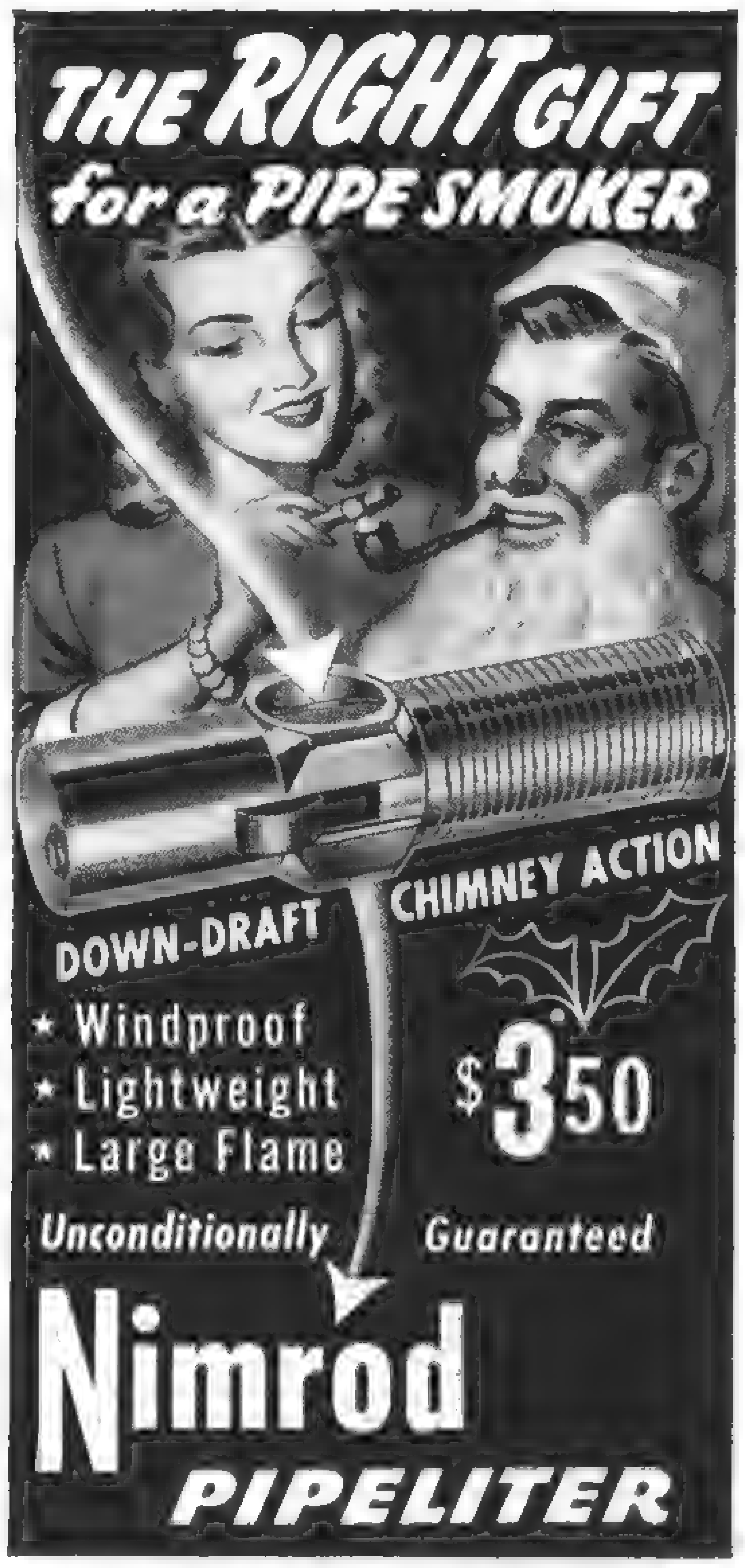
☐ Please send me your beautifully illustrated brochure-price list.

My Name. . . . .

Street & Number. . . . .

City. . . . . State. . . . . .

DON'T FORGET TO ATTACH LIST OF NAMES TO WHOM GIFTS ARE TO BE DELIVERED!



If your dealer is unable to supply you send $3.50 direct

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SPORTSMAN JR. —sensational, low-priced air pistol. Ruggedly built, full size target gun that shoots either standard BBs, pellets or steel darts. Fast, single-action compression chamber. Single shot; silent shooting. Use indoors or outdoors. Modeled after famous target pistol. Economical to operate. Die cast all metal non-slip moulded grip; machined steel chamber and barrel. 8-in. long; 4½-in. deep; full size. Weighs 15 oz. EACH ONLY **$3.33**

Shoots
BBs
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Pellets

BB's, 3 pkg, 25c; .177 pellets, 500 for $1.25; steel darts, 35c package.
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500 page catalog, 6000 Novelties, 10c
Amazing catalog. Novelties, jokes, funmakers, hobbies, tricks, gadgets, cameras, jewelry, guns, optical & radio gds., etc. 10c.
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BLUE BOY
Genuine
HICKORY SMOKED
BLUE BOY
HAM

HAM FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

Tender, tasty shellbark hickory smoked ham . . . entirely different in taste . . . utterly delicious in flavor. Ready to enjoy without extra preparation . . . equally delicious boiled, baked or fried according to your pet recipe. Gift wrapped in gorgeous three color vegetable parchment. Individually packed in cellophane filled carton, brightly labeled. Clever die-cut Recipe Book attached carries your name, or recipient's, neatly printed. The Gift Supreme for you and your friends to enjoy the year 'round.

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Please ship me:
______Light Smoke______Medium Smoke
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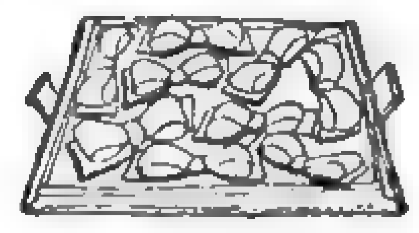
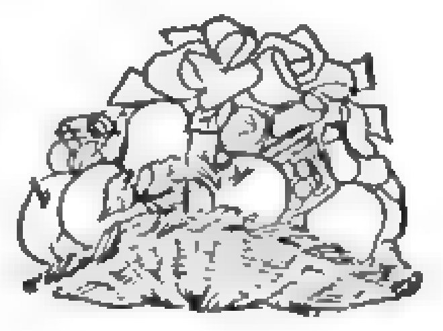
BLUE BOY PRODUCTS
GREEN MEADOWS FARM
SOUTH SAINT JOSEPH, MO.

Talking Shop with Esquire

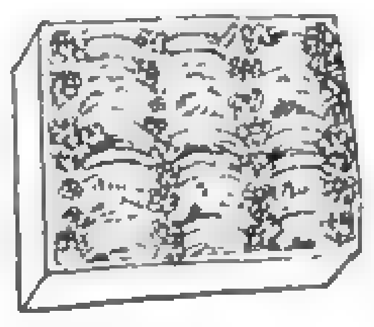


"SHE'S DREAMING OF A WHITE CHOCOLATE." There's a famous firm in San Francisco who specialize in white chocolate candies. The way they bleach it is a state secret, but it is something out of this world in taste. Same firm also puts out Almondettes, two toasted almonds centered in a chocolate caramel base. Terrific. So popular have the candies become, there's now a branch in the east from which you can order the goodies airmailed to your home. They go in for deluxe packages of chocolates . . . a huge polished mahogany tray filled with sweets; a huge plastic bowl filled with 5 lbs. of candy; a large gold china container shaped like a peanut and filled with bonbons; or a glass tray heaped with artificial flowers, bows and candy. Wondrous bon-voyage gifts.



FIESTA BASKET OF FRUITS also from Oregon. A huge gift basket loaded with apples, oranges, du comice pears, walnuts and other delicacies. The wicker basket comes in handy after the fruits are consumed. Can be shipped anywhere OK.

FRUIT OF THE MONTH CLUB. This popular idea of sending a gift every month or so, is going stronger than ever. You can order 3 box, 5 box or 8 box subscriptions. Take the 8 month one for instance: In December they send royal riviera pears; January, luscious grapefruit; February, golden bear apples; April, fruit preserves; June, royal plums; August, pears; September, juicy peaches and in October, Alphonse Lavalle grapes. A perfect gift for Aunt Effie, Grandmaw or the Bosses' wife.



PRESERVES FROM OREGON. A gift to please anyone, young or old. Six jars of home made preserves made from the sun ripened berries from the mountains and valleys of Oregon. Fruity strawberry, Oregon wild plum, blackberry, prune and hazelnuts, green gage and English gooseberry. Jars come packaged in a charming rustic box interspersed with pine cones and leaves.

Ranger

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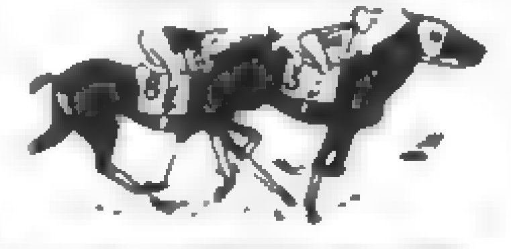
Play to Win... with the Odds on YOUR Side!

BEFORE you lay your money down on any game . . . read this sensational new guide—"CAN YOU WIN." It shows you how the odds can operate for you! Now, at last, you can get the odds working for you. Mathematical odds rule every game—Don't buck the odds—play wtih them in Horseracing, Poker, Dice, Stud, Gin-Rummy or any other activity. "CAN YOU WIN" is the newest and most complete gaming encyclopedia. It answers all your questions in simplest terms. You'll be amazed at the results of "scientific" play.



A GOLDMINE OF WINNING FACTS

This valuable book gives you easy-to-read charts, illustrations and vital information on Horseracing systems—Odds on Cards—Dishonest Manipulaters — Spotting loaded Dice — Fixed Cards — Insurance Rackets — Stock Market Advice — Home Buying Tips. Cash in on the know-how of your favorite game. WE WILL LOAN YOU A COPY OF "CAN YOU WIN" FOR 5 DAYS—We want you to see how valuable it can be as an all-purpose gaming guide. Just deposit $1.98 plus postage with postman. If you are not completely delighted, return it in 5 days for refund of purchase price. If you enclose $1.98 with name and address—We pay postage—Same 5 day privilege applies.

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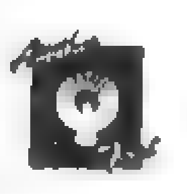
A BOTTLE OPENER WITH SEX APPEAL

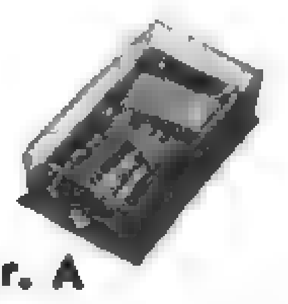
CAP-OFF

THE BOTTLE OPENER FOR MODERN LIVING

Both sexes will go for this safe, easy-to-use, bottle cap remover. A squeeze of the hand with CAP-OFF removes metal caps instantly, safely. No prying, No chance of injury. No chipped bottles. No fizzing shower baths. It's new . . . . entirely different. Perfect for kitchen, bar or rumpus room. For sale at finer stores everywhere.



GIFT-BOXED



CAP-OFF comes packed in colorful see-through container. A welcome gift.

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Subsidiary of Bowser, Inc.
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A Product of Eagle Lock Company.

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"Gift of Gifts"
Wire or Air Mail Your Orders

No. VJE-OAXACA BOLSA (Top illustration) Hand woven by Zapoteca Indians of finest reeds in vivid colors. Approximately 18 lbs. **Express Prepaid** **$4.95**

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ALAMO, TEXAS

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Rolfs Signature BILLFOLDS

$18.75

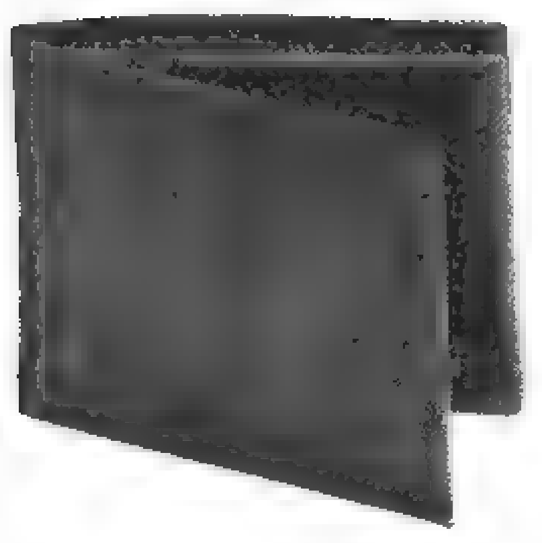
In imported hand-grained English Morocco, Black or Brown for him, Black or Red for her.

perpetuate His or Her name in 14 karat solid gold!

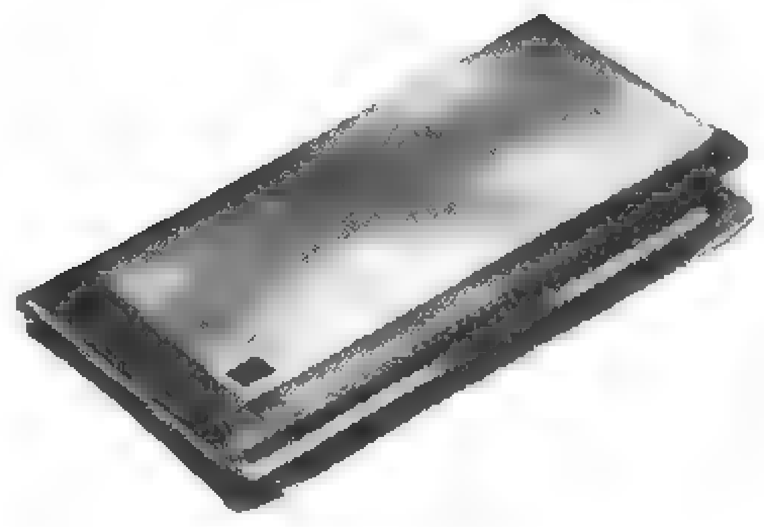
His or her signature *there*, where Santa says, engraved on a heavy panel of solid fourteen karat gold, is a serious and wonderful thing. When the graver's tool cuts indelibly into this precious metal, it transfers his or her name from the frailty of paper to the permanence of a heritage-piece, to serve as an unquestioned identification throughout a lifetime.

ROLFS... 330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Division of Amity Leather Products Company



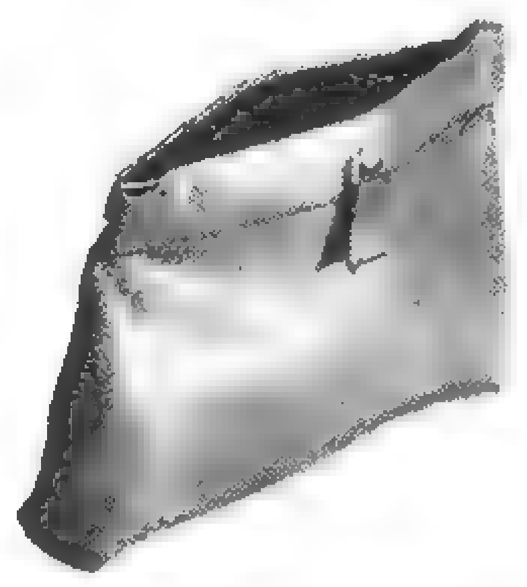
Rolfs "Director" Billfold with two spare key pockets, brown or tan California Saddle Leather, $7.50.



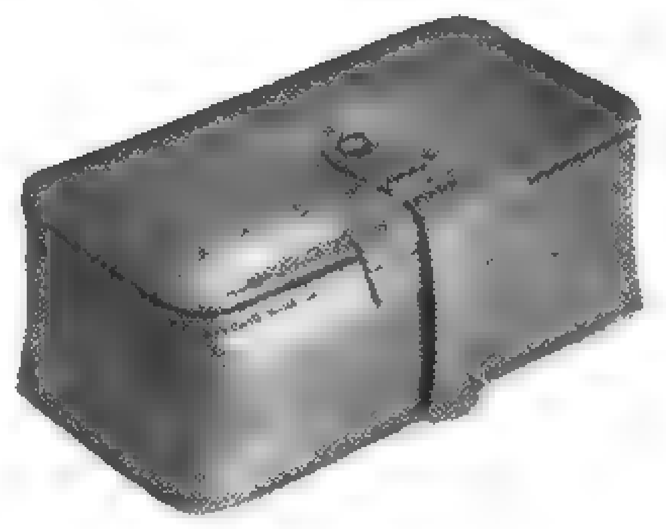
Rolfs "Pocket Secretary" with memo pad, hand-colored Calf, $10.00.

Rolfs
NYLON STITCHED

This plaque identifies a franchised Rolfs Dealer.



Rolfs "Snap-It" Tobacco Pouch, Imported Napa Goatskin, brown or tan, $3.50*.



Rolfs "Fitall" Travel Kit, in glazed tan Cowhide, $10.75.

*All prices plus tax.

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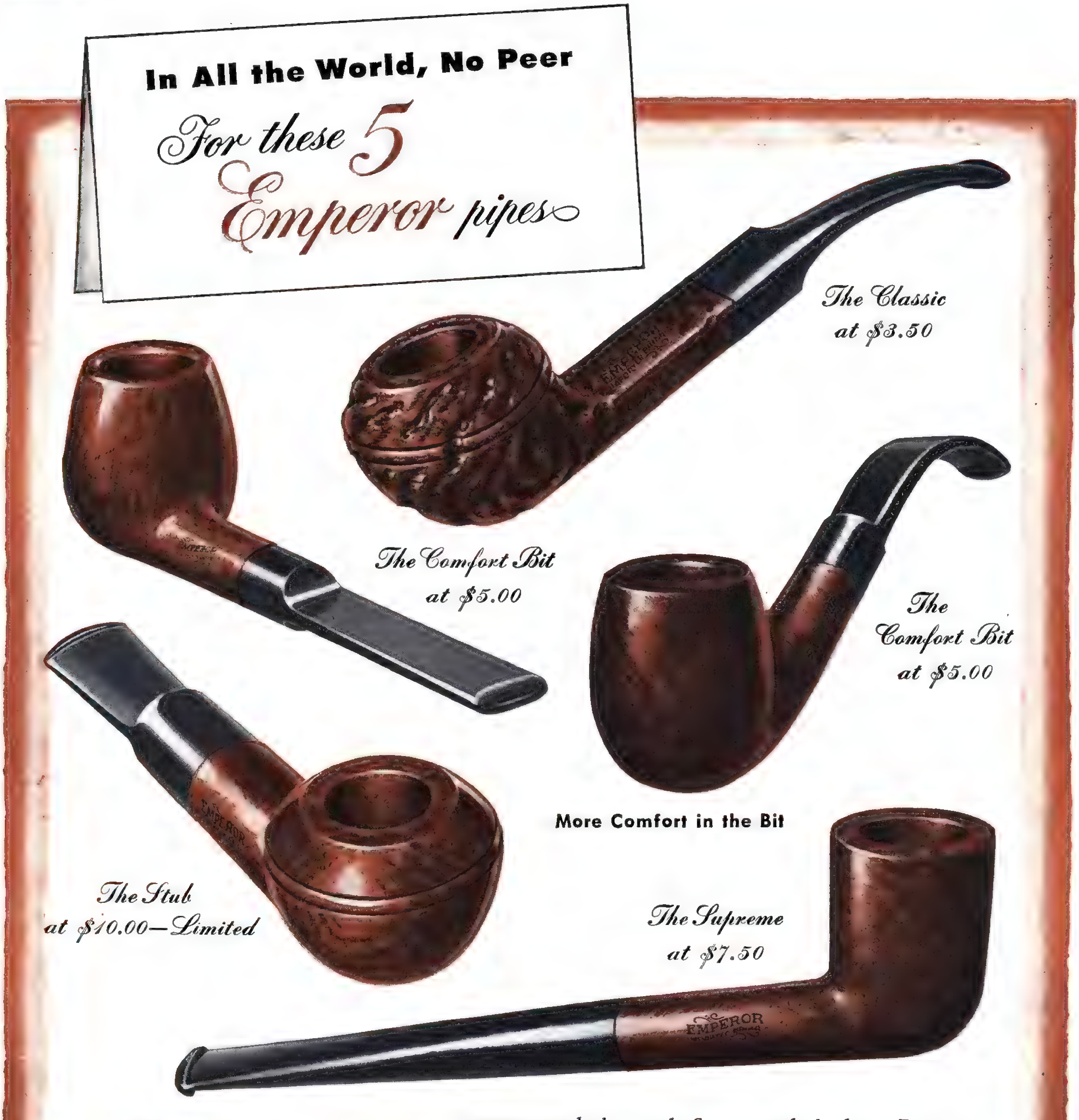
For these 5 Emperor pipes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More Comfort in the Bit
The Stub
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STRENGTH that's rugged. Symmetry that's classic. Rare beauty that's the heritage of costly imported briar. Look for these qualities in your Emperor Pipe.

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Yes, your Emperor is a pipe you can discuss confidently with any pipe lover. In all the world—it has no peer!

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KEEP IN FORM—CUT YOUR SCORE—THRILLS GALORE!

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Range, 3 balls, target, instructions. No C.O.D.'s Express charges collect.

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Enables you to retrieve balls 9 to 10 ft. from shore of water hazards. Pays for itself on first few balls saved. Light and easy to carry in golf bag. Rustproof rod 3 ft. long with cup on end extends to 6 ft. Sure to please lifetime gift. **$3.95** No C. O. D's. *plus 25¢ delivery*

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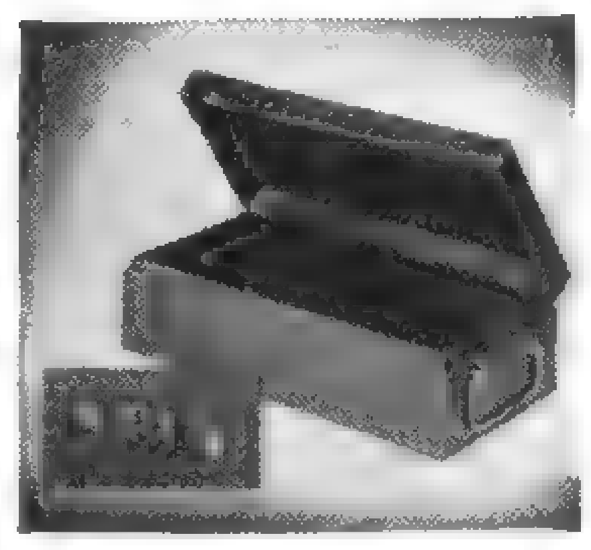
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

PENTHOUSE GIFT SHOP
83-02 Talbot St., Kew Gardens 15, N. Y.

DELIGHT YOUR GUESTS AMUSE THE CHILDREN

Exciting rainbow flames sparkle in your fireplace. One Fiske Colordisc on a burning log lasts an hour or more. Intriguing birch log package of 12 Discs, $1; larger size, 24 Discs, $1.50 Postpaid. No C.O.D.

STEEL SAFETY BOX

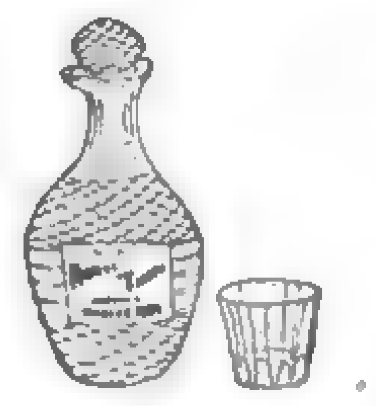


Keep bonds, all valuable papers safe in one place. Sturdy, fire-resistant box of sheet steel. No key to lose! Secured by Corbin-Sesamee threenumbercombination lock. Size: 11½"x5½"x3½". In Cadet Blue or Grey (give choice). Postpaid $3.75. 25c extra west of Denver. No C.O.D.

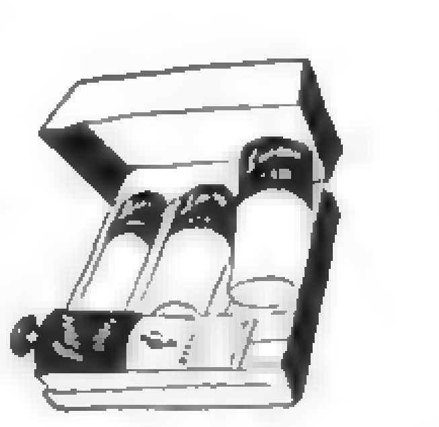
MADISON HOUSE, INC.
8 Liberty Street Madison, Conn.

Talking Shop with Esquire

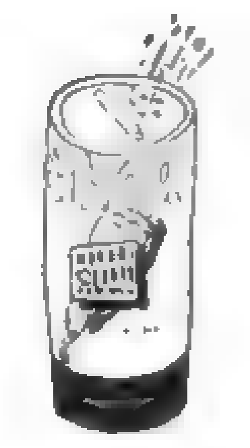
JUST AN OLD FASHIONED LANTERN but brother, what bright cheer it contains. Underneath the prim exterior, there's a bottle of famous bonded bourbon. The same distiller puts out several other good Christmas packages. There's the good old pottery jug filled with seven-year-old bourbon. Or the decanter which looks like honest-to-goodness cut glass, with a hollow glass top that doubles as a jigger. Filled with bourbon, of course.



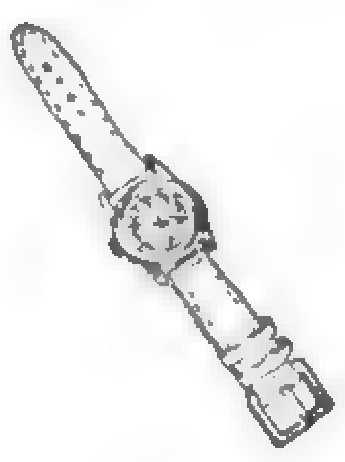
TOILETRIES IN AN UNBREAKABLE BOX. A Royal Scot set of shaving lotion, talc, hairdressing and brushless shave cream packaged in a duralite box that can't break no matter how big a bounce or banging you give it. Another welcome toiletry gift, a 16-oz. bottle of shaving lotion . . . bottle has an imposing wooden cap, and a 3-dimensional sporting scene on the side. Whole thing is boxed in an octagonal container with flying duck motif. Then there are English lavender sets for conservatives. Traditional favorites such as the wooden shave bowl, invisible talc, tube of shaving cream, brilliantine and 3 tablets of lavender soap.



FOR ELECTRIC SHAVERS . . . there's an item which they will find extremely useful. It's a new before shave powder that should help give a closer, smoother, speedier shave. It's not just a talc, but a special formula that scientifically dries and conditions beards and allows the razor to glide over the skin eliminating razor burn. One container gives a 3 months' supply.



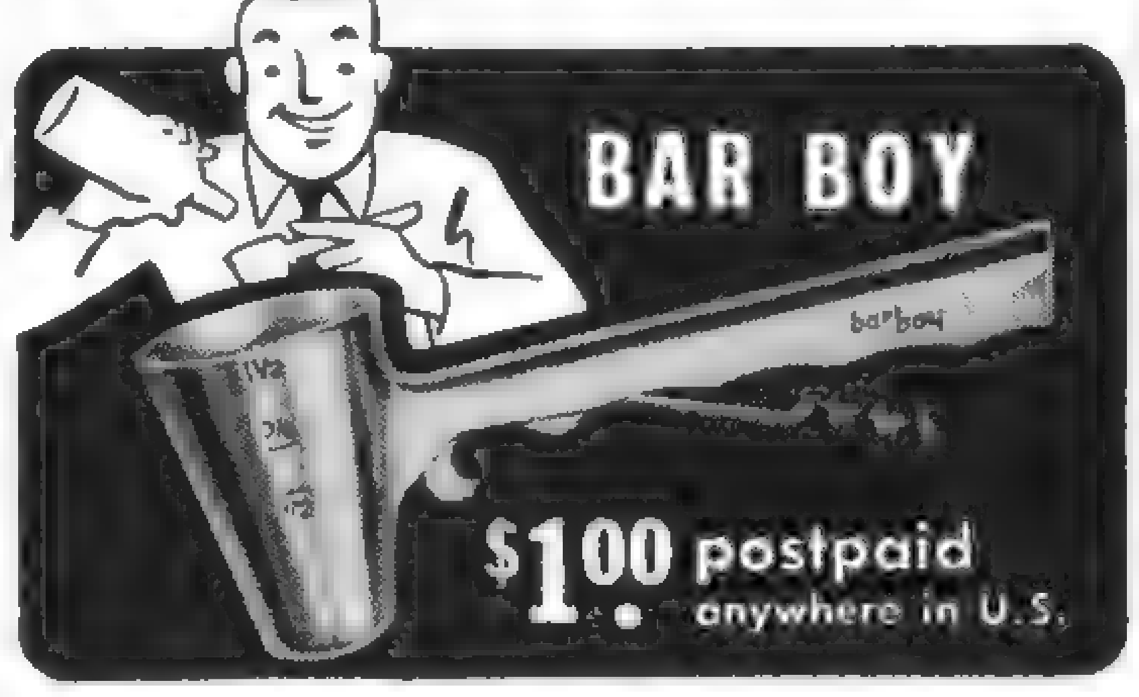
WRIST WATCH WITH AN ALARM. A gift for the busy executive who operates on a split second basis . . . a gold wrist watch which gives out with an alarm! The company worked for years to solve the problem of fitting adequate alarm mechanism into a wrist watch size. The result is excellent. A 14 kt. gold watch with dot dial or raised gold Roman numerals. The alarm is strident and penetrating. Hands and movement for both alarm and time are operated from the same crown. A tiny push button above the crown stops the alarm or permits it to ring as required. Handy little thing to break up an overly long director's meeting.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Solve Your Gift Problem



5-in-1 Bar Accessory

Measuring jigger, ice-cracker, bottle cap opener, seal cutter and folding corkscrew all in one. Every host wants a Bar-Boy. Sanitary, rust-proof, solid cast aluminum with permanent, gleaming, non-peeling, silversmith finish that doesn't taint or give metallic taste to drinks.

GIFT BOXED

You'll want several for your friends at this amazingly low price. We'll be glad to mail them individually.

Write for FREE Booklet of Gay Gifts.

DON'S AND BEN'S
HOSPITALITY SHOP
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DON'T GAMBLE! WIN! KNOW ODDS Gin Rummy, Dice, Poker, Pinochle, '21' Bridge and **RACES**

SCIENTIFIC WAY TO PLAY AND WIN
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

The ONLY compilation of it's kind—The 'completest' book on winning odds or money back in full. At bookshop, newsstands, stationery shops —or—pin $1 bill to this ad and mail to publisher

UNITED BOOKS, 133 W. 3rd St., N.Y.C. 12

"PINKY"

. . . the pixilated pachyderm

A delightful gift mascot. The thirstiest, funniest pink elephant you've ever known. Hilariously designed in Hollywood by a famous animator. Beautifully molded and glazed by Chucklecraft. Scratch-pruf bottom. A guaranteed gloom-chaser for home bar, desk or playroom. Better order a couple . . . you'll want one for yourself.

Postpaid in attractive gift box complete with shot glass . . . $4

Humor House 9001-A GRANT AVE., BROOKFIELD, ILL.

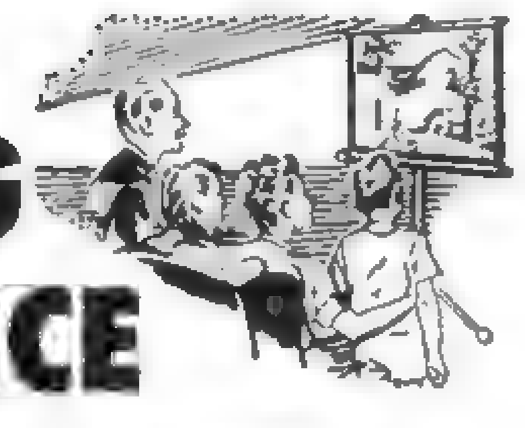
CUSTOM SALON ENLARGING

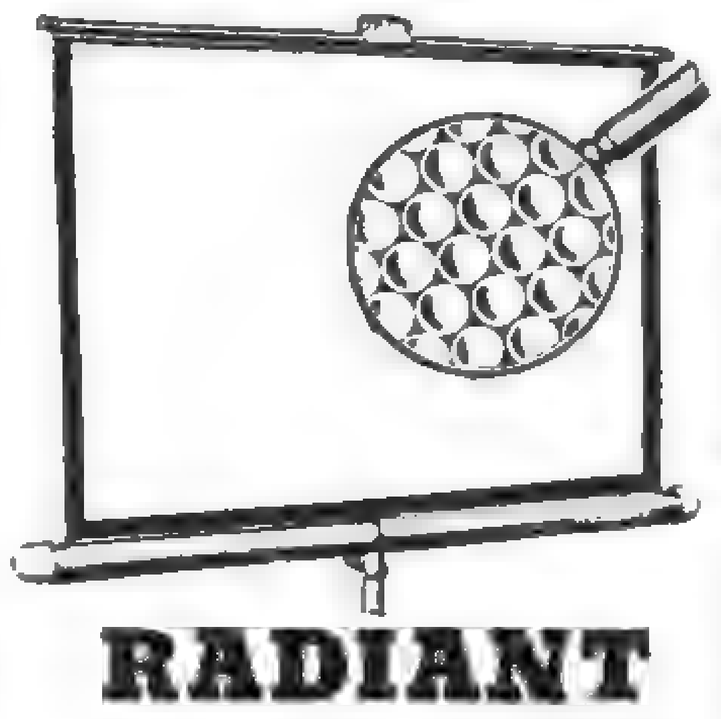
Send your own favorite negative to the laboratories of a famous portrait photographer for fine prints individually made by hand and tested—Handsomely mounted.

Prices, $1.50, 5x7—$2, 8x10—$3, 11x14
Your check plus 35c cents postage should accompany your order.

MERRILL CHASE PALMER HOUSE CHICAGO, ILL.

see the AMAZING DIFFERENCE in all your pictures





Magnified view of Radiant's "Hyflect" screen surface . . . millions of glass beads imbedded in pure white plastic—each one reflecting light instead of absorbing it.

RADIANT
PROJECTION SCREENS

The new 1948 Radiant Projection Screens bring you more brilliant, sharper, pictures . . . rich, natural beauty in both black-and-white and color projection. Easily set up, with the screen *flowing smoothly* into position . . . remarkable adaptability to varying projection conditions . . . sturdy, trouble-free dependability—all bring new enjoyment to picture projection. These new Radiant Screens *bring out the best in any pictures!*

EXCLUSIVE RADIANT FEATURES include: Automatic Leg Opening (Pat. Pend.), Screen Leveller (Pat. Pend.), Double-Action Auto-Lock (Pat. Pend.), as well as many other improvements that make for better projection results.

Write For *FREE* Screen Guide

"Secrets of Good Projection," a 32-page booklet, gives proper screen sizes, correct projection lenses, tips for improving projection, many other valuable facts. Send for your FREE copy and circular showing complete line of Radiant Screens.

SECRETS OF GOOD PROJECTION

RADIANT MANUFACTURING CORP.
1295 S. TALMAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 8, ILLINOIS

MARK EVERYTHING WITH

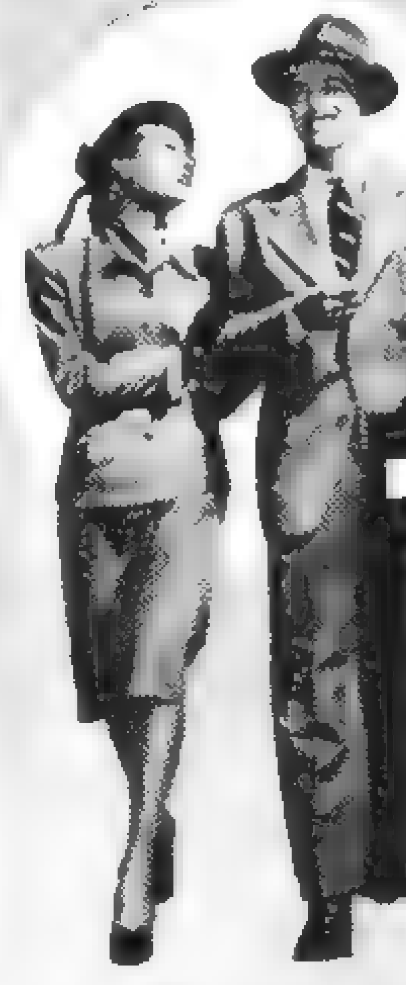
12 DOZ. $3.50 **Cash's** 6 DOZ. $2.40

WOVEN NAME TAPES
Order from your dealer, or write
CASH'S, South Norwalk 2, Conn.

PERSONALIZED

A GIFT YOUR FAMILY OR FRIENDS WILL APPRECIATE

Your name printed on hardwood shoulder shape hanger finished with multi coats of high gloss clear lacquer (varnish). Set of 20 19 in. oversized for larger men $12.00. Set of 20 17 in. medium men's, boy's & ladie's $9.00. Postpaid. Send check or money order. ; No COD PACIFIC COAT HANGER MFG. CO. 610 Avalon Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif or Savanah, Ga. Mfgrs of all types wooden hangers



HOW TO BE TALLER

The very *instant* you step into a pair of **"ELEVATORS"** you are **TALLER.** Yes, the height you've always dreamed about is yours the minute you put on a pair of these amazing Height-Increasing Shoes. *Instantly* you rise in everybody's estimation. *Instantly* you tower over people. *Instantly* you make your TALLEST wish come true.

ELEVATORS*
TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
*TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Styles for **Dress, Street, Sportswear.**

STONE-TARLOW CO., Inc. Dept. E12 Brockton 68, Mass.
Please send me Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer.

NAME________________
(Please Print)
ADDRESS________________
CITY____________STATE________

The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS"
Manufactured Exclusively by Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.

ARROW
MADE IN U.S.A.
2
MOORESVILLE

The Gift that's True to its colors

This Mooresville Fabric is completely washable

Keep your giving on the bright side—and have it *stay* that way. This rich spun rayon by Mooresville, for instance, is yarn dyed with vat colors. It can be washed and washed without the slightest fading. And it won't shrink or stretch more than 2%.

This typical Mooresville fabric is *Pattercheck*, woven especially for *Arrow Sport Shirts*. Look for it . . . at better stores everywhere.

MOORESVILLE
WASHABLE SHIRTINGS

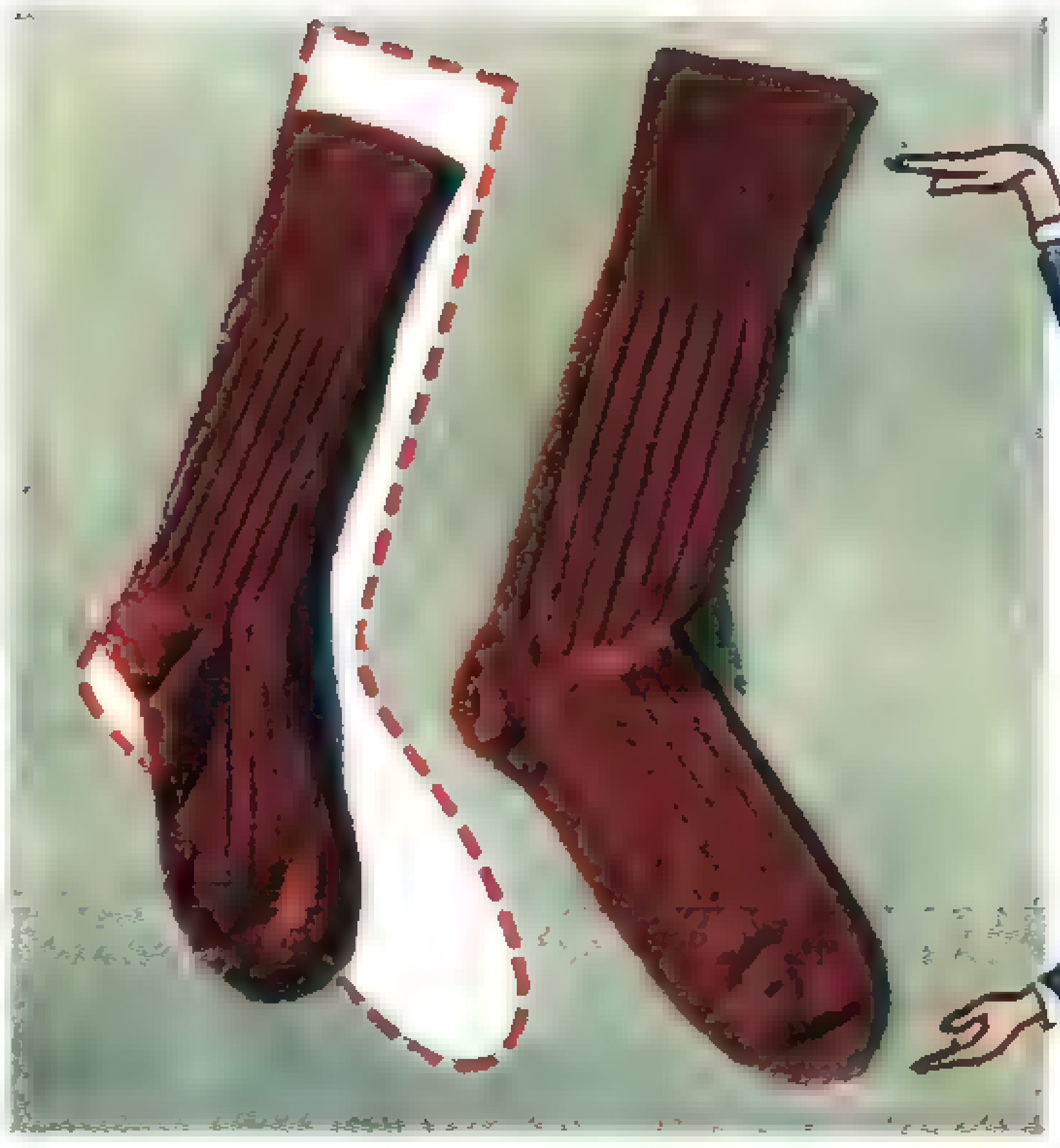
PHOTO BY IVES COLOR

Introducing Sarfert socks

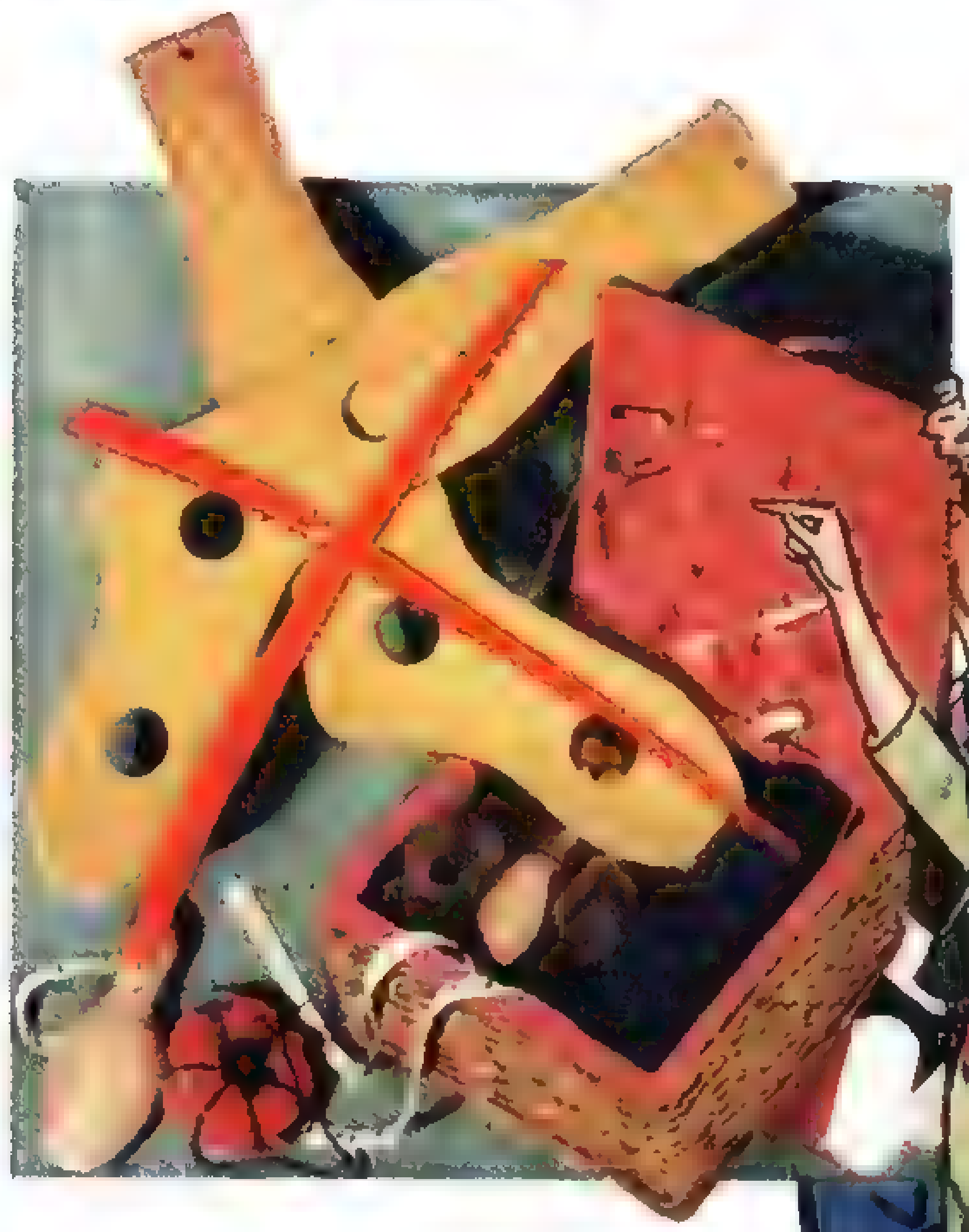
—PURE WOOL SOCKS THAT WILL NOT SHRINK BELOW THEIR KNITTED SIZE!

THESE AMAZING NEW SOCKS ARE KNIT ENTIRELY FROM WOOL PROCESSED BY

Kroy...



Both these socks were washed 2 full hours. Here an actual photograph shows the remarkable difference between an ordinary wool sock (left) and the Sarfert Sock made from Kroy-treated wool (right) *after identical washing.*



Throw away those annoying sock-stretchers—just wash Sarfert Socks in the usual way. They'll not only keep their knitted size after many washings, but they'll wear longer and stay soft and pliant as when new.

If you're in the habit of buying the best, you may already have worn Sarfert Socks. For years Sarfert has been making the finest of wool socks for the private labels of leading men's shops and department stores.

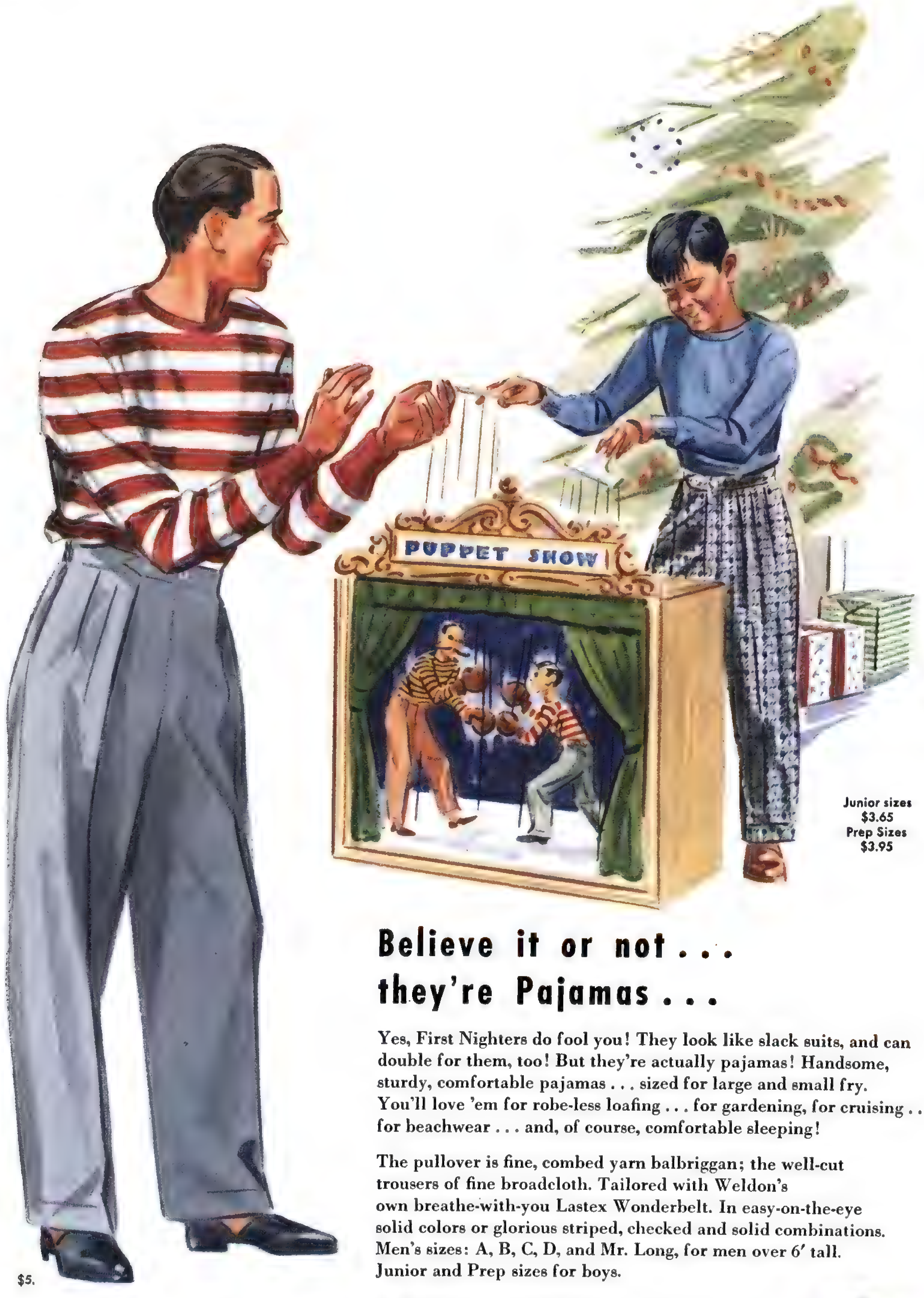
But never before have you known wool socks like these! These Sarfert 6 x 3 ribbed socks will continue to fit even after repeated washings. For they are made from wool processed by KROY*... an amazing new process that takes the shrink out of wool before the wool is spun into yarn. Next time, ask for Sarfert wool socks *with the "KROY" service mark* on the foot.

* SERVICE MARK

SLACK LENGTH
$1.25
LONG SOCK
$1.50
WITH CLOCKS
$2.00
SIZES 10 TO 13

Sarfert
Socks

SARFERT HOSIERY MILLS INC., 358 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.



Junior sizes
$3.65
Prep Sizes
$3.95

$5.

Believe it or not . . .
they're Pajamas . . .

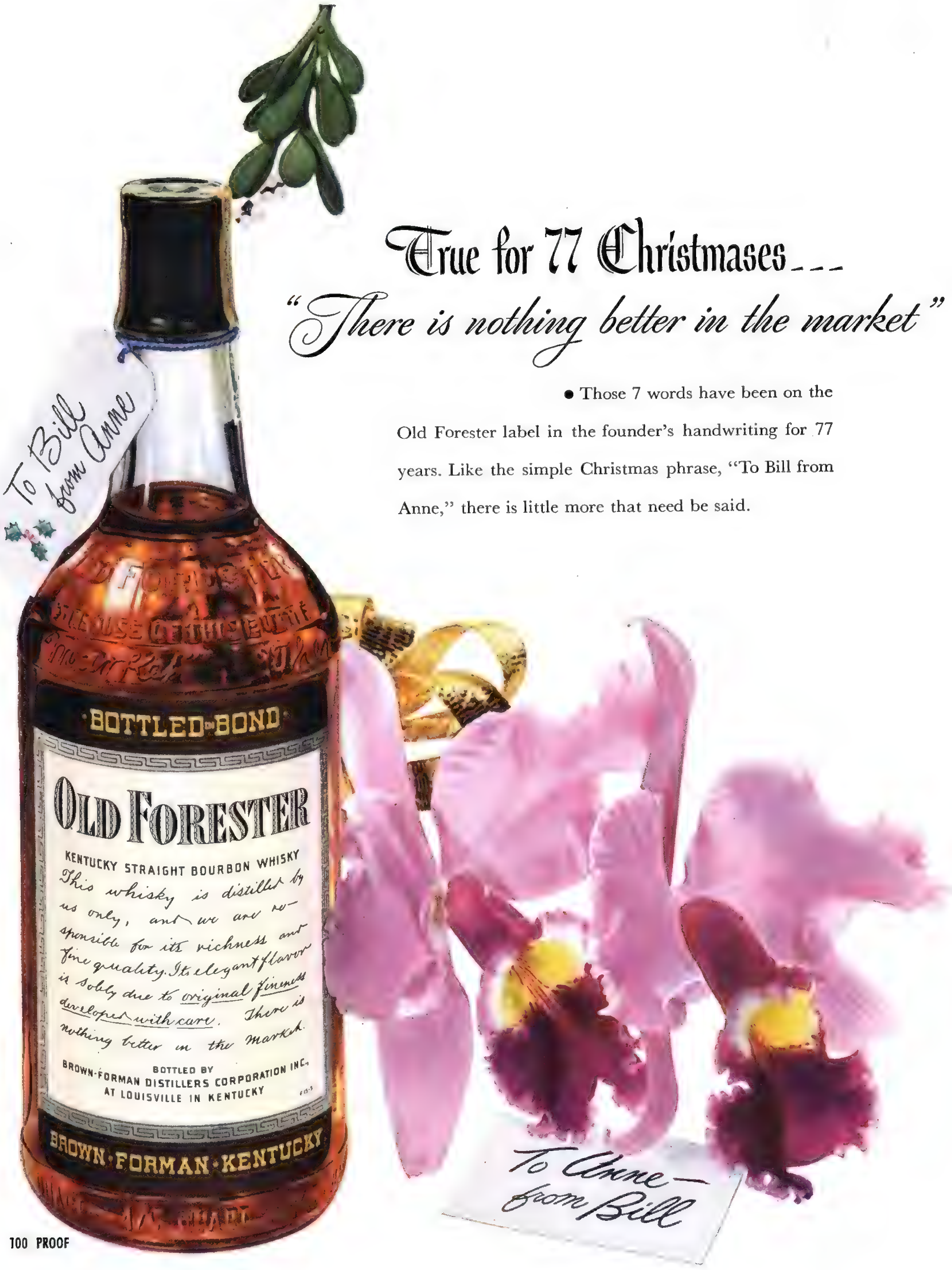
Yes, First Nighters do fool you! They look like slack suits, and can double for them, too! But they're actually pajamas! Handsome, sturdy, comfortable pajamas . . . sized for large and small fry. You'll love 'em for robe-less loafing . . . for gardening, for cruising . . . for beachwear . . . and, of course, comfortable sleeping!

The pullover is fine, combed yarn balbriggan; the well-cut trousers of fine broadcloth. Tailored with Weldon's own breathe-with-you Lastex Wonderbelt. In easy-on-the-eye solid colors or glorious striped, checked and solid combinations. Men's sizes: A, B, C, D, and Mr. Long, for men over 6′ tall. Junior and Prep sizes for boys.

At fine stores everywhere, or write for nearest dealer.
Weldon Pajamas, 1270 Broadway, New York 1

Individually
packed in
handsome gift box

First Nighter
by WELDON


To Bill from Anne
OLD FORESTER
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY
To Anne — from Bill
100 PROOF

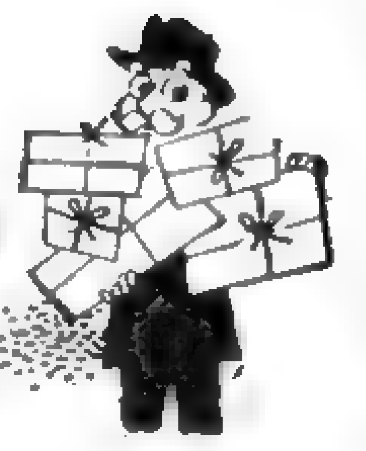
True for 77 Christmases...

"There is nothing better in the market"

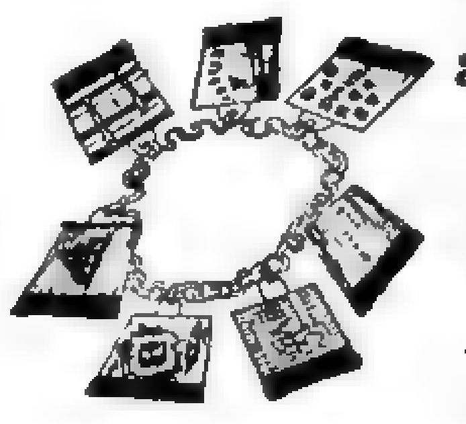
● Those 7 words have been on the Old Forester label in the founder's handwriting for 77 years. Like the simple Christmas phrase, "To Bill from Anne," there is little more that need be said.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, INCORPORATED, AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

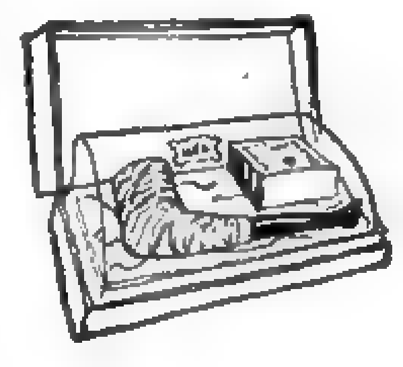
Talking Shop with Esquire



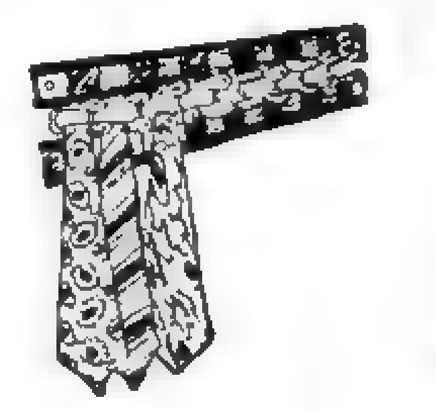
PIXIE PLATTER for teenagers. Miss Seventeen wears a bracelet which is decorated with perfect miniature phonograph albums of popular recordings . . . all in full color, and exact replicas of regular albums. There's a new game revolving around the Pixie platters. The boy drops a nickel in the juke box. If he comes up with the tune that's represented on his gal's bracelet, he claims her for a dance.



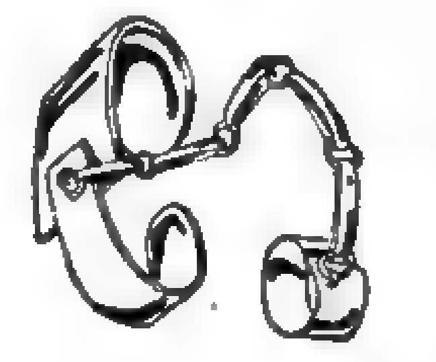
DELUXE FILTER PIPE. A pipe with a box of five exchangeable filters. The gold dot pipe is a beauty, made with an imported briar bowl, 14 kt. gold band. Pipe nests elegantly in a blue velvet lined presentation box under a plastic cover.



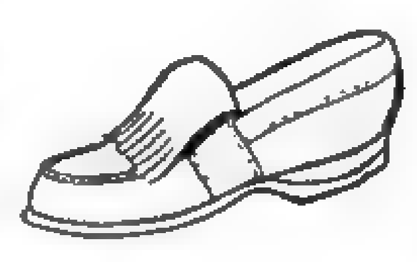
NATIVE AMERICAN TIMBERS. A tie rack is constructed from 15 native American woods . . . a timber from every far flung corner of the country. Woods are finely inlaid and hand laminated into top and bottom bars. In between the bars there are 72 prongs, each gripping an individual tie. The sets of prongs move individually so that any one tie can be selected without disturbing the others. Racks will fit any sized door. A man with a vast wardrobe of ties will be able to make selection with speed and dispatch.



STERLING SILVER shapes itself into the unusual. If she's the romantic type, fond of Knights and medieval lore, give her a hand wrought falcon bracelet. Its a simple finger ring joined by a chain to a bracelet, inspired by the ring which went about the falcon's leg and the chain which tethered him to the falconer's wrist! Unusual, too, is a hand made silver brooch wrought like a fencing foil. Strictly a gag item . . . a "funny face" ring, or a bracelet with two comic face charms, grinning or grimacing. Seems that Ingrid Bergman selected these when in New York.



SATIN MOCCASINS FOR THE BOUDOIR. For years, now, the distaff side has been clinging to moccasins. Now an enterprising concern has brought the moccasin fashion *indoors*, translated into feminine, shimmering satin in pale blue, pink or cherry. Cute as punch and elegant with N. and N. (negligees and nighties, of course). Then for lounging pajamas or after ski wear, the same firm puts out the moccasin, this time in a bright colored felt comfy slipper. The ghillie, complete with fringed front tab, comes in bright red, royal blue and sand color. Yours for a fiver.



Ranger

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Givehim Antsy Pants*

he'll rant and dance with big red ants . . . printed on durable white cotton men's boxer shorts . . . Sizes 28 to 42. 2.50

Gift wrapped and mailed anywhere.

Goldwaters
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

* trademark registered

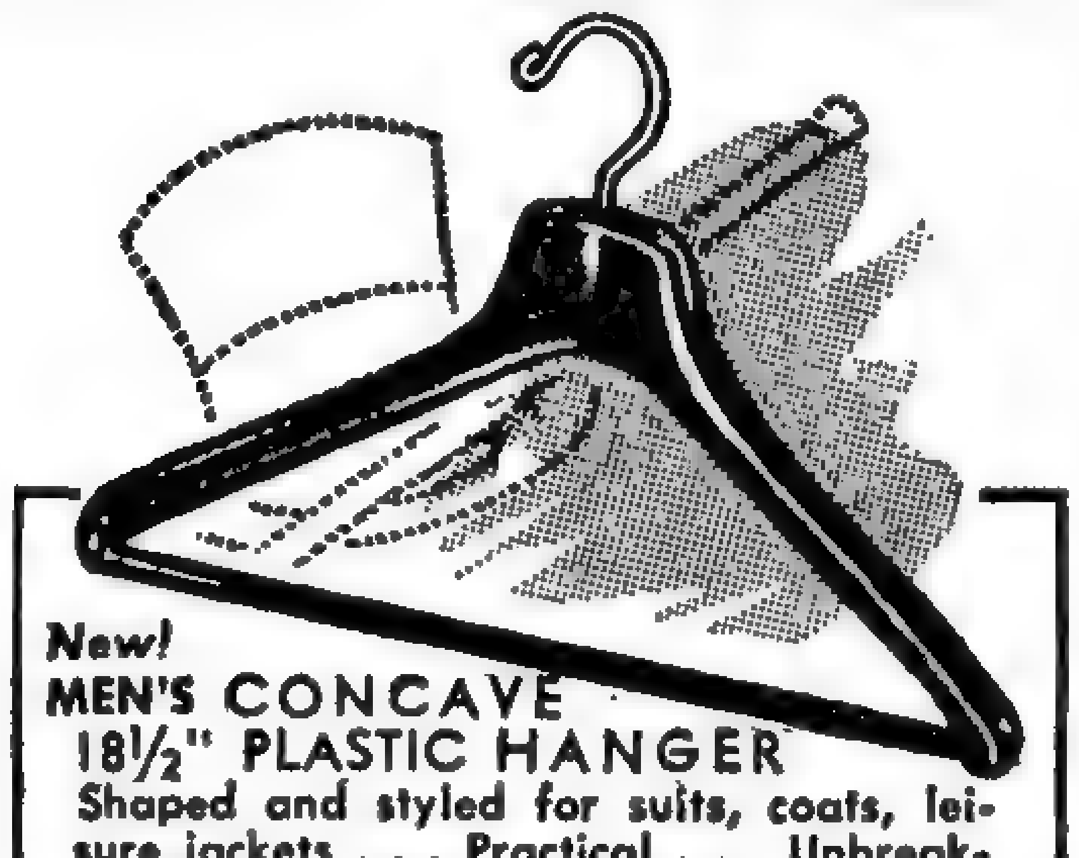
Give Me My Boots and Saddle

Do you long for life on a Western Ranch—Riding the Range—Branding Cattle—the smell of Java brewing over a cowboys' campfire? Our He-Man size authentic Ranch Brand cup will set you dreaming over your morning coffee till you can "hit the trail again".

Heavy weight china 10 oz. cup and saucer . $2.75 ea.
Heavy weight dinner plate 10¾ in diam. . . $2.75 ea.

SPECIAL OFFER: Starter set—4 cups and saucers, 4 plates $19.95, freight collect. Add 2% sales tax in California. Ranch Brand dinnerware also available in platters, bowls, salt and peppers etc. Order from

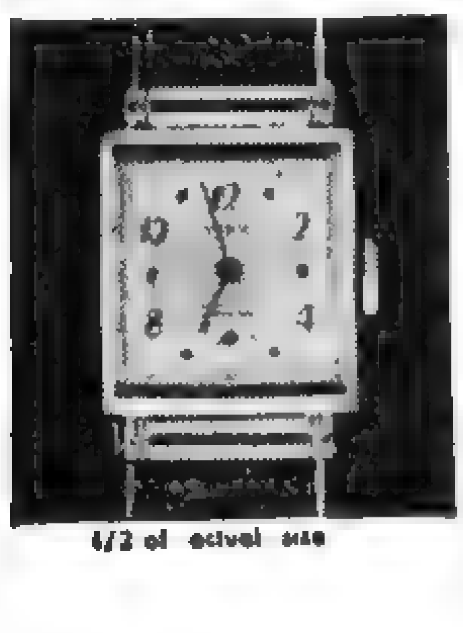
SANTA ANITA CORRAL
Box 756 Arcadia, California



New!
MEN'S CONCAVE
18½" PLASTIC HANGER
Shaped and styled for suits, coats, leisure jackets . . . Practical . . . Unbreakable! . . . Special concave construction
"Shaped like a man's shoulders"
Full trouser bar prevents creasing . . .
Anchored revolving plated hook.

MEN'S Rainbow PLASTIC HANGERS

Crystal, amber onyx, sapphire, green.
$1.25 each. Set of 12 . . . $12.00
Post.Ppd.Send check or money order.No C.O.D.
Gift packed 6 to box.
RAINBOW PLASTIC HANGER SALES CO.
205 West 34th St., New York 1, Dept. E.



1/2 of actual size

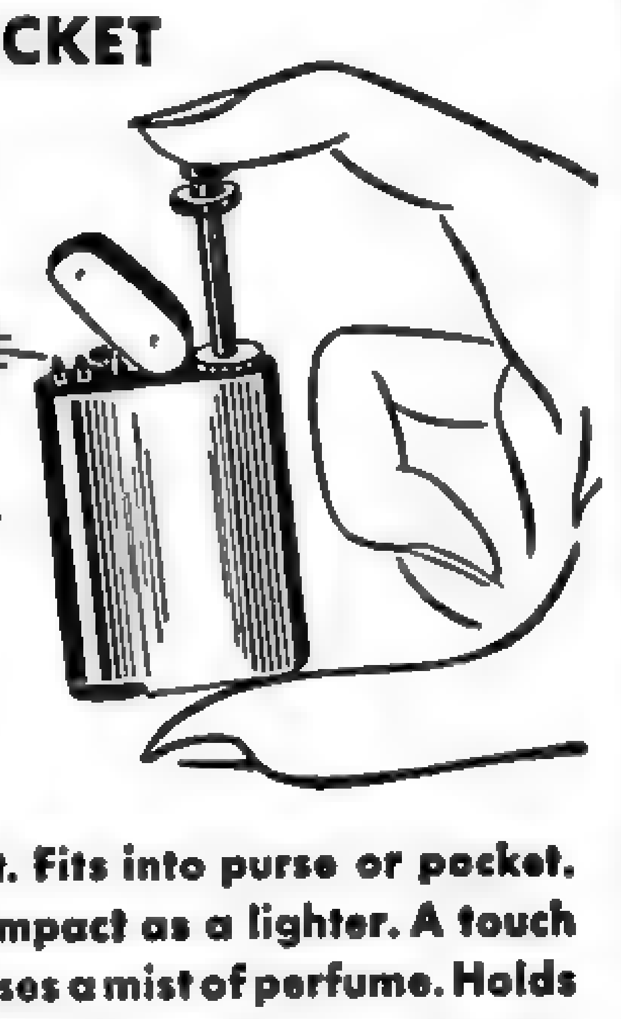
GIVE A FINE WATCH!

Wonderful buy on 17 jewel men's handsome dress watch. 10K gold pl., with stainless steel back. 1-year written guarantee. Money back if not satisfied. Free booklet on request

$18⁷⁵ including all taxes, postage & C.O.D. charges

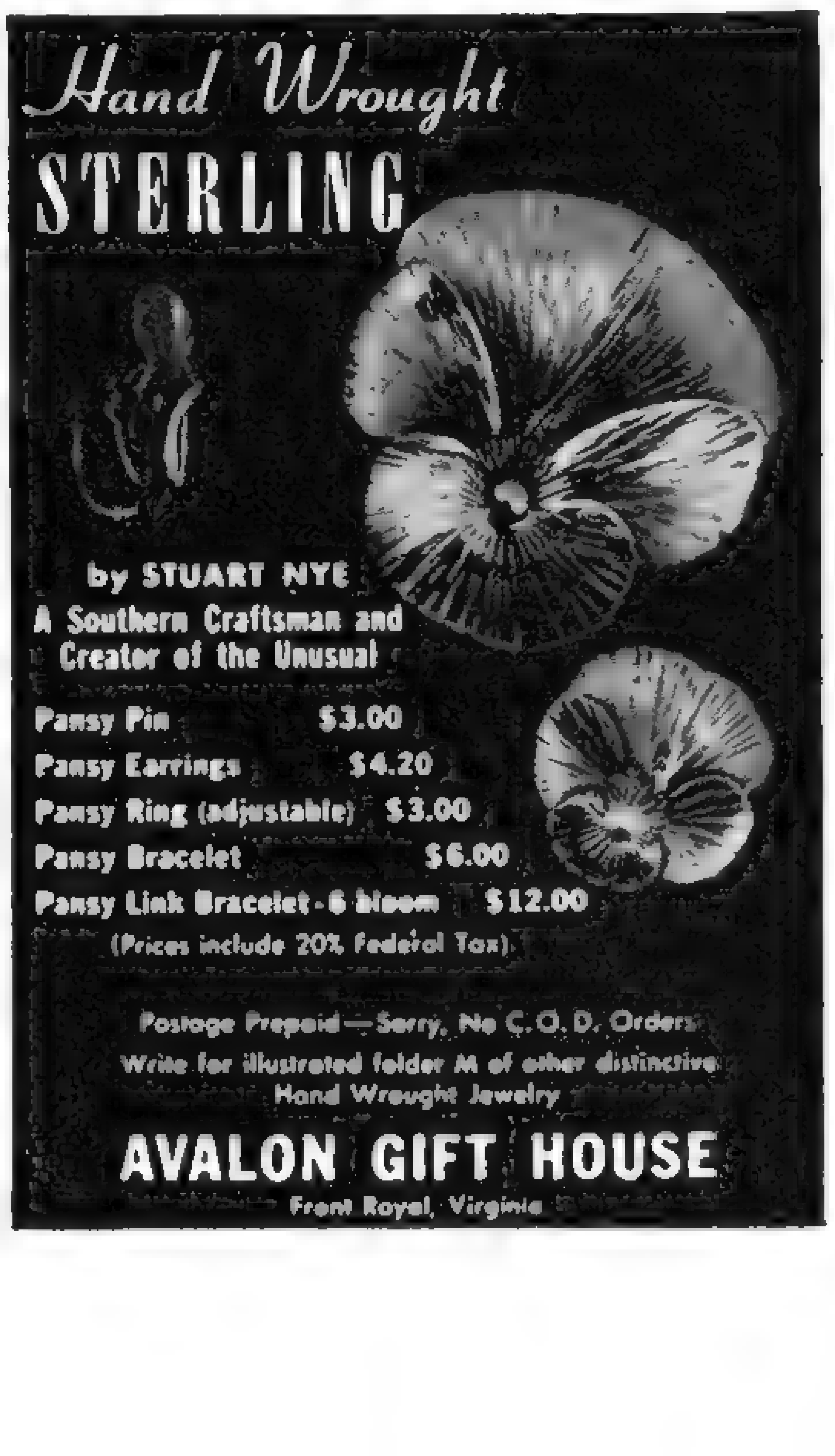
HONORA WATCH IMPORTERS
846 S. Cloverdale • Los Angeles 36, Calif.

GIVE PERFUM-ATIC
THE NEW POCKET
Perfume
Atomizer
THIS CHRISTMAS
$3.95
Non-Taxed
Monogrammed
at 25c per letter!



Ideal Christmas gift. Fits into purse or pocket. Featherlight and compact as a lighter. A touch of your finger releases a mist of perfume. Holds one dram . . . no evaporation . . . leakproof . . . no re-filling for many weeks. Choice of 5 colors which will NOT fade, chip or crack . . . gold, silver, blue, green or red. Packed in gift box. Mail your order today . . . We ship postpaid.

J. J. ABUSCH
291 BROADWAY Dept. E NEW YORK 7, N.Y.



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STERLING
by STUART NYE
A Southern Craftsman and Creator of the Unusual

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Pansy Earrings	$4.20
Pansy Ring (adjustable)	$3.00
Pansy Bracelet	$6.00
Pansy Link Bracelet-6 bloom	$12.00

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In your own home, alone or in a group, you can now learn to speak
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You learn the new language by listening to voices of native teachers. It is amazingly simple; thousands have succeeded. Educators hail Linguaphone as a notable advance in simplifying the mastery of languages. That is why so many Linguaphone Sets are used in schools, colleges, universities, as an aid to *fluent* speaking.

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MEN . . . who like useful gifts, will be glad, for Shinemaster holds shoes for easy shining. The holder slides into a conveniently placed wall bradket, rubber-lined clamps adjust by means of a spring to any size shoe, and holds it firmly in place. The shoe is held flat so the wrinkles smooth out for a slicker shine. Shinemaster, with wall bracket, is **$2.89** PPD.

ROGER H. DAVID, INC.
Dept.3, 636 Rossmor Bldg. St. Paul 1, Minn.

Now You Can Be
TALLER
Than "SHE" Is†

You'll go up, up, up in her estimation when you're TALLER. And you can be TALLER . . . almost 2 INCHES TALLER the instant you step into a pair of "ELEVATORS." Confidentially, too, for the heels are no higher. Remember . . . ADLER makes you TALLER in

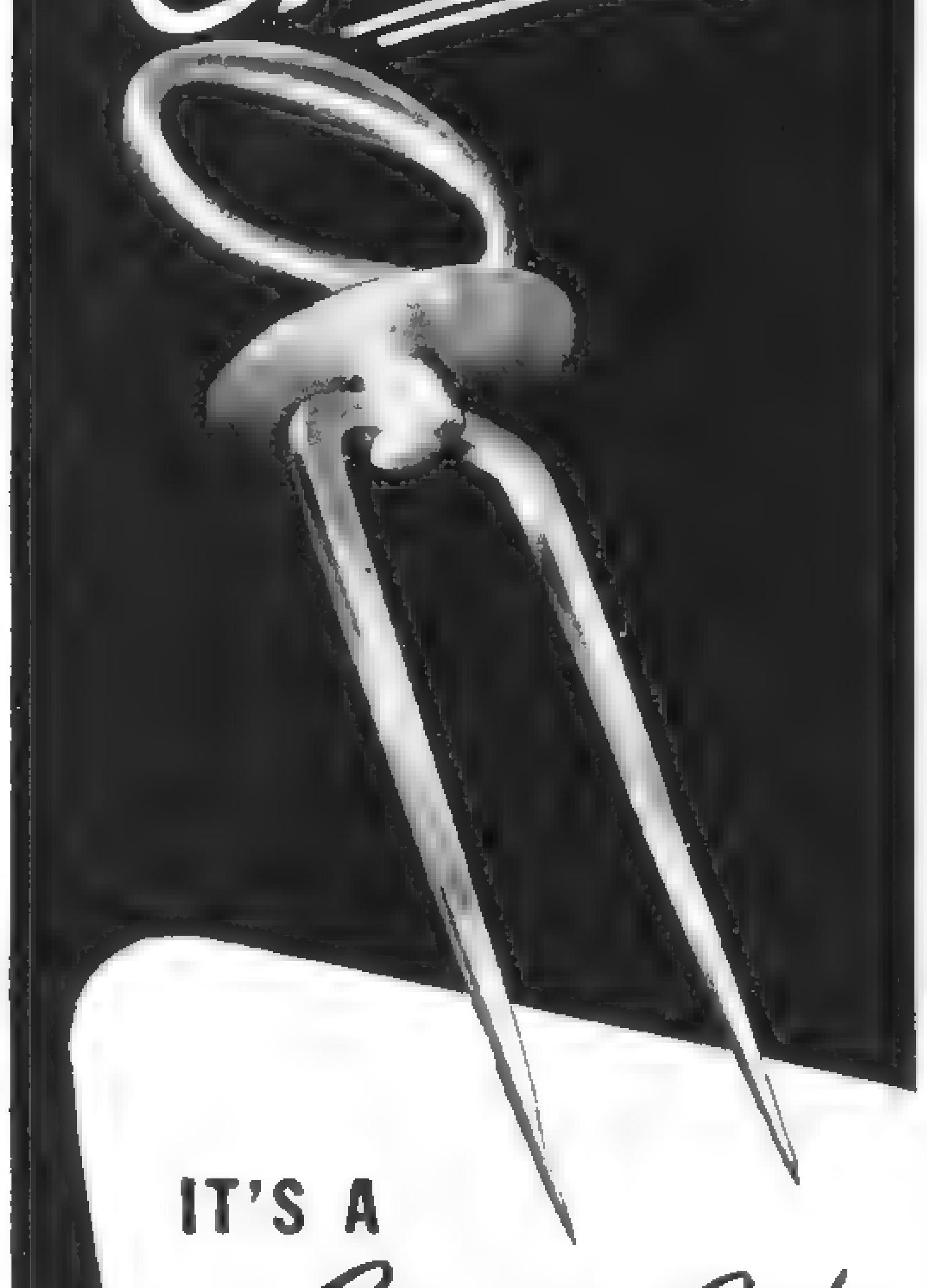
ELEVATORS*
TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
* TRADE MARK OF
STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

ADLER SHOES for MEN
AMERICA'S LARGEST DISTRIBUTORS OF "ELEVATORS"

Send for Catalog Showing Models for Street, Dress, & Sports Wear

Adler Shoes for Men (Dept. E12
249 W. 42nd St., N. Y.
Gentlemen: I'd like to be TALLER.
Send your Booklet in full color.
Name..................................
Address...............................
City.......................State..........

†Copr., 1941 Adler Sons Shoe Corp.



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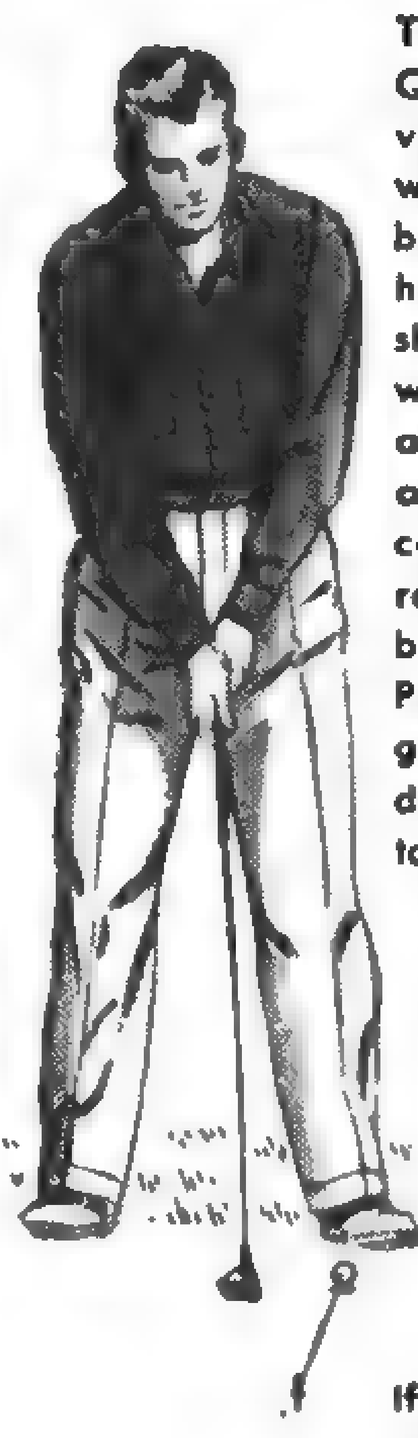
IT'S A *Great Gift* ...FINE SILVERPLATE

Delightful gift! The Gerity Carving Aid for gracious serving of fowl, roasts, ham. In perfect taste for Christmas, business associates. At leading jewelers and gift departments. Price $10.

Gerity-Michigan Die Casting Co., Adrian, Michigan.


"WARM UP" before you play GOLF with the amazing new PRAC-TEE GOLF PRACTICE TEE & BALL

The ideal golfing aid . . . QUALITY made practice device . . . sturdily constructed with genuine hard rubber ball, flexible steel cable and heavy steel cadmium plated shaft . . . that will strengthen wrists, groove the swing and improve stance, grip and follow through. Many common faults are made readily apparent and can be CORRECTED by using PRAC-TEE. It enables the golfer to keep his head down as there is no need to look up.

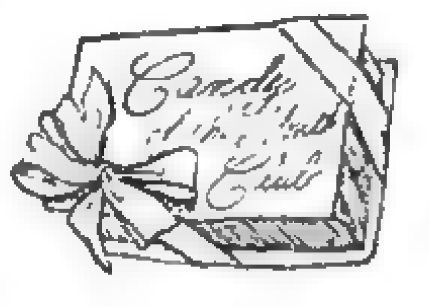
Fully guaranteed against breakage or mechanical defects. $4

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct. Ohio residents please add 12c Sales Tax.

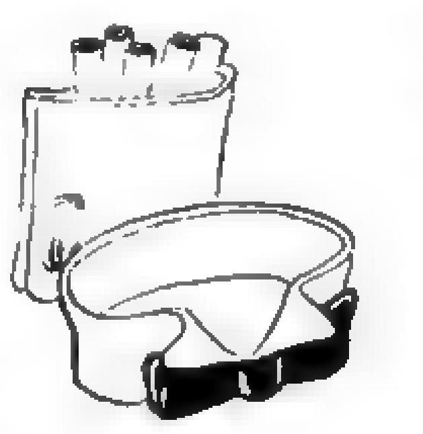
PRAC-TEE CO. INC.
10 NORTH MAIN ST.
DAYTON 2, OHIO

Talking Shop with Esquire

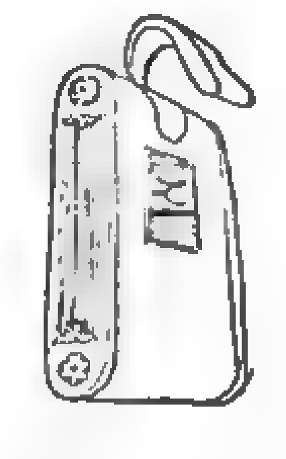
CANDY OF THE MONTH CLUB. Here's a way to say you're sweet on her for several months in a row. A candy subscription. The candies are selected by famed party giver Elsa Maxwell and represent the outstanding confections of the nation's top ranking sweet tooth caterers. The new plan gives you the choice of 3, 6 or 9 months subscription according to how much you like her. Also the privilege of choosing the date when the candies can be sent.


Candy of the Month Club

STAGE DOOR JOHNNIES . . . a unique ceramic smoking set, ash tray and cigarette holder. Cig holder is made in shape of a man's cuff, the ash tray is shaped like a man's highly starched wing collar, accented by a contrasting black bow tie done in high lustre finish.

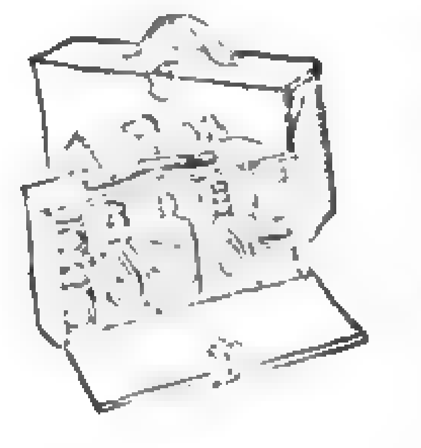


CAMERA BAG . . . a handsome carry-all which looks like a folding camera. Done in black suede with a plaque of gold metal for a monogram. Edges of the bag are done in gold or silver toned metal. Bag has a spacious interior to hold powder, mirror, cigarettes, lipstick. This is something pretty special. Comes in gold or silver kid for evening wear.

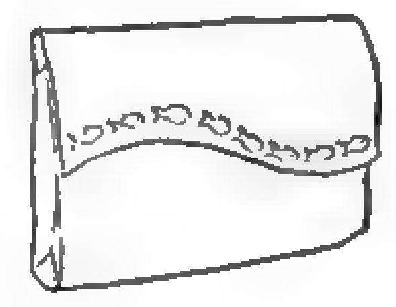


NUREMBERG LEBKUCHEN. Now you can get those dreamy *Bavarian* love cakes made in *California*. The exact same old master recipes . . . a delicious concoction of fruits, nuts and absolutely no flour! Cookies stay fresh for months. The küchen are packaged in an imported metal box which resembles a jewel chest . . . top and sides colorfully enameled in blues, reds and gold. A most delectable gift.

BARBECUE SATCHEL. For gourmets, send a neat pine satchel with leather handles. Inside its loaded with such things as garlic vinegar, mustard sauce, herbecue sauce, tomato seasoning. Or perhaps a wooden salad bowl containing a dandy salad recipe booklet, herbs, garlic vinegar, tarragon, salad herb blend, etc.



SATIN BAGS FOR COCKTAIL TIME. A huge envelope bag of black satin trimmed with a border design of eight itty bitty fishies swimming nonchalantly across the bag. Or a demure little drawstring bag of satin with jet fringe trimming . . . dainty as you please.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

VALUE-PACKED SPECIAL!
SAVE $15.75 ON EACH WATCH

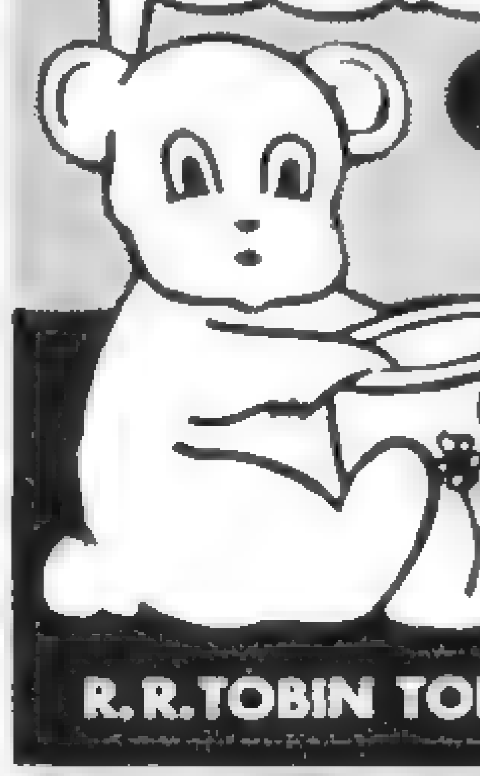
- Genuine 17-jewel Swiss movement
- 10k rolled gold plate —stainless steel back
- Raised crystal
- Shipped in luxurious gift box
- Fully guaranteed against original defects

only $24.75 each
tax included, postage prepaid

100% satisfaction or money back if returned within 10 days.

Buying *direct* from the manufacturer means a real cash saving. These handsome Lord and Lady Dale watches are precision timepieces in every sense of the word.

DALE WATCH CO.
230 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.
Please send me the Lord Dale ☐ and/or the Lady Dale ☐. Enclosed find check ☐ money order ☐. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.
NAME..........
ADDRESS..........
CITY.......... ZONE..... STATE..........


A HONEY OF A TOBACCO!
COOKIE JAR
Aromatic PIPE MIXTURE
25¢
R. R. TOBIN TOBACCO CO. DETROIT

Give Golf Aid
IDEAL GIFT FOR THE GOLFER
$4.85 PRE-PAID
GOLF Aid WILL TAKE STROKES from your game
ORDER DIRECT .. OR Write for Descriptive Folder
PATENT PENDING
GOLF Aid CO.
135 N MECHANIC STREET JACKSON, MICH.

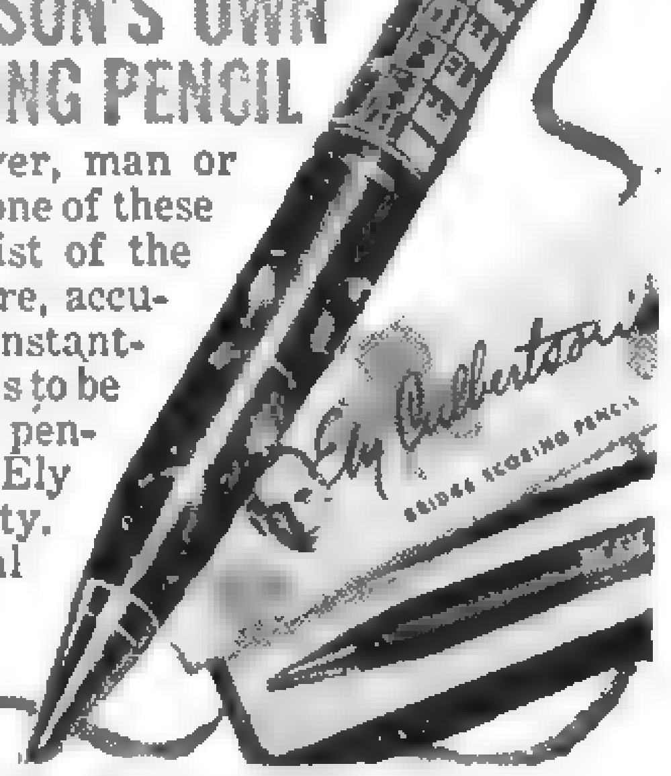
GIFTS OF THE YEAR

New KEY-CHAIN-PENCIL

Smart, trim, beautiful—a must for every woman. Ideal for motorists and shoppers. Handy key-chain for car and house keys combined with precision made all-metal collapsible mechanical pencil. Covered with fine genuine leather. Almost jewel-like in appearance. In beautiful gift box, postpaid $1.00. Gold anodized with reptile leather $2.00. Initials 25¢ extra.

CHIP-CHOP

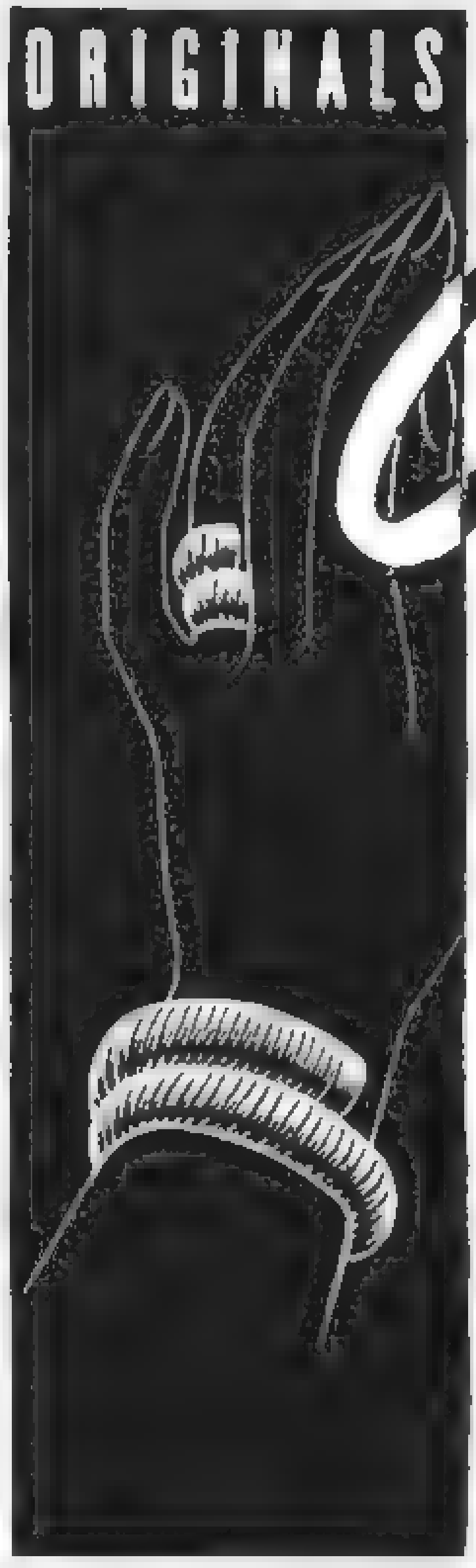
The gift no home should be without. The miracle gadget of the season. Crushes ice safely, instantly right in the glass — no fuss or bother. Ideal for frosty, festive drinks. A necessity item for every home bar. Deluxe model packaged in gift box — $1.00. Initials 25¢ extra.



ELY CULBERTSON'S OWN BRIDGE SCORING PENCIL

Every bridge player, man or woman, will want one of these magic aids. A twist of the dial shows any score, accurately and almost instantly. And the score has to be right, because this pencil says so... with Ely Culbertson authority. A super mechanical pencil value in beautiful gift box —only $1.00. Initials 25¢ extra.

FLEETWING GIFTS, DEP'T. ES-8
53 EAST 10th St., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.


ORIGINALS BY OTTO GRUN

Cobra

The Cobra Ring and Bracelet are new, they're important, massive, yet graceful. 1/20 12 kt. gold filled.

The ring—fits any finger $8.50

Matching bracelet—can also be worn as elbow or ankle bracelet $18.50

Matching earrings........$14.00

Matching Otto Grun 17-Jewel watch and bracelet..$64.50

All prices include Federal Tax

At better stores everywhere or send check or money order to

OTTO GRUN, INC.
Department 14
48 W. 48th St. New York 18, N. Y.

Personalized Signet Rings
Designed by Ralph

- For the discriminate masculine
- Custom-built to individual needs
- Choice of 2 or 3 RAISED INITIALS
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For men who desire the acme in gifts...a personalized signet ring designed by the incomparable Ralph ...for every occasion ...truly worth many times the price.

Style 400
14-Kt. Gold . . $49.00
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Sterling Silver . 14.95
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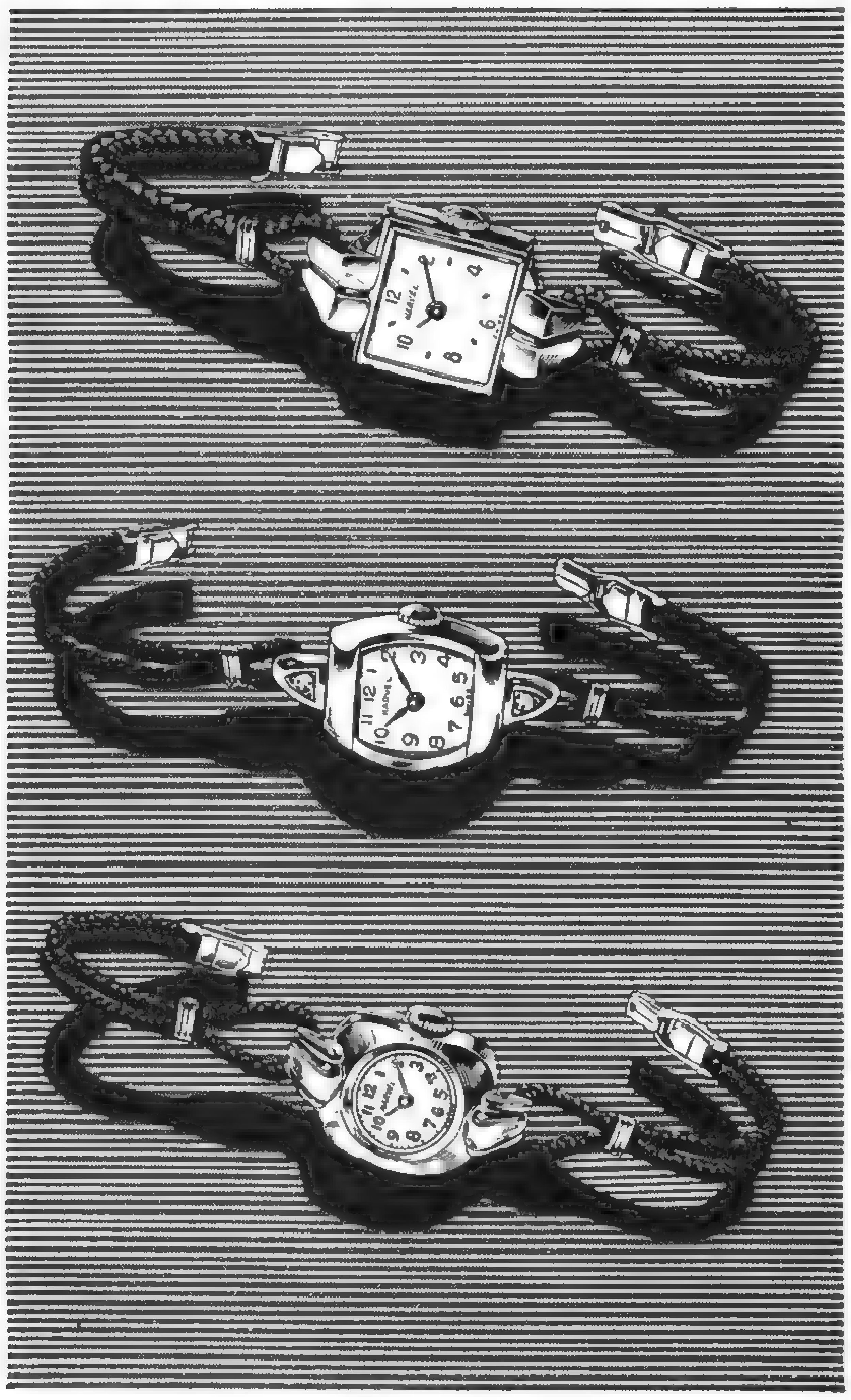
Made to order—workmanship guaranteed

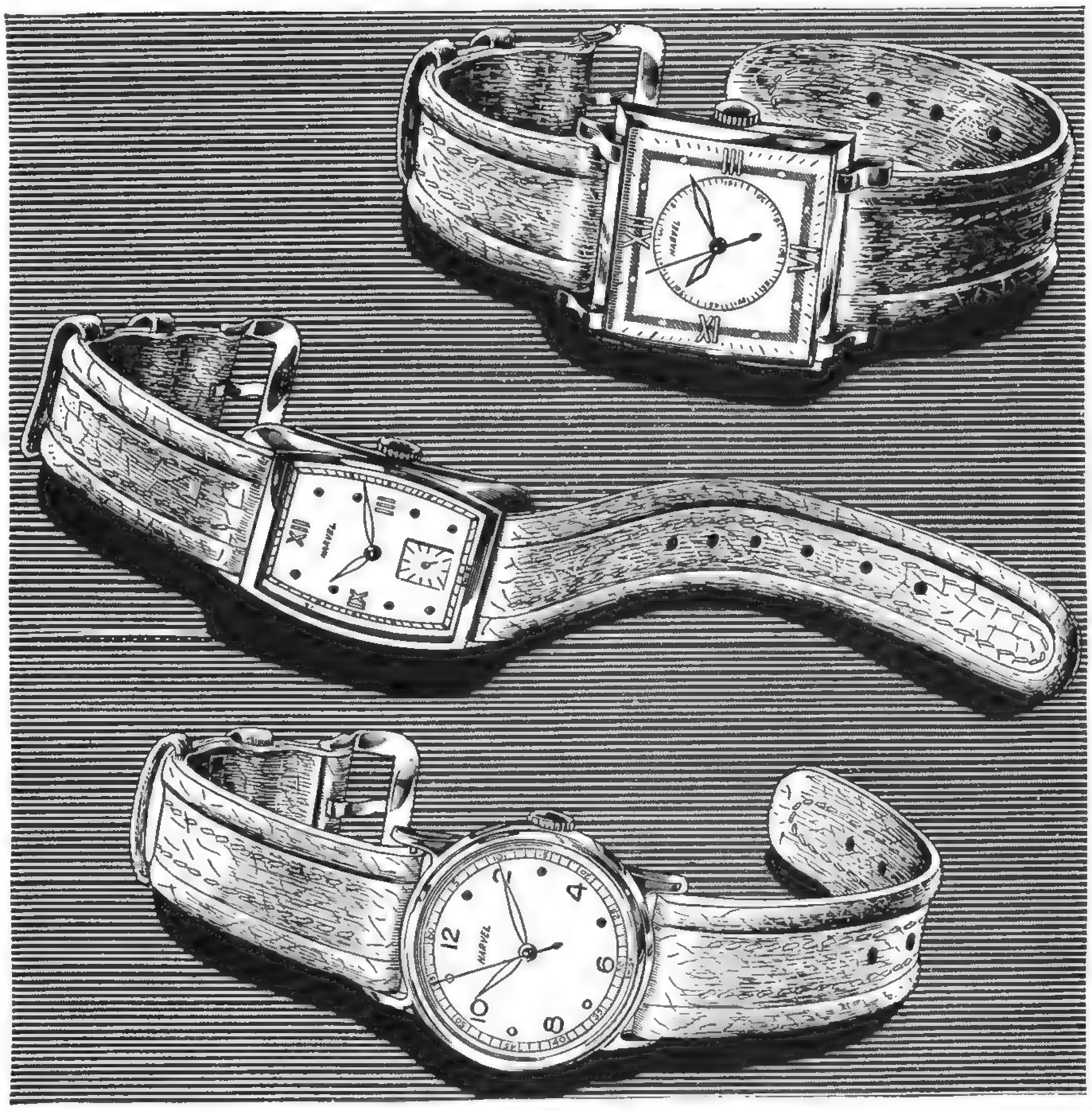
Delivery: 10 days. Print initials and advise ring size desired, 50% deposit with order—full payment saves C. O. D. charges

Personal Jewelry Company Dept.E
231 E. Ontario Street, Chicago 11, Ill.
"Creators of personal jewelry for the discriminating indivdiual

There is always a RIGHT time...

HARVEL





What better time than Christmas for a long remembered gift...

A HARVEL WATCH!

GIVE HER any one of the beautiful Harvel ladies' watches at left above...
top, the 17 jewel, 14K white or yellow gold, $65.00,
center, the 17 jewel, 14K white or yellow gold with 2 quality diamonds, $110.00, or
bottom, the 17 jewel, 14K white or yellow gold watch at $65.00.

GIVE HIM one of the handsome Harvel watches shown above...
top, the 17 jewel, sweep second, gold-filled man's watch, $47.50,
center, the 17 jewel, 14K gold, $95.00, or
bottom, the 17 jewel, sweep second, gold-filled Harvel at $47.50.

Harvel Watches are priced from $37.50 to $5,000.00.
All prices include Federal Tax.
Harvel Watches are sold exclusively by leading jewelers.

RIGHT *for accuracy*

RIGHT *for beauty*

RIGHT *for price*

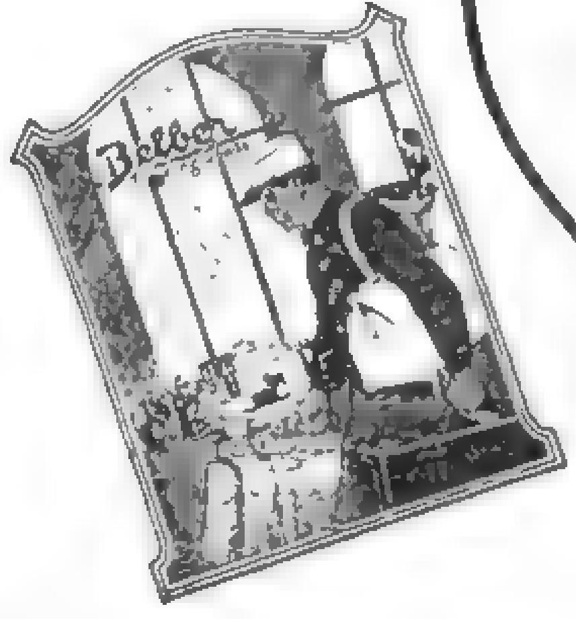
HARVEL

One of the World's Fine Watches

Write for the name of the Harvel dealer in your city, if your own jeweler cannot supply you. HARVEL WATCH COMPANY, DEPT. 112, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, N.Y. 20

A yuletide tradition since 1891

OUTWEARS TRAVEL
Belber
Luggage



he gives her

New fashioned luggage for an old fashioned Christmas.
Wardrobe and Traincase are magnificently
matched in superlative top grain cowhide.
Exclusive 'steel banded' construction provides skyscraper
strength and durability. From the distinctive
protective padded binding to the traincase mirror
and luxurious bengaline lining, elegance is queen.
She'll lose her feminine heart to this
exquisite travel ensemble—and to you.

(other matching pieces available in all materials and sizes)

she gives him

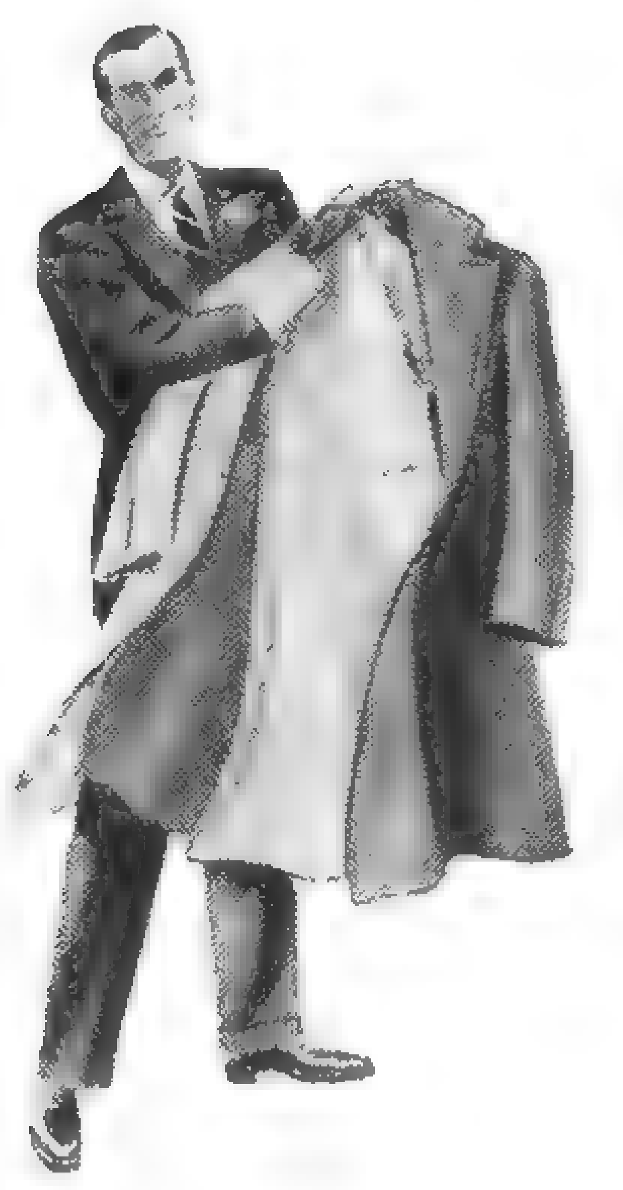
An incomparably styled matched travel-twosome.
Soft-side "Skysuiter" for a fortnight and its
weekend-edition, the "Commuter" are skillfully
crafted of rich and travel-tough genuine Carabao*
The exceptionally durable leather is finished in
distinctive Windsor grain. Rugged, functional
construction provides astonishing endurance and
capacity. He'll travel with pride... with Belber.

*EAST INDIA WATER BUFFALO
(also available in smooth cowhide)

DEALERS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

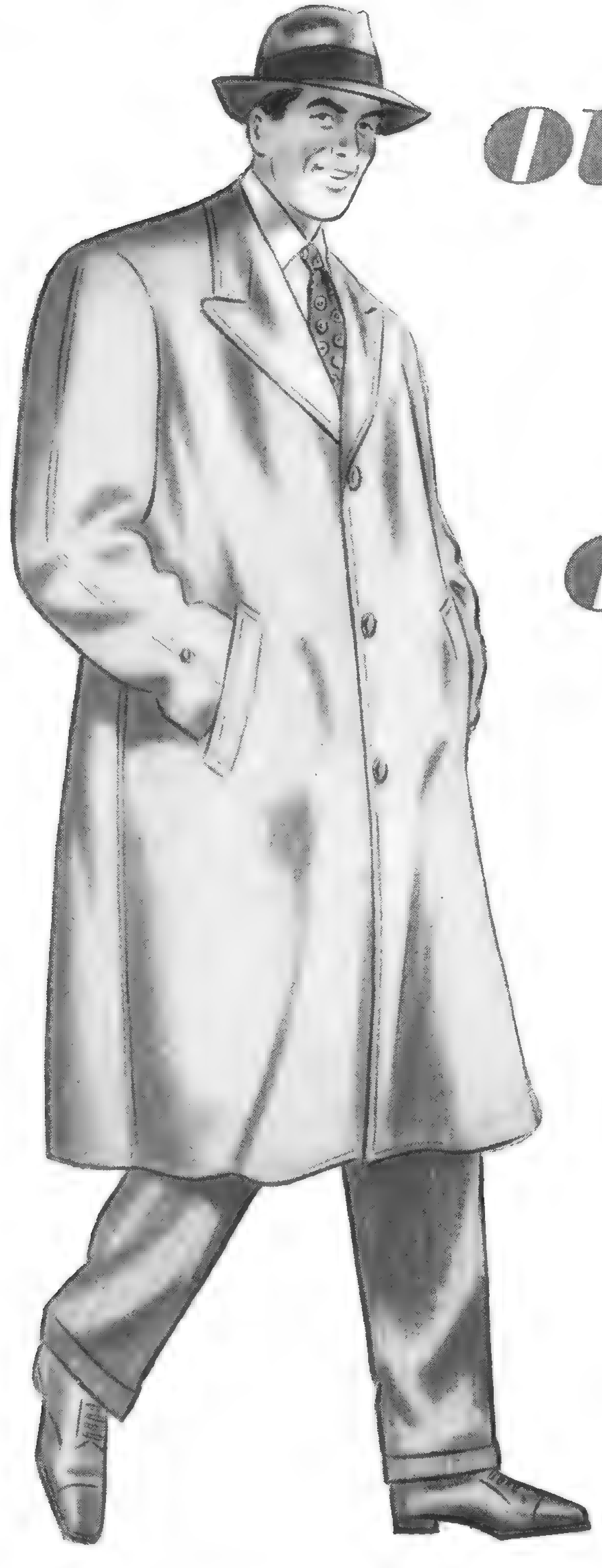
BELBER TRUNK AND BAG COMPANY, WOODBURY, N. J.

it's the patented lining that does it



In goes a lining . . .
sleeves and all

in . . . it's an overcoat



out . . . it's a topcoat

on . . . it's a smart coat

WHEREVER YOU GO, WHENEVER YOU GO, Season Skipper* is the smart coat to take with you . . . because Season Skipper is a versatile coat that you wear to fit the weather. For mild days it's a light, handsome topper. Comes a drop in the temperature and you have an overcoat—warmth-without-weight—just like that. All you do is button in the all-wool patented lining. It fits smoothly . . . no unsightly wrinkles . . . no gadgets to fuss with. And the same lining fits any of the handsome Season Skipper styles you choose. All Season Skipper coats are tailored by expert craftsmen in Gabardine, Venetian Covert, Camel Hair and Alpaca; also in *Continental Quality* Tweeds and Fleeces. Buy the coat and lining separately if you wish, but better buy both at one time and be tailored and comfortable in any weather!

$60 and up with the lining
$10 less without the lining

it's the

Season Skipper

two complete coats in one

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

For nearest Season Skipper* dealer, write C. B. Shane Corp., Dept. E-127, 325 West Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill.; 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.; 608 South Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

*REG. U S PAT. OFF © 1947, C B SHANE CORP

The Gift for Particular Men

HANDPAINTED NECKWEAR

ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR THIS SPECIAL ESQUIRE OFFER

$5.00 Packed in gift box

Style A*—Painting of horse, duck, fish or pheasant.

Style B*—All-over pattern of original design—no two ties exactly alike.

Style C*—Personal initials, fraternity or lodge insignia.

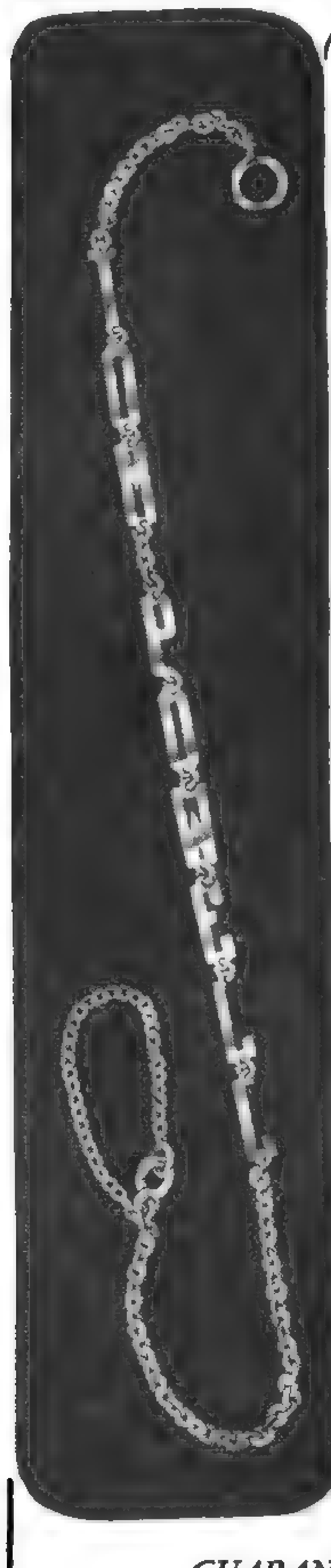
*Multiple color designs, your choice of blue, burgundy, brown, red or yellow background. NOTE; Mark Coupon clearly for background color choice.

Just the gift for the man who "has everything". These ties are custom-made to order of finest crepes. Distinctive, outstanding, unusual, the kind every man admires.

GUARANTEED XMAS DELIVERY

ORDER TODAY!
SORRY NO C.O.D's

Harmon Art Studio
4407 No. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.
Send me________ ties as checked below at $5.00 each, shipped prepaid. Enclosed please find ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash for $________
Style A ☐ Duck ☐ Fish ☐ Pheasant ☐ Horse on (color)________
Style B ☐ All-over design. Specify predominate color________
Style C ☐ Initials________ ☐ Fraternity________ ☐ Lodge________on (color)________
NAME________
ADDRESS________
CITY & STATE________
Give instructions clearly or use separate sheet of paper



NAMECHAIN

Personalized

KEY CHAIN

Spells

YOUR NAME

in full

Durably Constructed

The Perfect Gift

Each Namechain made to your order—up to 14 letters allowed. Packed in gift box. Orders shipped in 48 hours. We pay tax and postage.

● Gold PLATED $3.50

STERLING ● SILVER $7.00

GUARANTEED
Satisfaction or your money refunded

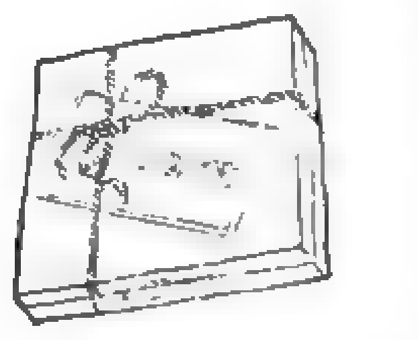
NAMECHAIN MFG. CO.
19 E. Pearson St. Dept. 48 Chicago 11

Talking Shop with Esquire

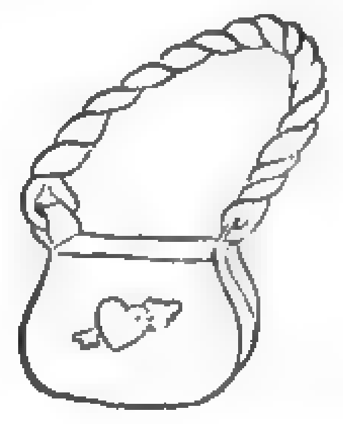
DON'T CLUTCH IT, CLINCH IT. If she wears one of those "over the shoulder" handbags, (and what dame doesn't) buy her a new clinch pin to keep the strap from slipping off her shoulder. Very ornamental, on 24 kt. gold plate, with large 3 letter monogram. Two long prongs and a slot arrangement keep the bag where it belongs.

GIVE HER HER OWN RAZOR. She'll never borrow yours when she sees this gem. It looks like a cig lighter or a bottle of perfume, all done in white and gold. Shaves quick, clean and safe, especially designed for legs and underarm use. Comes with its own pack of injector blades.

LOVE LETTER COMPACT. They never have enough powder compacts. This one is gold metal, tied with a gold metal cord like a gift package. There's a space on the top on which to engrave her phone number (or yours). Another gigantic compact is called "Baby Grand", measures 5" across and 7/8" deep! Its fluted on top and bottom with deeply cut petals radiating from a central disk.



WHEN IN DOUBT, GIVE A HANDBAG. Not an ordinary bag, but some thing for her to brag about. Such as a bright red, green or yellow reptile bag in cobra, with a large gold heart with key in shining gold metal to show that she has your heart. If you want to really set her up in business, throw in a pair of cobra wedgie shoes to match; or gloves with kid palms and cobra backs; and even a cobra helmet hat with open crown and a nylon umbrella with a long hooked handle like an old fashioned parasol . . . outer case of bright color cobra. The top of the cover opens out like petals of a flower.



SEND HER 30 ORCHIDS! Don't think you have to mortgage the old homestead to do it, either. Here's the dope. You can order a real Hawaiian lei consisting of 30 small vanda orchids grown on the islands of Hilo and Oahu. Sent air express from the islands, they arrive at their destination . . . just 36 hours after they are picked! You can also have carnation leis, tube rose leis, etc. And the cost to you, is no more than a brace of good theatre tickets (at box office prices, not scalper's prices).

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

The Christmas Gift for the Man Who "Has Everything"

Give him a 1948 Dartnell Personal Record Book—the aristocrat of appointment, memo and personal desk books. He will use it every day on his desk at home, at the office or on trips. For 23 years the choice of top business executives, professional men, high army and navy officers.

In luxurious Imported Black Sheepskin binding with gilt edges. Size 5 by 8 inches. 200 pages for appointments and personal memos. 200 pages of useful data. A place to keep track of anniversaries, golf scores, investments, income tax deductions, etc. Lists best hotels in leading cities, railroad and air fares, road distances, world airline schedules, opening of hunting and fishing seasons.

Price includes gift box. For 30 cents extra we will imprint his name in gold. **$5.50**

THE DARTNELL CORPORATION
4666 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40

SOMETHING RATHER GRANDISH . . .

And easy on the hostess, too. This neat and lovely coaster-ash tray combination is an exceptionally welcome gift. Heavily silver plated, grandly gadrooned border. Space-saving beauty for bridge and dinner table and atop strategically placed end tables. Set of 4 is $9 postpaid. Add 20% tax.

St. James Galleries
Room 23, 423 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.

SIX HOURS of pipe-smoking Heaven—for only 25¢

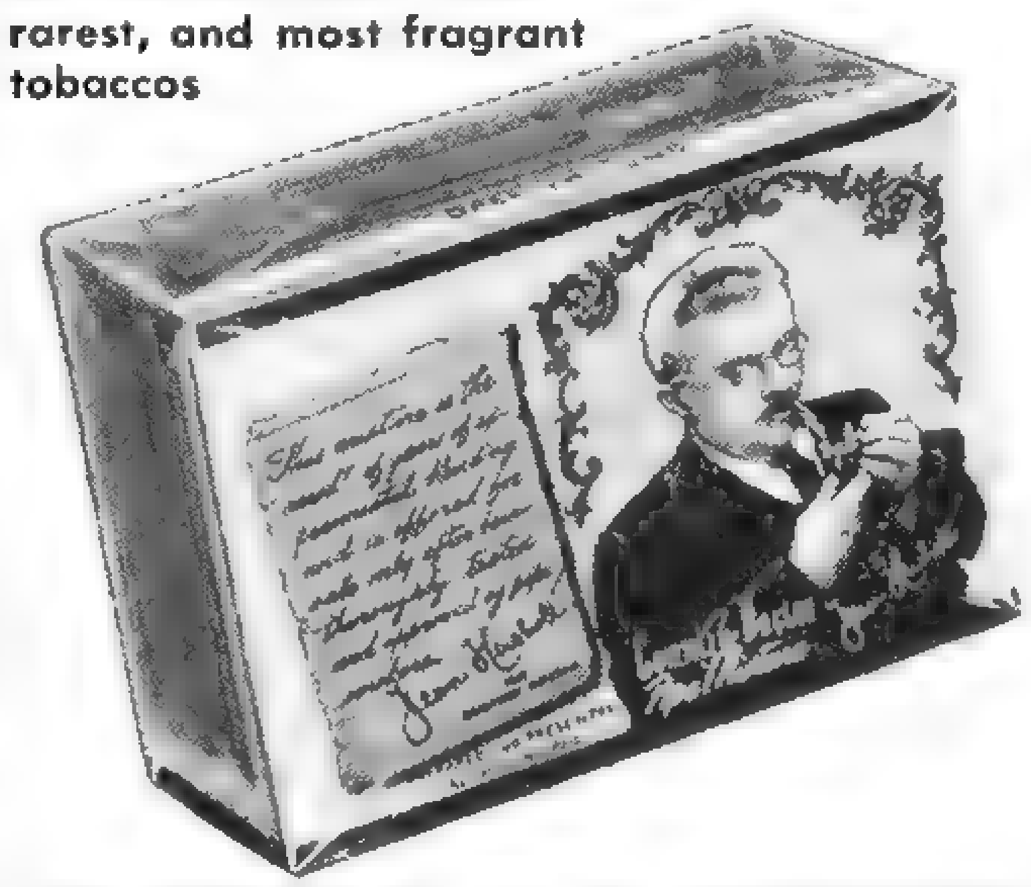
That's putting it MILDLY!

Paul Revere

Quick! Jump in the saddle! Spread the glad tidings! Cool, puff-by-puff satisfaction is coming, with—

Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*

It's the monarch of world's rarest, and most fragrant tobaccos



If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Dept. F23, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York

Model No. 211

An Ideal GIFT For Motorists, Sportsmen

***Big Beam* Portable ELECTRIC HAND LAMP**

Turns darkness into daylight...: compact, lightweight, weatherproof—beautiful and built to last a lifetime. Finger-tip control gives powerful 1500 ft. light beam spread light. Complete with standard dry cells ready to use, $13.90 postpaid. Hold-down clamp for fastening on boat or in car trunk $2.00 extra. Dealers invited.

U-C LITE MANUFACTURING CO.
1053 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 22, Ill.

Pipe Gift of the Year

Personalized Pipes by Gaylords

SO COOL . . . SO SWEET . . . there's no finer smoke than Gaylords Grand Duke. Here is the custom-made pipe to give men of discriminating taste. Made from aged Mediterranean briar . . . hand-rubbed to a satin-smooth French finish. A fine bit and "long scoop" filter assure maximum mouth comfort. Up to 3 sterling silver ¼" letters (English or Greek) of your choice handsomely inlaid without charge. A gift you'll long be remembered for.

Grand Duke (as shown)* $7.50. With heavy masculine silver band around stem, $10.00. Gaylords Pipes are registered and fully guaranteed. Your order will receive prompt attention. All pipes gift wrapped and sent postpaid.

Shapes available: *Billiard (#11), Saddle Billiard (#23), Pot (#44), Curved (#77).

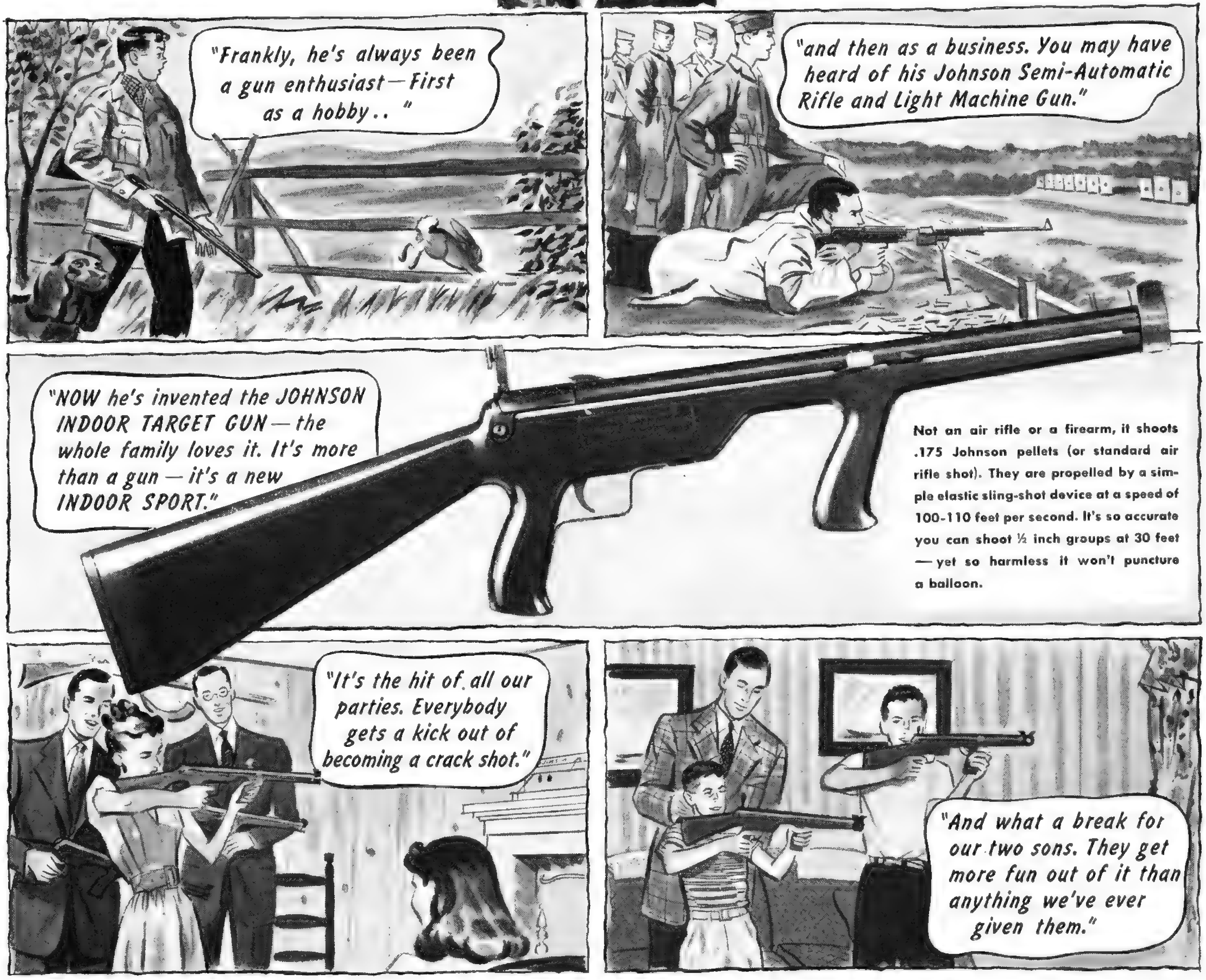
ORDER YOURS TODAY

Gaylords Brockton 64, Mass.
Please send .... Personalized pipes
Name ....
Street ....
City .... Zone .... State ....
Letters wanted .... Style #..................
☐ With band ☐ Without band
☐ Check ☐ Money Order enclosed
(Sorry, no COD's)
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
Write for illustrated literature today.

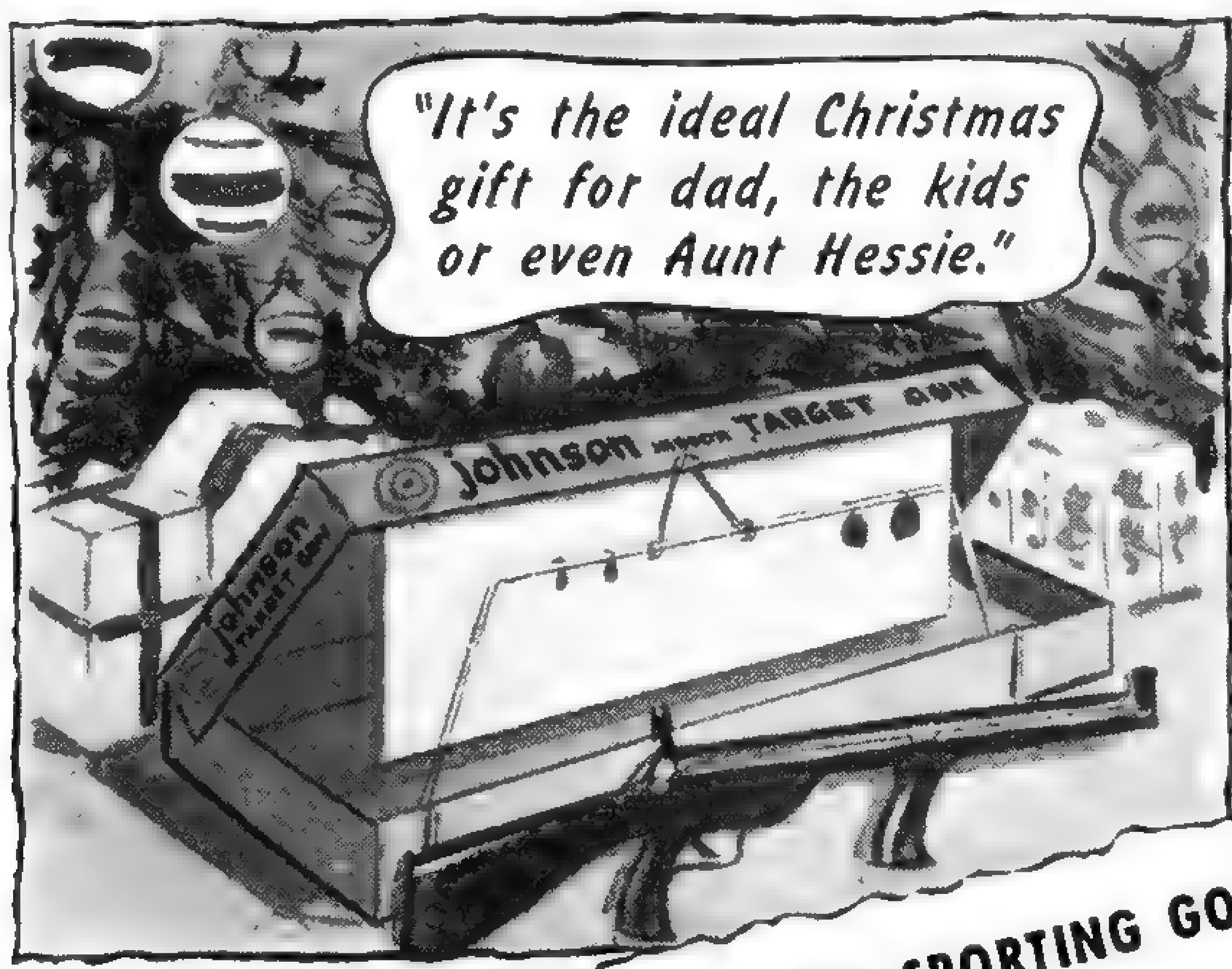
"You've got to admit it — my husband had a swell idea!"

(AND JUST IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS, TOO)

Says Mrs. Melvin M. Johnson, Jr., wife of internationally known arms designer


"Frankly, he's always been a gun enthusiast—First as a hobby.. "
"and then as a business. You may have heard of his Johnson Semi-Automatic Rifle and Light Machine Gun."
"NOW he's invented the JOHNSON INDOOR TARGET GUN—the whole family loves it. It's more than a gun—it's a new INDOOR SPORT."
"It's the hit of all our parties. Everybody gets a kick out of becoming a crack shot."
"And what a break for our two sons. They get more fun out of it than anything we've ever given them."

Not an air rifle or a firearm, it shoots .175 Johnson pellets (or standard air rifle shot). They are propelled by a simple elastic sling-shot device at a speed of 100-110 feet per second. It's so accurate you can shoot ½ inch groups at 30 feet—yet so harmless it won't puncture a balloon.


"It's the ideal Christmas gift for dad, the kids or even Aunt Hessie."
Johnson INDOOR TARGET GUN

LIFE Magazine COVERED DEBUT OF THIS HARMLESS GUN THAT'S ACCURATE AS A RIFLE

The gun made its social bow at Boston's exclusive Algonquin Club—and overnight became a nation-wide sensation! LIFE Magazine was there—you probably saw the three pages they devoted to this new indoor sport. Guests were amazed that the gun was so extremely accurate, yet so harmless—it won't puncture a balloon.

The gun's $15 price (slightly higher west of Rockies) includes a complete home shooting gallery — targets, backstop, re-usable pellets, extra propulsion units.

Johnson Automatics, Incorporated, Dept. E,
84 State Street, Boston 9, Massachusetts

LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPORTING GOODS STORES NOW SELLING AMAZING NEW GUN

If your local store can't supply you, write us for name of your nearest Johnson dealer. We'll also gladly send you an illustrated folder.

Johnson INDOOR TARGET GUN

O'Keefe's
EXTRA OLD STOCK ALE

O'Keefe's

IMPORTED

Ale or Stout

IMPORTED BY
O'KEEFE'S INC. • BUFFALO, N. Y.

Look to the Stars

FOR THE WORLD'S FINEST PIPES!

2 STARS $5
3 STARS $10
4 STARS $15
5 STARS $25

Why PIPES BY LEE are outstanding

Each PIPE BY LEE is a finished masterpiece, a work of art for connoisseurs. Made by pipe masters for pipe lovers, each is a "Limited Edition." The golden stars inlaid in the bit of each pipe are visible symbols of distinction. The number of stars denotes the degree of excellence of rare imported briar, flawlessness of natural grain, quality of workmanship. Connoisseurs can look to the stars for the finest pipes in the world.

FREE BROCHURE. Illustrates many shapes available. Write: PIPES BY LEE, INC., New York 28, N. Y.

PIPES BY Lee
THE STARS MEAN QUALITY

Painting the Town with Esquire

(EDITOR'S NOTE: New York night clubs and supper clubs, especially the smaller, West-side places, have a way of switching entertainment suddenly, so it's best to check last minute if you're looking for something in particular. Food, drink and atmosphere remain pretty constant.)

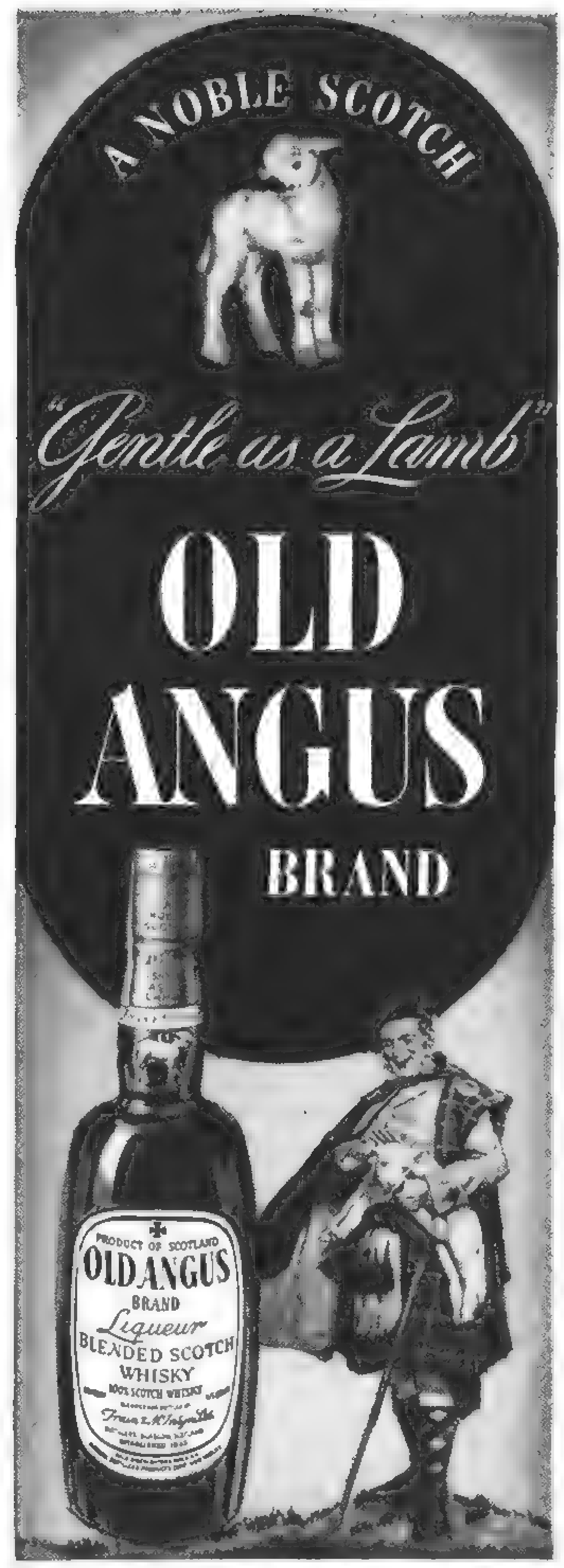
AULD LANG SYNE OF '47 would seem to have little attraction for your hopeful, undaunted Manhattanite who already is getting his chips down (and his reservations) for a vantage from which to welcome '48—arriving not a minute too soon. *Esquire-about-town,* checking the field, can report at least one welcome omen on the eve of the untapped New Year: prices, generally, will be lower for the privilege of wining and dining, dancing and singing, knocking back the champagne and greeting the next uncertain 366 days (Leap Year, remember?) as if all were well with the world and The Bomb didn't exist. Paper hats, noisemakers and confetti will, as usual, be on the house. Times Square, too, as always, will be the best show in town, but you'd be advised to catch it from a safe distance—say, the Astor—and move on *quickly* to the elbow room you've mapped out and reserved for yourself.

RESERVATIONS *must* be made (and filled on time!) if you want to celebrate the birth of '48 free of a clash with your frantic, favorite maitre d', captain or headwaiter—who, after all, would rather be celebrating, too. So phone, write or wire—and a telegram has a certain urgency—to your restaurant or nightclub, if you plan on painting the town in Manhattan on New Year's Eve.

FOR THE NOSTALGIC, Jack & Charlie's '21' is still the only place to greet the great moving events of life such as engagement, marriage, fatherhood, divorce, election or fight-night—or New Year's. Unless you're known to Jimmy, who guards the '21' portals with an elephantine memory and a Gibraltar-like aplomb, better wire ahead to Mack or Bob Kriendler themselves (and provide for confirmation), specifying table location, size and time-of-arrival. Upstairs, of course, is quieter and, if you're a twosome, perhaps more desirable. But there's something about the big, enlarged downstairs back rooms and the bar . . . and if you arrive unanticipated, Mack himself couldn't get you into the place with a shoehorn. Better dress. Not *de rigeur*, but you'll feel more comfortable. And—'21' is traditionally conversational, even at New Year's. No band, no dancing, no barbershop harmonies. Go early and move on to the big, brassy spots in '48.

A HAPPY MEDIUM, perhaps, is the Stork Club where you'll find a kind of genteel gaiety in the enlarged Cub Room or the Blessed Event room—or a farrago of leashed but happy excitement around the famous bar, or on the packed dance floor of the big room beyond the glass partitions. Sherman Billingsley remains Manhattan's most extraordinary host—and never more than at New Year's. There'll be drinks on the house, and frequently, for regular patrons and large parties; souvenirs and favors and splendid service, even on The Big Night, and a general atmosphere of warm goodwill, tingling music and that feeling of being looked-after—in what has become New York's foremost rendezvous for the beginnings of a generation. And, if Mayor O'Dwyer agrees, as he's likely to do, there will be dancing 'til dawn and no curfew to interrupt you, faring forth into the morning of Thursday, January First, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Eight. Wire or write Jack Spooner for reservations (Or Joe Arce, if you want a table in the Cub of Blessed Event rooms), and better get confirmation. And, as '21', better dress, though black tie's not obligatory. The ladies, bless 'em, like it, and it gives them an opportunity to go all out, themselves. A final tip: be on time—Victor will be on the door and it will be reservations only, timed, almost, to the minute. No tinge of snobism, just supply and demand.

For information about any specific hotel, restaurant or night club, write "Esquire-about-town," 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.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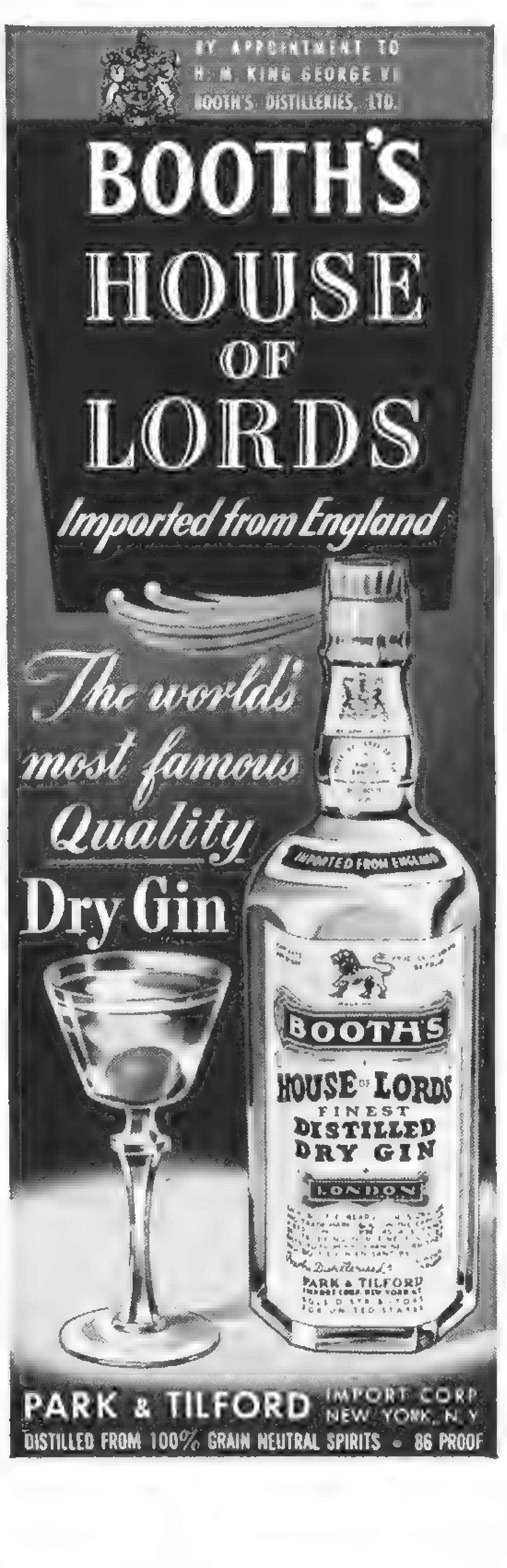
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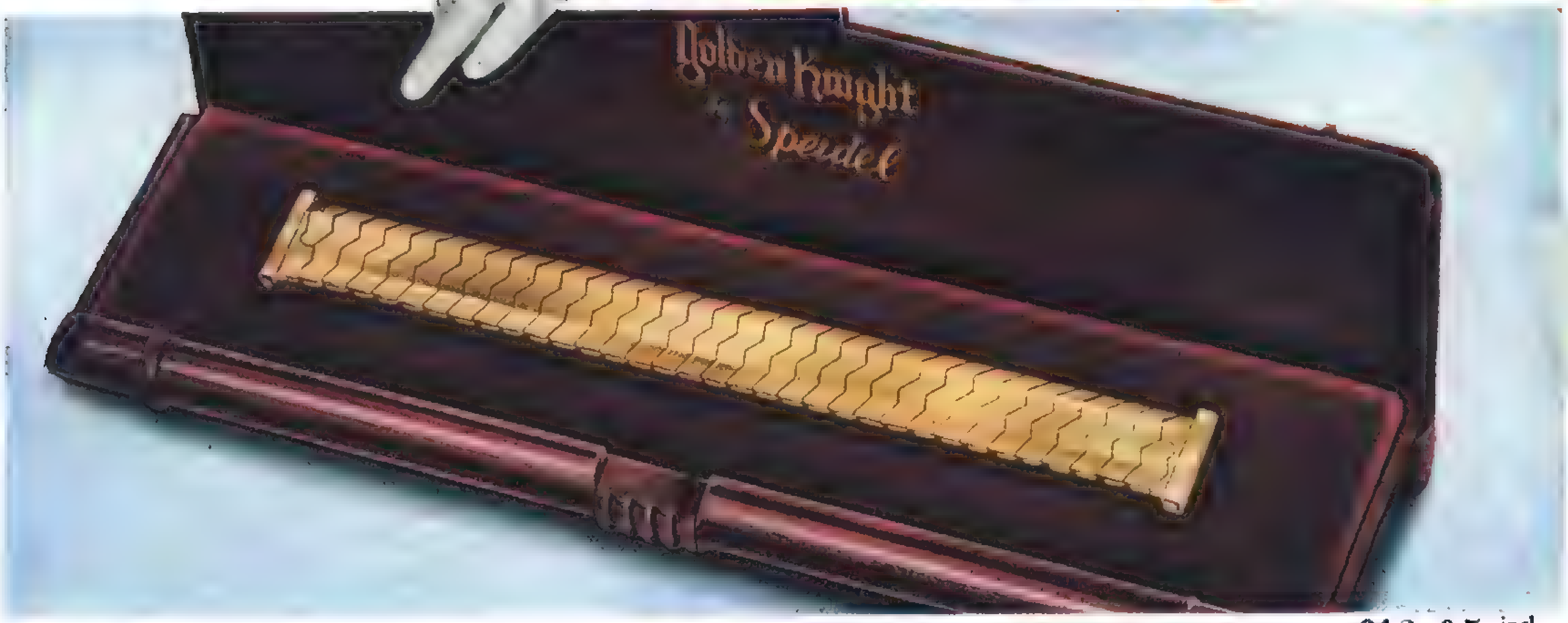

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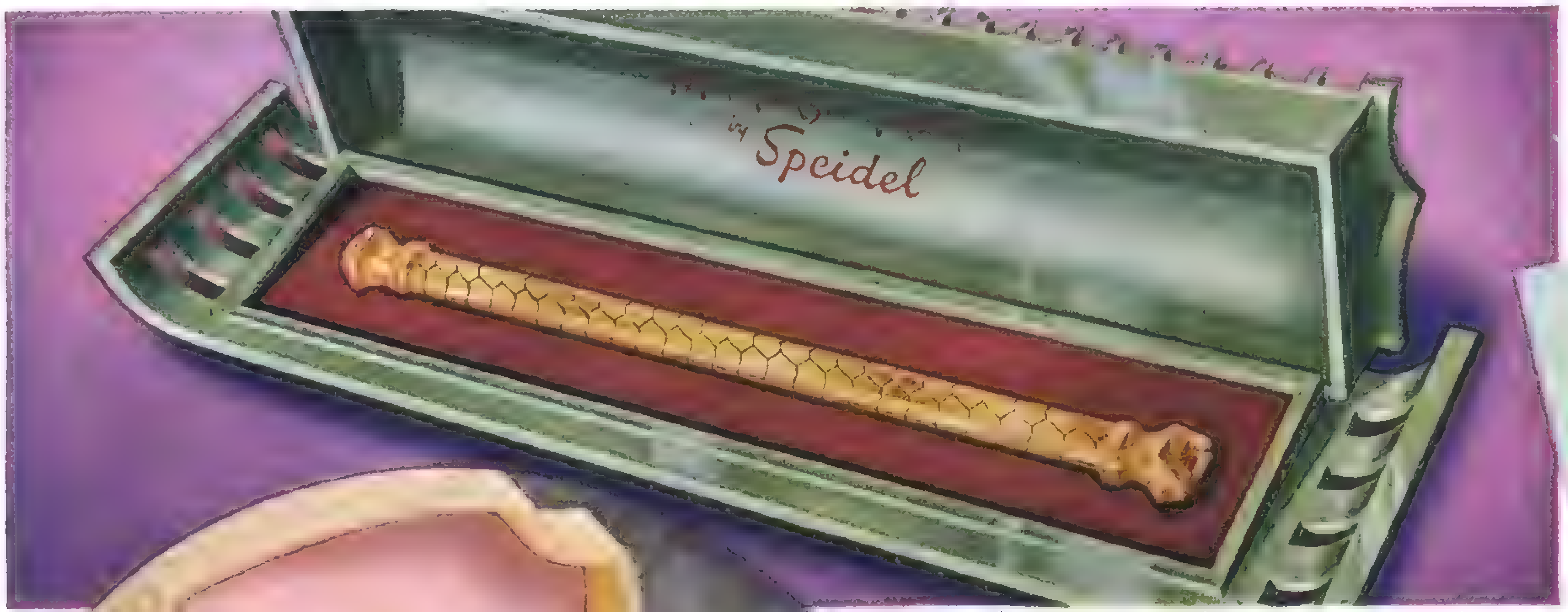

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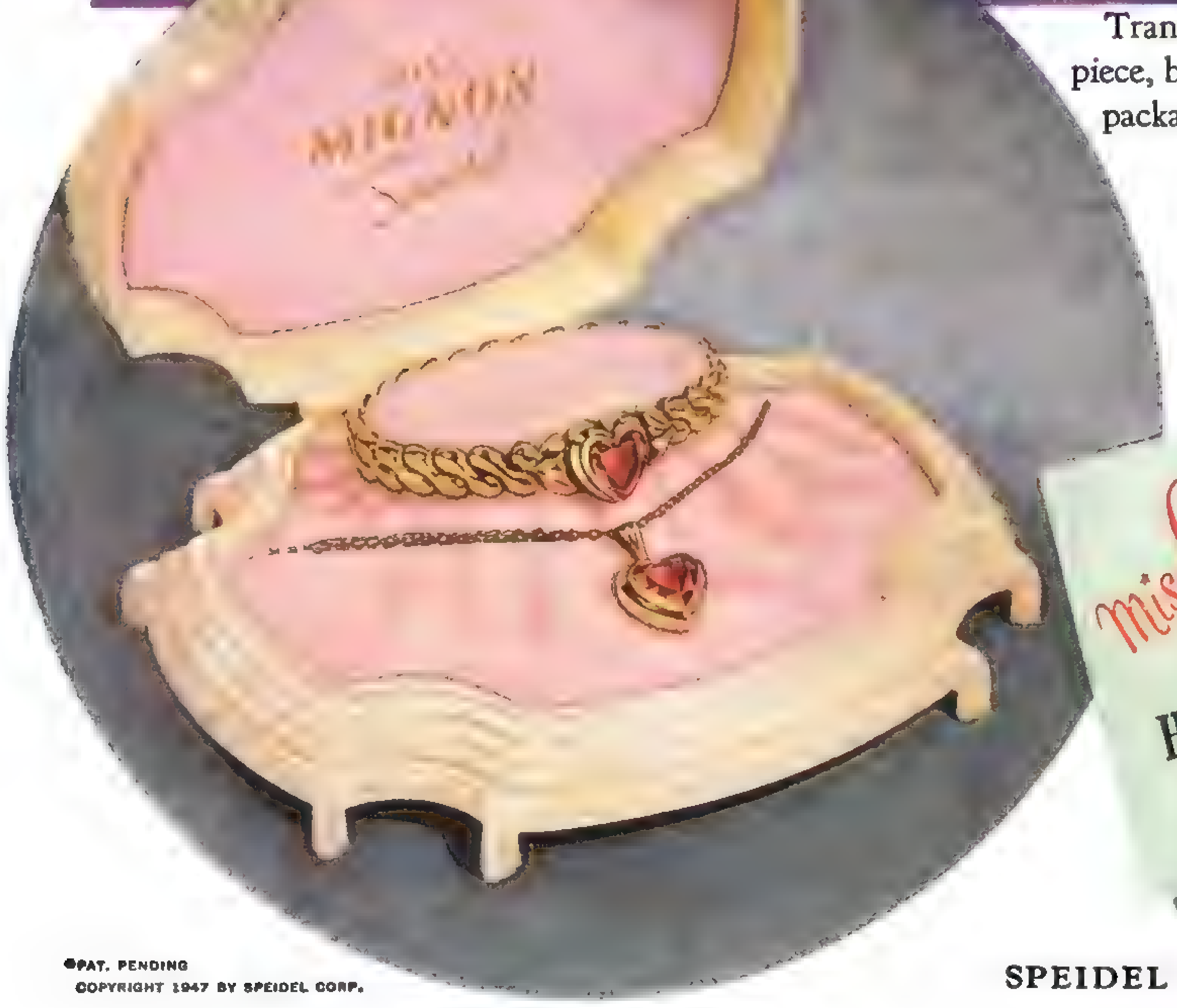

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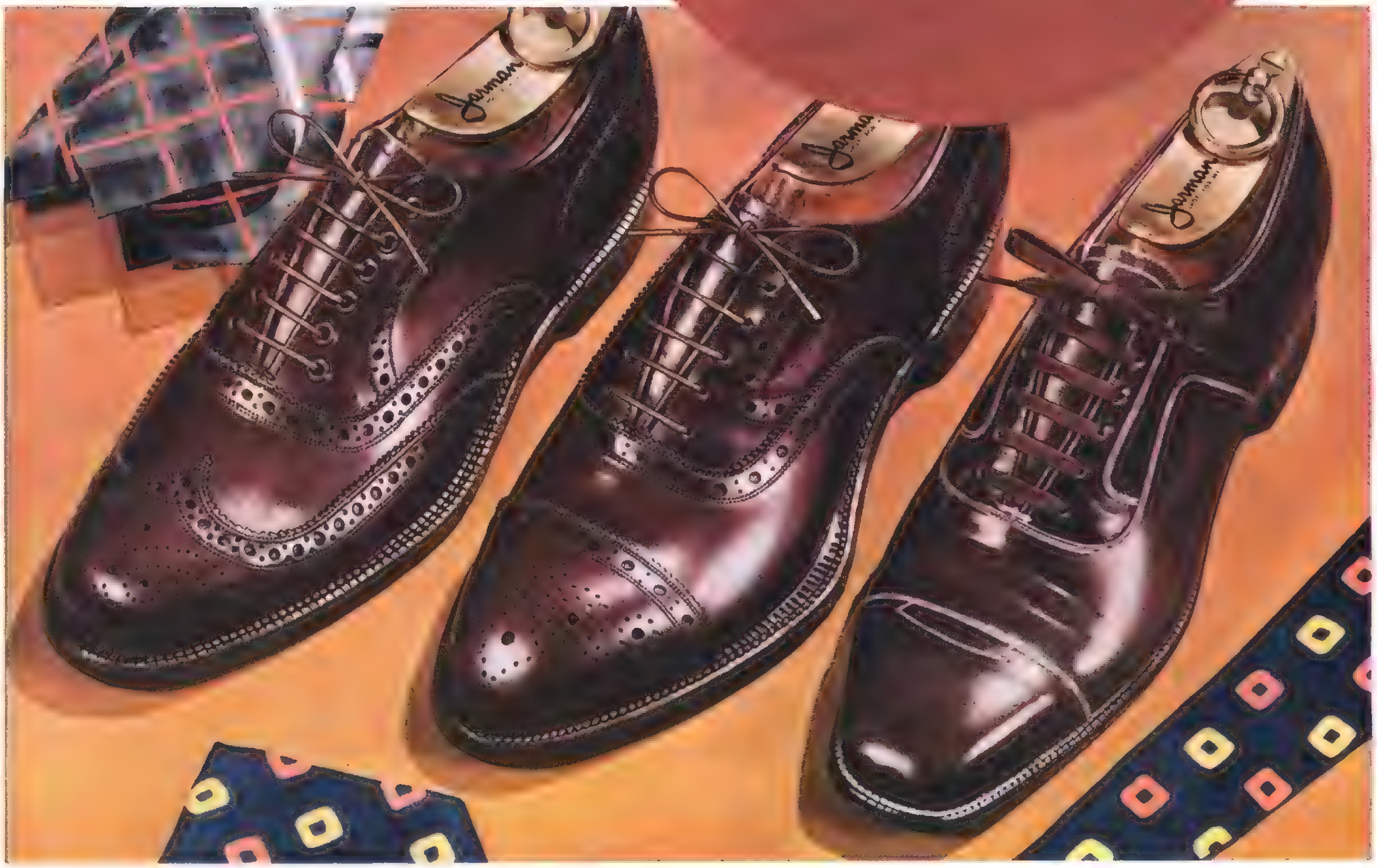

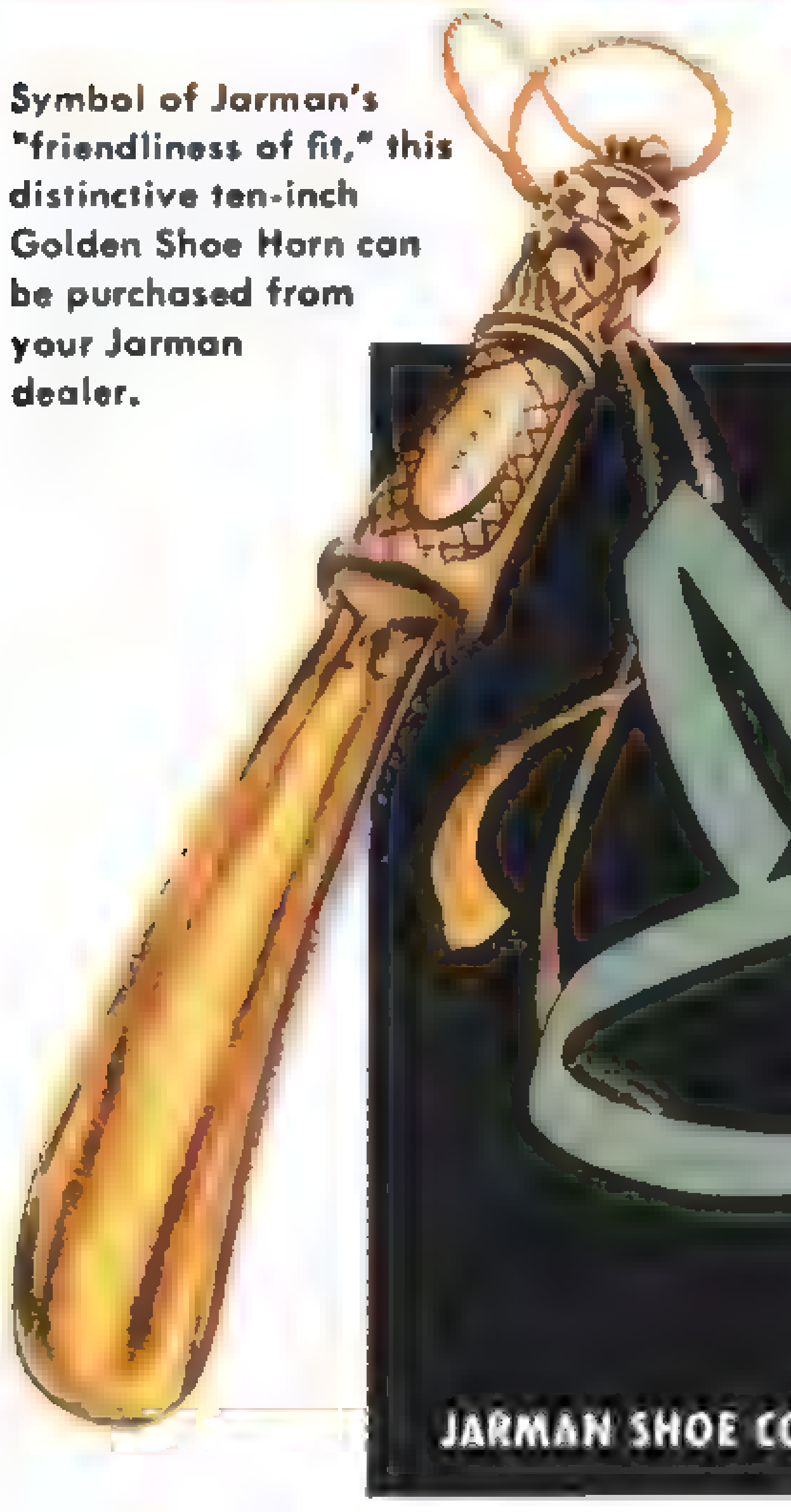

Symbol of Jarman's "friendliness of fit," this distinctive ten-inch Golden Shoe Horn can be purchased from your Jarman dealer.

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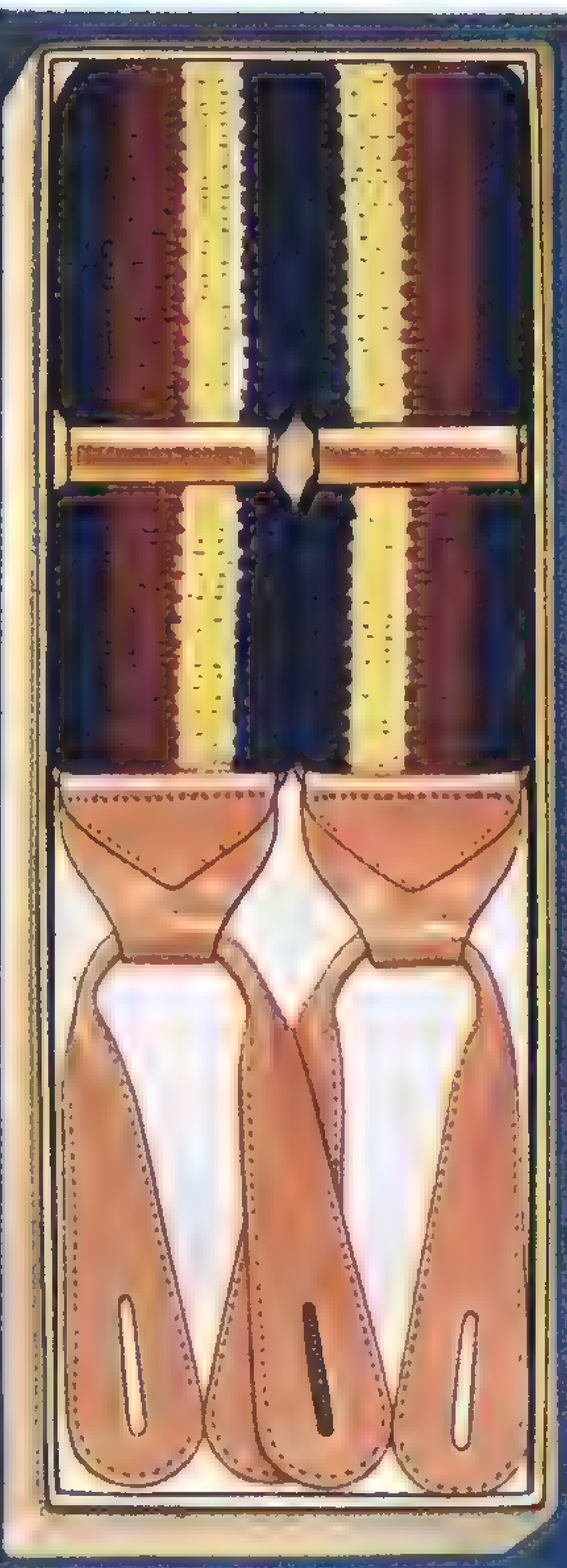
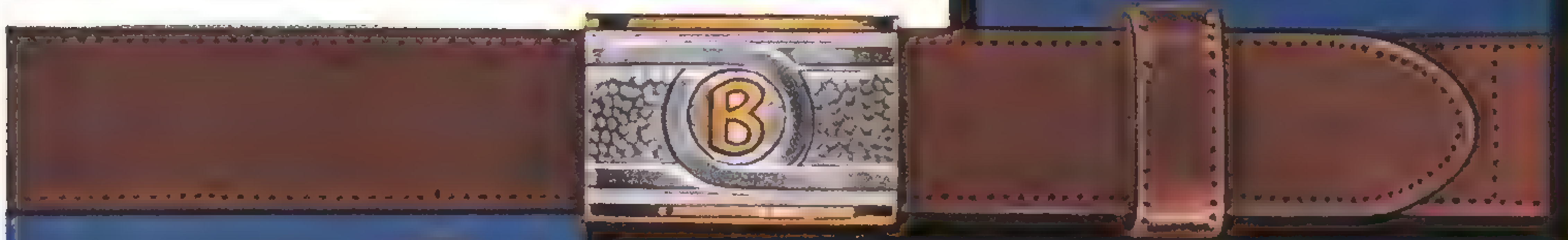
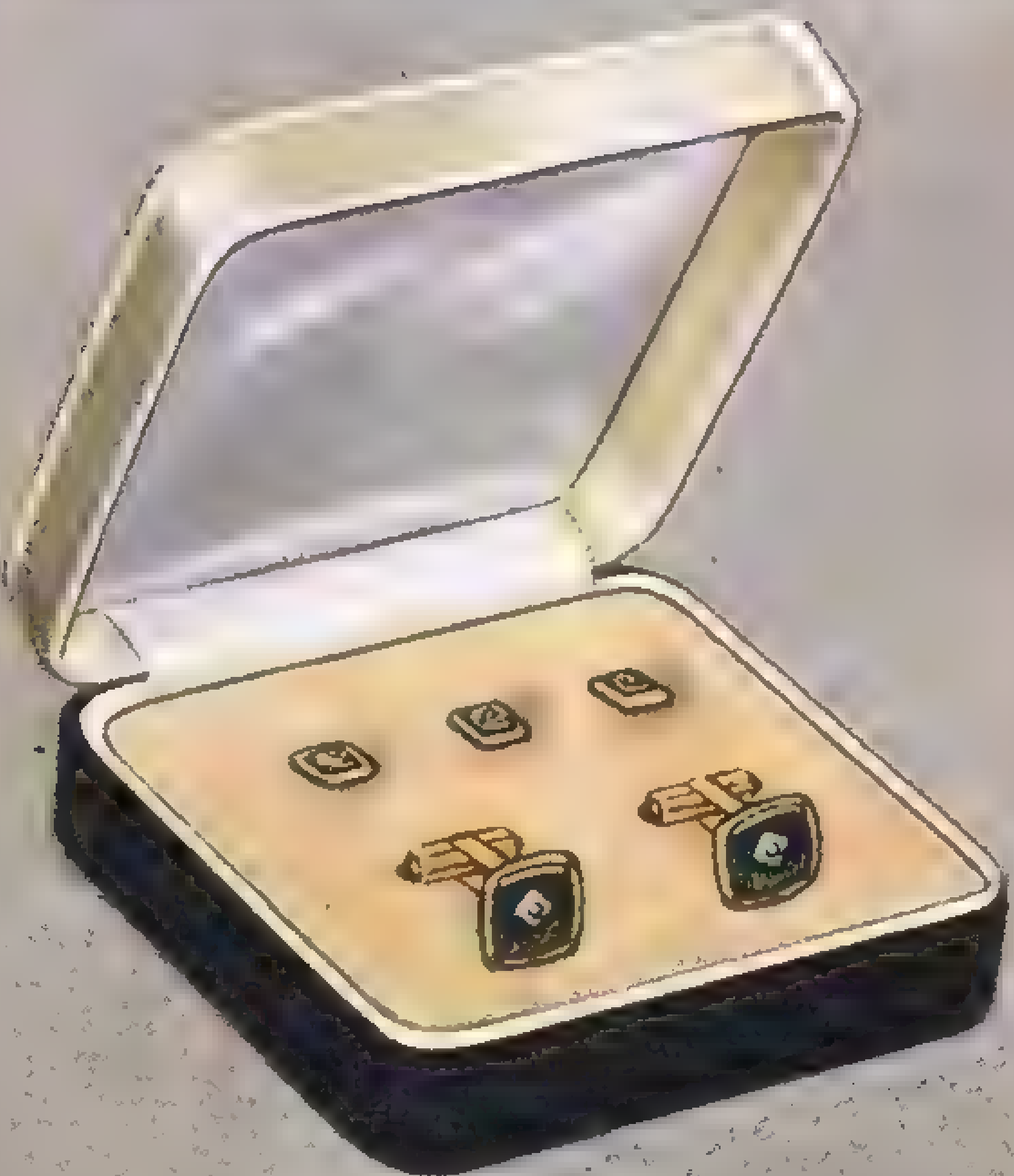


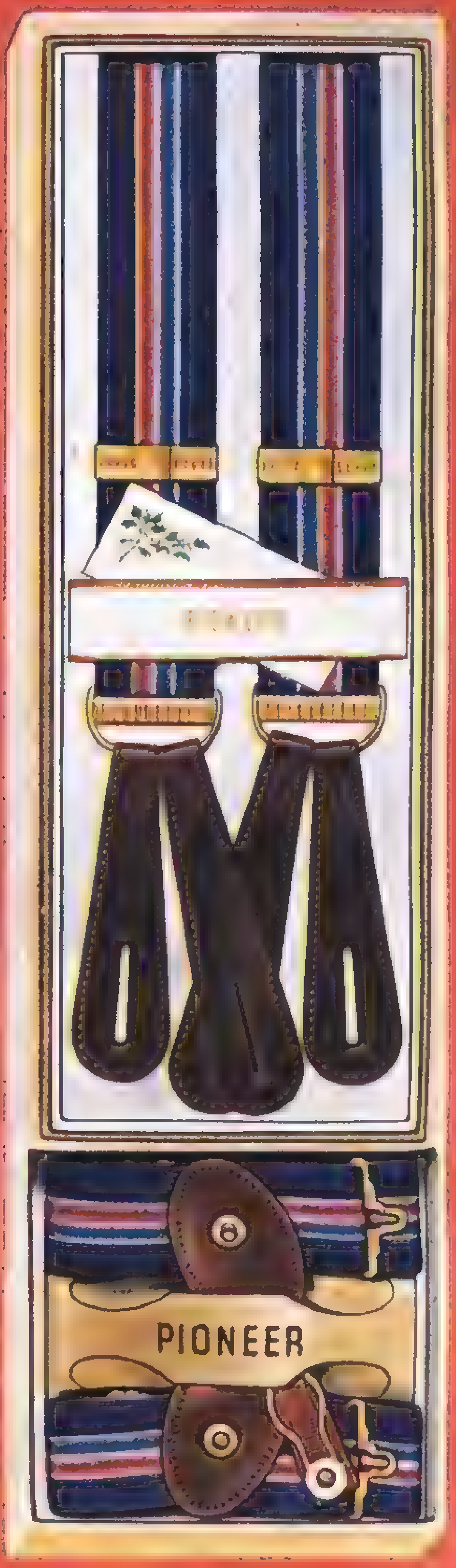
Zephyr-wool knit braces in authentic English regimental stripings. In special gift package $2.50



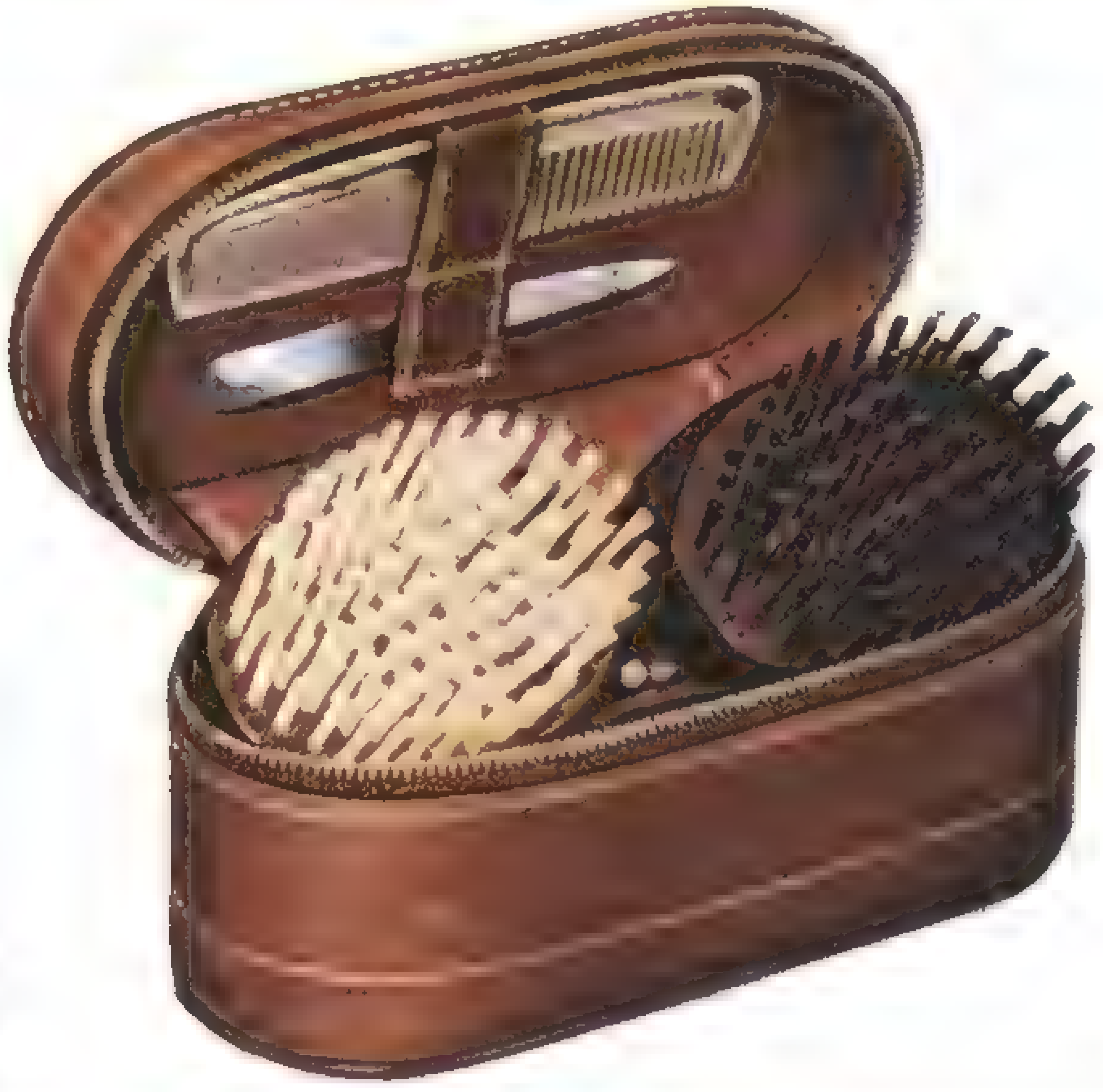
Stretchway—the modern belt for active men . . . stretches a full inch. In selected cowhide. Initialed silver buckle. In plastic cigarette box. $4.50 complete



Evening wear dress set in natural or smoked mother-of-pearl. Gold plated. In handsome jewelry box. $5.00 *plus tax*



A welcome ensemble. Fine grosgrain elastic braces with jewelry-crafted mountings. Genuine cordovan leather ends. Matching garters, gift packaged. . . . $3.50



"Week-ender" fitted case of smooth saddle cowhide. Contains clever interlocking hair and clothes brush, razor, blades, shaving cream, tooth brush and paste. In clear plastic gift box . . . $10.00 *plus tax*

Gentleman's imported pigskin wallet. Hand-turned edges, inside zipper and concealed snap-closure change purse. Packaged for gift giving . . . . $5.00 *plus tax*

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THE ONLY REASON one thinks of El Morocco for New Year's Day rather than the Eve is Morocco's heavenly custom of eggnog-on-the-house from five 'til the dinner hour each first day of the year. It's by invitation only, but the suave and efficient Carino usually manages to squeeze in his favorite customers of the night before. There's dancing, of course, on New Year's Day to both the top name bands, in our own or Latin-American rhythms, and the unfaded charm of the Little Champagne Room and Viennese music, unfailingly excellent service and good fare—if you haven't dined already. Trick is, of course, to do that New Year's Eve dinner early and well and head into the night (and next day) fortified to face 48 hours of inevitable, however joyous, cocktails, wines and champagne. For El Morocco reservations, write or wire Carino. And, as at '21' or the Stork, you'd be advised to dress for the evening. *Esquire-about-town,* going to press, hazards no precise guesses as to couverts—or minimums at the smaller spots—but better think in terms of $25 per couple, up, where the tariff ordinarily is steepest. (Entrepreneurs, wisely perhaps, are chary of disclosing such facts until last minute.) Add a healthy tip for your waiter, a remembrance for The Captain, approximate bar-bill, silver for doormen and taxis, of course, and you've something like a budget for the works.

BIG, NOISY AND ALL-OUT 'Eves are surefire at the Copacabana, the Latin Quarter and Monte Carlo—plus a promised show of vast pyrotechnic proportions at The Harem, Nat Harris' relatively new and spiffy club on the site of the old Vanity Fair. Same goes for Leon and Eddie's, both Cafes Society, Uptown and Downtown, the Versailles and, diving down the scale, Sammy's-on-the-Bowery. Depends on what you're looking for. You can't rely on your reservations in this bracket (even with the harrassed Joe Lopez at the Copa), and unless you're a New Yorker and can follow it up, brother, you're on your own. New York at New Year's is likely to be like that. Best bet is to wire Lou Walters at the Latin Quarter or Nat Harris (Lou Walters is co-partner, by the way) at The Harem, Alfred for either Cafe Society, or Robert at Versailles. Sammy makes no reservations for his Bowery Follies (unless you're Norman Taurog or some other visiting movie producer or director), but you're likely to have a very funny evening if you venture down. Sammy is fond of impressing slummers who hoist an eyebrow at his bizarre establishment and the extraordinary entertainment—most of which looks as if it just escaped from the paddy-wagon: he suddenly whisks up three-inch steaks, done to a turn, or produces bottles of Old Rarity scotch which remain on the table 'til empty, gratis.

SOME PEOPLE don't feel it's a Big Evening unless they've hit a minimum of half-a-dozen spots before curfew—or exhaustion. For these hardy folk at New Year's and thereafter *ESQUIREcommended!* are—The Barberry Room, the late Jim Moriarity's tasteful twilit supper room in the East Fifties', a special favorite with random-hour radio stars (from CBS across the street), congenital diners-out who pause for a snack before pushing on to supper-club entertainment, or just nice people who know it's smart to tuck in, say, a rarebit between drinks on a tour of the Town . . . (Earl Fox's piano at the Barberry after eleven) . . . Armando's charming little spot, just two short blocks north and around the corner, is another rewarding pause—with Jacques Thaler's quiet, conversational piano—before catching the late shows at the Copacabana, the Latin Quarter or the Carnival.

JEAN BILLIA'S RITZ TOWER Restaurant is probably as splendid a spot for a superb dinner as any place in New York. Right on par with the Chambord, Colony or Voisin—or "21." Prices commensurate. The tasteful new bar and the redecorated restaurant, plus Billia's discriminating cuisine, fine wines and peerless service by Valentine make this a must for Manhattan gourmets. The Vichyssoise is nonpareil and the recipe is Billia's closely-guarded secret. The prosciutto and melon top anything like it in town. Try the squab l'Echalotte, with, perhaps, some Eschenauer Margaux, '40. *ESQUIREcommended!*

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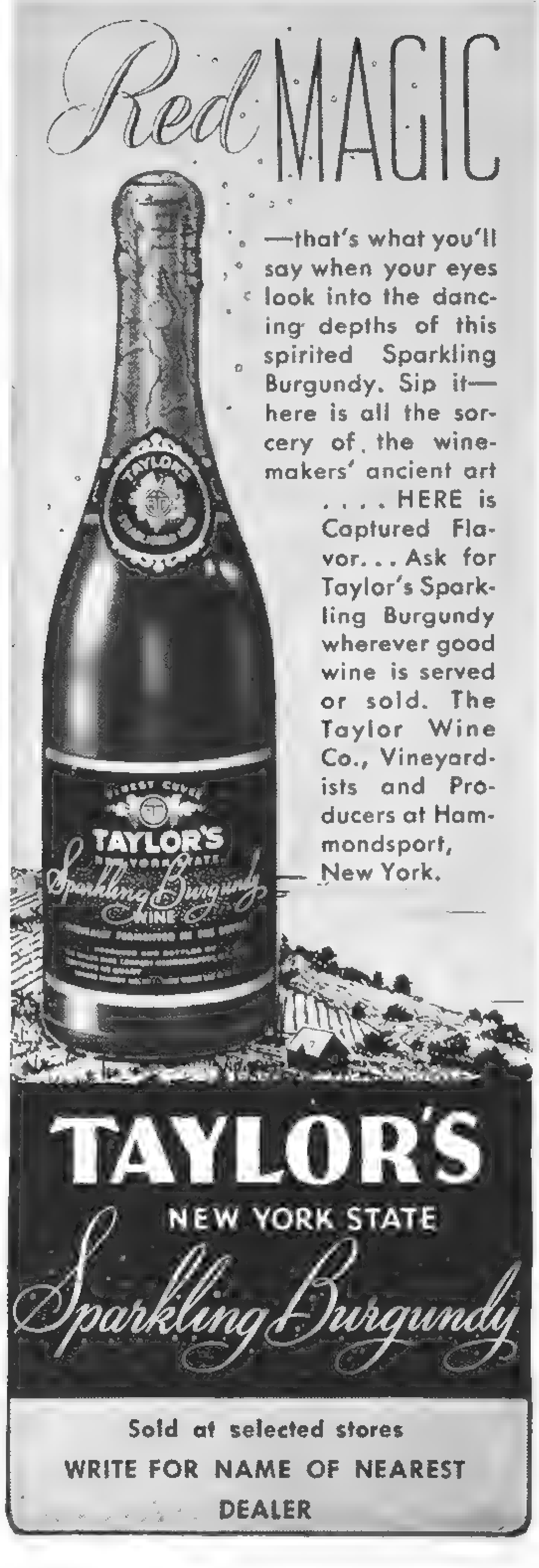

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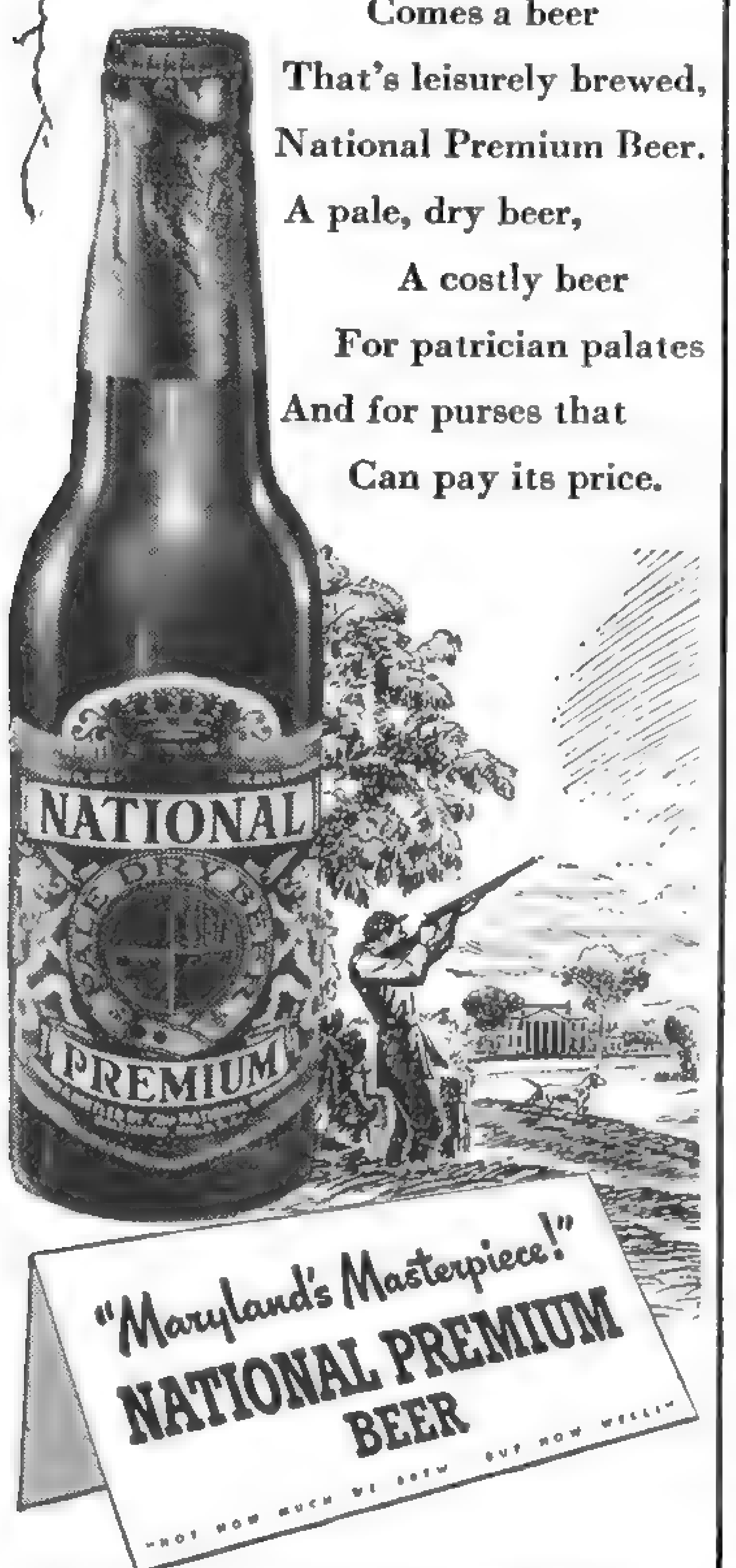

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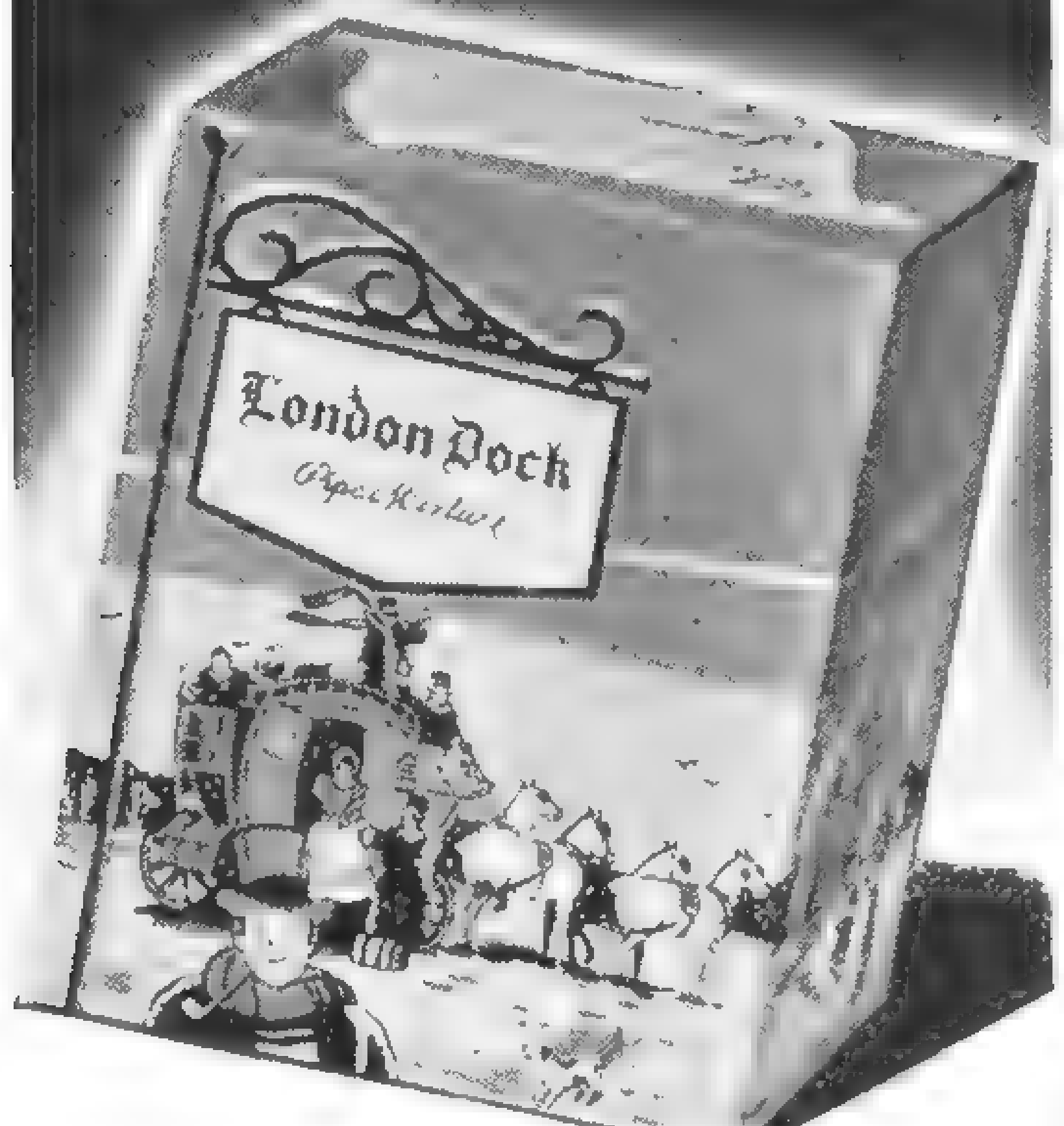

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THE "BRIGADOON" COMPANY, composer and cast, have settled down for the Winter, apparently (between performances) at El Morocco. Frederick Loewe, the composer, has been scribbling nightly on the backs of Morocco's menus on a piano concerto to be introduced late this Winter—based on "Brigadoon" melodies. George Keane, the company's comedy lead, is here nightly with Betty Winkler of radio. And, s'help me, the little Champagne Room of Morocco disclosed David Ffolkes, who designed those riotous plaids for the selfsame show!

"CHIPPIE" HILL IS BACK in town—which is bannerline news for followers of the blues. Max Gordon of the Village Vanguard enticed "Chippie" out of a 17-year retirement and this grand old girl of the '20's is singing again in her classic style: *How Long? Trouble in Mind* and *Careless Love*, plus, of course, *Darktown Strutters' Ball* and *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?* Not since before they picked poor Bessie Smith out of that motor crash back in Memphis in 1937 has the country heard this kind of blues. Better go. If "Chippie's" not still at the Vanguard by press-time, she'll be somewhere around New York—and probably the Village. *ESQUIREcommended!*

TELEPHONITIS, that malady which grips so many high-tension diners at "21," the Stork and the Barberry Room, is now epidemic at Sam Salvin's swank new Park Avenue restaurant, the Salvin. Every table has its phone—with strategically-located trunk lines to handle the overload of local and long-distance calls. A special tel-autograph system insures right numbers. The two big rooms (capacity 300) feature "sound-proofed" ceilings of Fibrous asbestos—presumably so you can hear Beverly Hills. But Salvin's not overlooked his principal function: his half-million investment includes splendid service of fine foods, especially steaks and chops. From 11 a.m. on. Phone ahead. Go early.

SAY WHAT YOU LIKE, Eddie Davis is still the hottest, most indefatigable showman in town—and Leon & Eddie's is still the sure-fire must when you've got some visiting firemen. Corny, if you like, but never a dull moment when Eddie's on the floor. Call Louis for reservations: shows at 8:45, midnight and 2:30 a.m. Wonderful for birthdays and anniversaries, complete with the spotlight, a cake and a drink on the house. Don't miss it. *ESQUIREcommended!*

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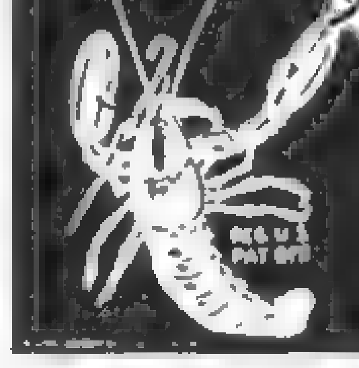
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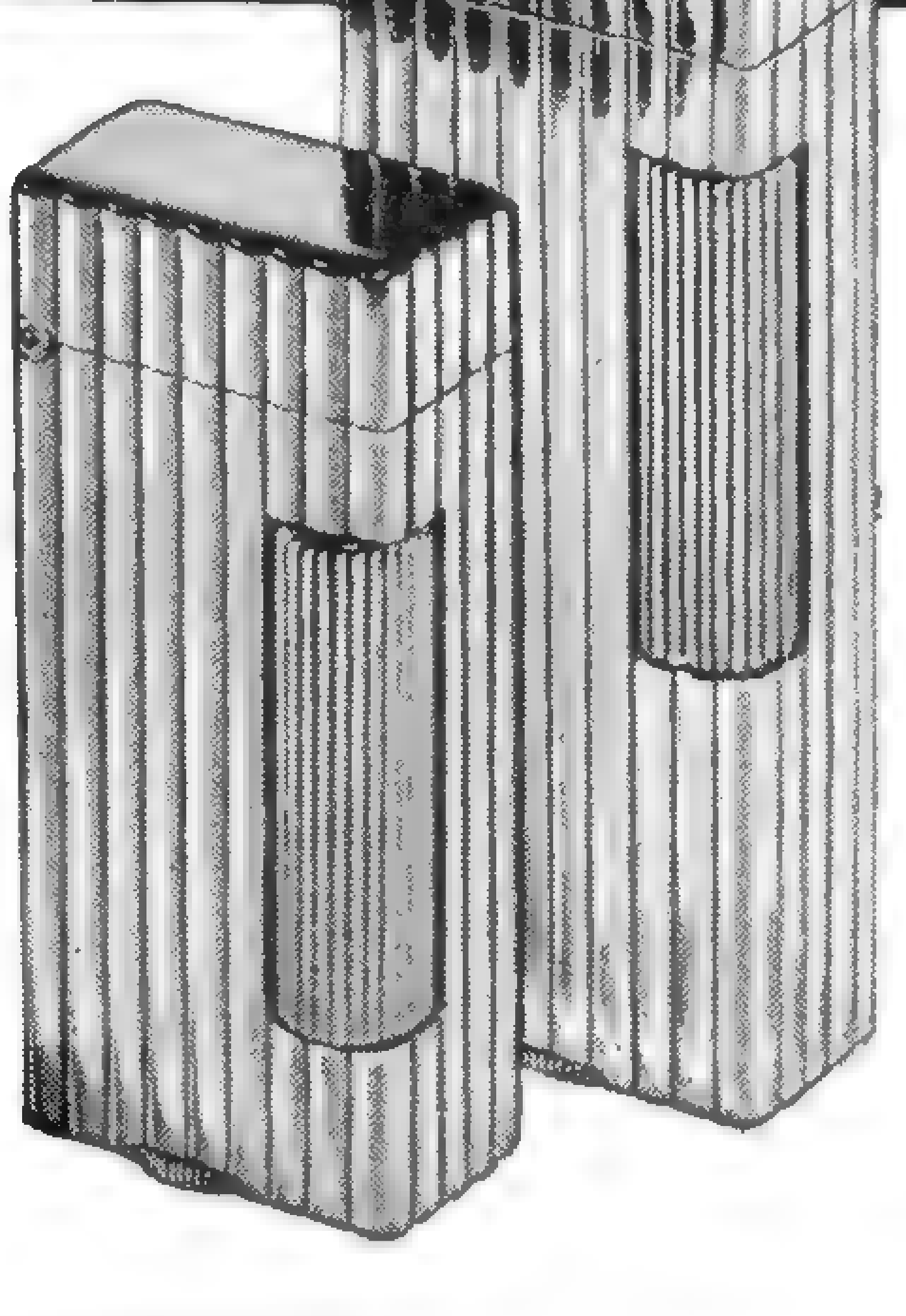

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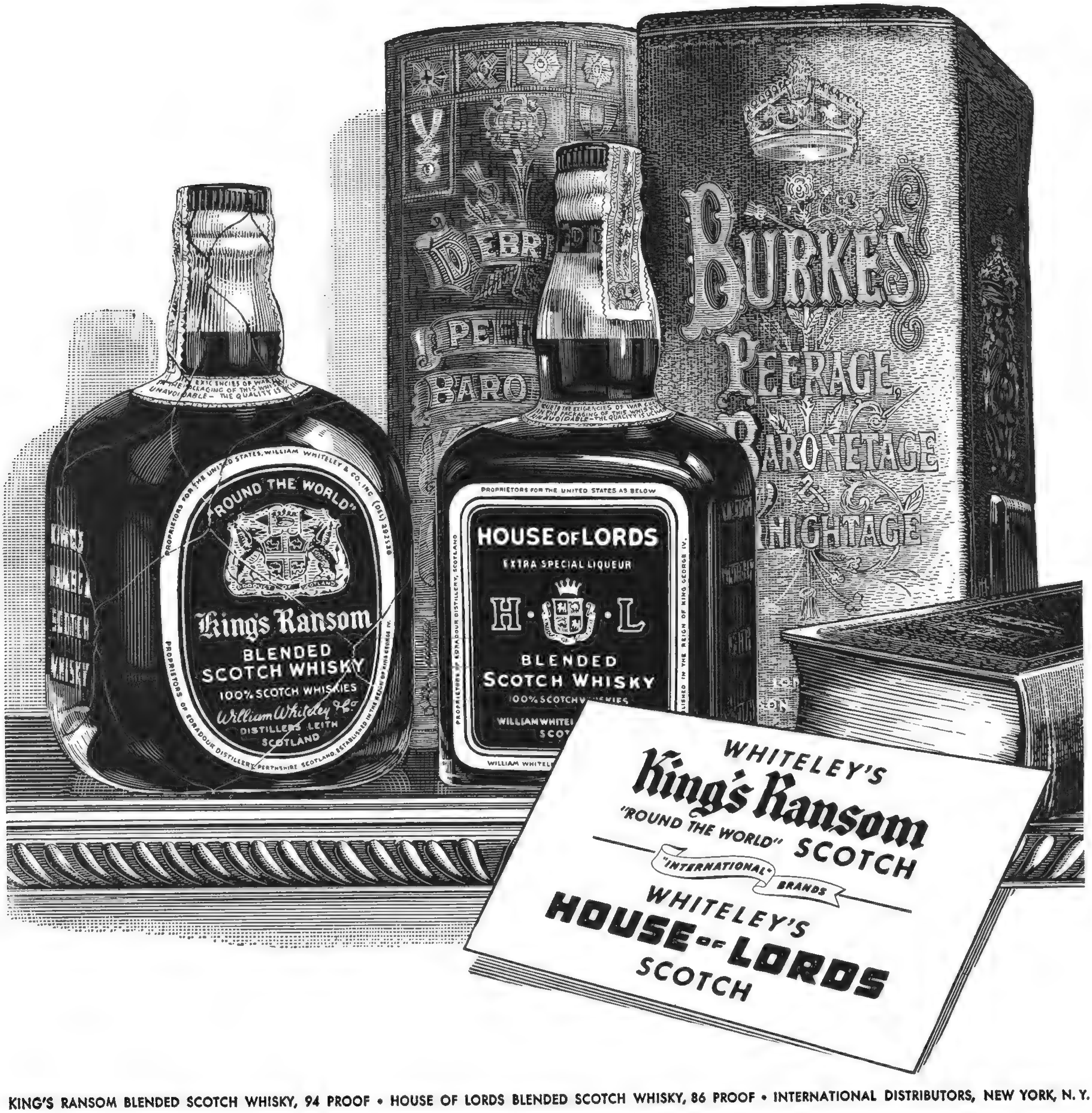
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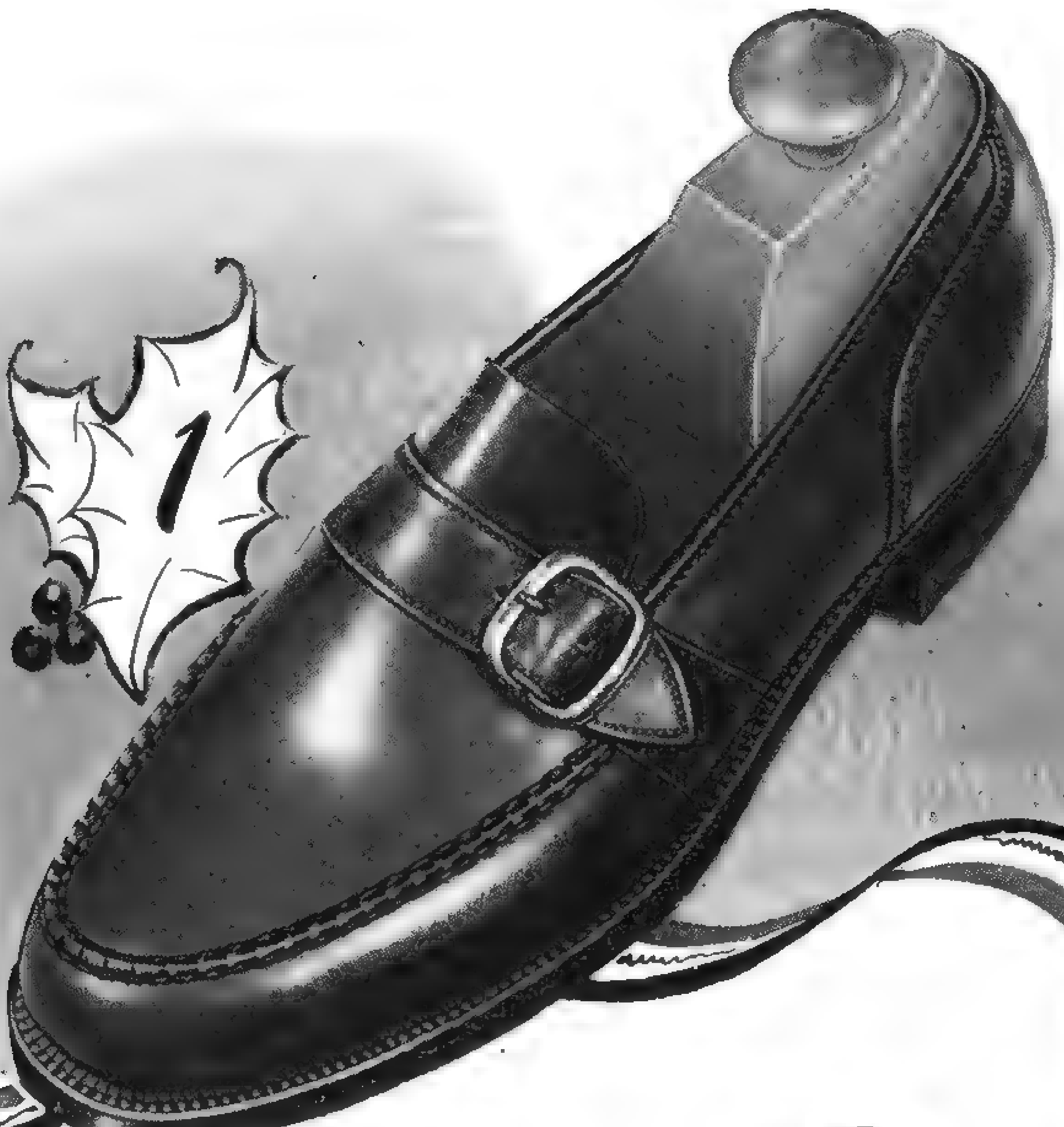

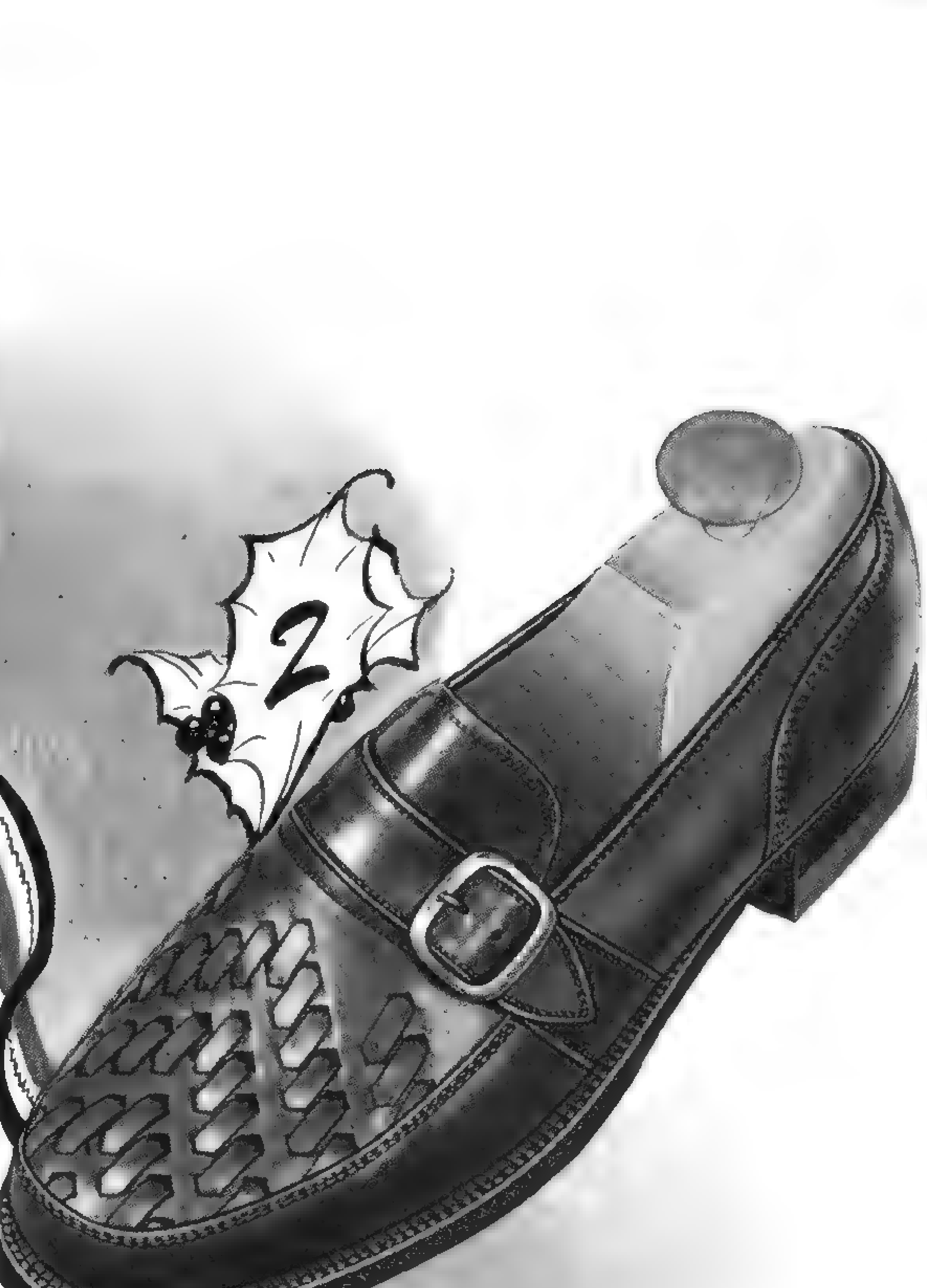

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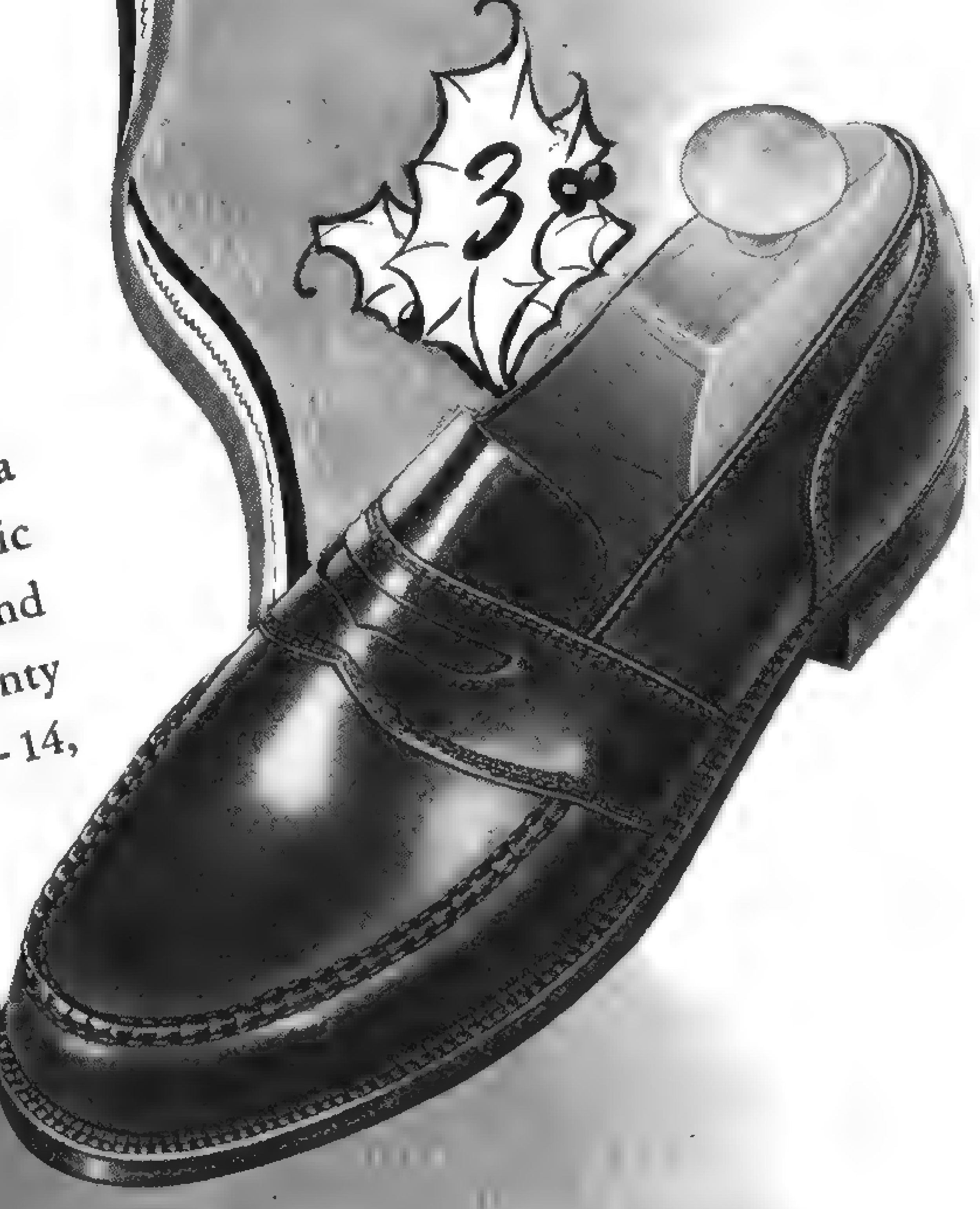

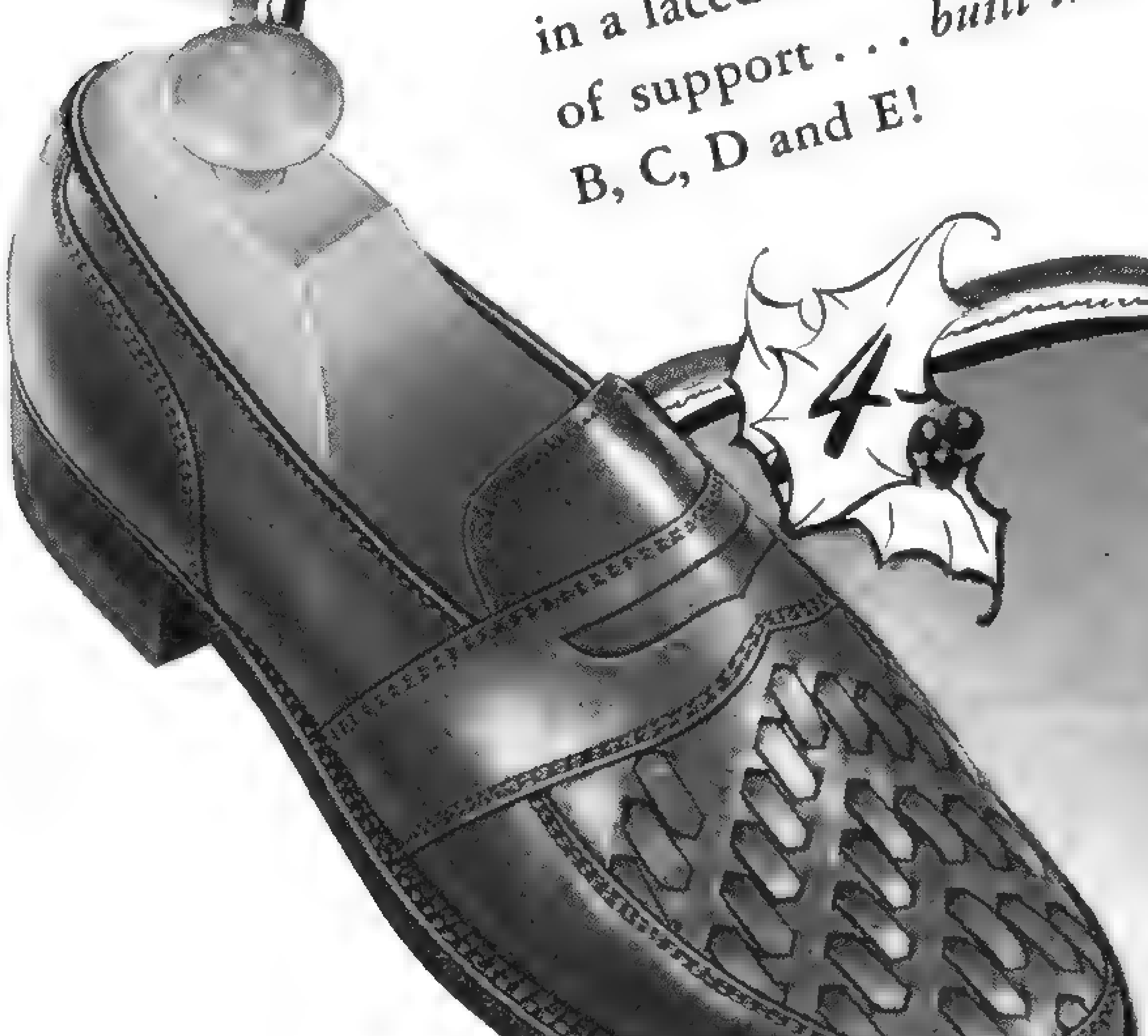

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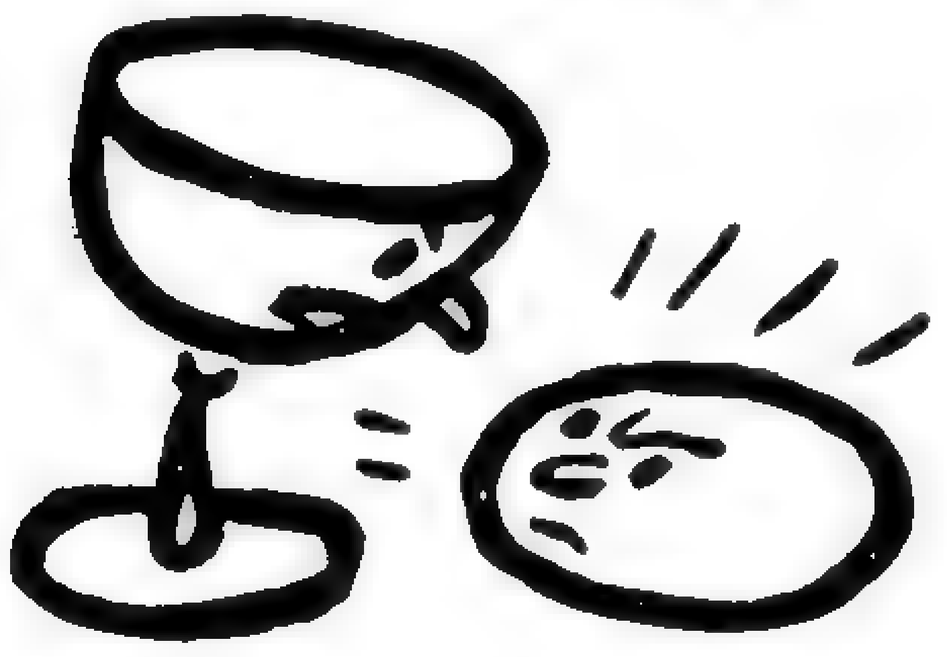

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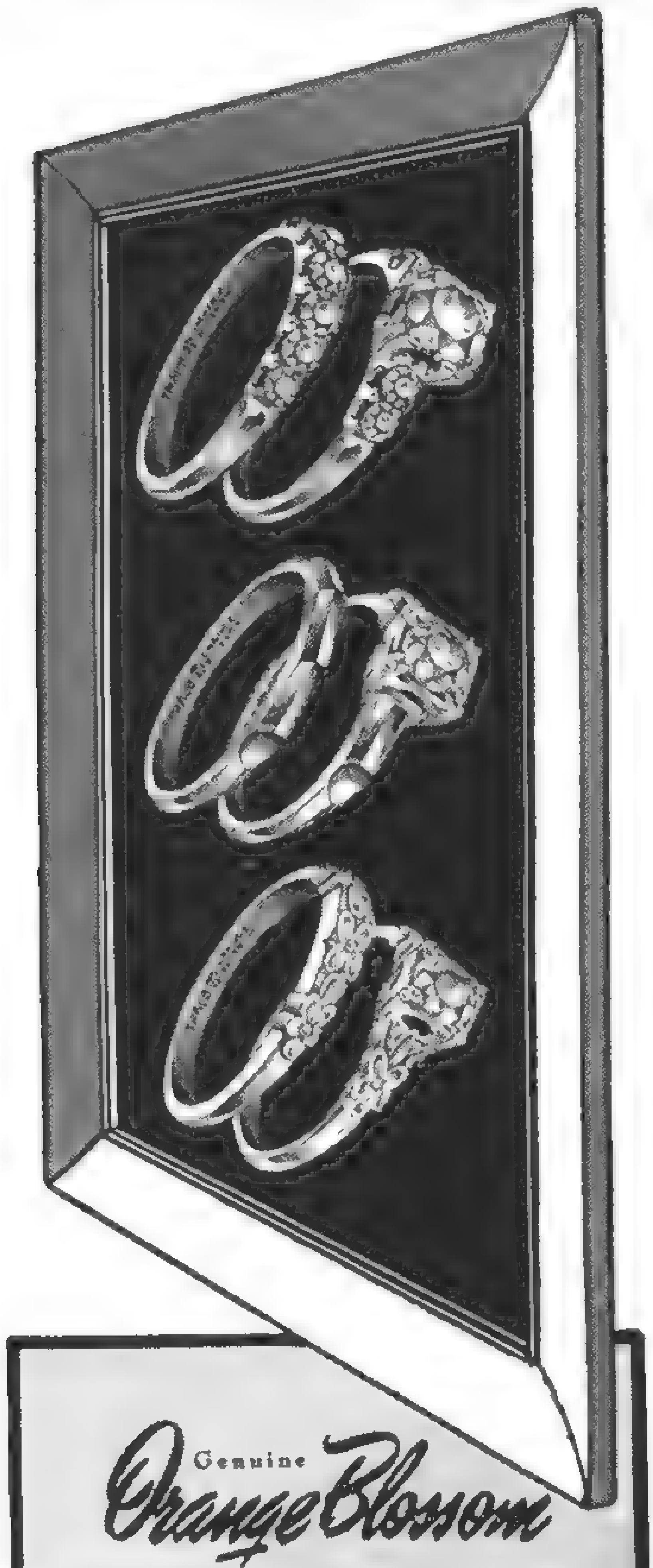

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Painting the Town with Esquire

FRANK DAILEY'S MEADOW BROOK is going full-blast out at Cedar Grove, N. J., and you're likely as not to hear Perry Como as Mel Torme by the time this reaches print. Sam Donohue's big, brassy band is booked in-and-out through the Winter with some of the top stars on the night club circuit. Still one of the best bargains in the business, with the famous $1.50 steak dinner, if you can manage the transportation. A good spot for New Year's. Phone ahead.

CONNOISSEURS of rare glassware are directed to Chandler's Chop House, 137 East 46th, where the back-bar is chock-a-block with antique goblets, liqueur- and wine-glasses. A good spot for that quick chop or charcoal steak. Fine before theatre or an after-show snack. Tip: they've still got some bonded rye!

QUIETER ENTERTAINMENT of a more intimate sort always is available and *ESQUIREcommended!* at Le Ruban Bleu, the Blue Angel, The Village Vanguard or (with smooth dancing) the satisfying Persian Room of the Plaza. These pleasant haunts seem to have a revolving fund of really *good* entertainers, including Imogene Coca, Evelyn Knight, Kay Vernon, Daphne Hellmann, Maxine Sullivan, Florence Desmond, Day-Dawn & Dusk, Leonard Elliott and Irma Jurist — and you might find any three or four of them anywhere in this bracket, almost any time. Check if you're persnickety (and better phone ahead for that table).

ONE LAST FLING at the dance floor might find you at the Pennsylvania (Pennsylvania six-five-oh-oh-oh!) where you'll always turn up a top band, T. or J. Dorsey, Skitch Henderson, B. Goodman or *some*body . . . or the Astor, a favorite with the younger crowd . . . or mebbe the Roosevelt, which keeps you East Side and northish and away from that taxi problem . . . Then there's the traditional Biltmore with its "under-the-clock" rendezvous and the reliable Bowman Room . . . and the noisy, spirited Century Room of the Commodore . . . plus Larue's, where Eddie Davis' danceable music never falters . . . Or you can always go back to the Stork where it might have thinned out, and where Peyson Ré knows the values — in slow-fox tempo — of late-hour music such as *Stardust, Jealous, Love for Sale* and, sliding into three-quarter time as your waiter pours the last sweet drops of your champagne, *Auld Lang Syne.*

LAST-DITCHERS hare it downtown or 'crosstown, the Village or Third Avenue, according to taste, temperament and, sometimes, folding money. Nick's, Eddie Condon's, Cafe Society Downtown, Jimmy Kelly's or the Village Vanguard keep it hot 'til closing . . . So does the heavily-Latin El Chico on Grove St. For a quieter nightcap — Number One Fifth Avenue which simmers down to soft piano in the small hours.

DON'T EXPECT CHICHI if you're dragged Third Avenue way for that muzzy, comfortable, probably philosophical nightcap-after-the-nightcap. This is the realm of the bitter-enders, where the bartender already has heard your troubles (or a reasonable facsimile), but is willing to listen again; where the El' periodically drowns out your conversation and the juke-box goes nightlong — and where you're likely to meet 'most anybody, in show business, newspapers, banking, bunce or the race-track, hacking or—the less lively arts. The curious (and congenial) latecomer will like the free-and-easiness of Jimmy Glennon's place at 55th & 3rd, or Paddy Clark's *en face;* Rudy's Rail (with the oil-painting of Rudy, complete with cigar), or the Pen & Pencil, just off Third at 45th; Tim Costello's a block below or Dan O'Connor's Inkwell a few doors below Tim's. This is the sector of John McNulty's *Third Avenue New York* stories, or Joe Mitchell's classics in *My Ears Are Bent* or *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon*—but a colorful, integral, almost inseparable part of New York nightlife. Don't go if you're tired, bored, belligerent—or, obviously, slumming. You'll only be tired, bored—or belligerent. Third Avenue, New York is our own unique combo of Paris' Montmarte and Montparnasse, just as lusty, just as tough and just as—indigenous.

For information about any specific hotel, restaurant or night club, write "Esquire-about-town," 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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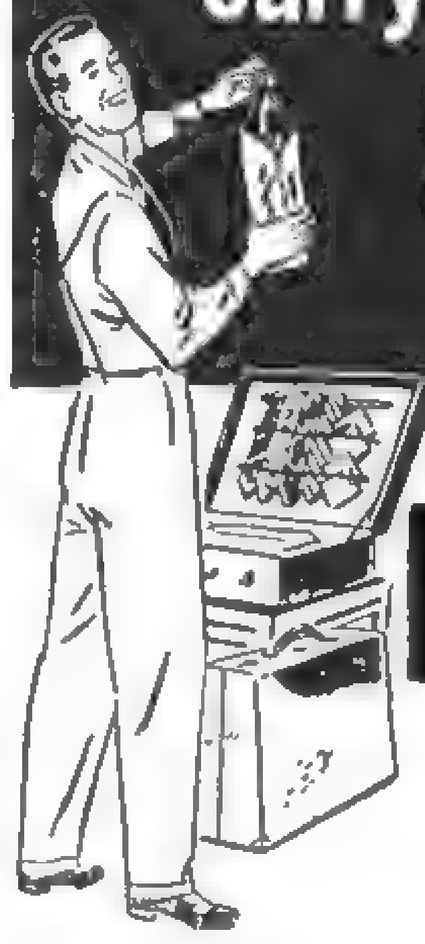

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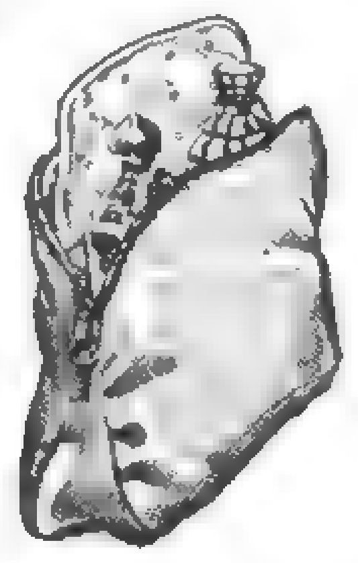

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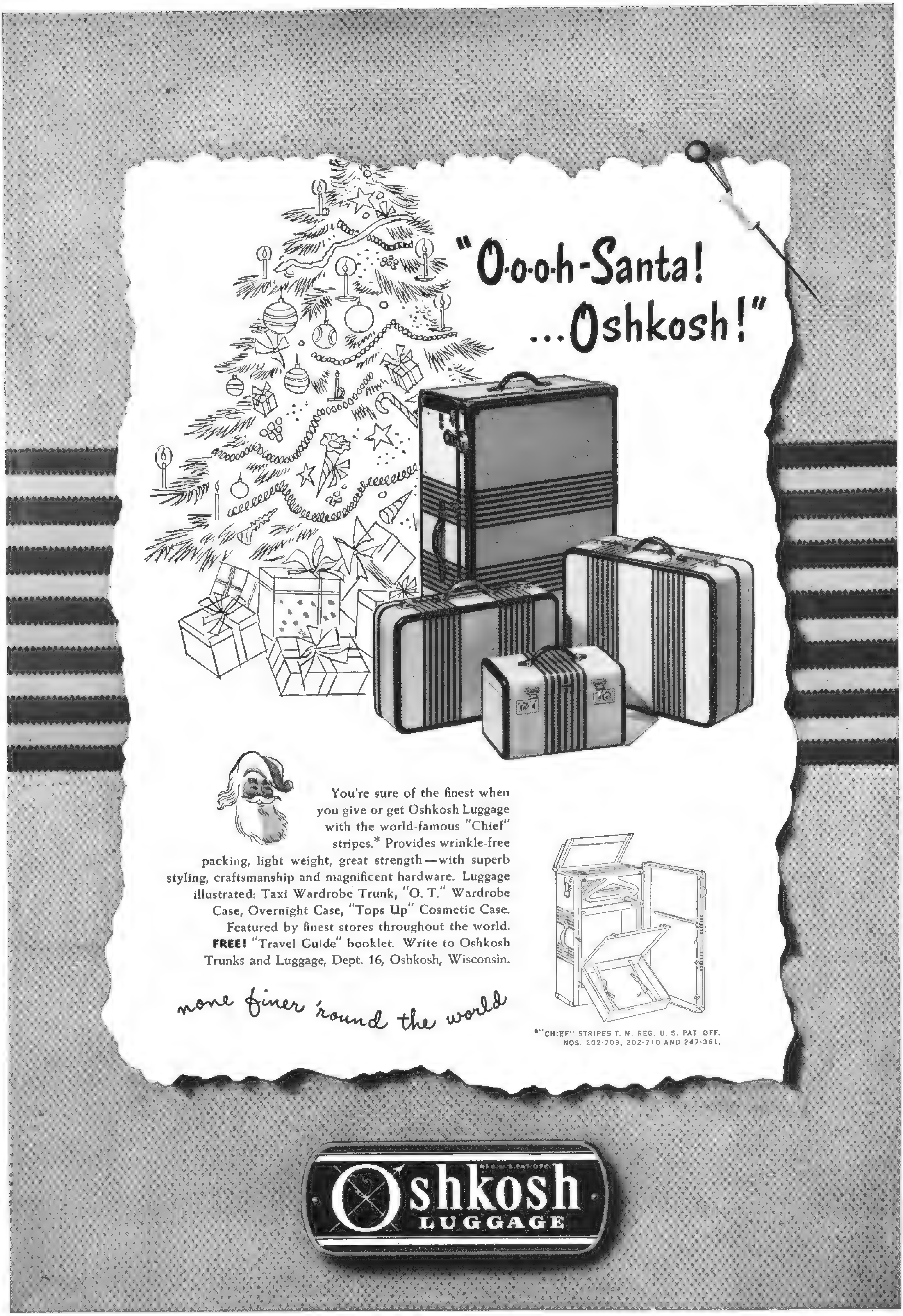
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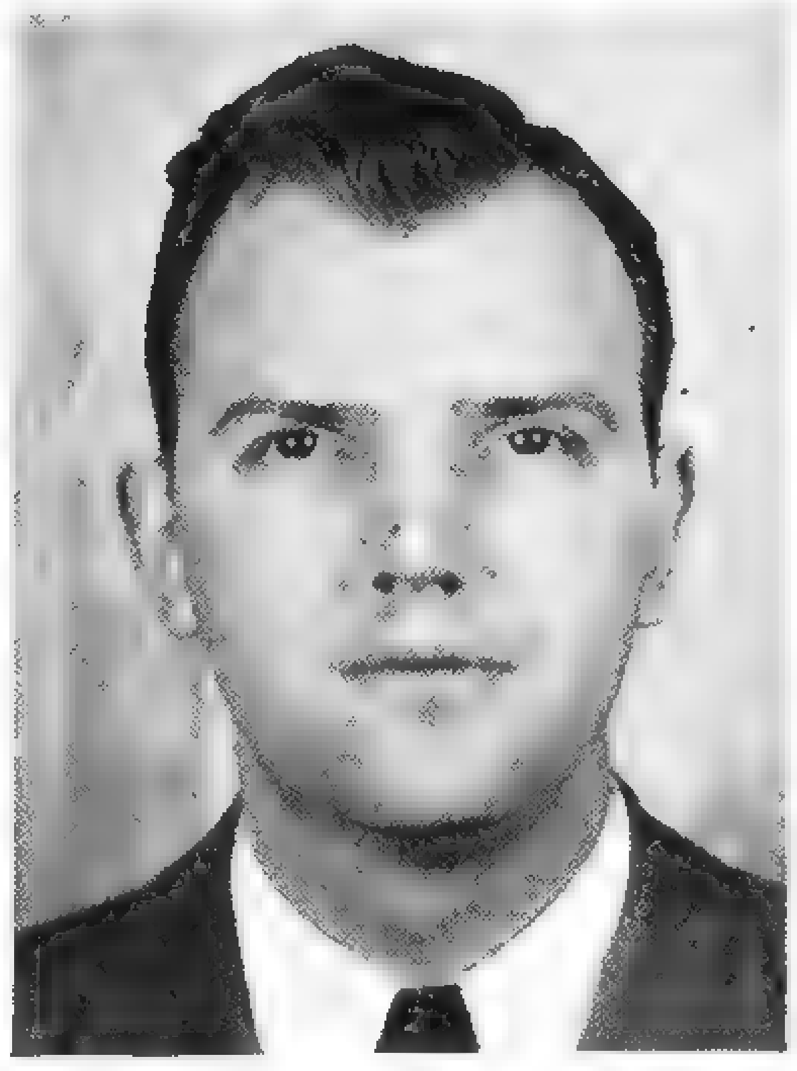
Backstage with Esquire



John Briggs

Music Editor for the New York *Post*, JOHN BRIGGS (*The Benevolent Despot of Music*, page 124) says: "I studied journalism at the University of North Carolina, my home state. When I found out what hard work writing is, I went to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. When I found out how tough it is to beat the music racket I became radio press agent, publicizing for NBC the network adventures of Toscanini and the Metropolitan Opera. I've been with the *Post* since 1940, with time out for the Army. My wife, Elizabeth Westmoreland, is a vocal coach at the Curtis Institute of Music and discoverer of Muriel Smith, the singer of *Carmen Jones*. We have two small children, a girl with curly hair and a boy with perfect pitch, a taste for Italian opera and other disquieting signs of musicality."

FRANCES GEIGER ADAMS says that her life has been one long typewriter ribbon, beginning with a job on a weekly paper in Dayton when she was fourteen, and eventually switching to radio work, including publicity and copywriting, with time out to acquire a husband and a son, now eight. Apropos of *Flash in the Pantry* she says: "My public tells me I make the best lamb stew in the world."

While RAY BROCK, author of *No Greater Love*, was a correspondent for the New York *Times* he achieved the unusual distinction of having two simultaneous by-lines for his coverage of the Jugoslavian *coup d'état*. Among his other accomplishments are his book about the Balkans, *Nor Any Victory*, a forthcoming book, *Danubian Tragedy*, frequent lectures and radio broadcasts and his marriage to the stage and screen actress, Miriam Hopkins.

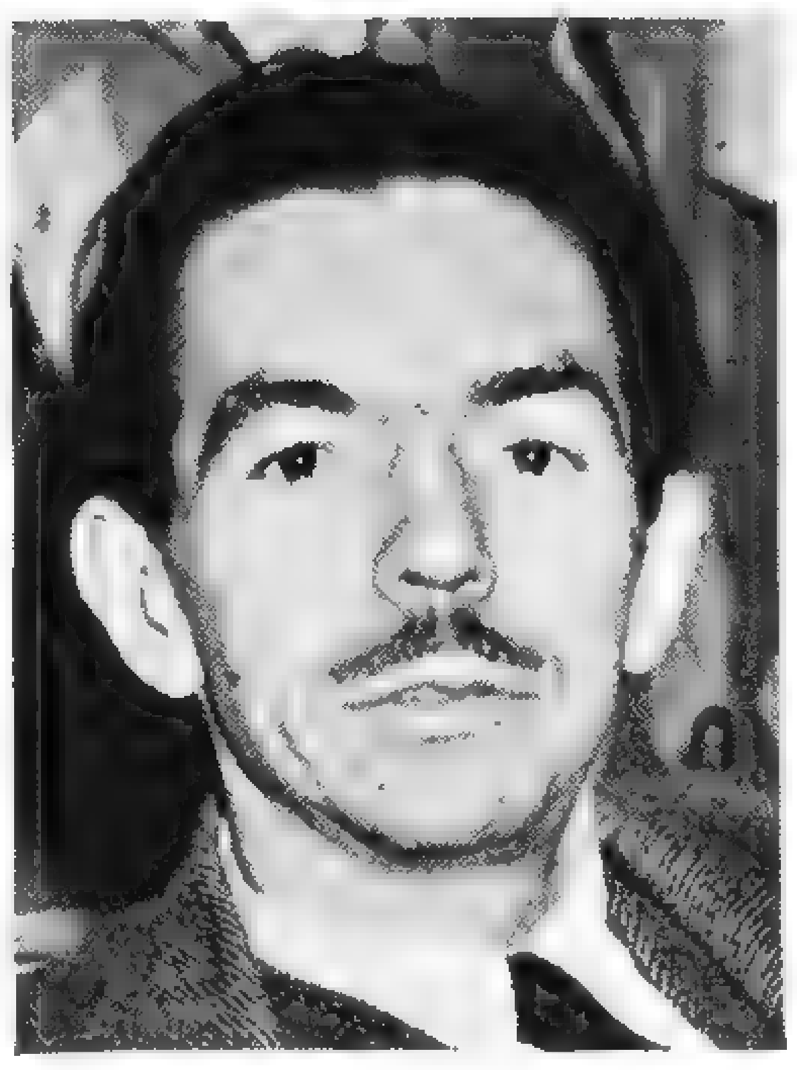
Vincent McConnor

During more than a decade of writing radio scripts, VINCENT McCONNOR has done just about everything but soap opera. He is on the program-writing staff of CBS; last year he created the Richard Lawless series which attracted a diverse audience consisting of small fry and college professors. Recently he has been adapting plays and novels for the hour-long Studio One series, offering such top-drawer entertainment as *Dodsworth* and *Payment Deferred*. Ambitious students will be baffled to learn that he prepared for all this by studying painting and commercial art at Pennsylvania Academy.

FRANK LASKIER is the author of three salty books, based on his seventeen years at sea, most recently *Unseen Harbor*, published this last autumn by Lippincott. He writes: "Since writing *The Carpenter Goes Home* for you four years ago I have been heartened enough to take up writing as a profession. I am now living in the country in Rockland County, New York, and my wife is still by my side with two little books on spelling and punctuation. I got more money from writing *The Cruise of the "Turpitude"* (page 144) than I got from the owners for a six months' trip of sheer hell."

Rian James

RIAN JAMES, novelist and movie scenario writer, broke into journalism by falling out of airplanes and writing about it for the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* in *Stunt Columnist*. He says: "After a year spent alternately writing, stunting and listening to my ribs knit I quit stunting to do a Broadway column for the *Eagle*. I came to Hollywood for Warner Brothers to do one picture (*Forty-Second Street*) but by the time all options were lifted, someone else had my *Eagle* column and I had an orange grove. Have written or collaborated in the writing of forty-nine pictures, including *Love Is a Racket* and *Hat Check Girl*. Have been married to the same girl for twelve years, which may not establish any new record, but in Hollywood is the equivalent of place and show."



William Lindsay Gresham

WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM, who tends to achieve the hard way, became something of an authority on scientific criminal investigation while writing fact detective stories with a south-of-the-border locale which he culled from Mexican newspapers. His knowledge of Spanish was largely derived from service with the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. His acquaintance with people of The Neighborhood (Manhattan's Little Italy) began with the teen-agers he met during a trick with the Civilian Conservation Corps back in '33. He says: "In our more effete culture, friendship, loyalty and family honor are pale abstractions compared to these values in the Latin Quarter. Recently I have been tactfully informed that there is a disease much dreaded in the Neighborhood which sometimes has serious results, and that I have long had a low-grade case of it. That disease is known as The Big Mouth. So be it known that all events recounted in *Load of Respect* are fictitious."

ALLEN MARPLE, author of *I'm Just Leaving*, which you'll swear was written from your own office, has worked for Putnam's, Harper's, *Collier's* and M-G-M. He is married to a writer, Ramona Stewart, and they live in Tonopah, which he describes as "an old silver mining town of some 1800 people, 6000 feet high in Nevada, halfway between Reno and Las Vegas. It's a good country, full of sand and wind and sun, and a guy can relax."

Frederick C. Othman

In submitting his biographical notes for this department, FREDERICK C. OTHMAN unabashedly recommends his *Life on the Half Shell*, published this year by Whittlesey House, and "revealing all the details, including the horrid." Since graduation from Washington University in St. Louis he has worked for the United Press, "with such interesting assignments as covering nudist conventions where the main hazard was poison ivy; and such developments as the attempt (unsuccessful) to raise Aimee Semple MacPherson from the dead." For the past three years he has been in the UP's Washington, D. C., Bureau, except for a hurried trip around the world (it took six and a half days) and a more leisurely session in Guatemala last summer.

MANUEL C. DIAZ was born in Yucatan, in the "very noble and loyal city" depicted in his current story, *Cockfight in Mérida*. During his boyhood he came to this country, and eventually got his A.B. at the University of Cincinnati and his M.S. at the University of Chicago. Now married to a Wisconsin girl, he says: "I am having a most interesting and enjoyable experience (in the puritanical sense of the word) teaching math and science at Brownmoor, a girls' private school in Phoenix, Arizona."

VINCENT RIMSITE says: "Esquire discovered me in 1944, and since then I've discovered myself. Post service, I sneered at literature on Rehabilitation until two years later I knew the merry-go-round I'd been on was just that. My desire is writing but I accepted a job as an actor as a gag and since, the gag has taken on Freudian aspects. Saw a psycho-man about it, now *he's* looking for a part."

Francis X. Giaccone

FRANCIS X. GIACCONE, author of *Nono, Epicure of Negation* (page 129), writes with unlawyerlike brevity: "I am a lawyer by profession and have been a City Magistrate of the Magistrates' Courts of the City of New York since 1939. I have also been a member of the State Legislature, an assistant United States Attorney and a Deputy Fire Commissioner. I do not think that my other activities would be of interest nor, possibly, are the above."

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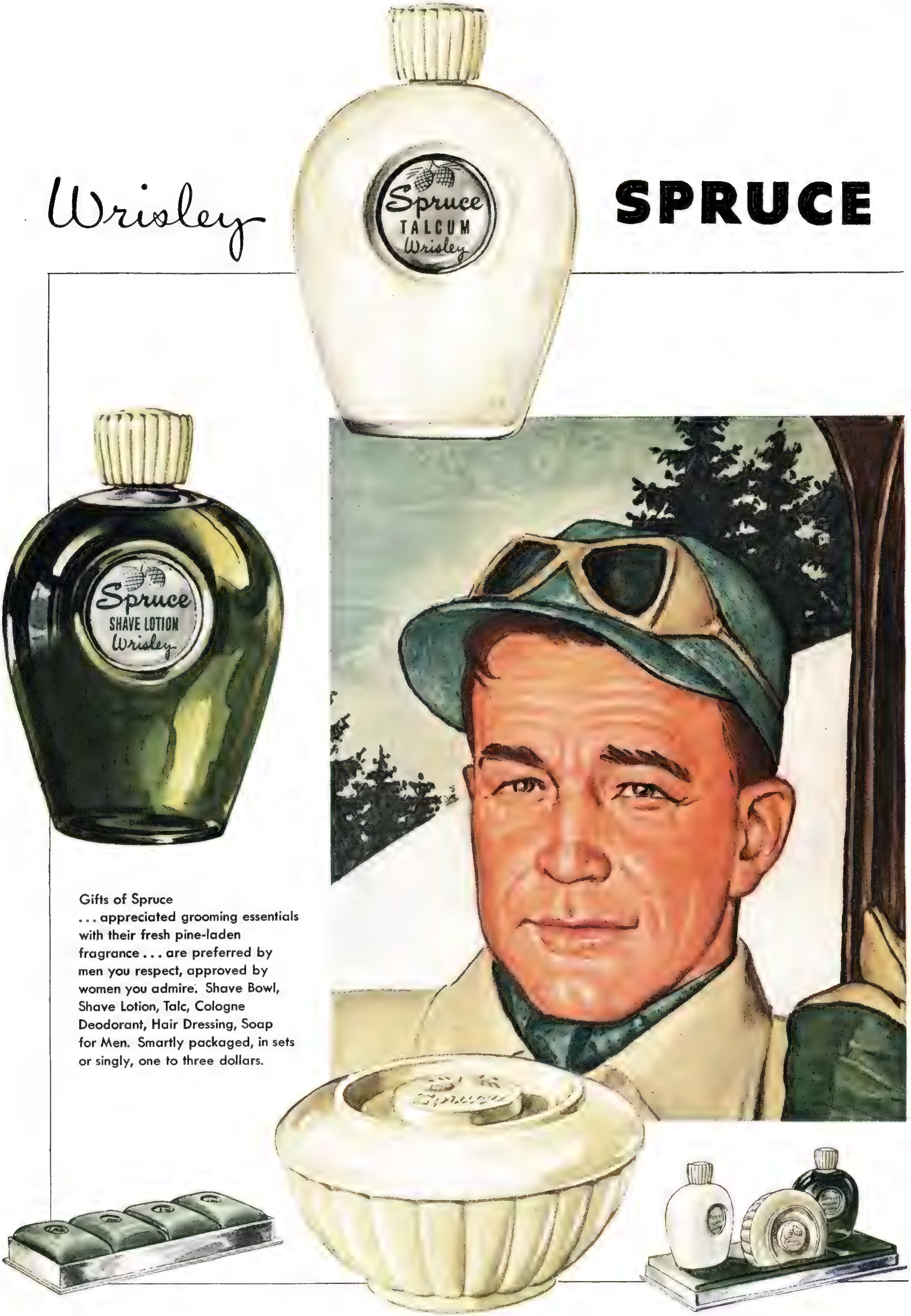
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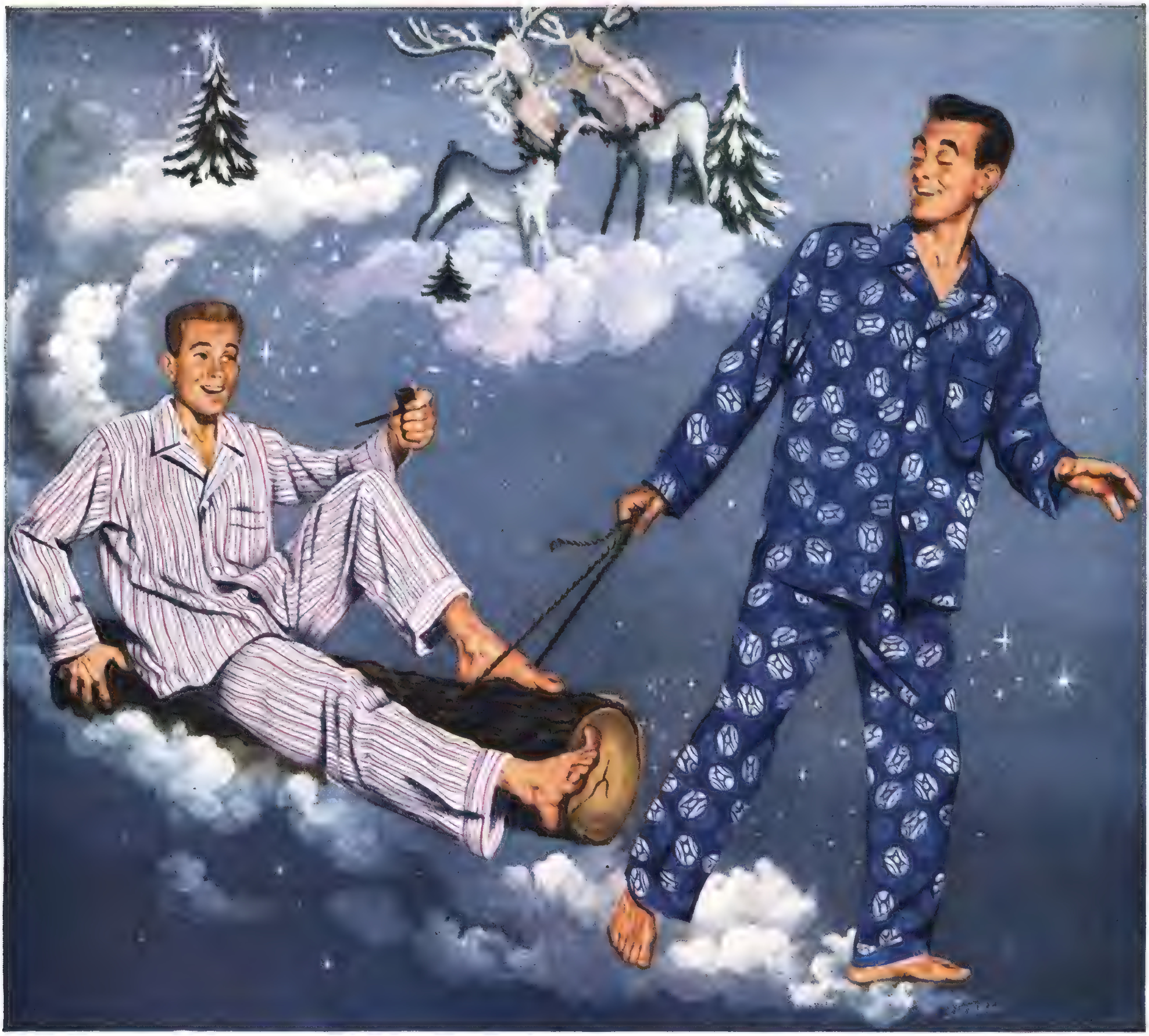

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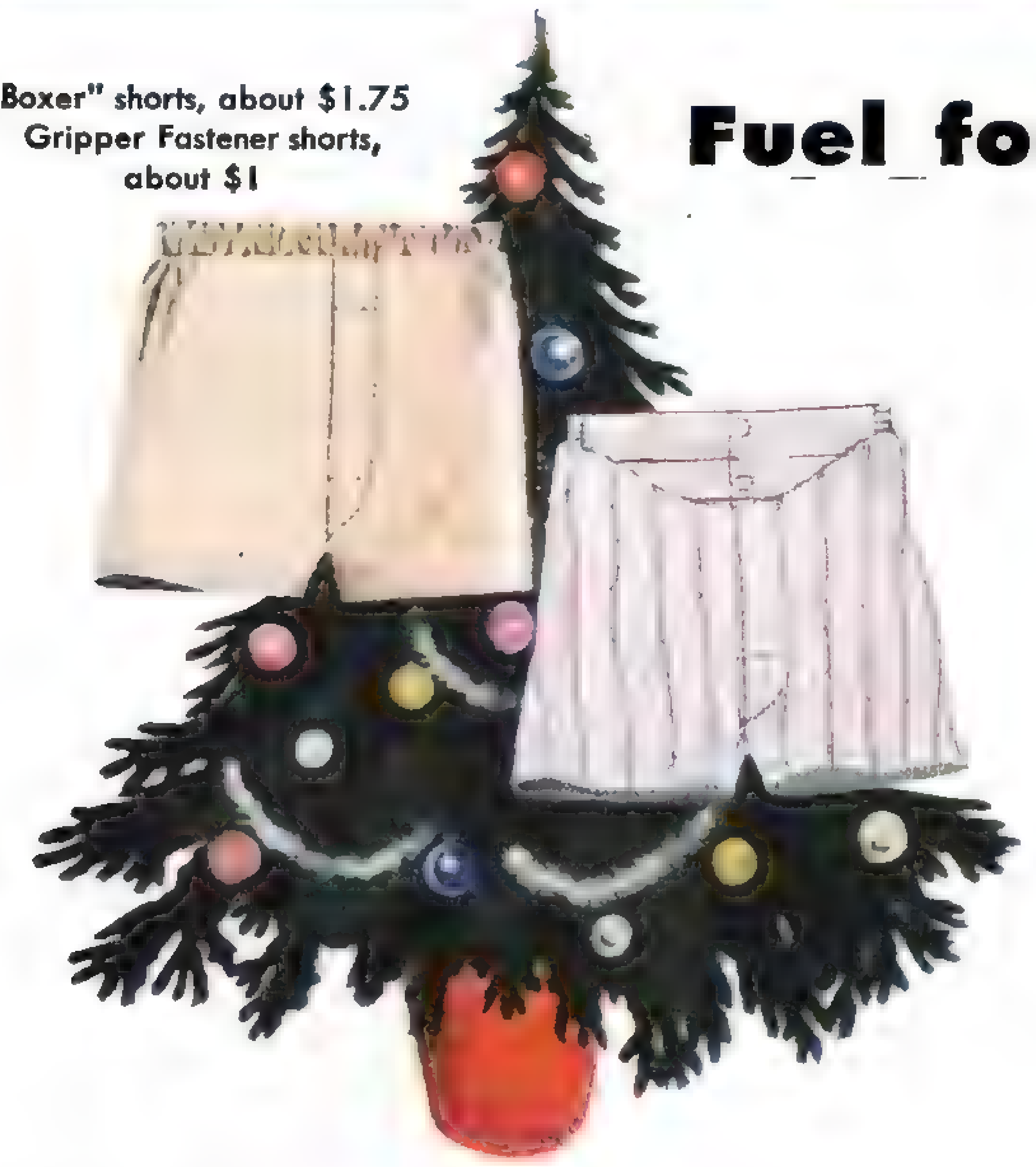

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THIS MAN'S WORLD:

Christmas Is Still Christmas

There's nothing like loving everybody at Christmas, with certain exceptions

by **PAUL GALLICO**

One might despair more easily of the inhabitants of this uneasy planet if one were not surrounded by the visible evidence at this time of year that people in many lands and languages had been capable of the beautiful concept of Christmas. The very fact that for even a short period we manage to reverse the universal trend and concern ourselves with giving instead of getting must be good for us. If nothing else, it supplies a little mild exercise to the atrophying muscle of self-sacrifice and thus continues to hold out hope for the members of the human race. It is true that in our country we have merchandised the hell out of the Christmas season; many of us approach the battle of the department stores, the rush, the expense, the long Christmas lists of people to be remembered, with a little less than the true spirit of Christian charity, but the point is that we do continue to go through with it at considerable inconvenience to ourselves, and every so often a little bit of love creeps into the purchase or planning of a gift, an ember, sometimes only the tiniest spark, but we are keeping this precious thing alive and perhaps someday it will glow again more brightly. For in spite of all we have done to pervert the spirit of the Yuletide season and ourselves with it, it continues to exercise its fascination and beauty. There is a touch of more than human magic that triumphs over the worst in us. Even the grimiest, runny-nosed scarecrow of a mendicant Santa Claus blue with cold, tinkling his bell for alms for the poor on the busy street corner, is transformed by it. He is a shocking mockery of the Saint we worship at this time, but not even this caricature can wholly mar the triumphant symbolism behind it.

It is good just to say "Merry Christmas" to someone, an acquaintance, or the telephone operator, or the delivery boy, or even a total stranger encountered on that day, for the words warm the hearts of both the speaker and the listener, and the saying of them relaxes the sinews and tendons of the face and lets a smile come easily. It is impossible to keep the countenance set in the mold of suspicion, disinterest, or bitterness while crying out the greeting of Merry Christmas to a fellow man.

Say it then many times. Say it as often as you can and to everyone who will listen, for every saying of it is a little healing to the hurt soul of men, and add to it the older greeting, as I do to you: Merry Christmas, and God bless you all.

Experiment in Ill-Speaking

It was Diogenes Laertius writing circa 200 A.D. who quoted Chilon as advising, "not to speak evil of the dead." That was a long time ago and generally it is our usage and custom to refrain from speaking ill of the departed on some kind of misbegotten theory that yielding one's human envelope sanctifies all of the villainy that one perpetrated while inhabiting it.

However, there must always be a first time, a pioneer, the explorer who walks the untrodden ways, and with your kind permission I propose to speak very ill indeed of the late Senator Theodore Bilbo, for in my estimation he was a wicked and evil man, and I am outraged to the core by the funeral panegyric accorded him by a Southern wowser, the Reverend D.W. Nix credited with infesting the community of Bogalusa, Louisiana, and who, according to *Time* Magazine, completed his theological training at Bilbo's expense.

Brother Nix had the obscene crust to turn to the Bible for the text for his oration spoken over the remains of his departed patron, the fourth chapter of Timothy II: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Never were these beautiful and uplifting lines more wickedly mocked.

It is true that Bilbo had indeed finished his course, but looking over his astounding career of obliquity I cannot find any evidence that he fought the good fight, and if there was any faith that he kept it was with Beelzebub and the Fraternity of Darkness.

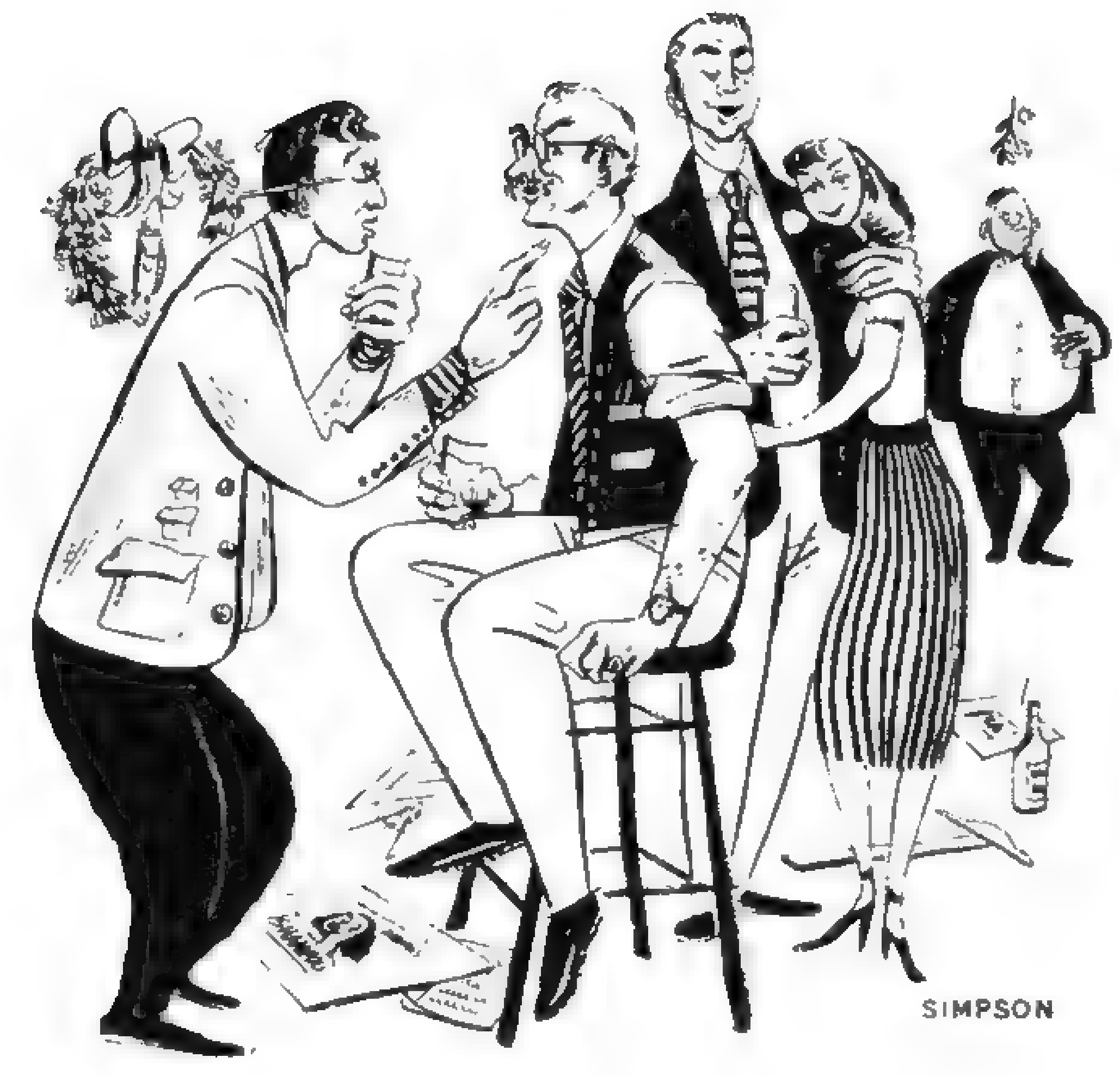
Theodore Bilbo died last August. It is difficult to keep indignation timely when writing in advance to counter the mechanical difficulties concomitant with issuing a monthly as huge and complex in design as this one, but I assure you that at this moment, as you read this, I am just as revolted with the encomiums with which the preacher buttered the remains of the departed rascal and bigot and the general pussyfooting in his published obituaries as I was then when I first read them. I acquired a good six months' burn. Only three of them have sizzled by.

Have you forgotten? Then let me refresh your memory on the cheekiest bit of hypocrisy yet spoken by any man of the cloth. Said the Rev. Nix of this dead bad fellow who through his lifetime peddled hatred and fulminated against the brotherhood of man: "His work is finished, but his ideals will live on. God will see to it that the great principles of righteousness with which he was possessed, and which motivated his every desire and hope, will continue. He died a martyr to the . . . real, true principles of American Democracy."

I suppose by our own actions, hypocrisy, the mere lip service which we pay to tolerance and the general callousness of our behavior towards our fellow humans, we deserve such impertinent cynicism, but our God, who is breveted in that dreadful speech as the special messenger and executor of the hideous legacy of venom left by the departed senator, does not. However, it is the Rev. Nix who pretends to serve Him who will eventually be called to render an account of his stewardship to his Maker, and we can safely leave this holy man to the contemplation of that meeting and return to a consideration of what manner of villian was this Theodore Bilbo of whom one

(*Continued on page 204*)

This year he'd skip the office Christmas party, which led to unrestrained caroling, insulting the boss and kissing the girls



I'm Just Leaving

by ALLEN MARPLE

He was standing before the mirror in the foyer, cocking a felt hat with exact casualness, when his wife called, "Joe!"

He yelled, "Yeah?"

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

He grinned in the glass and started back through the apartment, through the living room with its deep, fitted carpet, deep, comfortable chairs and deeply polished antiques, and into the dining room. Margot was behind the silver percolator at the head of the table, the winter sunlight brightening her reddish hair and the leaf green of her dressing gown.

He stopped to stare at her, and said, "Baby, you're something—even this early." Then he walked over, long and lean and a little grey, and bent down. He straightened and laughed. "Ten years and you still have to be kissed good-bye."

She smiled and held out a small square package wrapped in white tissue and a red ribbon. "I thought this might come in handy."

He took it. "Yeah? What is it?"

"A watch. From Tiffany's."

"But, baby, I've got a watch."

"You could give this one to Miss Dean."

He stared at the box. "My God."

"You said to buy her something nice this Christmas. She's been with you five years, remember? So don't scream when you get the bill."

"No—no." He shook his head. "She's got it coming. She's the best secretary in the shop."

"Well, then?"

"I was just thinking." He grinned at her. "What would I do without my women?"

"Get fired and starve to death."

"Speaking of getting fired." He pulled her up, tucked his hand under her arm, and started back through the apartment. "Today Old Man Andrews gets in bright and early. When the boss comes looping in with a hang-over from last night I'm busy. Too busy to be able to go out to lunch with him. That's where the hell really busts loose—at lunch—that gets the office party rolling."

DO NOT OPEN TIL XMAS
Ned HILTON

"You're still going to skip it?" she asked a little incredulously.

"Didn't I promise?"

"You never promised before."

"This time it's all set. Look." He reached for his wallet and extracted a narrow envelope. "Tickets. Carnegie Hall. Dinner out. The way we always planned it."

"Oh—nice! Do we dress?"

"Black tie—sure."

"It sounds good. I hope we make it."

"Make it?"

"Office parties!" She reached up and patted his cheek. "Just for a change I'd like to wake up Christmas morning and find you among the living. I'll wear my new gold dinner dress."

"You'll knock 'em dead." He hugged her. "Be seeing you, baby." On his way to the elevator he wondered exactly what it was she had called through the door after him. It sounded like, "God willing," but he wasn't sure.

The elevator boy had a bright good morning for him, the starter beamed at him in the lobby, the doorman had a cab for him before he reached the curb, and he knew that Margot had already distributed the Christmas envelopes. He was glad; it made him feel easy and good. Spread money around if you made it, that was what he always said; keep it in circulation.

He handed the driver a five. "Merry Yuletide! Fifteen South Avenue," he said, and sat back to enjoy the decorations on the trees set in the snow-flecked grass of the center strip and the red-ribboned wreaths in the passing windows.

He had a ten and a Merry Christmas for Mike in front of 15 South—the office took up a pot for the rest of the building employees—and he arrived at his desk in a sort of lazy glow. There was the usual white carnation on top of his opened mail. He picked it up, smelled it, stuck it in his lapel, and began to leaf through his letters for something interesting or important. He had thrown most of them into the discard of his unanswered-correspondence folder when his secretary opened the door and came in, running a comb through her fine dark hair. "Well!" she said.

"Morning, Maggie."

She was a small girl with big brown eyes that looked guileless and saw everything. Her black dress had a crisp, round white collar and white cuffs, but there was nothing sedate about her figure. He liked to watch her, and boasted around the office that she was walking proof that efficiency could be as easy on the eyes as on the pay roll.

He watched her now, and asked, "Surprised?"

"I should have brought you two carnations this morning," she said in her quiet voice. "Or maybe a gold star. The day before Christmas, too."

He said: "That's the point. I'm going to skip the office brawl. This year I'm going to stay sober. I'm going to be a good boy and get out early."

"But Mr. Andrews," she said quickly. "We'll miss you. You're always the life of the party."

"Yeah. I've heard about it. I sing. I sing tenor. *Silent Night* and *Good King Wenceslaus.* I recite. One year I rolled up my pants and danced the Highland Fling. I kiss all the girls in Filing. In Billing. In Mailing. In . . ."

"It's all in fun. They don't mind."

"They can't afford to." He looked at her for a moment. "I suppose I kiss you?"

"No, Mr. Andrews."

"Discrimination," he said, a little too lightly. "And along toward the end, when everyone else is feeling Christmasy, I am reliably informed that I get an uncontrollable urge to insult people."

GLANTZ

Creative Artist: Harold Rome

Once the prep school for Broadway fame was vaudeville. Now vaudeville is a becreped memory and many a coming Main-Stem great learns his theatrical A B C's along that string of summer camps which is known as the Borscht Circuit. Harold Rome matriculated thusly. By the time he was six years out of Yale he had spurned architecture for a tenor saxophone, written ninety songs, all unpublished. But after he spent the Summer of 1935 at Green Mansions arranging Saturday evening entertainments, he was plucked suddenly from obscurity to write the music for the Labor Revue, Pins and Needles, *which ran on Broadway four years.* Sing Out the News *followed, memorable for his* Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones. *Three years as a corporal taught him about the Army. He remembered profitably in* Call Me Mister.

"The only one you insult is Mr. Frothingham."

"Only the boss."

"He just laughs. He's drinking too. He never remembers."

"One Merry Christmas morning it might all come back."

"He couldn't get along without you."

Joel Andrews smiled at her, "That's what you think."

She looked away. "Mr. Frothingham!" she said tartly.

"Careful, Maggie!"

She walked out of the office into her smaller one, her feet making brisk thuds on the rug, and came back with an elaborately wrapped bottle in each hand. "From grateful clients, as usual. Do we send them to the nearest hospital this year?"

He reached for one bottle and scratched the silver paper off with his fingernail: "Umm. Perkins Pen, Inc. Napoleon brandy." He looked up. "That was a good campaign we did for old Perk."

She waited: "Well?"

"Unwrap them all. Keep a couple of the best pickings for yourself and send the rest of the good stuff down to the apartment. The bathtub produce goes to Bill Walters in the Art Department, as always, for the party. And praise God, this year I won't have to drink any of it myself."

She said, "Yes, sir," and went out.

After a moment, he called: "Maggie," and she came back in. He said, "Shut the door," and when she had, he tilted back in his chair and said: "This skip-the-party line is no gag. But it's going to take some doing. I'm not famous around here for sobriety and virtue."

She scowled a little. "You don't drink half as much as some of them. Mr. . . ."

"Frothingham—I know," he said gently. "But he owns the joint. And since granite was omitted when my character was put together, I'm appointing you my keeper. Maybe you could paint my nose blue for a starter."

"That's a silly idea. You don't need a keeper."

"Miss Dean, your job for the day is to get me out of here. Early enough to take my wife to dinner and sober enough to sit through a concert."

"And if you change your mind?"

He grinned at her. "Who's boss around here?"

She looked at him for a moment, and then smiled. "All right, Mr. Andrews." She turned away and turned back. "Shall I give you Mrs. Andrews' present now—it's back from the engraver's."

"Give it to me when I leave," he said. "And that reminds me." He pulled the small box from his coat pocket and held it out to her. "A small token of my affection and esteem—and if you give me your Mister-Andrews-You-Shouldn't act this year I'll paddle your fanny."

She took the box, looked at it for ten seconds, and then started to open it. She untied the ribbon and wound it carefully around her left index finger, slipped off the paper and folded it. She pressed the catch and the box snapped open.

She stared in, gave a sigh, and said, "Oh, Mr. Andrews!"

He shouted, "Stop!"

She looked up at him and looked away. "It's lovely," she said, looked at it again, and looked back at him. "So simple. So plain. I love it."

He said, "Let's see," and she came over and laid the box on his desk. He stared for a moment, and then flipped the lid shut. "Right purty," he said, feeling pompous. "Maybe it'll even keep time. And now make me a lunch date with Harry Kirby. The University Club—that's safe enough."

The morning went by fairly quietly. Miss Dean took care of the intermittent flow of Season's-Greetings wires and screened the telephone calls rigidly. The unwritten rule that an executive's closed door was inviolate to anyone except his secretary kept them secure from office interruption, and by twelve-thirty Joel Andrews' desk was clear. He riffled through an empty work folder and laughed.

"Finis. For once I'm ahead of myself."

She closed her book and said, "I've always told you that if we had a free hour every morning we'd keep up-to-date."

"Yeah—*if*." He looked out the window tentatively. "I feel sort of naked, all caught up. What say we sample Old Perk's brandy, by way of celebration?"

She shook her head.

"Just one?"

"Dinner!" she said sternly. "Concert!"

"Good girl!" His voice had a resounding heartiness that seemed to be almost false. "I just wanted to see if you remembered."

She consulted the new wrist watch and said, "You'll be late for Mr. Kirby." She walked out as he put on his hat and coat.

It was good to see Harry again across the sedate dining room of the University Club, and Andrews threaded through to the window table with his hand out.

"Harry—you old bastard!"

"Joe!" Kirby rose in his chair, a round bouncy man with short red hair. "Long time no see. How's the advertising racket?"

"I make out. How's by you?"

"So-so." They sat down and Kirby beckoned a waiter. "What'll you drink?"

Quickly Andrews said, "A coke."

Kirby looked at him and said, "For Chrissake! You got ulcers?"

Andrews explained, but all Kirby did was laugh.

"A concert!" he said scornfully. "Hell, I've got to high-tail it to Westport and trim a goddam tree for the kids." He looked up at the waiter. "Two Martinis—lemon peel—no olive—very dry. Aw, nuts, this is Christmas—make 'em double."

They had another, and a brandy with their coffee, but between times Andrews ate steak and hash-browns and a salad, topped with a good solid piece of mince pie, and got back to the office by two-thirty, feeling steady and strong-minded. He put his right thumb to its forefinger and waved an everything-under-control signal to Miss Dean as he passed, and sat down behind his desk. There were more telegrams and he was leafing through them when she came in.

She looked closely at him and said, "Well?"

He grinned at her approvingly. "Situation normal, Maggie. Absolutely. What's new?"

"Mr. Frothingham called."

"Old Horse-face? What's on *his* mind?"

"He wanted you for lunch with Mr. Perkins."

Andrews dropped the telegram and scowled at her. "What's *he* doing in town?"

"He came on for the holidays with Mrs. Perkins."

"Is the old skinflint still around the shop?"

"No. I checked with Mr. Frothingham's secretary. He's gone back to the Waldorf."

"He would have to turn up."

"He decided at the last minute."

"That fat wife of his did the deciding." Andrews looked out the window, and sighed. "Okay—get your book." He shut his eyes and waited till he heard her come back. "A wire. Dear Wilbur: Sorry to miss you at lunch today. Hope Perry did you proud. Sorrier still my wife and I leaving this afternoon to spend *(Continued on page 225)*

One would never think to look at the old hag that there had been a day when men fought for the privilege of losing their lives for her

WEBER

Ladies or Clothes

by GERALD KERSH

It is possible that the Negro slave was dreaming of the steamy green jungle from which he had been taken. Perhaps he was careless. The fringe of the great palm-shaped fan brushed the old lady's cheek and startled her so that she dropped her wine cup; whereupon she got up nimbly, in spite of her ninety-odd years, and screamed: "You black dogheaded ape! You savage beast! Abomination that you are! . . . Hey, there! Steward! What is this rottenness?"

"Oh, Lady . . ."

"Oh Lady, oh Lady! Silence! Or shall I take the skin off your back, you snuffling swine? What is this? Speak! Or shall I tear out that tongue of yours?"

"Lady . . ."

"Away with him to the mines! But first of all give the hoof-handed lout something to remember me by—with a scourge of river-horse hide. And listen, you—kill me another slave as you killed the last, and may I go to hell if I don't sell you up the river or, by the gods, send you to the brickyards to take some of the fat off your rotten bones, you slobbering eunuch. Go!"

"Dear Grandmother, compose yourself," said a dandified, obsequious little man of forty who was sitting at a respectful distance. "Your health, dear Grandmother, your health! Remember your health!"

"You hypocritical little painted image! You dare to say 'your health, dear Grandmother?' You lying rat, do you deny that you pray to all the gods all day long that I may fall down dead? I know what you want from me—money. I know you. I know men. Gods, how well I know men!"

"Dear Grandmother, you do me wrong. I still have a little money and some pride."

"You are a dirty little liar. I know that you are in debt. Why otherwise would you come all this way to sit with ashes," said the old lady, touching her hair and her eyes, "ashes and dust?"

"Ah, but in your ashes and dust, noble Grandmother, I see fire and smoke."

"You're lying again. You're a born liar. And flattering me—I hate flatterers."

"Dearest Grandmother, I cling to you because you are symbolic of the great old days. The way you dealt with that clumsy slave, for example. Ah, you were born to rule. What fire, what passion!"

"How much is it this time? Get it over. Don't sit there looking out of the corners of your cunning little pig eyes, you parasite."

"Dear Grandmother," said the dandified obsequious man, "it is as follows: First of all, my wheat . . ."

"Great old days. Ha! Slave, did you say? Ha! Fire, passion he says—this pink-eyed earthworm. Bah! What does he know of fire and passion, this puppy?"

"Dear Grandmother, I couldn't begin to tell you how fiery and passionate I am. But to return to that other little matter . . ."

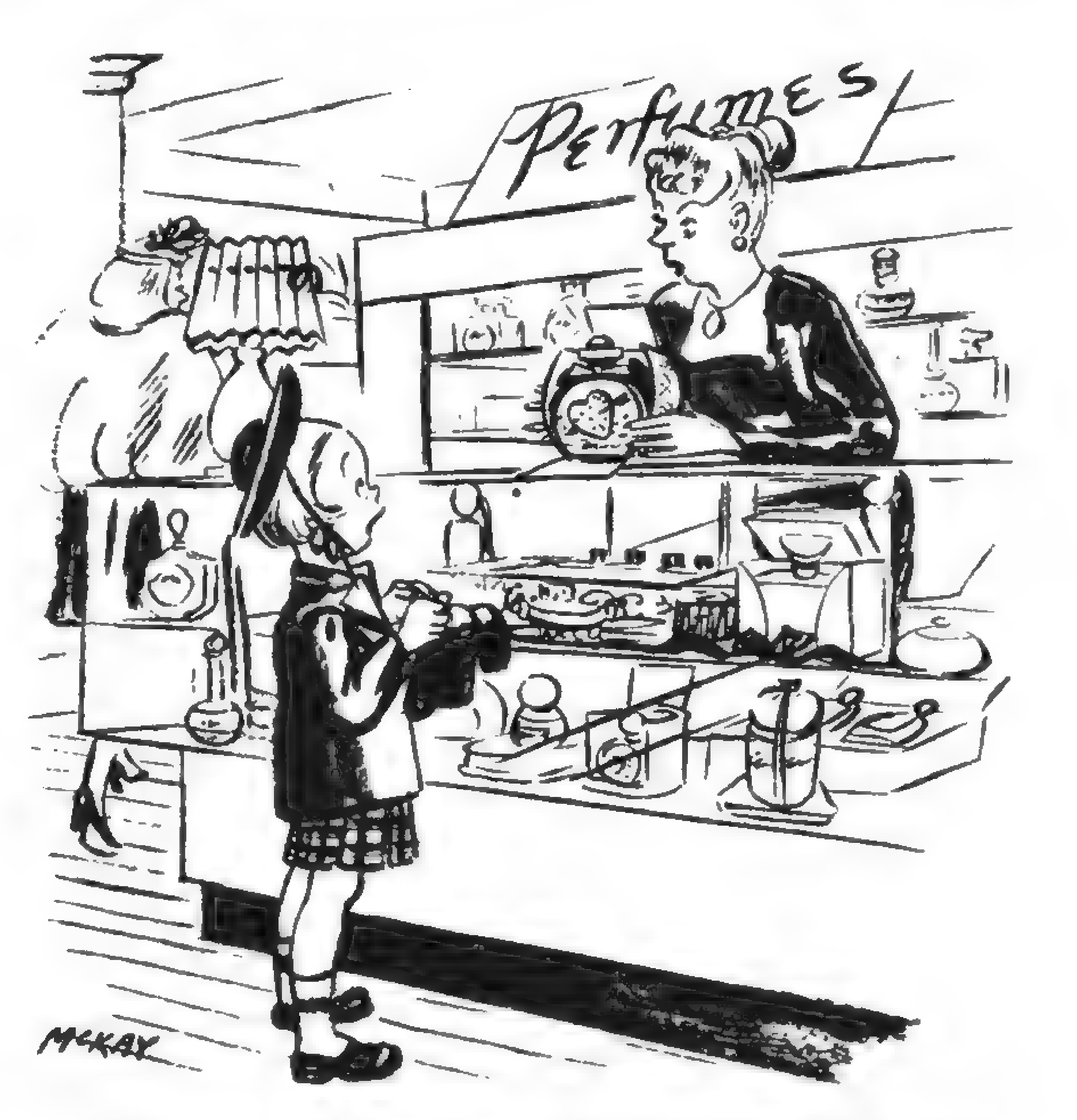
The old lady drank some more wine and said:

"Good gods, to sit like this in a twilight! I am paying for what I have taken. *Hai!* The living death. Yet I was very beautiful once. Let me have some more wine. It has no taste. It is not good wine . . . He dares to talk to me, this little bankrupt, about fire and passion, and that kind of thing! Idiot. Why, puppy, in your grandfather's day I could have taught you a thing or two—and all those insipid little slave girls you mess about with. Men were men then, and slaves were slaves. Fire burned bright and passion was passion. Now it is all fumbling and giggling and fiddling. Ah, yes, men were men, and women were women. Why, you miserable creature, this raddled old creature, this shriveled mummy that you see before you (give me some more wine) has been in love . . . dear gods, more times than I can remember, and has been loved—I mean loved to desperation—by half Egypt. Your grandfather was not much of a man, but he could have devoured seven of you before his evening meal, and spat your bones over his shoulder. He was not an exceptional man, your grandfather. An exceptional soldier, yes. I speak of him in relation to myself. Go on, look at me, laugh if you like. I am a mummy before my time, but when I was young . . . Oho! Did I ever tell you the story of the punitive expedition? It is too long to tell now, and I can't remember some of the details. It must have happened seventy years ago, now. Ho-ho, what a tale that would be if I chose to tell it! I was not wrinkled and empty like a sucked-out grapeskin then, I can tell you. Such was the power of my beauty and the subtlety of my tongue that I insidiously planted the idea of revolt in the mind of a visiting barbarian king, so that when he returned to his own country—still pining for love of me, by-the-bye—he refused to pay his taxes and defied us. My husband was sent with a small army to teach the barbarians better manners, and after a year of bitter fighting, the tribe was exterminated—as a lesson to the rest. My kinglet killed himself to avoid the disgrace of being captured. And do you know why I did all that? Because I had fallen in love with a young man of humble birth and wanted my husband out of the way. I always had a weakness for the lower forms of life—workingmen, foreigners, professional athletes, and so forth. And the cream of the joke is that, by the time your grandfather was safely out of the way, I had lost interest in that young man!

"All this, I would do, and more, to gratify a whim, a caprice, a passing fancy. Yet good came out of it. I saved many thousands of lives in the end, for the tribes thereabout had been secretly arming for war, and my punitive expedition reminded them that we could sweep them away like dust if we so desired. They dropped their swords and their bows, and paid their taxes long before they were due. So you see that I have been a powerful instrument for peace on the earth; and mark my words, the gods are not likely to forget it. They will overlook my little irregularities of conduct and receive me. I have never failed in my respect to the gods.

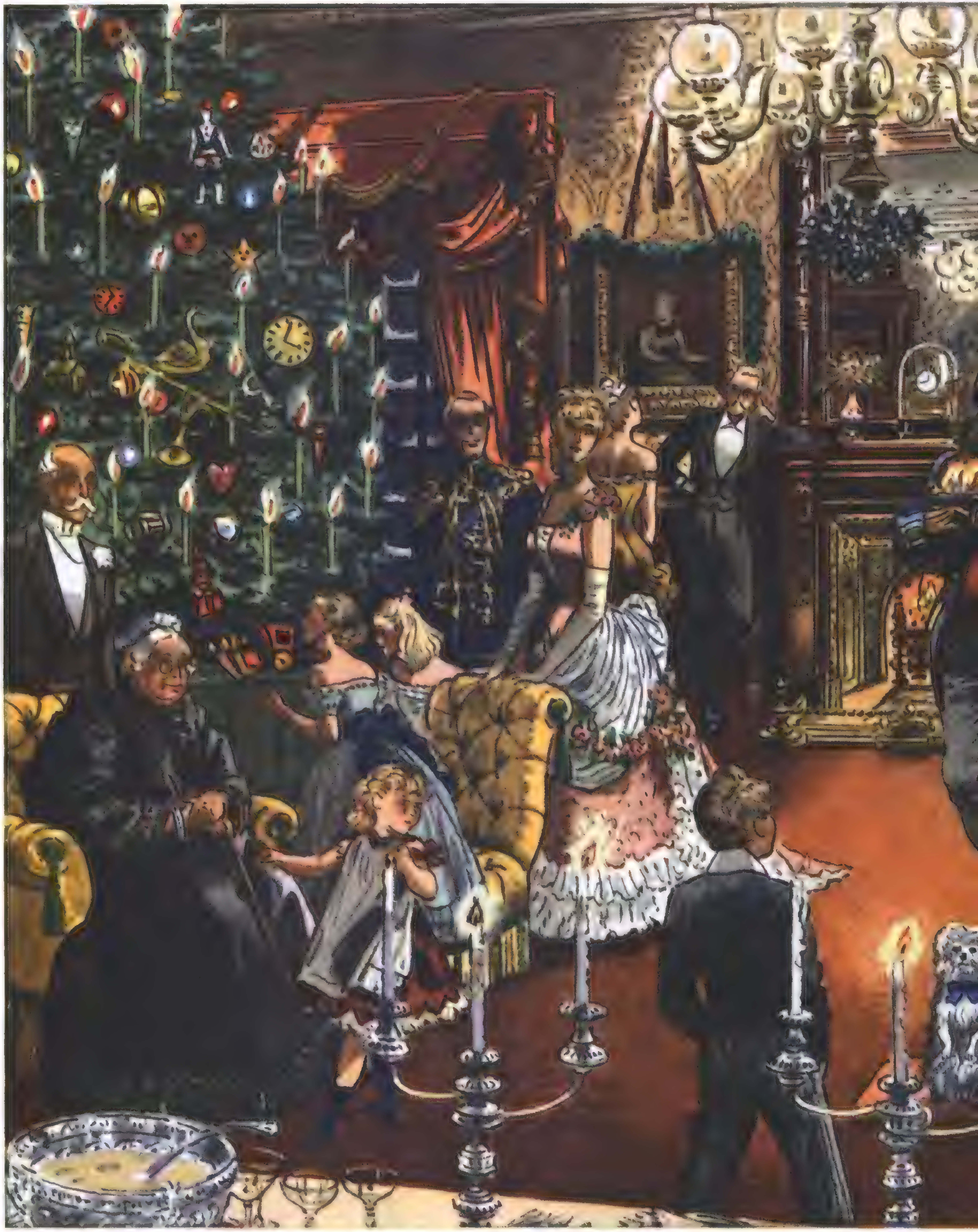
"No, indeed. And what is more I am convinced that the gods sent me to earth for a special purpose and that my 'fire' as you call it is a special sort of divine fire. I have been the means whereby a great deal of wicked pride has been humbled and much unholy vanity exposed. I have on several occasions had to do with so-called Great Lovers, foolish creatures who had been encouraged to believe themselves to be irresistible to all women. I showed them what was what, I can assure you. Oh fools,

(Continued on page 286)



"It's for my mother. She's losing her grip on my father"

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 86

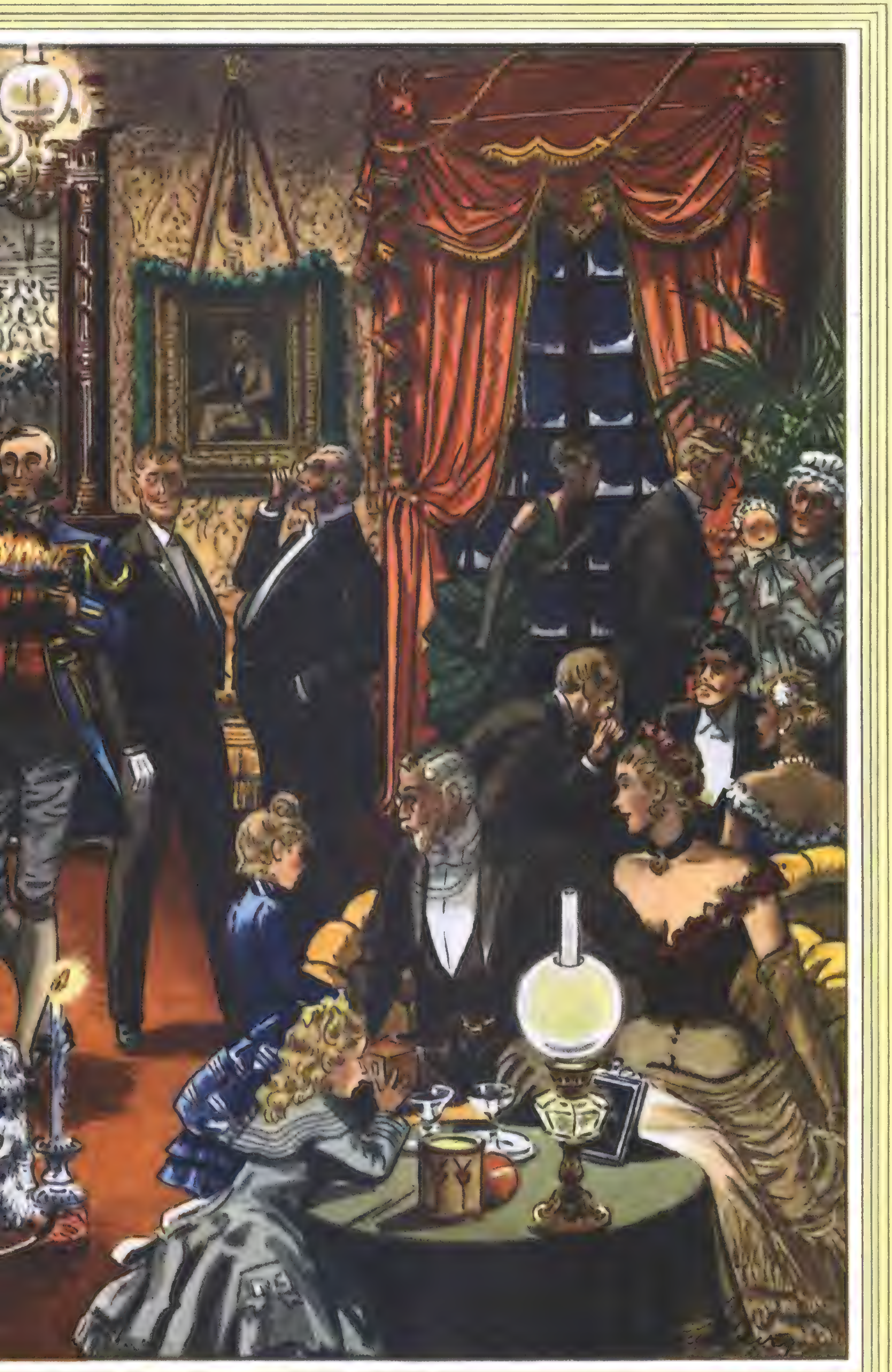


TAKEN FROM THE OLD ENGLISH, CIRCA 1880

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTM

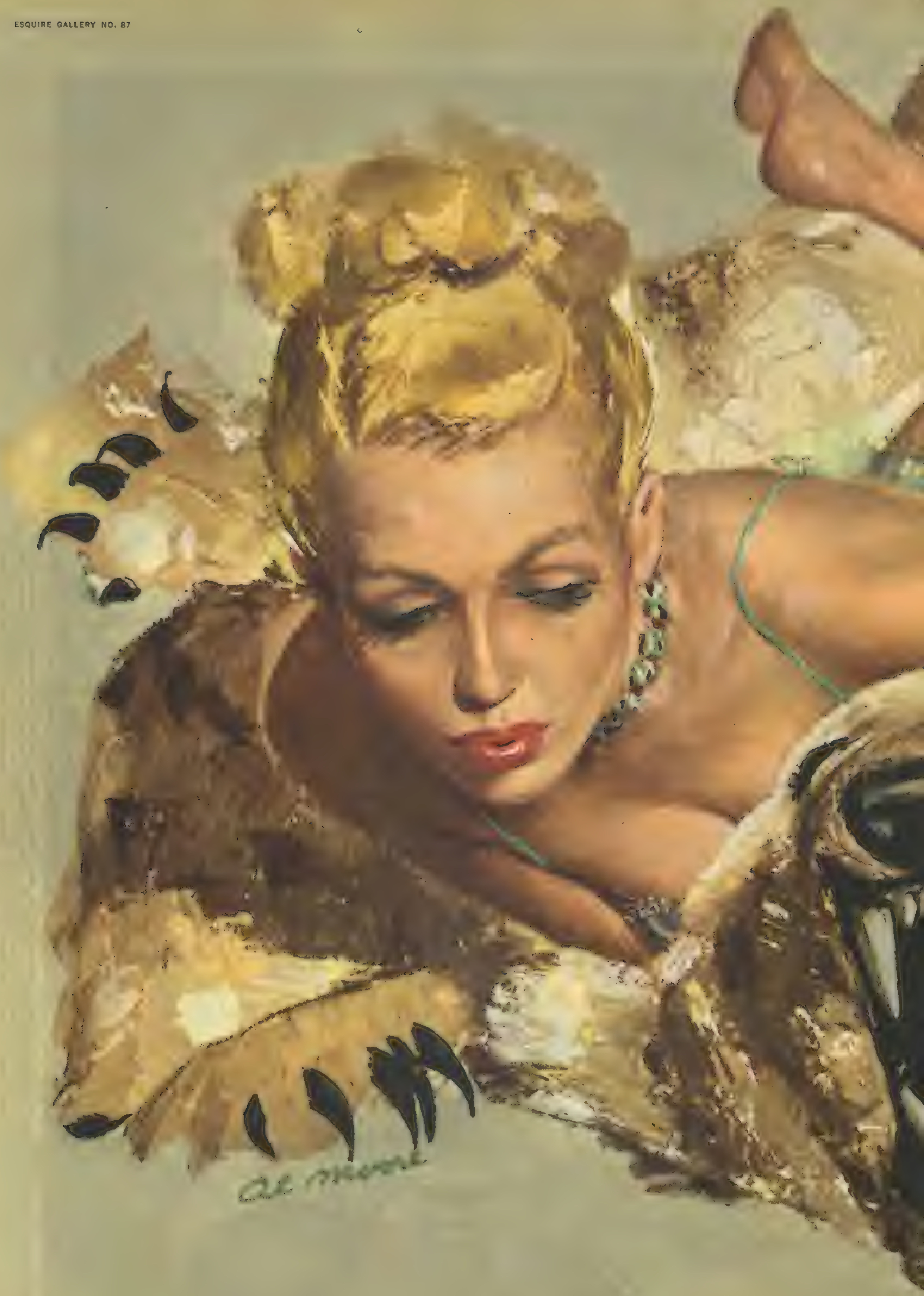
by Leslie Saalburg

© ESQUIRE, INC., 1947



PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR THE DECEMBER 1947 ISSUE OF ESQUIRE

AS AT SURREY



Portrait of a Christmas Eve

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR THE DECEMBER 1947 ISSUE OF ESQUIRE BY AL MOORE

UNCLE SAM'S
General Store
Selling Out!
REISMAN

Relating some million-dollar jests that do not amuse the man untangling the WAA

The General Hoes Some Cotton

by FREDERICK C. OTHMAN

I HATE to say it, but an amateur merchant with astigmatism, name of Uncle Sam, is in charge of history's greatest department store. He means well, but he always manages to buy high and sell low. He insults customers, hands 'em wrong packages (including some meant for their grandfathers), and breaks so many of his own laws by mistake that he spends much time arguing with himself. Poor Uncle! If I weren't a taxpayer and a patron I'd feel sorry for him and his 41,900 hapless helpers in the War Assets Administration.

The WAA hardly finishes one red-faced explanation of storekeeping in Never-Never Land before more complaints bring on more investigations. Its embarrassments range from a Senate inquiry into the warehouse of Wac girdles minus their snap to the House's amazement over the scrap that exploded in a junkman's face.

A Detroiter paid $20 a ton for nuts and bolts worth three times as much; the WAA then spent $60 a ton shipping them to him. It sold silver at ten cents on the dollar in Boston and forgot to drain the tanks of junked airplanes parked on an Arizona field, resulting in a gift to the buyer of $100,000 worth of high-test gasoline. It was delighted over the brisk demand for life rafts until the Federal narcotics chief stopped the sale; each raft held a kit of cocaine the WAA didn't know about.

Some of these bobbles were the WAA's fault. Some were Congress' for passing an unworkable law. Some were the Army's, which ordered its old pigeons, for instance, sold for stew and then had to buy new birds to carry its messages. And some were the gold-braided Navy's, which recently declared a consignment of silver-plated finger bowls as surplus at the same time it ordered new bowls with gadroon-mounted borders for admirals with careless table manners. Still more were brought on by clerks who couldn't count, clerks who weren't interested in counting, and clerks who never knew what they were supposed to count. Somebody always was changing the rules.

Most of Uncle's difficulties, it is fair to say, were caused by the job's sheer enormity. War's end left him with $27,000,000,000 worth of stuff to sell in a hurry. It was jammed in 10,000 warehouses around the world and when Uncle ran out of storage space he piled it in 50,000 pastures. It included 2,000,000 items, ranging from diamonds to dental floss and from human skeletons to hay-mowing machines. It was the most stupendous merchandising job ever attempted.

These responsibilities have fallen on the broad but sagging shoulders of Maj. Gen. Robert M. Littlejohn, the latest of a series of administrators, who is as unhappy about the mess he inherited as any other taxpayer. Nor is he proud of the ledgers.

He and his predecessors have sold, given away and buried materials so far that cost $18,700,000,000. They have received for them in cash $3,500,000,000, or about one-fifth of the purchase price. And we'll have to knock a few million off that because Uncle must deduct his overhead. This is no small matter when he has to spend $500,000 a year on the rental, alone, of his bookkeeping machine. So the $18,700,000,000 worth of goods finally will net $2,950,000,000.

Let us not be too hard on the general and his predecessors. Who wants to buy a trainload of helmets for air-raid wardens? And now that the plates of battlewagons are welded together, what good is a storehouse full of World War I battleship rivets?

Gen. Littlejohn still has $15,300,000,000 worth of merchandise for sale, most of it junk. The cream has been skimmed off; his only hope is to dump the remainder where it'll do the least harm. He hopes to finish the job by next year. His severest critics admit he has made an excellent start. And as the general said after his latest Congressional third-degree:

"I did not come to Washington to live in an old soldiers' home."

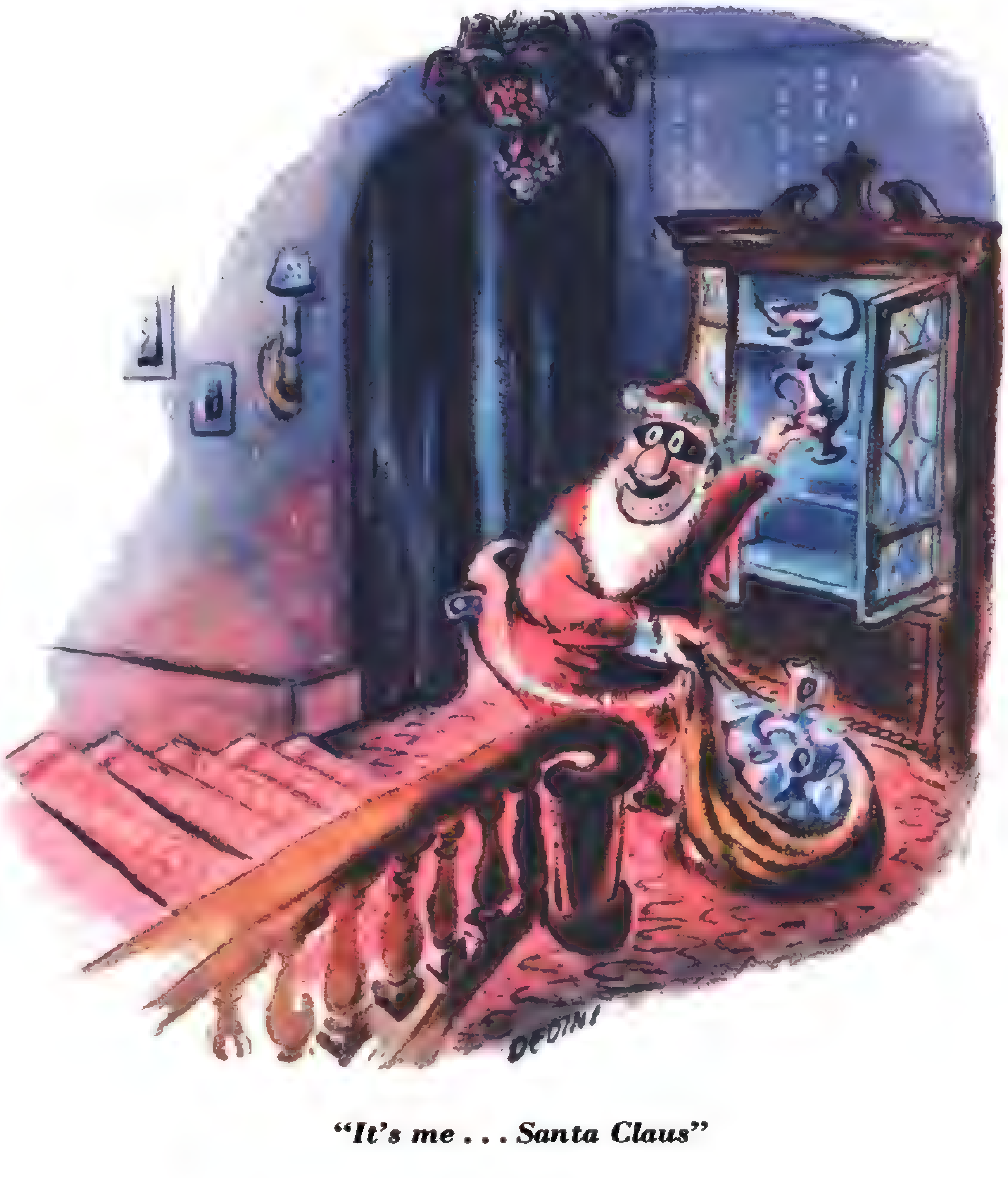
"You mean," demanded the incredulous Rep. Albert Thomas of Texas, "that you want out, too, General?"

"I would be much happier and could make more money hoeing cotton in South Carolina," the world's leading merchant replied.

In my wanderings around the capital for the United Press I have kept a fascinated eye on the WAA; inevitably I have found myself suffering at most of the inquiries into the incredible blunders of the surplus boys. The contretemps which first gave me the bureaucratic heebies involved a little guy with a close haircut, who was wading in a sea of Federal documents, trying to find surplus radio parts for veterans. He was head man in Washington in charge of the job. For two months he worked alone, while the papers piled up as far as his knees. Then he got a secretary, and a little later three assistants, but the papers kept piling higher and higher.

Eventually he had heaped around him 75,000 separate papers, describing 75,000 different batches of radio and electrical equipment. He also had thousands of orders from colleges, police departments and veterans. The little guy did the best he

(Continued on page 321)

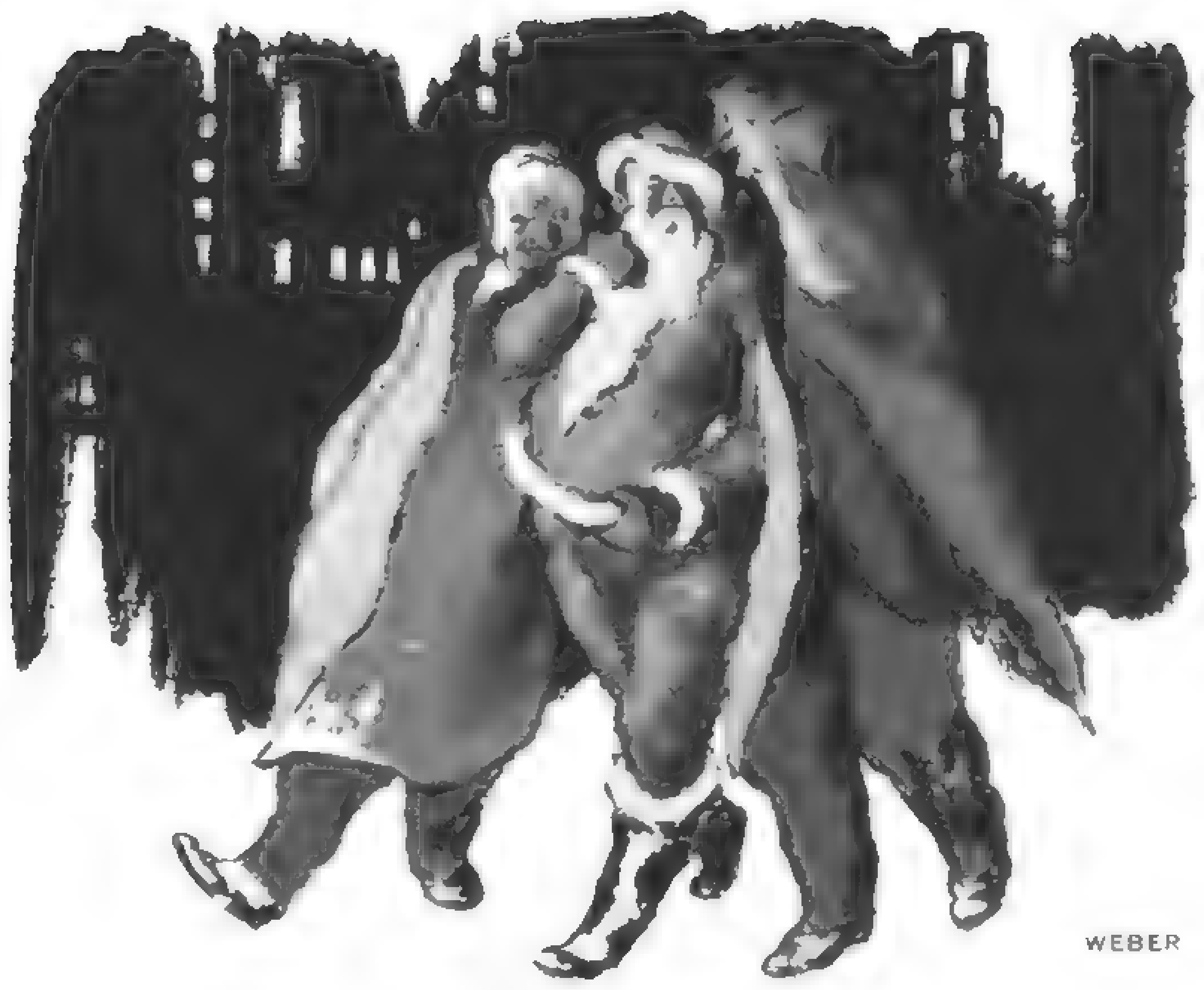


"It's me . . . Santa Claus"

With a Tom-and-Jerry glow he felt nothing was too good for Muriel's dotty old gammer who believed in Santy and loved nice things

Dancing Dan's Christmas

by DAMON RUNYON


WEBER

(Editor's Note: *The late Damon Runyon never said* Merry Christmas *more neatly or wittily than in this tale of how holiday cheer seeped into some pretty hard-shelled characters. We are pleased and proud to have the spirit of the great Damon move in these pages at this holiday time.*)

Now one time it comes on Christmas, and in fact it is the evening before Christmas, and I am in Good Time Charley Bernstein's little speak-easy in West Forty-seventh Street, wishing Charley a Merry Christmas and having a few hot Tom and Jerrys with him.

This hot Tom and Jerry is an old-time drink that is once used by one and all in this country to celebrate Christmas with, and in fact it is once so popular that many people think Christmas is invented only to furnish an excuse for hot Tom and Jerry, although of course this is by no means true.

But anybody will tell you that there is nothing that brings out the true holiday spirit like hot Tom and Jerry, and I hear that since Tom and Jerry goes out of style in the United States, the holiday spirit is never quite the same.

Well, as Good Time Charley and I are expressing our holiday sentiments to each other over our hot Tom and Jerry, and I am trying to think up the poem about the night before Christmas and all through the house, which I know will interest Charley no little, all of a sudden there is a big knock at the front door, and when Charley opens the door, who comes in carrying a large package under one arm but a guy by the name of Dancing Dan.

This Dancing Dan is a good-looking young guy, who always seems well-dressed and he is called by the name of Dancing Dan because he is a great hand for dancing around and about with dolls in night clubs, and other spots where there is any dancing.

In fact, Dan never seems to be doing anything else, although I hear rumors that when he is not dancing he is carrying on in a most illegal manner at one thing and another. But of course you can always hear rumors in this town about anybody, and personally I am rather fond of Dancing Dan as he always seems to be getting a great belt out of life.

Anybody in town will tell you that Dancing Dan is a guy with no Barnaby whatever in him, and in fact he has about as much gizzard as anybody around, although I wish to say I always question his judgment in dancing so much with Miss Muriel O'Neill, who works in the Half Moon night club. And the reason I question his judgment in this respect is because everybody knows that Miss Muriel O'Neill is a doll who is very well thought of by Heine Schmitz, and Heine Schmitz is not such a guy as will take kindly to anybody dancing more than once and a half with a doll that he thinks well of.

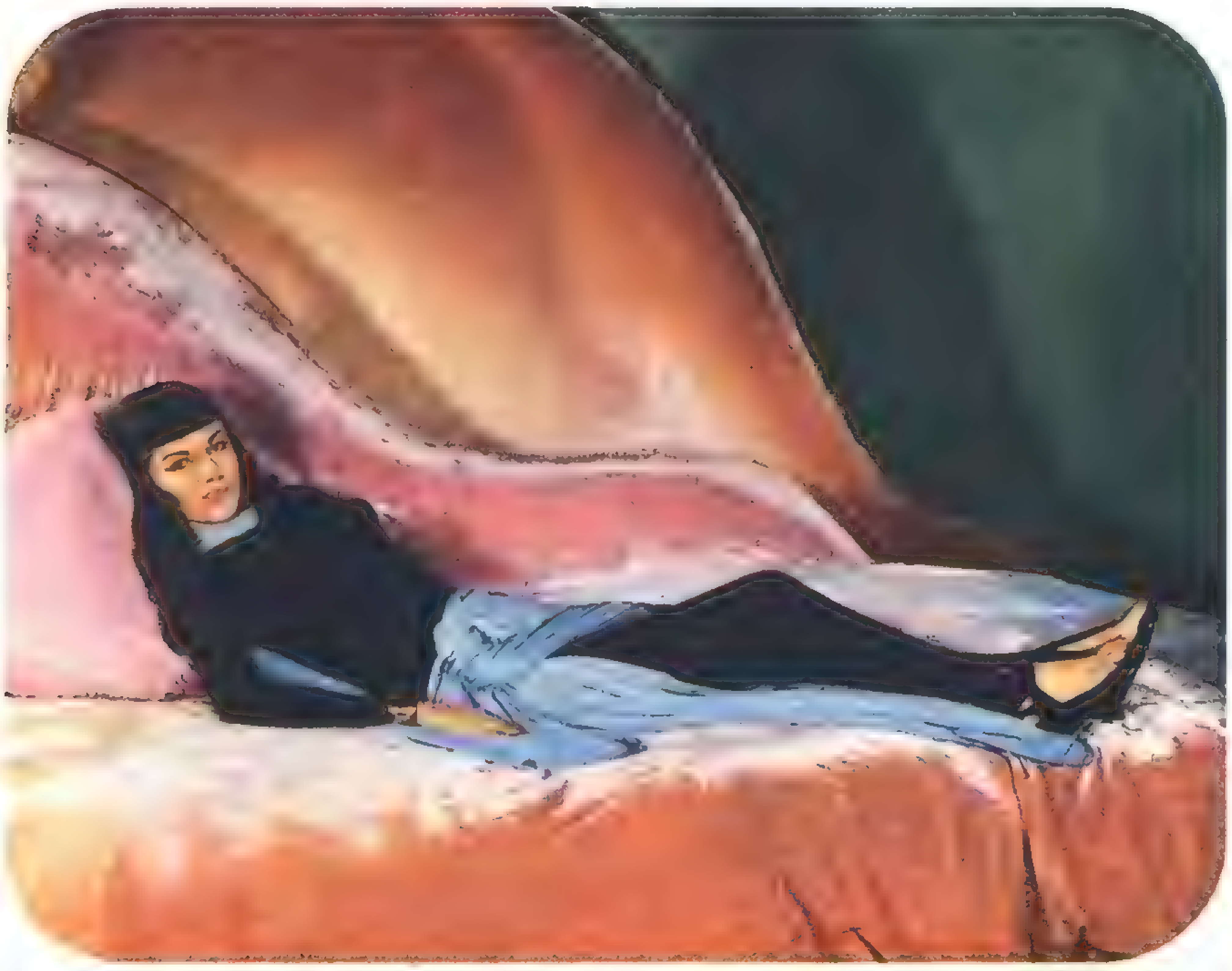
Well, anyway, as Dancing Dan comes in, he weighs up the joint in one quick peek, and then he tosses the package he is carrying into a corner where it goes plunk, as if there is something very heavy in it, and then he steps up to the bar alongside of Charley and me and wishes to know what we are drinking.

Naturally we start boosting hot Tom and Jerry to Dancing Dan, and he says he will take a crack at it with us, and after one crack Dancing Dan says he will have another crack, and Merry Christmas to us with it, and the first thing anybody knows it is a couple of hours later and we are still having cracks at the hot Tom and Jerry with Dancing Dan, and Dan says he never drinks anything so soothing in his life. In fact, Dancing Dan says he will recommend Tom and Jerry to everybody he knows, only he does not know anybody good enough for Tom and Jerry, except maybe Miss Muriel O'Neill, and she does not drink anything with drugstore rye in it.

Well, several times while we are drinking this Tom and Jerry, customers come to the door of Good Time Charley's little speak-easy and knock, but by now Charley is commencing to be afraid they will wish Tom and Jerry too, and he does not feel we will have enough for ourselves, so he hangs out a sign which says "Closed on Account of Christmas," and the only one he will let in is a guy by the name of Ooky, who is nothing but an old rum-dum, and who is going around all week dressed like Santa Claus and carrying a sign advertising Moe Lewinsky's clothing joint around in Sixth Avenue.

This Ooky is still wearing his Santa Claus outfit when Charley lets him in, and the reason Charley permits such a character as Ooky in his joint is because Ooky does the porter work for Charley when he is not Santa Claus for Moe Lewinsky, such as sweeping out, and washing the glasses, and one thing and another.

Well, it is about nine-thirty when Ooky comes in, and his puppies are aching, and he is all petered out generally from walking up and down and here and there with his sign, for any time a guy is Santa Claus for Moe Lewinsky he must earn his dough. In fact, Ooky is so fatigued, and his puppies hurt him so much that Dancing Dan and Good Time Charley and I all feel very (*Continued on page 177*)


HOMMEL

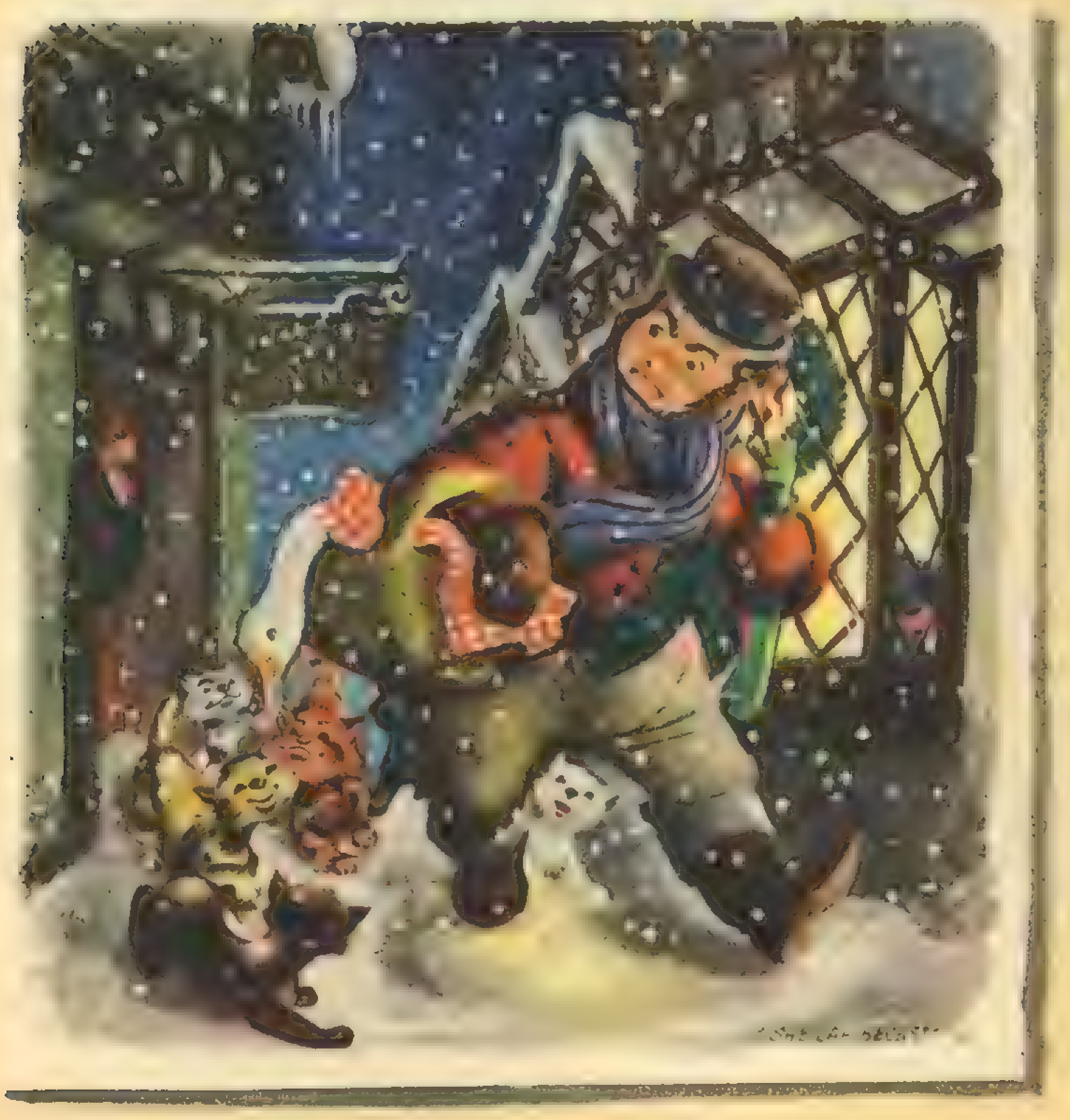
Movies: Maria on the Half Shell

Reclining on a ten-foot concha shell, Maria Montez plays queen again in Seymour Nebenzal's Atlantis, *this time as cruel Antinea who whimsically disposes of fifty-two husbands until Jean Pierre Aumont, as the brave French lieutenant, heaves onto the scene and points out that this is not a nice thing to do. Of course Miss Montez winds up docilely in M. Aumont's arms, but before that players have been embalmed in mysterious metals, Jean Pierre has knifed his best chum for making a pass at Miss M., Antinea has turned out to be the daughter of a French count and a Paris danseuse, and there has been much hugging and kissing. All of this is hardly a surprise to Miss Montez to whom it has been happening regularly over the last five years, during which she has played queen of everything but the May.*

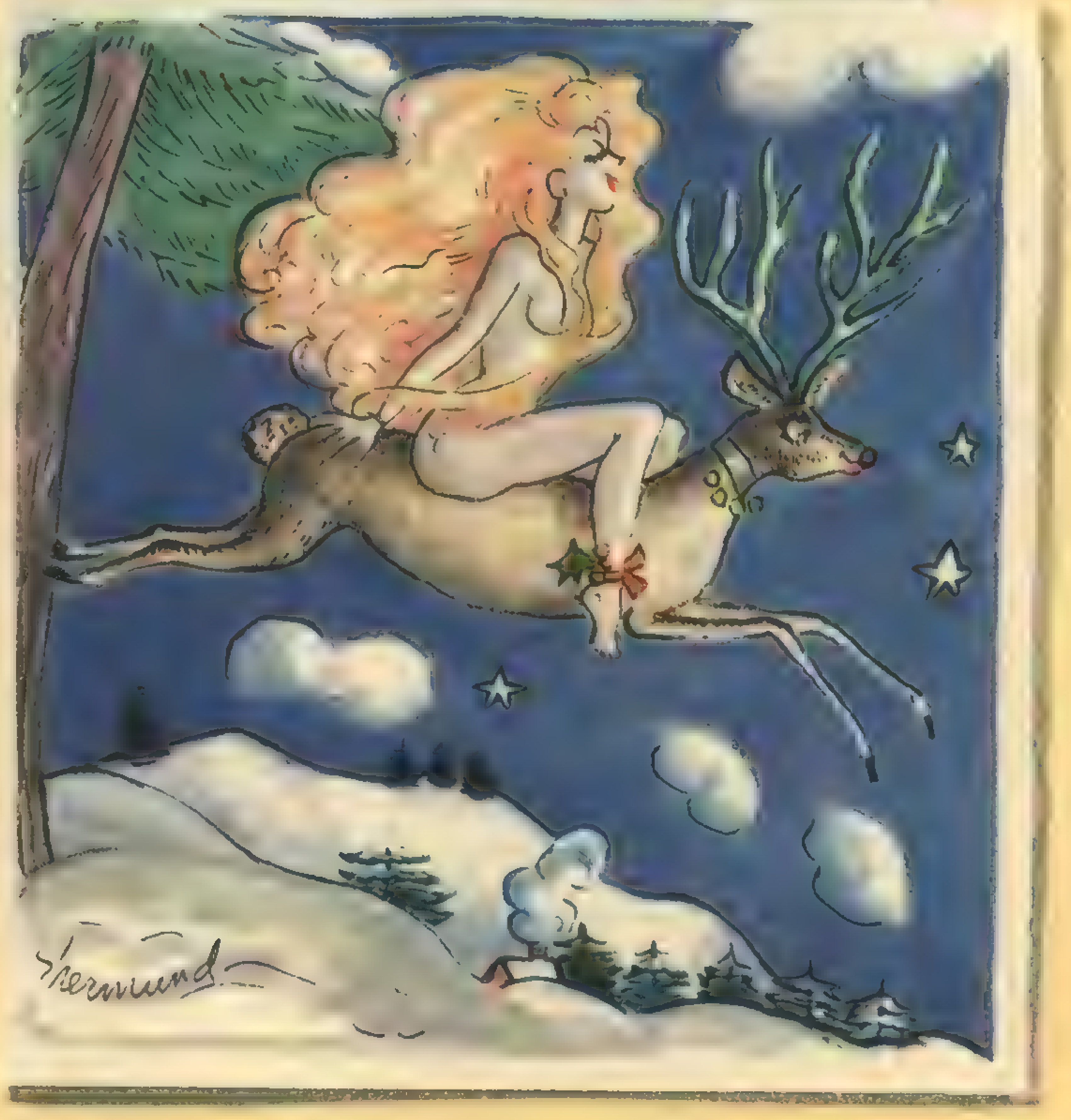
Slightly Seasoned Greetings

A once-in-a-lifetime twist to staid Yule tradition administered by the cream of Esquire's merry cartoonists: a stack of Christmas cards you're not apt to find in your mailbox

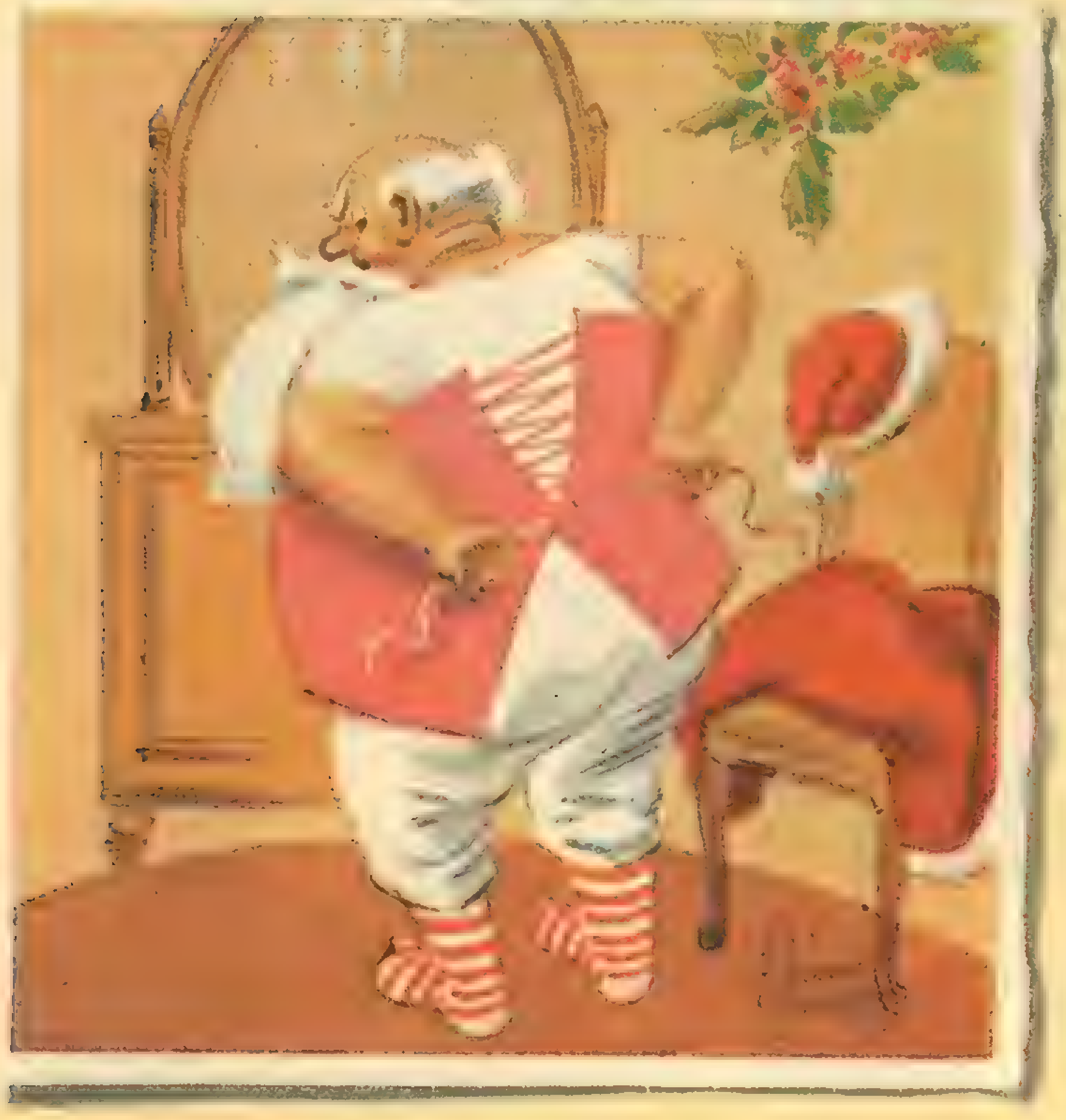
***Greetings by* FRANCES GEIGER ADAMS**



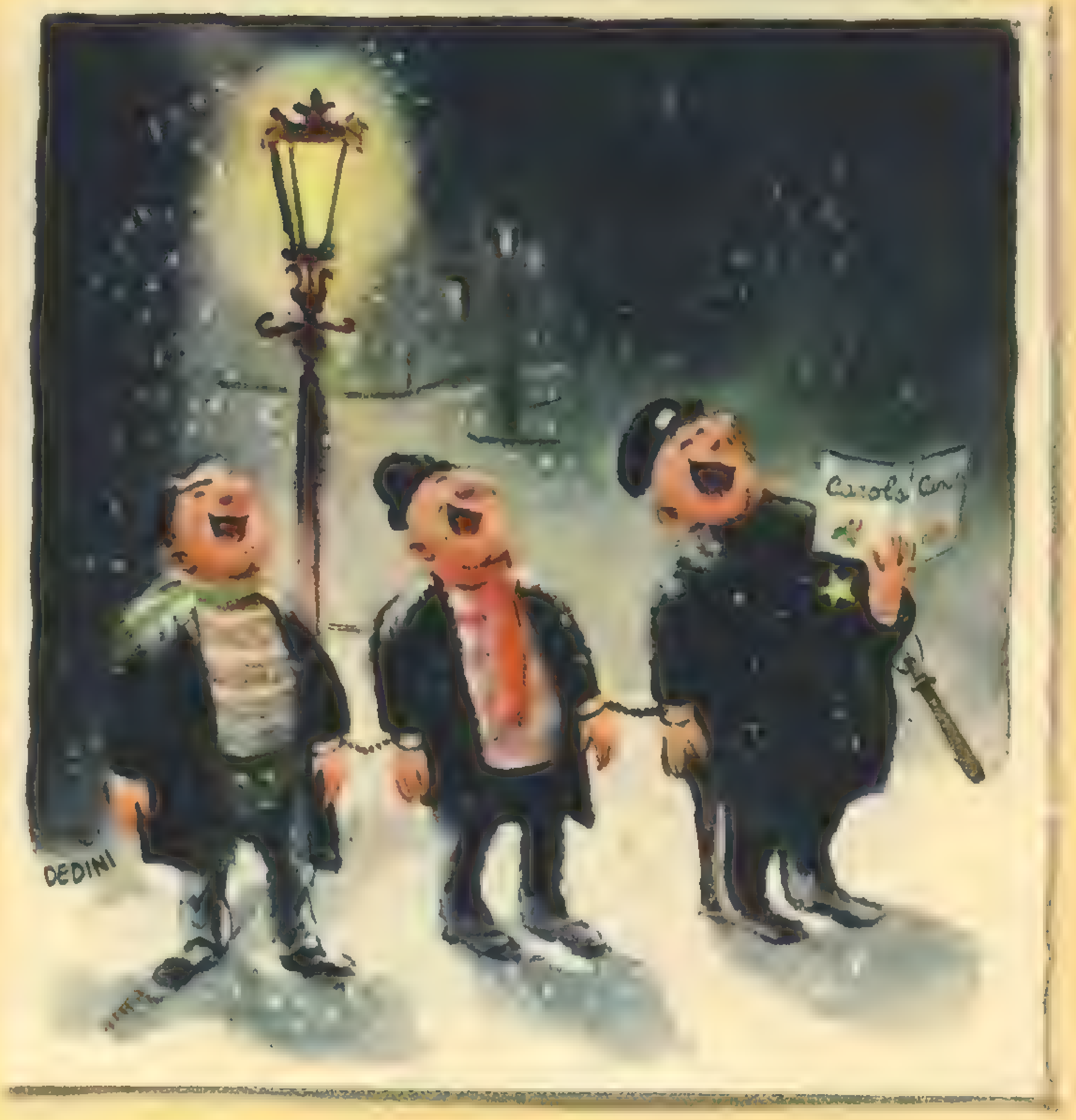
This furtive character from Dickens
Next year will probably buy chickens



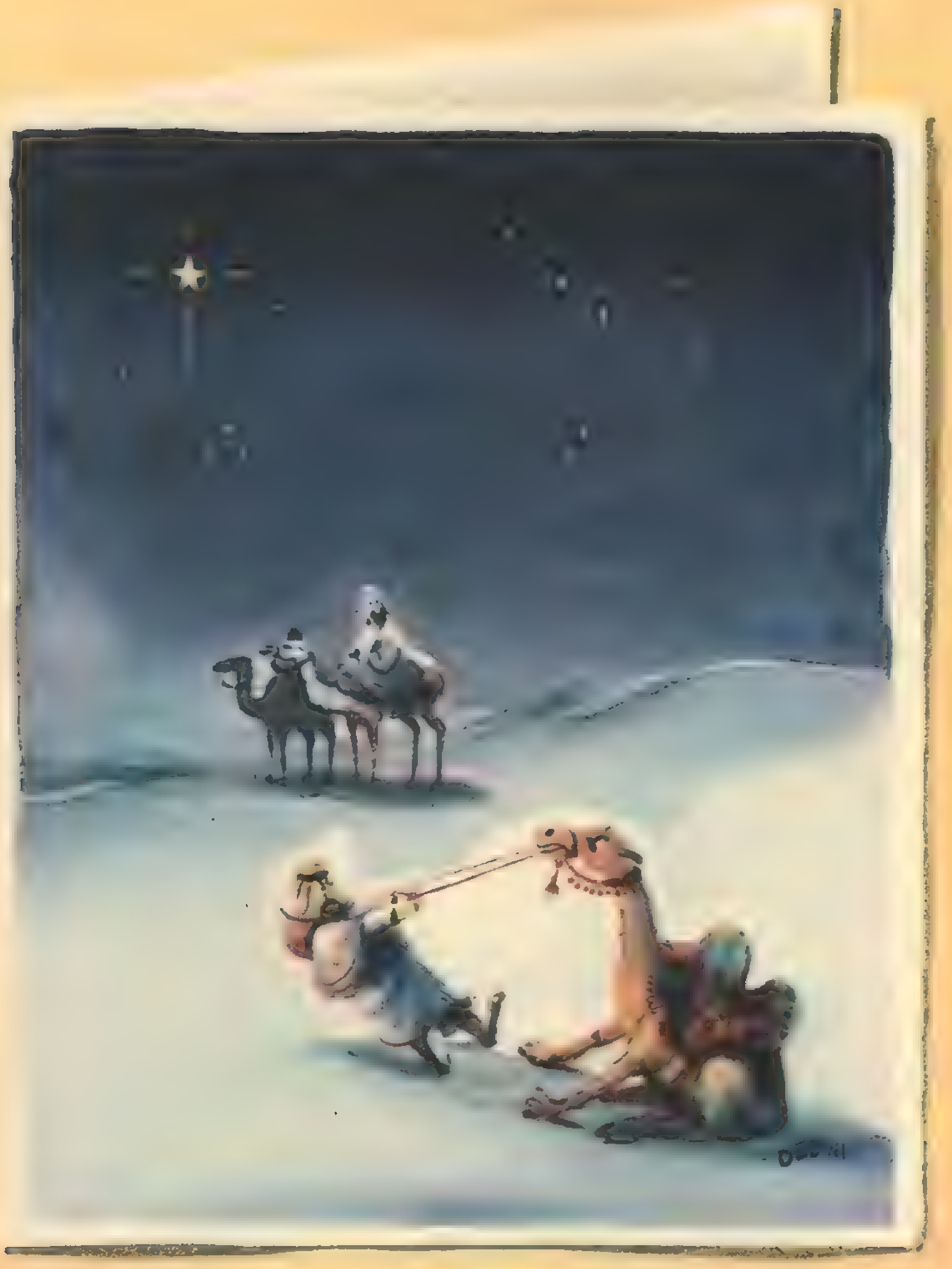
Our Lady Godiva, instead of a nag,
Has chosen this season to ride on a stag



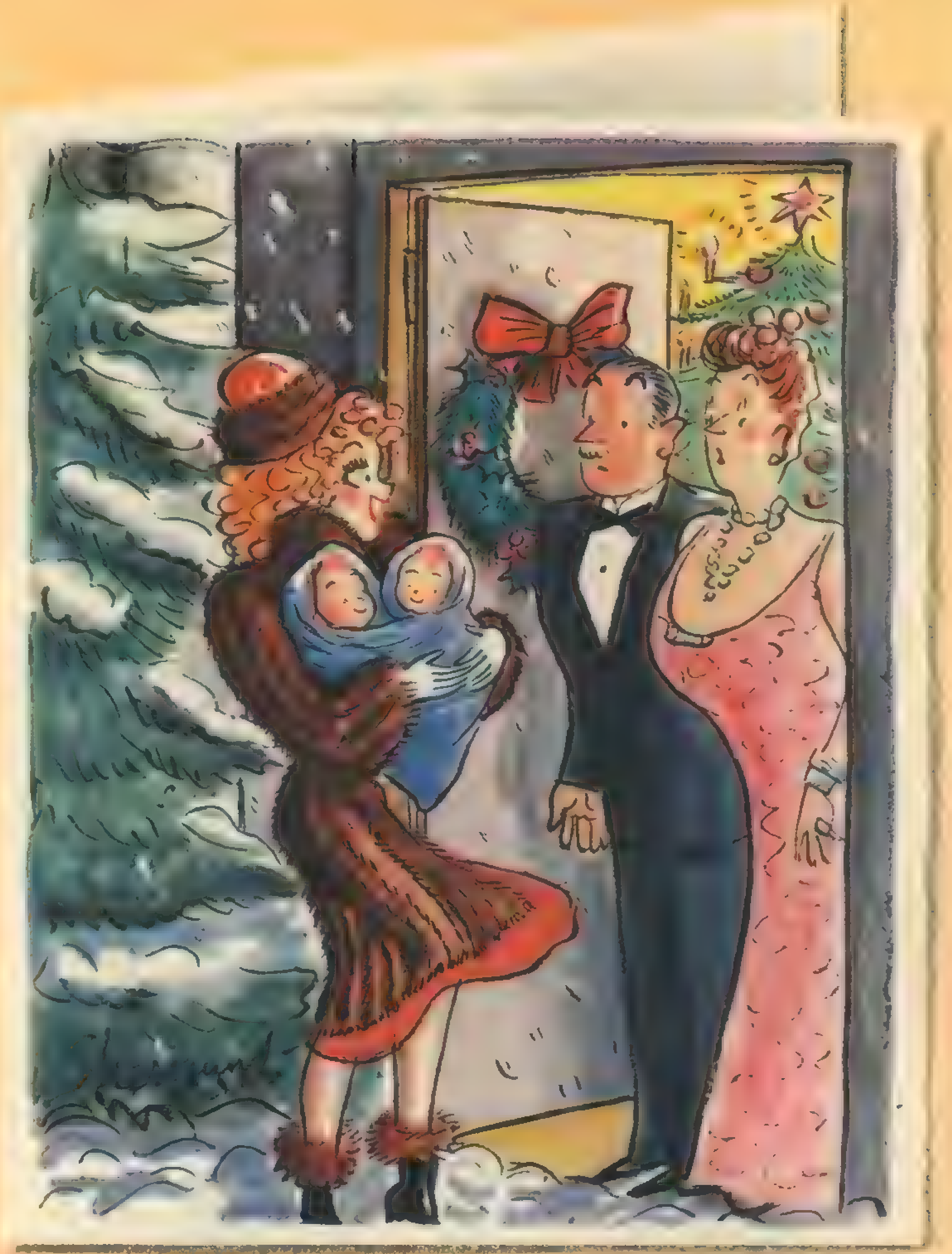
If you would favor the season's skipper,
Give him a girdle complete with zipper



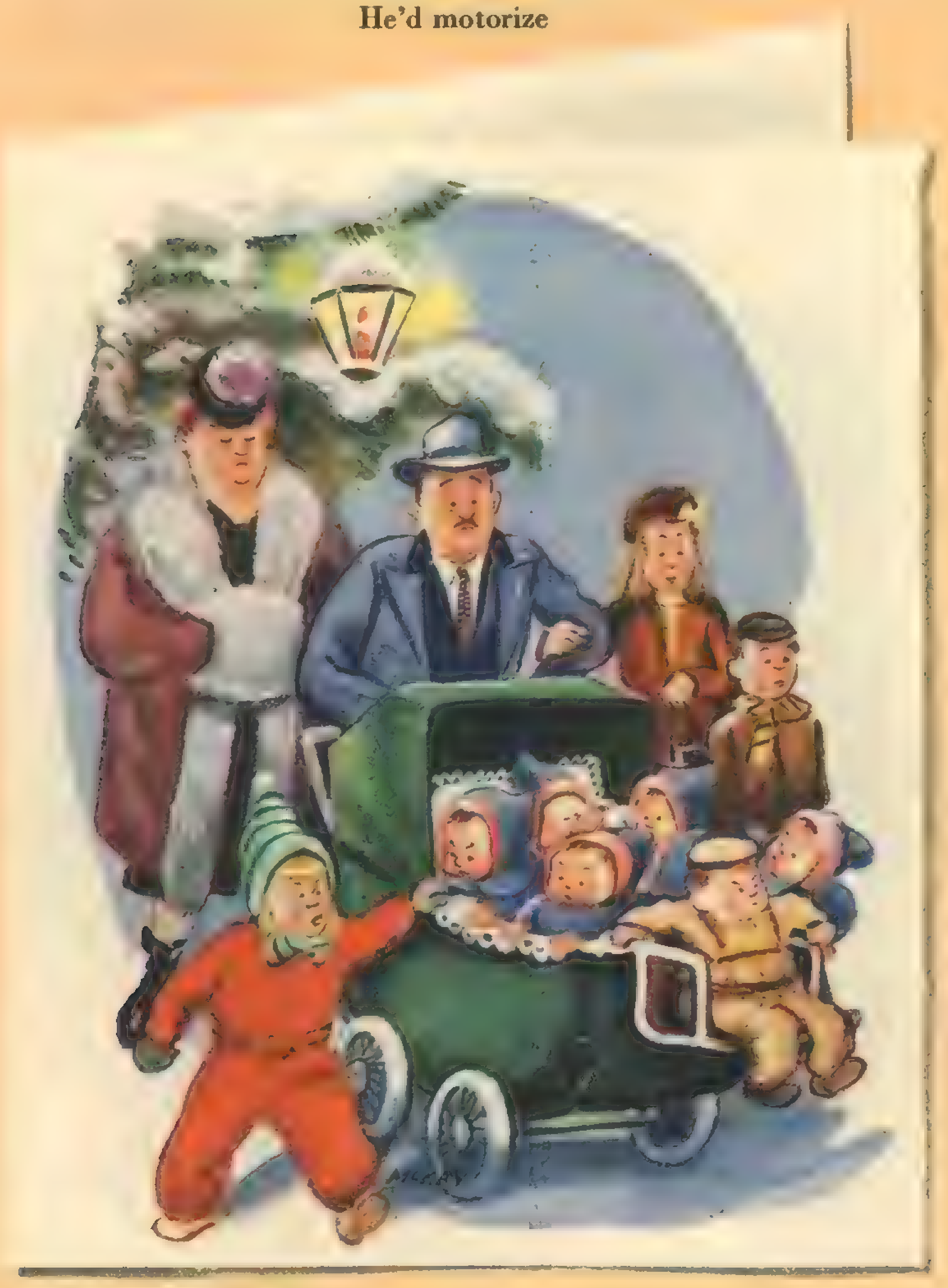
Good will abounds,
But how it sounds!



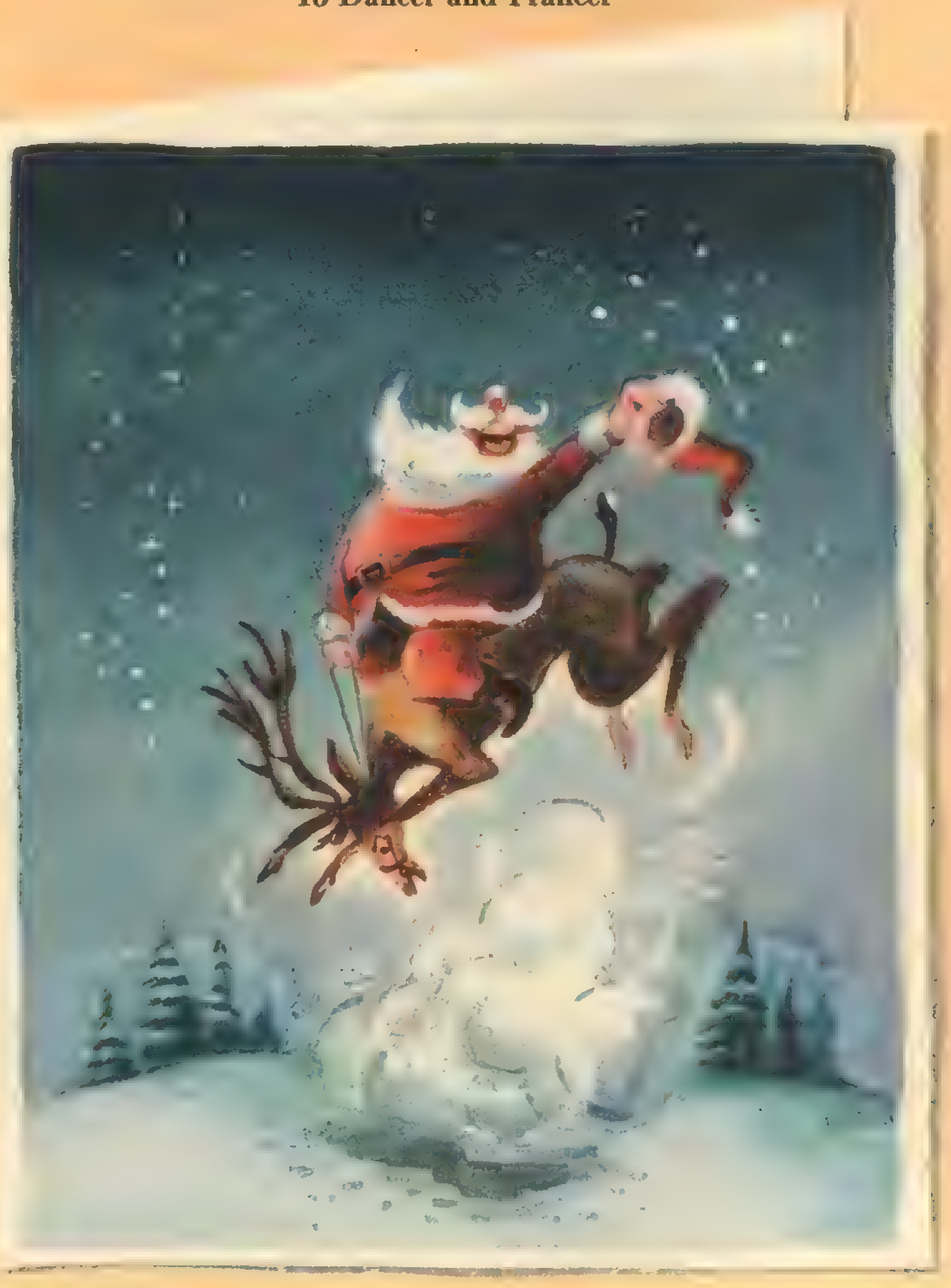
If more wise
He'd motorize



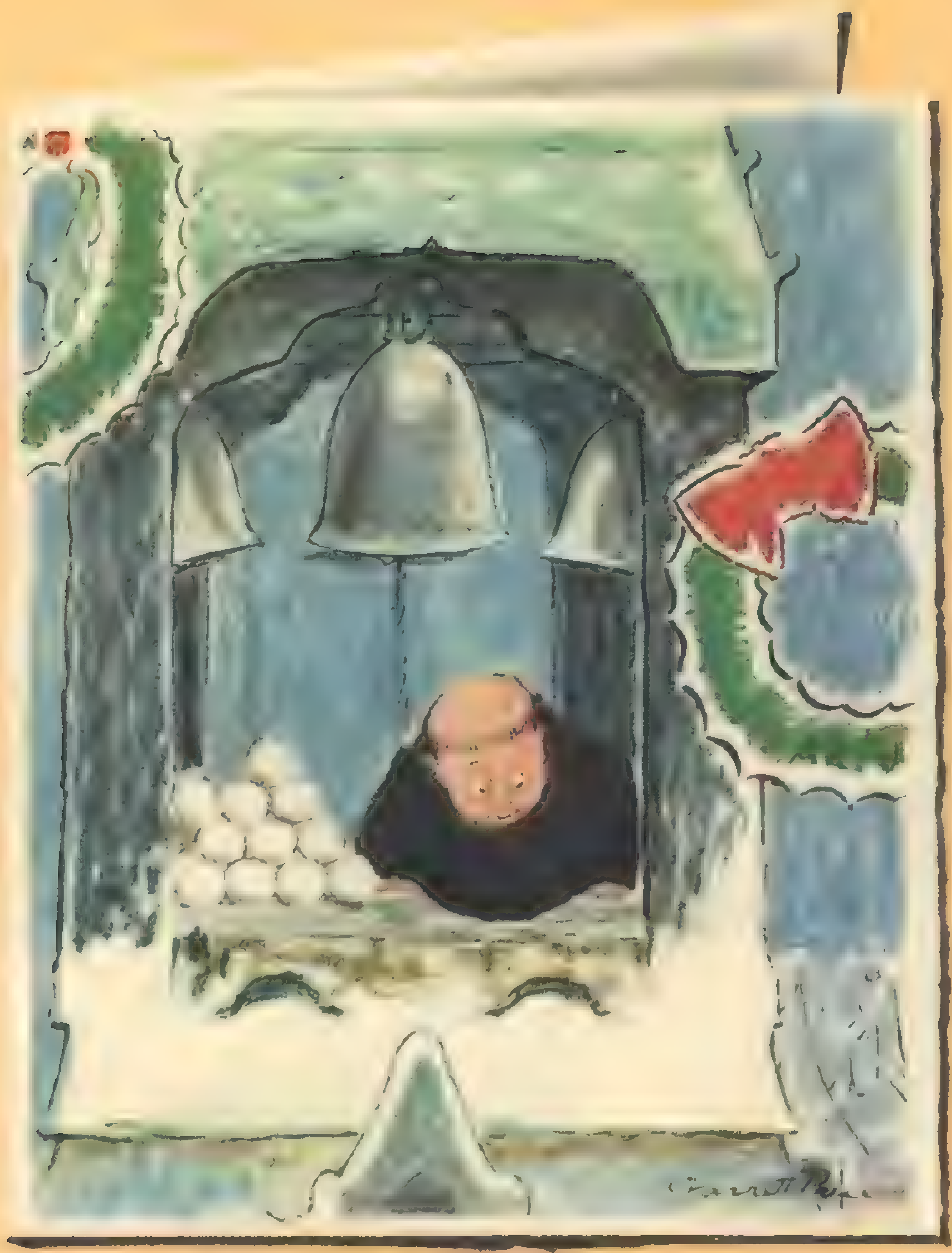
And they answer
To Dancer and Prancer



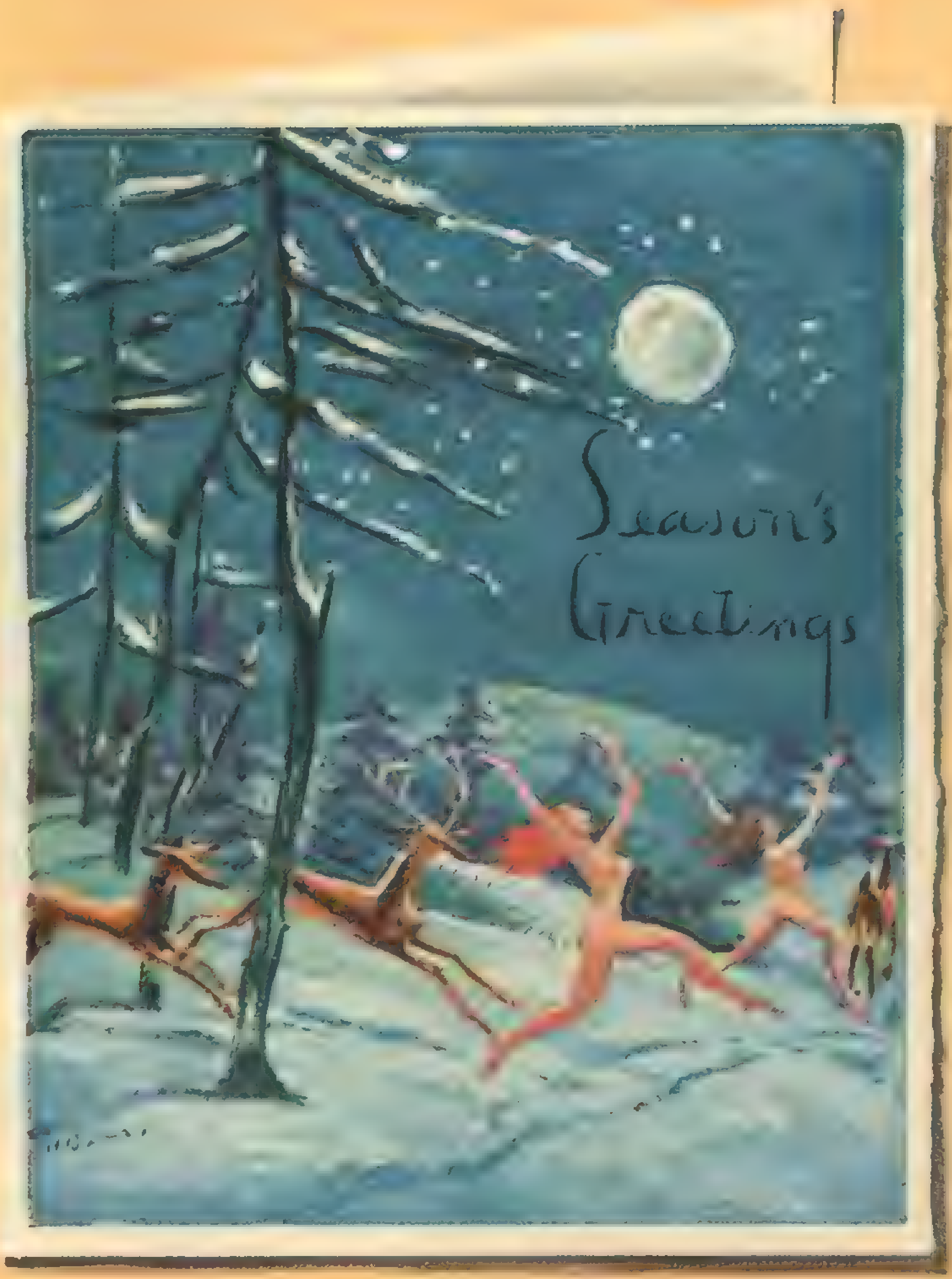
Ten little stockings hung up with care,
Make this more than a passing affair



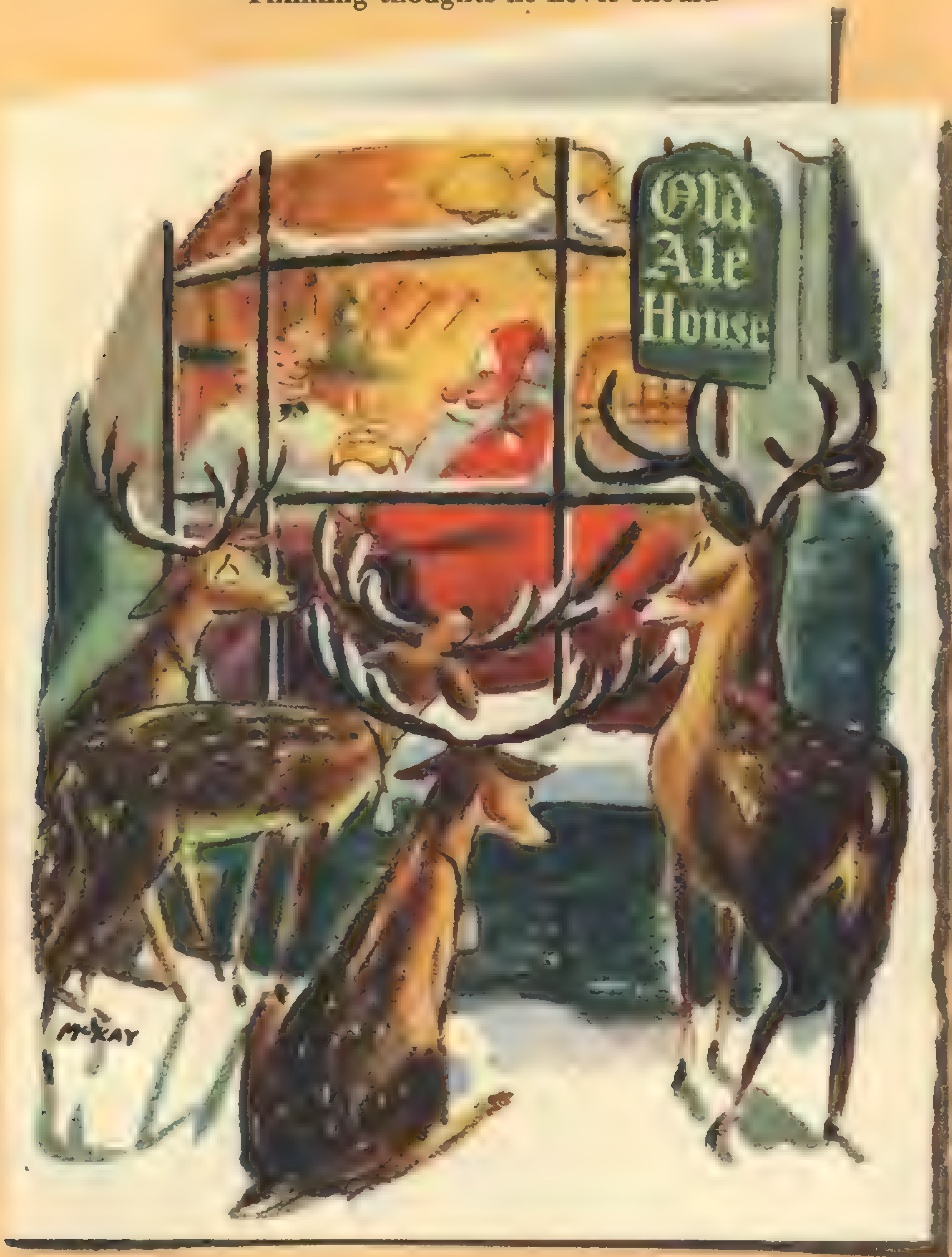
With John L. Lewis he has no peeve,
He starts and ends on Christmas Eve



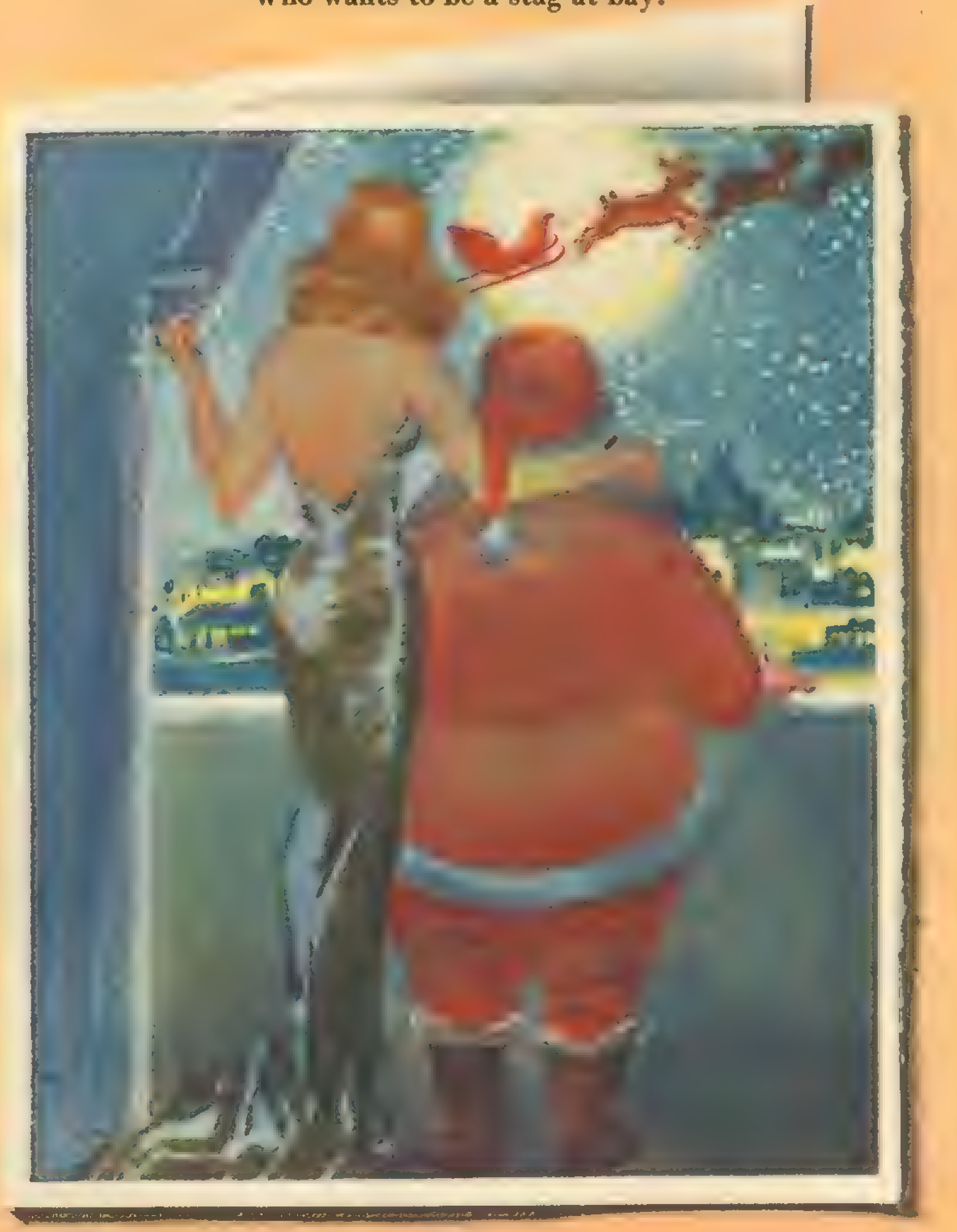
Here's a man, pious and good,
Thinking thoughts he never should


Season's Greetings

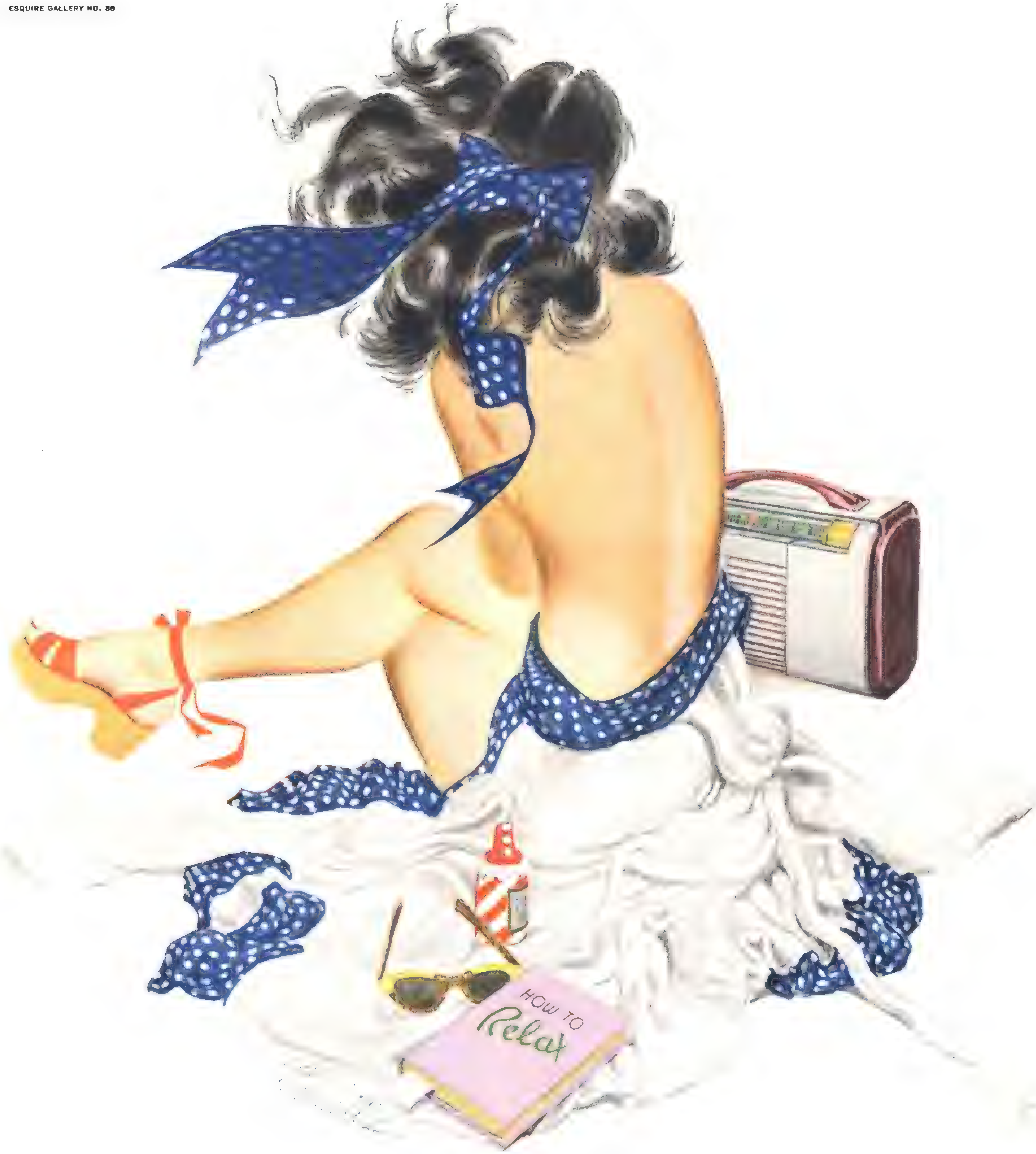
If the deer and the antelope play,
Who wants to be a stag at bay?


Old Ale House
McKAY

The gifting is done with more joy and ease
When Santa's replenished his antifreeze



This good little girl is filled with joy
For she's got herself the real McCoy



Snare by FRITZ WILLIS

The dictionary says that a trap is a device for catching anything and that no civilization has ever been unearthed that did not know about traps. The most primitive ones were simple pitfalls into which the trapee was encouraged to stumble. There have been modifications since, but the essential principle remains unchanged. One of the earliest refinements was the introduction of bait. In trapping circles this is still in high favor. Above, Mr. Willis illustrates in Technicolor a well-known tropical snare. Take one Esquire Girl on two weeks' leave from December's snow, bake in sun, surround with suitable props, including book to indicate culture. When first available male walks down beach, spring trap.

LEMINAID
WEBER

I'd Rather Just Find It

Another Day, Another Dollar **brings infinite pleasure to this reviewer who rejoiced in a boyhood wholly innocent of honest toil**

by A. J. LIEBLING

My boyhood and adolescence were troubled by a fear that my father would someday ask me to work during school vacations, to "build up my character," or "learn the value of money."

These fears received perennial stimulation from the summer covers drawn for the *Saturday Evening Post* by Dr. Norman Rockwell Kent, or Dr. Rockwell Kent Norman, which showed a lovable, freckled little boy trying to sell a tub of fluid laughably labeled, "leminaid 3 cents," with the 3 backward. Sometimes Dr. Norman would show the boy pushing a lawn mower, which was even worse. It was obvious that the editors of the *Post* thought that this was the right sort of thing for a sturdy independent fellow to do, and I feared they might get the idea across to my old man.

The *Post*'s incessant boosting for child labor may or may not have been connected with that publication's habit of encouraging small boys to peddle subscriptions to the magazine, but it never occurred to me as a small boy to question adults' motives. I just took it for granted they were antisocial.

Many of our neighbors in the New York suburb where I spent those years fell for the character-building gag, or made their sons fall for it, and I was mildly plagued every summer, between the ages of ten and nineteen, by table conversation at my house about some ambitious contemporary of mine who was making extra money caddying, or being a locker boy at the bathing beach or a counselor at a camp. These reports were generally introduced by my mother, who had heard them from the mothers of the sturdy independent little suckers. She never asked me to go out and give her something to talk about, but she implied that it wouldn't hurt her feelings if I did. My father never told me to, because he had worked since the age of ten, and knew that anybody who worked without having to was a half-wit.

Nevertheless I always started worrying, around May, lest the old man suffer a change of heart, and I used to ready up a set of arguments to use against the suggestion I dreaded.

First there was the business about learning the value of money.

"I value money highly already," I would say. "I like it very much. If I got to like it any more I might become greedy. And I don't want to be greedy."

On the head of character I was prepared to say that "practically every crime I read about in the newspapers is committed by a person regularly employed, perhaps as a bank teller. Going to work did not build up that teller's character," I would plead. "And for that matter every man I know around here goes into New York to business regularly, and I do not think a lot of their characters are so hot. What has work done for them?"

The crisis never came and I never went to work until a combination of embarrassment and necessity drove me to it, after sprinting through a four-year college course in five years. Now, after twenty-two years of battling for a crust, I can say with confidence that all I missed by not working in school holidays was an extra few months of the same. I gained by my precociously penetrating decision several months of delightful leisure, in detail forgotten, but in the mass constituting a soft, hazy cushion against the traumata of later life. Some of the time I might have wasted selling subscriptions to the *Saturday Evening Post* I spent floating on my back in salt water, not too cold, with the noise of the beach coming out to my submerged ears as a confused, delightful hum. The rest I invested in reading Rider Haggard's African fantasies and Owen Johnson's stories about Lawrenceville. When I had attained the age at which I might have been a camp counselor I was learning the taste of ale in Montreal, and during the summers a sap would have devoted to learning the newspaper business by carrying containers of coffee for copyreaders I stayed in the coolest spots my father could afford.

The example of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who when he was an undergraduate at Brown used to get up before dawn every morning to deliver newspapers, filled me with horror. I have always thought of it as a matchless symbol of greed. Here was old John D., Sr., already the richest man in America, sending his son out to lasso another buck. He couldn't stand the idea of one getting away.

For that matter I never thought much of that business of old John giving away dimes to kids. With the kind of money he had he could have made it a quarter without hurting himself.

So I was not predisposed in favor of the subject matter of *Another Day, Another Dollar*, by John T. Winterich (Lippincott, another $2.50). It is a book about the jobs held between the ages of twelve and twenty-one, (the years 1903-12) while he was attending school and college in Providence, Rhode Island. Like John D., Jr., Winterich was a student at Brown, but there was no resemblance between their respective financial situations. A portion of the jacket blurb would have put me off still further had I not *(Continued on page 252)*

63224
MCKAY

"*Should I smile?*"

Load of Respect

WM. DuBOIS

After what happened to Carlotta the Neighborhood naturally supposed Angie would send Johnny the Dancer the eel

by WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

In the Neighborhood you've got to have Respect. If you don't have it you might just as well move out of the Neighborhood. And the guy who's got more respect than anybody else is Angie.

Angie is the boss in this territory and he is papa and he is *padrone* and in fact he *is* the territory. He has one finger in the territory and one in the Power House, that's how big he is. And at election time don't think that the Power House ever forgets Angie and the boys.

The only reason in the world why Angie can get this Neighborhood organized right down to the penny-ante games on the front stoops is because he carries such a load of respect and it all comes from the time, years ago, when he stands up to John the Dancer. Because Angie stands up to John the Dancer in the biggest way there is.

You know that service flag that hangs across the street just off the Avenue—the one that says "We Are Proud of Our Boys" and has the picture of the soldier, the sailor, and the marine and all the stars? Well, Angie donated that to the block.

Every Fourth of July one of his boys goes around to the candy stores with a pocketful of dough and makes a "drop" at each store. When a kid comes in and buys a nickel's worth of firecrackers he gets two packs of four-inch salutes free. And he knows that they come from Angie.

Since Angie is the boss the Neighborhood has run as smooth as one of these Flying Fortress engines. All the handbookies are organized, and the brass men—the bail bondsmen. Angie cuts into every racket there is and everything runs peaceful and quiet.

You take the crap game in the garage down the street. Just after it starts you'll see a crippled kid called Gimpy step up and say, "I'm cutting." They all know he's there to cut it and he cuts it. He turns in the dough, getting his own cut, and the rest goes on up and up until it gets to Angie and then he cuts it and the Power House is the end of the line—where it goes from there is anybody's answer.

Angie has the numbers racket running smooth, and likewise the window-smashing racket—it only costs you half a bob a week, if you've got a store, to keep from getting your windows busted, and it's worth it. Same way with the laundry racket and all the other rackets that came out after Prosperity was repealed. Angie's got them all tied together in one knot and he holds on to the knot. But he couldn't hold it for a count of ten if he didn't have respect.

Just to show you how much he's got, you take what happened the other night over at Nick's Friendly Hour Tavern. Nick is Angie's brother. The two of them ran the place as a speak back during Prosperity and then when repeal came they put in all modern fixtures and got a neon sign.

Well, this evening everybody is out except Bob, who is Nick's boy. Bob is behind the bar, listening to the drummer in a hot band on the radio, when in comes a "cowboy" from over at the edge of the Neighborhood. This cowboy is a punk who's got no respect at all. He travels with a mob of other cowboys and they have maybe one rod in six or eight of them. One carries it one night and another the next night. The punk that carries the rod gets respect—but only inside the gang and only for the night he's got the hot stuff on him. Any other night he's got no respect at all.

The cowboy hollers for a double rye and Bob, the kid, draws him a small beer and slides it along the bar to him and never leaves the radio. Bob can do this because he's got some respect from being Nick's son and Angie's nephew.

The cowboy starts making with the Big Mouth and soon in come half a dozen other cowboys and they help the Big Mouth in making noise. They're talking about a stickup they just pulled and to show you what crumbs they are, where do they pick to pull this heist but right in the Neighborhood—a delicatessen off the Avenue, about six blocks up.

Bob, the kid, hasn't got enough respect to throw the whole mob out, especially since he hears an off-beat and he's afraid his favorite drummer is slipping. But it isn't the radio, it's a rod knocking the bar and the rod is stuffed down in the pants of the Big Mouth.

Bob is wondering what to do but he doesn't have to wonder long because all of a sudden the noise fades out and everybody stops yapping except the Big Mouth and he is getting smaller all the time. For who is standing there but Nick, and Angie is right in back of him.

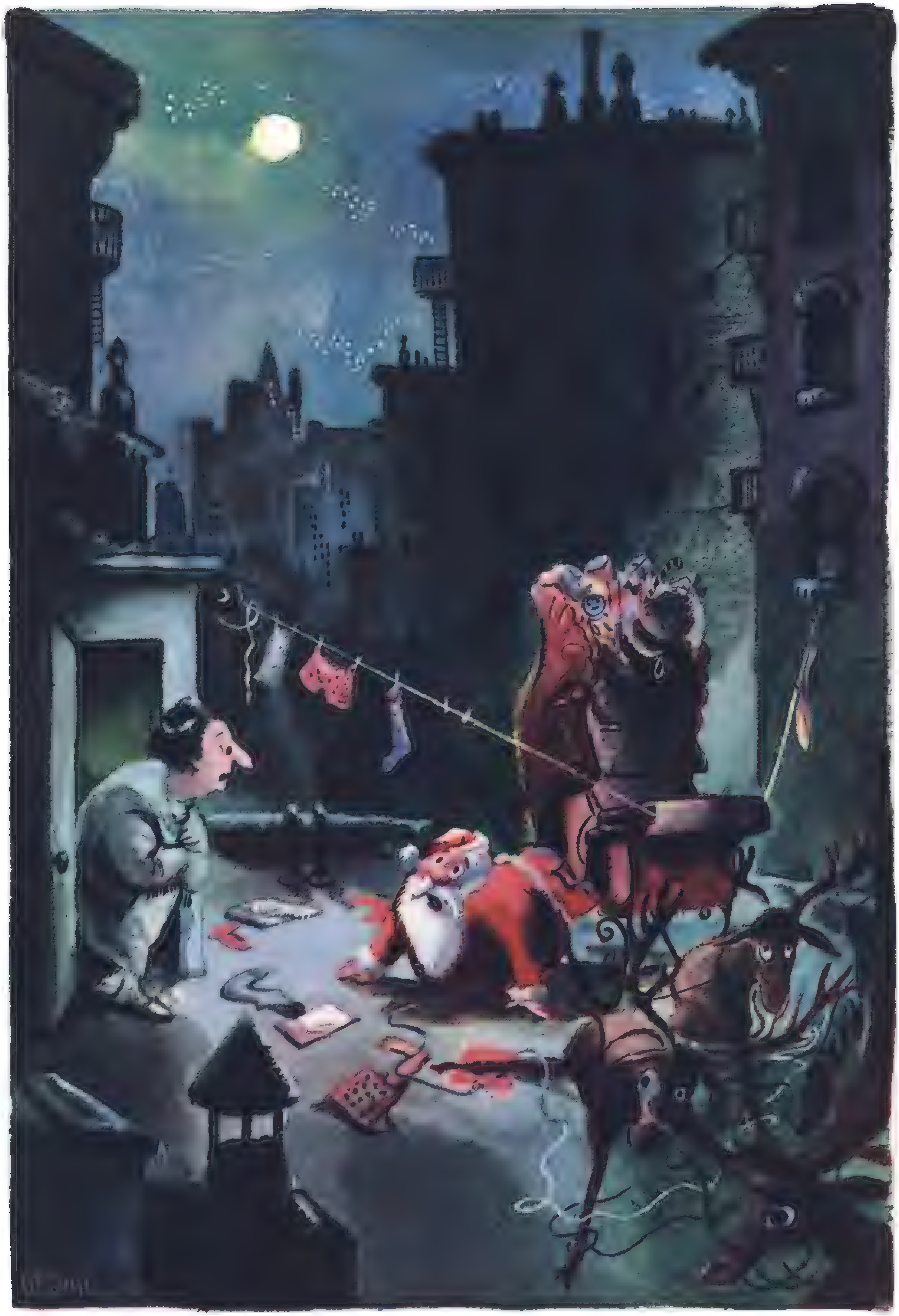
Nick goes over and grabs the cowboy by the front of the shirt and then he feels a tap on his shoulder and it's Angie. Angie says, "No, Nick—let me handle it."

Angie throws the punk's coat open and jerks out the rod. It's a .22 and anywhere but in this yellow-gut mob it carries no respect at all, a little gun like that. Angie throws it on the floor and then he gives the punk the open hand right in the face, back and forth. He goes down the line and he gives every one of those kids the open (*Continued on page 185*)

STONE

Theatre: Finian's Talking Dogs

Entrance of the season is Anita Alvarez' arrival down a tree trunk in Finian's Rainbow. *The standard Broadway musical involves a weary mélange of ex-burlesque comics, unemployed singers and lead-footed chorus lassies in a tangled boy-girl plot.* Finian's *plot is sufficiently tangled to fit the formula. Less conventional is the whimsical leprechaun come for Mr. Finian's pot of gold, Southern Senator Billboard Rawkins, who at one point in the proceedings is rendered coal black to the delight of one and all, and a mute ingénue who converses only with her feet. The silent heroine is Miss Alvarez, a Martha Graham alumna, seen previously only briefly in minor roles and on the night-club circuit. Now she plays Cornell with her feet, has run the gamut nightly with her tootsies for a solid smash year.*



"I'm dreadfully sorry—didn't see the line until too late!"

Metropolis, U. S. A.

San Francisco

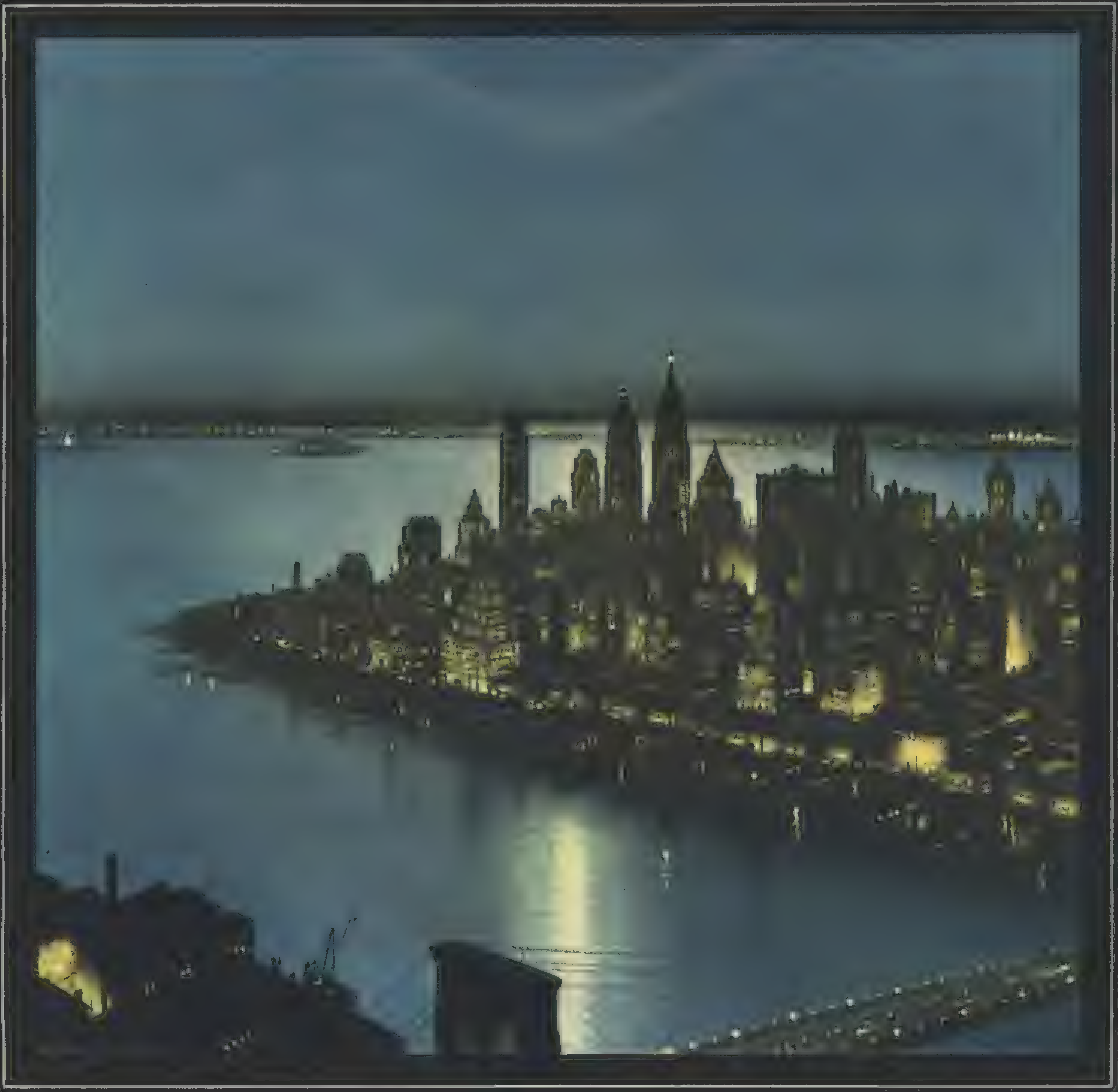
SAN FRANCISCO can be whatever you yourself wish it to be. It will not drive you to beautiful ruin unless you yourself are in the mood to go to beautiful ruin. It will run amok if you want it to; it will be as gentle as a cow if you want it to. Every person in San Francisco inhabits and knows his own San Francisco, just as every reader of Shakespeare reads and knows his own Shakespeare. The stranger coming to San Francisco has no alternative but to be an adventurer. No city in the world shines with greater promise. No city invites the heart to come to life as San Francisco does. Arrival in San Francisco is an experience of living. It is like a glass of champagne from a bottle that can never be emptied. The bottle is always there for you to drink from. Drink wisely or drink foolishly, as you prefer.

It is an unreasonable city. It makes friends of thieves, and ignores saints. And the next minute it punishes the thieves and opens its arms to the saints. But . . . it soon returns to the thieves and abandons the saints. It loves the good as well as the evil. It is unfaithful to both. It makes enemies of everybody and it loves everybody.

The Pacific has a lot to do with the temperament of San Francisco. The City is literally of the sea. It has everything. Sea, earth, sky, and the world. And the wonderful people of the world. At The Sea Cliff you can sit at a table for a cup of coffee and from high up look out at the great, magnificent, lonely, lovely Pacific. Coffee never tasted better . . . And a beautiful woman never seemed more beautiful than the one across the table . . . with the Pacific close and far away.

If you're alive, you can't be bored in San Francisco. If you're not alive, San Francisco will bring you to life! . . . Go alone; nobody's inhuman in San Francisco. Have yourself an adventure in heaven, in the beautiful and ugly heaven that is San Francisco.

Reprinted from William Saroyan's Introduction to San Francisco *by Edwin Rosskam, courtesy Ziff-Davis Publishing Company.*



***Two Impressions Painted by* CHESLEY BONESTELL**

New York City

IN New York there are certain wonderful seasons. One of these are those first tender days of Spring when lovely girls and women seem suddenly to burst out of the pavements like flowers; all at once the street is peopled with them, walking along with a proud, undulant rhythm of breasts and buttocks and a look of passionate tenderness on their faces.

Another season is early Autumn, in October, when the city begins to take on a magnificent flash and sparkle: there are swift whippings of bright wind, a flare of bitter leaves, the smell of frost and harvest in the air; after the enervation of Summer, the place awakens to an electric vitality, the beautiful women have come back from Europe or from the summer resorts, and the air is charged with exultancy and joy.

Finally, there is a wonderful, secret thrill of some impending ecstasy on a frozen Winter's night. On one of these nights of frozen silence, when the cold is so intense that it numbs one's flesh, and the sky above flashes with one deep jewelry of cold stars, the whole city, no matter how ugly its parts may be, becomes a proud, passionate, Northern place: everything about it seems to soar up with an aspirant, vertical, glittering magnificence to meet the stars. One hears the hoarse notes of the great ships in the river, and one remembers suddenly the princely girdle of proud, potent tides that bind the city, and suddenly New York blazes like a magnificent jewel in its fit setting of sea, and earth, and stars.

There is no place like it, no place with an atom of its glory, pride, and exultancy. It lays its hand upon a man's bowels; he grows drunk with ecstasy; he grows young and full of glory, he feels that he can never die.

Reprinted from The Web And The Rock by Thomas Wolfe, Harper & Bros. Copyright 1939, by Maxwell Perkins, Executor.

The Newsboy's Obituary

WEBER

It hardly seemed conventional for a man to look through the papers for his own obit, but this Al was no ordinary fellow

by VINCENT RIMSITE

"Guess it'll be the usual, Charlie—the same thing I've been getting here every night for the last two years—coffee . . . black . . . without."

"Coffee without. Cheez, Al, if I go through another day with only three hours sleep, the boss'll put me on days or I quit."

"Three hours is a lot of sleep. I haven't slept in two years!"

"You mean to honestly say that you've been awake for two years?"

"Just about, Charlie."

"I once read where a guy didn't sleep for ten years but he had something wrong with his eyelids and couldn't shut his eyes. Is anything wrong with your lids?"

"Nothing I know of, Charlie."

"Then why can't you sleep? Are you sick?"

"It's not a sickness, Charlie . . . a disease . . . fear!"

"Fear? What are you afraid of, Al?"

"That if I go to sleep, I'll never get up . . ."

"That's no reason for not going to sleep."

"You're right, Charlie. Here's something interesting. A millionaire and a priest died after an automobile accident. The millionaire couldn't buy himself out of it and the priest couldn't pray a delay. Death, friendly, loves everybody."

"You sound more like a college professor than a newsie . . ."

"I'm just a guy selling newspapers, Charlie. I read them, too."

"All I've ever seen you read in the papers is the obits. Why?"

"I'm looking for my obituary, Charlie."

"You'll never see it. You'll be in a slab ten feet under."

"I wouldn't say that, Charlie. I've twice read my obituary."

"Maybe you haven't slept in two years, but don't try to make me swallow the business that you've read your own obits!"

"Crazy as it sounds, Charlie, it's a fact!"

"All right . . . all right . . . When were your obits in the paper?"

"The first time was two years ago. I was hardly able to believe it. My name wasn't in it, but it was me all right in the *Times*."

"How'd you figure it was you?"

"The description . . . five four, hundred twenty, bald, green eyes, blue suit, tattoo of mother on right arm . . . six toes on left foot. And death due to heart failure. I have a bad heart."

"Did you check the morgue?"

"Yes. When I got there, they said the body was claimed and shipped to Canada, and they wouldn't give any more information."

"That ought to prove that you were wrong."

"Made things worse . . . I was born in Canada."

"If that was your obit, you wouldn't be here drinking coffee."

"I tell myself that all the time, but can't seem to believe it."

"It's common sense that if you're walking around, you're not dead!"

"But then there was the second one, and my name was on that."

"A lot of people have the same name."

"Ever hear of another Aloysius C. Simian?"

"No. But what does that prove?"

"It was *my* obituary. Also it said no living relatives. And I went to the funeral parlor from where the burial took place. The mortician took one look at me and shouted he had buried me the day before. He wouldn't talk to me. He said that his business was to bury the body . . . not entertain it . . ."

"That sure sounds crazy, Al."

"It's got me scared to death, Charlie."

"What's all that got to do with not sleeping?"

"Maybe I'm supposed to be dead. And if I close my eyes, I will be dead. They say death is an everlasting sleep. I like being alive too much to take the chance, so I don't go to sleep."

"Cheez, I wonder if this night work's got me off balance!"

"Good night, Charlie. The coffee was delicious."

"Say, Harry, have you seen the guy who runs the newsstand?"

"No, I haven't, Charlie. Something wrong?"

"The little guy hasn't shown in three days and I'd hate to see anything happen to him."

"Did you check the newsstand?"

"It's been closed for the last three days."

"Aw, he's probably all right."

"Harry, are the night's papers around? I want to check the obits."

"Say, Charlie, you'd better go on days . . ."

"That's not a bad idea . . . Cheez, I was afraid of that!"

"What's up?"

"It says here that Aloysius C. Simian, a former University professor who gave up teaching without explanation and became a newsboy was buried yesterday in the University Chapel Cemetery."

"Gee! The little guy was a real college prof!"

"Yeah. I always told him he sounded like a prof."

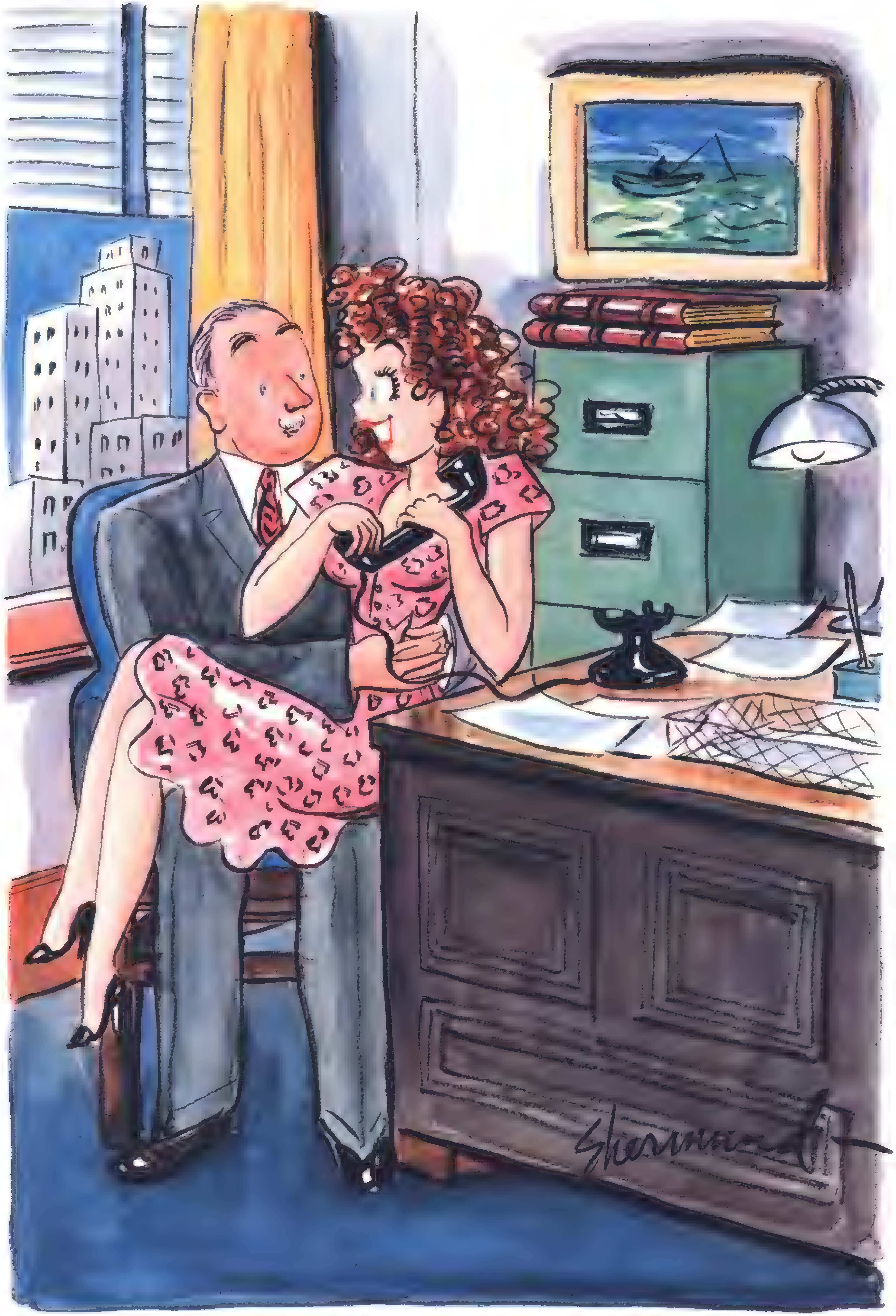
"Does it give what he died from?"

". . . Heart failure . . . in his sleep!" #

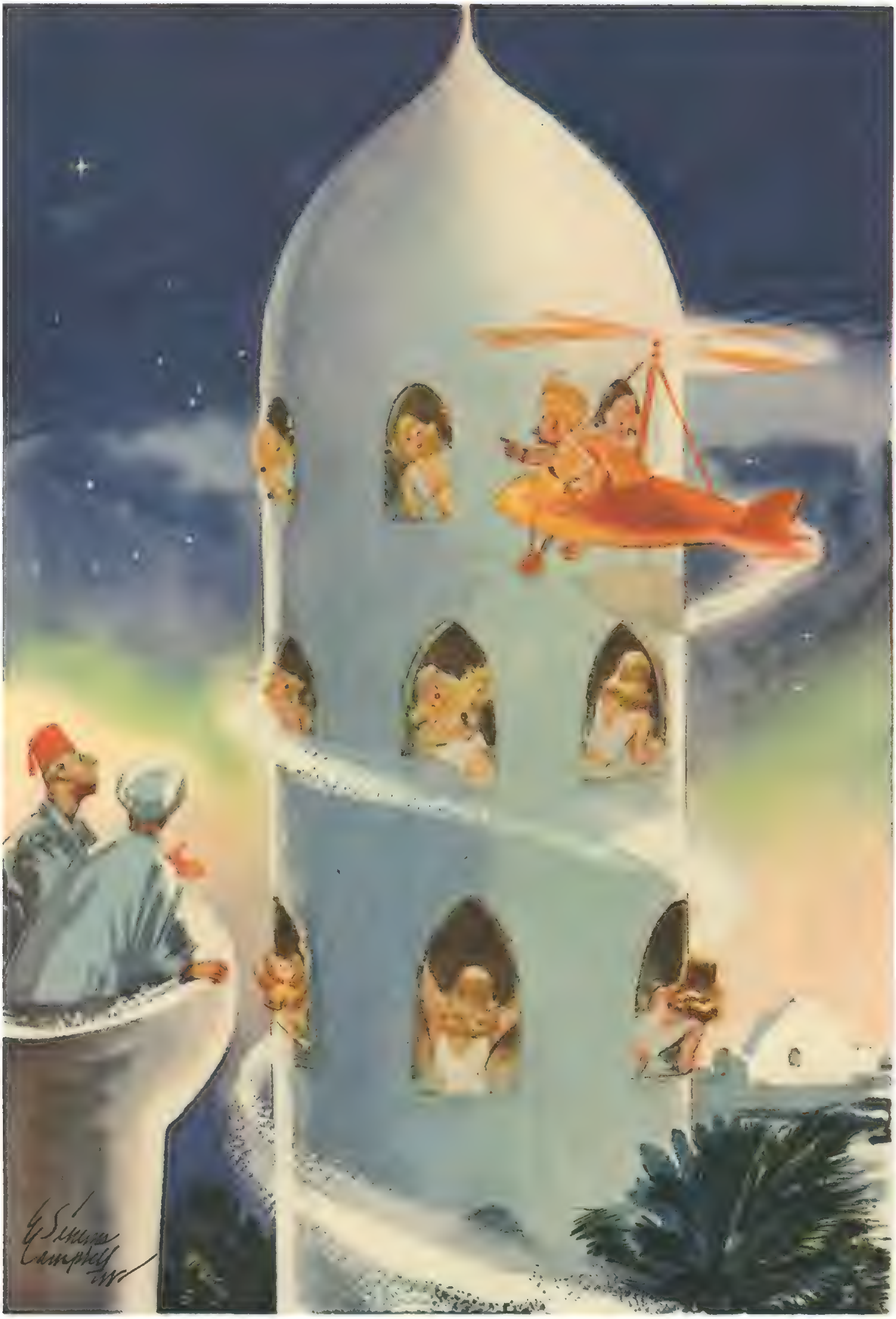
STONE

Steel, Sawdust and Ice

New York is the toughest town in the world to crack and there are only four shows that are what you could call sure shots. There is the rodeo where all the city kids can see the horses and cowboys they never quite believed existed, and there is the circus that even without the tent is the greatest show on earth. There is the building of a skyscraper that makes every man a superintendent as he watches the little men do their balancing act on the girders in the sky. And the fourth thing is the ice show which no one can explain except that it is a spectacle with a kind of universality that makes it a circus on ice and people come back year after year to see the same thing. Above is Miss Joan Hyldoft, a medical student, who dances on skates, one of the reasons the ice show is a sure shot.

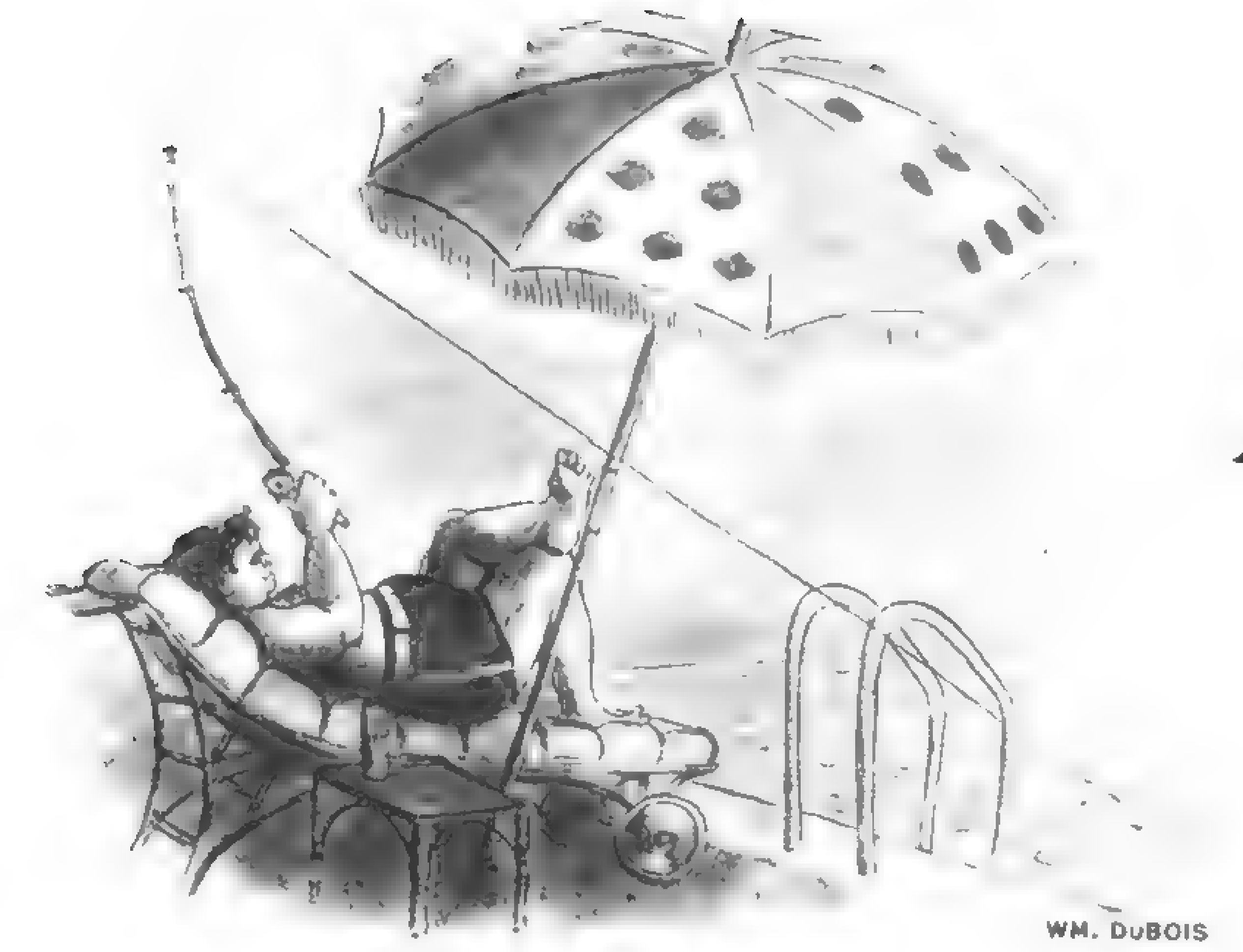


"It's the principal of my business school—he wonders how I'm doing"



E. Simms Campbell

"He makes the count that way every morning—he finds it's easier than climbing the stairs!"



Who but a smart lawyer could spot profit in a beetle's private life?

Mr. Potter Among the Coleoptera

by RIAN JAMES

It was a day to delight the heart of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. A typically California sun—the kind you read about in the All-Year Club blurbs—blazed out of a cloudless sky, parching the palms and palmettos, and purpling the papier-mâché hills to the west of Mission Canyon, and for the first time in a month there was neither fog nor smog.

It was Wednesday, which was Mr. Peabody Potter's late day at the office, and it was still early, and he made the most of it. On Wednesdays, weather permitting, he breakfasted on the sun porch, polishing off a repast that would have foundered a horse, while he read the morning paper, skimmed through his personal mail and engaged in exploratory and often fruitful chitchat with a neighbor.

Now, with a furtive look toward the pantry, he heaped a mountain of marmalade upon a molehill of toast and eyed it wistfully. Marmalade was on Dr. Norton's list of don'ts, but fortunately Dr. Norton was nowhere about, and Emma, Mr. Potter's colored housekeeper, was in the kitchen where she belonged, and besides, he reasoned, what harm could so tiny a tidbit do to a man who already weighed close to two hundred and sixty pounds? Mr. Potter sighed and plopped the gooey morsel into his mouth. Then he rose and, carefully replacing the cap upon the jar, tucked it back in its hiding place under the Japanese moss of a swinging basket of begonias, and yelled for Emma. Emma was large, loose-jointed and amiable and, after some eleven years in the Potter service, quite inured to her employer's bullyragging. When she'd shuffled resignedly into his presence, Mr. Potter scowled and pointed a pudgy finger at the coffeepot.

"Empty," he said accusingly.

Emma frowned.

"It only hold fo' cups," she snapped, "an whut it hold, it had." She shook her head wonderingly. "Man, yo' sho' mus' lak coffee!"

"Do," Mr. Potter said drily, "or I wouldn't drink so much hot water, just to get a little."

"No wondah!" Emma picked up the breakfast tray, her eyes running over Mr. Potter's bulk appraisingly.

"No wonder what?" he demanded.

"Just no wondah, is all," Emma said, and shuffled off, mumbling, in the direction of the kitchen.

Mr. Potter grinned happily as he watched her go.

Peabody Potter was a massive man. He was short, making up in width what he lacked in height, and his broad, cherubic face beamed over the top of his pouter-pigeon breast like a full moon over a mountain. He had large, humorous, owlish eyes, an unruly mass of black hair shot with grey, and hands like hams. He was a friendly, easygoing unruffled man; lumbering, slow-gaited and calm—a completely uninhibited man, whose apparent lethargy and consistent kindliness belied the fact that he was one of the shrewdest and most successful lawyers in the State of California.

Now, still grinning, he rose and, taking a short, light fly rod from a niche beneath the porch rafters, started down the terrace toward the swimming pool.

He was sitting in the welcome shade of a garish beach umbrella, attaching a dry fly, when he heard the dull screech of an automobile's brakes. But he didn't look up. He knotted the leader firmly, rose and made his cast, and settled down again.

A voice—a high, querulous woman's voice—startled him.

"Land sakes alive," it said.

Mr. Potter thought it was time for him to look up.

A perfectly strange woman was peering over the high privet hedge that bordered the pool on the Canyon Road side. She was plump, wide-eyed, and flushed with exertion. Her mouth hung open in amazement, and her plumed baby blue hat, balanced precariously on a rather straggly up-hairdo, jiggled indignantly.

"Are . . . are you fishing . . . in that swimming pool?" she demanded.

Mr. Potter admitted it.

"Yes, ma'am," he said innocently, and gave his rod a professional twitch.

"But . . . but . . . there aren't any fish in a swimming pool," she said helpfully.

Mr. Potter sighed, and wished she'd go away.

"Are in this one," he said wearily. "Put 'em in myself." As though to corroborate his claim, his reel sang suddenly, and he rose and beamed and played his catch like an expert. In another few moments, while she looked on in utter amazement, he held up a shimmering, wriggling two-pound speckled trout.

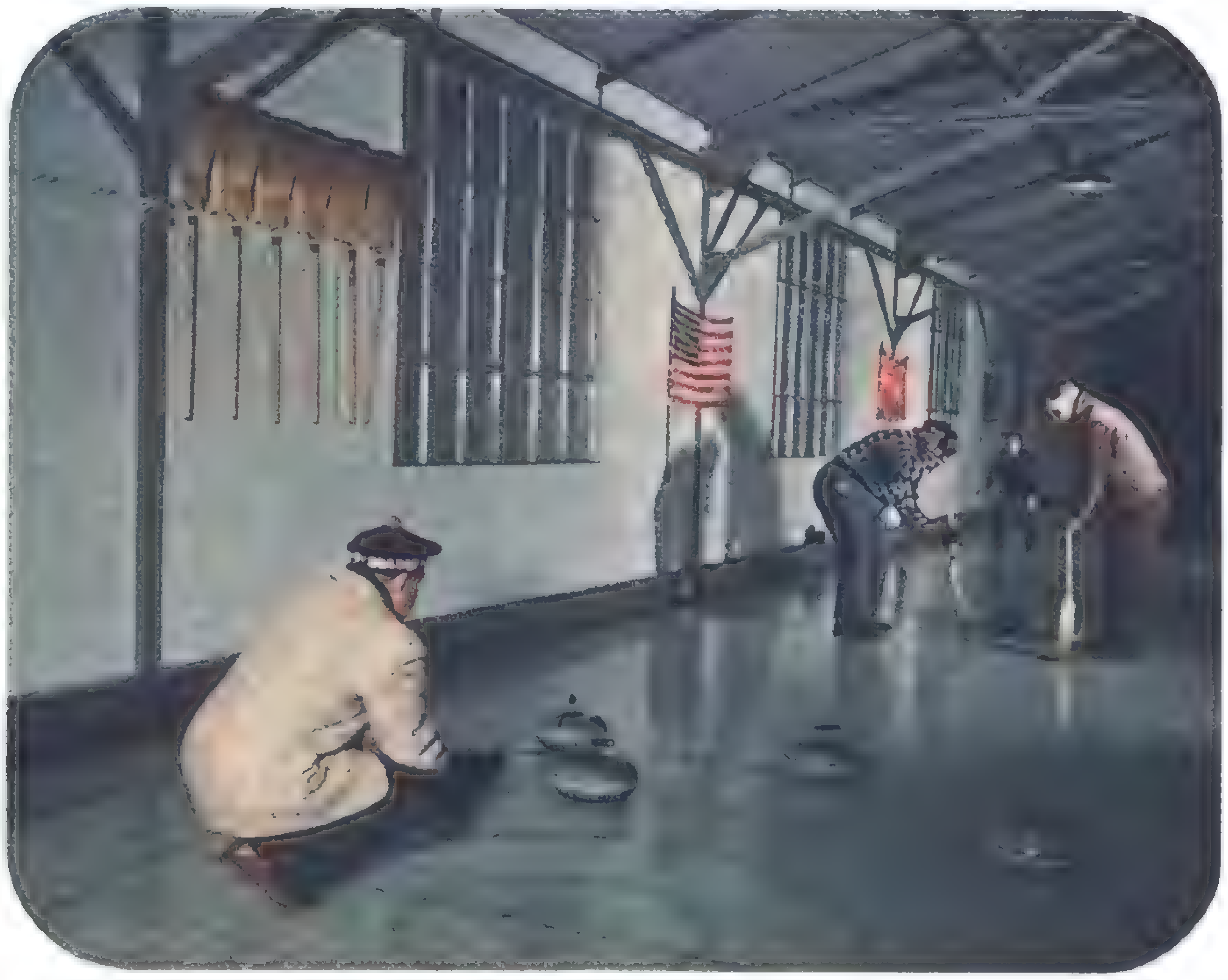
"See?" he asked pleasantly.

"Absurd," she sputtered. "Utterly absurd!"

He removed the hook, carefully examined his catch, and gently tossed it back.

"Matter of opinion," he said slowly. "Some people like to fish," he blinked at her, and grinned. "And

(*Continued on page 261*)



Fun with a Broom at St. Andrews

The four-century-old Scotch sport of curling, once played with flattened cannon balls, on view above in more modern form at the St. Andrews Golf Club of Yonkers, New York. Four players make a rink, ten ends a game. Led by the nonplaying Skip, who directs high strategy, the curlers attempt to deliver the forty-pound granite Stone some forty-odd yards across the ice into the twelve-foot circle known as the House. Winning rink is the one able to place its sixteen Stones closer to the Dot than its opponents'. Some say the sweeping of brooms make Stones travel ten to twelve yards farther, but there is room for argument and many think it does no good at all. At the signal "Stack Brooms," tam-topped contestants put aside their equipment and adjourn to the clubhouse for the traditional "wee drappie."

It's a wonder history ever made it without benefit of Hollywood love and Technicolor

Grist from De Mille Is Chaff to a Critic

by JACK MOFFITT

WM. DuBOIS

For thirty-four years Cecil B. De Mille has been sitting in the heart of Hollywood with his hand firmly caught in the best mousetrap. The trap is of his own devising. The film trade knows it as the "spectacle" picture. It has caused the world to beat a path to his door and the critics to beat an anvil chorus upon his lofty and long-bald brow. Intellectuals, concentrating upon what he isn't, have filled his ears with catcalls and razzberries. The public, concentrating upon what he is, has filled his pockets with pound notes and dollars.

Through the years his name has become a trade-mark for a staple brand of dramatic groceries. Audiences, seeking known values, have found his epics as slick as the Fibber and Molly brand of floor wax and as evenly flavored as the 57-varieties baked beans. He has made himself the master of conventional pageantry, in which every extra bears an honest weight of tin armor and flourishes, with well-supervised energy, a ferocious rubber-pointed spear.

Early in his career Cecil grew bathtub happy and a whole generation of American boys had their voices changed while watching Gloria Swanson leading the clean life in Cecil's showers. This couldn't have harmed the youths as much as the alarmists of the period prophesied. If it had, there would be only two major groups in the country today—the sex-mad and the frustrated.

And sometimes an actress was saved by a De Mille bath. Claudette Colbert was washed up at the box office until the master cast her as Nero's wife and dunked her, like a cereal in a sea of asses' milk, into one of the more revealing sequences of *The Sign of the Cross.* After that she was sensational. In the course of his projects De Mille has probably scrubbed more actresses than the Hollywood laundry has scoured lipstick from white collars.

De Mille is a great showman rather than a great dramatist. When he wanted to tell the story of the soul of a fisherman, he started out by shooting close-ups of the biggest giant squid he could find. His camera may overlook the exalted expression in the eye of a Christian virgin, but you can be sure the martyr's legs will be clearly photographed as a prize cat from Gay's Lion Farm nibbles at her draperies. As a producer, he has more faith in the well-turned thigh than in the well-turned sigh.

Sex and spectacle are his stand-bys. Unfortunately, convention demands that he devise some sort of a plot before he can exhibit these assets. This technicality sometimes gets him into annoying contretemps with authors. When filming *The King of Kings* C. B. had considerable difficulty with Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, who got a lamentable dearth of lurid high life into their writings.

De Mille fixed this by putting Mary of Magdala in a chariot drawn by four bucking zebras. She looked a little like a Ringling Brothers' version of Texas Guinan and outraged the more conservative theologians. At the Last Judgment, De Mille expects to find that these canon lawyers have filed a number of damage suits against him. His defense will be that the zebras looked good on the posters—and many a kid who played hooky from Sunday school was trapped into seeing the De Mille version of the Gospels because he thought he was buying a ticket to a circus. So the zebras were of great moral influence.

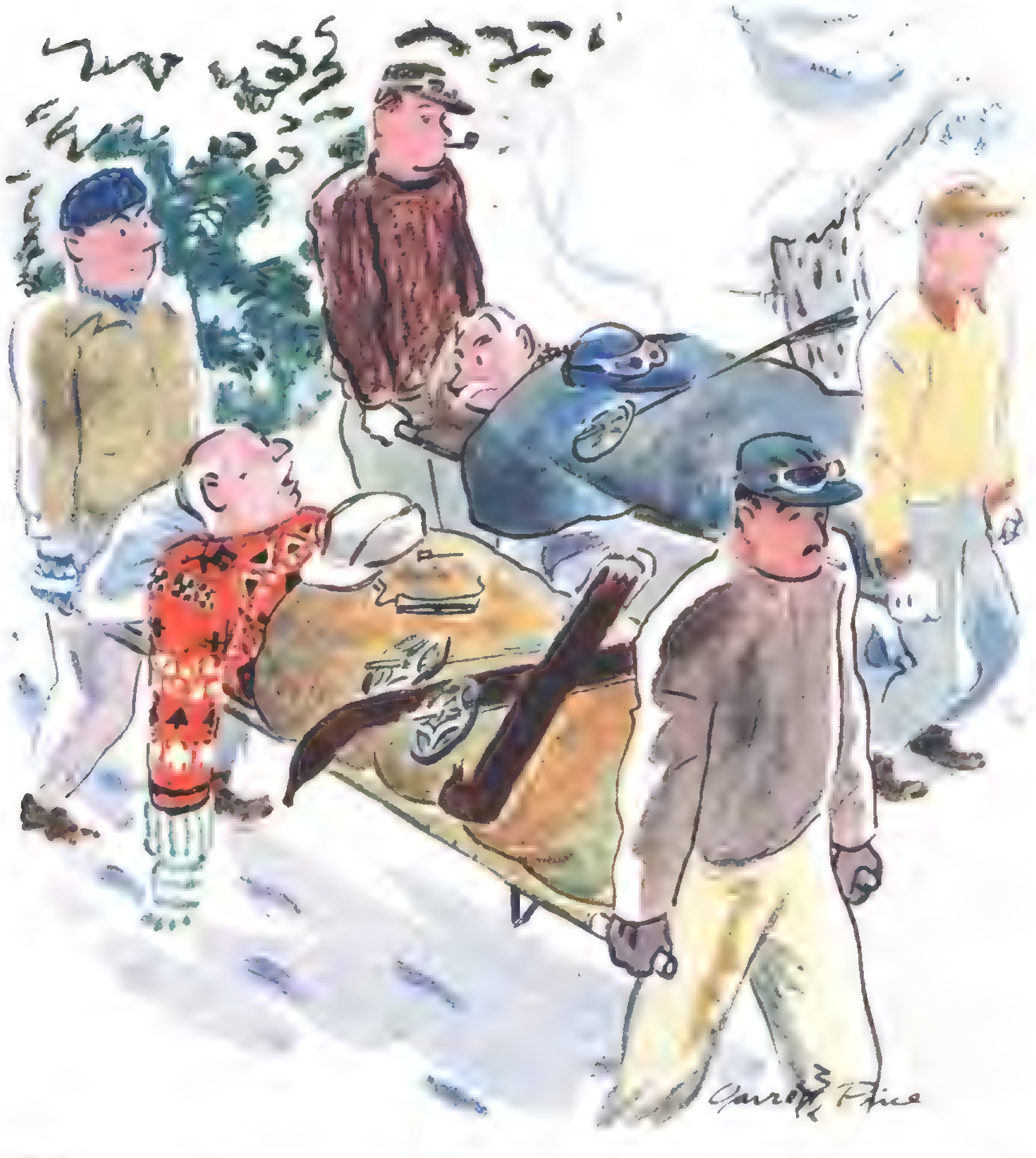
Because of his eagerness to cast Technicolor motes into his neighbor's eye, De Mille often allows the people in his stories to become secondary to the wildly agitated props and scenery. To him a heroine is not so much a woman with a problem as a girl who will look provocative shoving a herd of buffalo off the tracks of the Union Pacific.

His characters are a bit like the friends whom Burton Holmes induces to stand beside the redwoods in his travel photographs. They aren't there to be observed as human organisms but to show how big the spectacle is. There was a moment in De Mille's version of *The Ten Commandments* when the Golden Calf seemed in danger of stealing the show from Moses; and there were those who claimed that they found more corn than unicorn in the crest of royal England in his production of *The Crusades.*

De Mille, a man of surface bombast, is basically rather modest about himself. I've often heard him say that *Something to Think About,* which starred Elliott Dexter in 1920, was his only simple and sincere character study—and his worst flop.

This isn't quite true. His *Joan the Woman* (made in 1917 with Geraldine Farrar) still may be regarded as one of the screen's most carefully produced historical dramas and a touching and intuitive character study of Joan of Arc. And, despite the competition of the Golden Calf, no actor yet has achieved the dignity and the prophetic Old Testament fire which the late Theodore Roberts displayed, under De Mille's direction, as Moses in *The Ten Commandments.* Scenes of the Exodus in that picture are frequently taken out of the film vaults to be viewed by experts—and they're still poetry in celluloid.

The zebras did not ac- (*Continued on page 239*)



"Why, hello, Plunkett—what brings you to this neck of the woods?"

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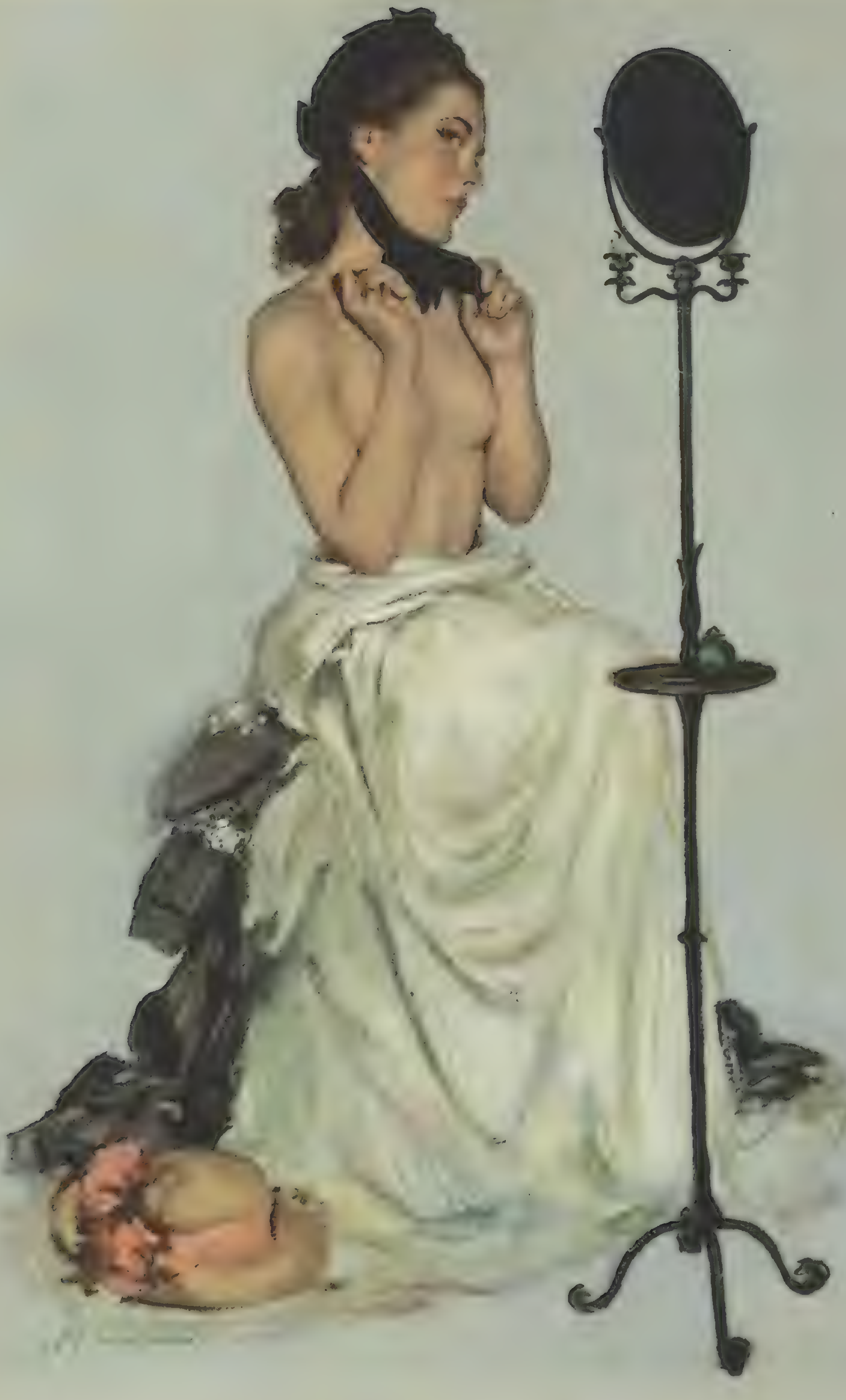

Piquante

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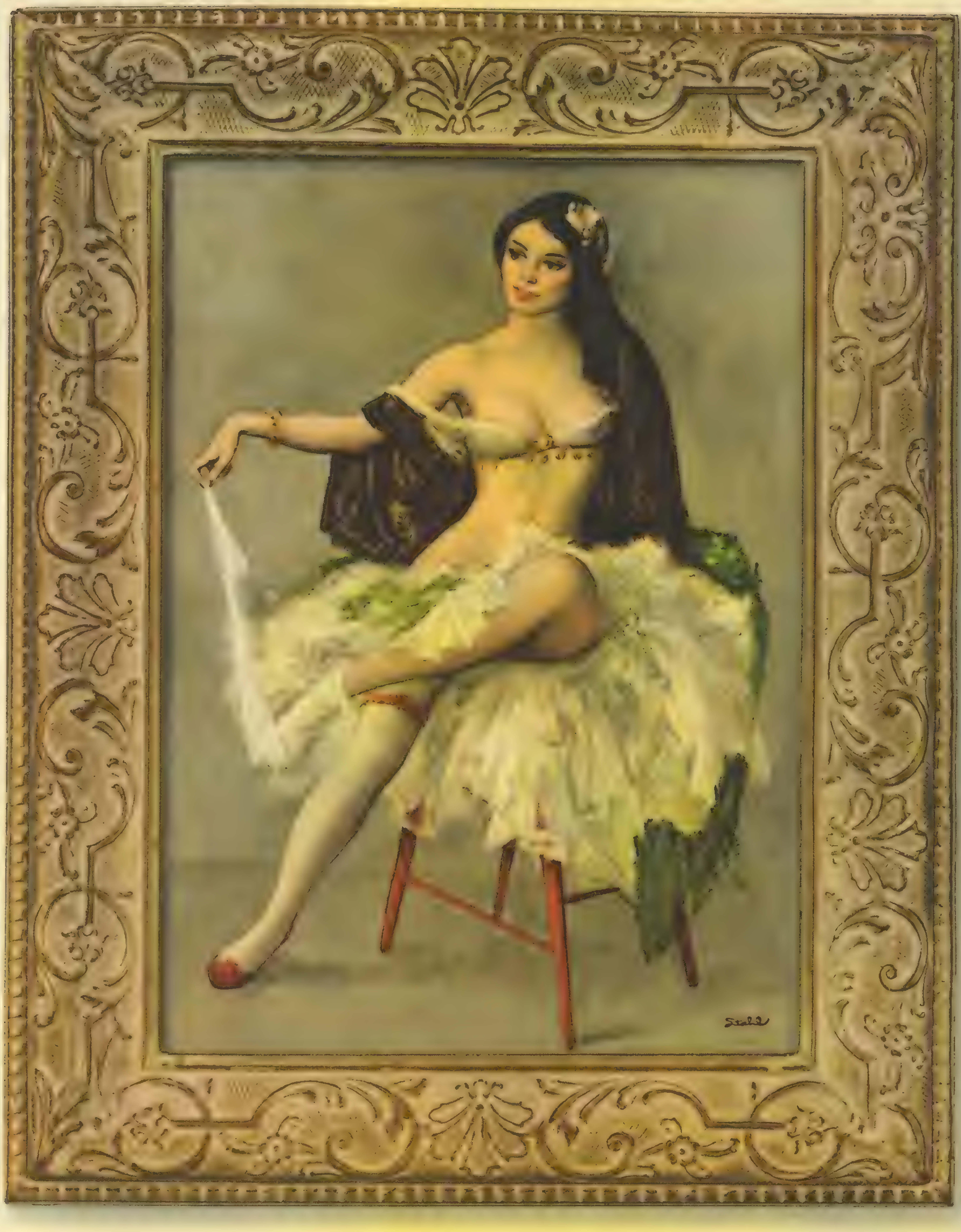

Ballet Dancer

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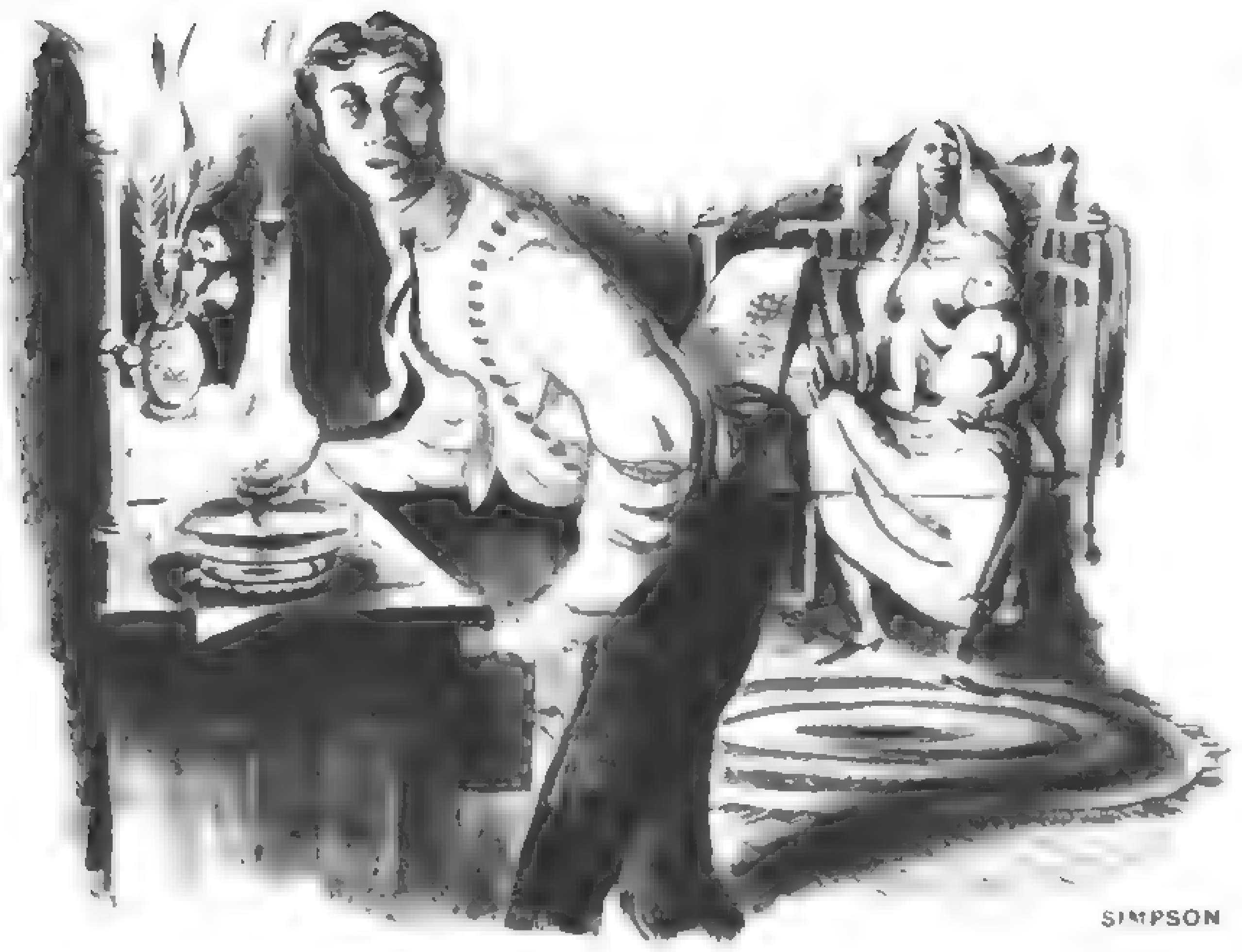


The Wailing Banshee

The Dolans never shook the old sod from their feet and Dan's mother was always after talking of fairies and such truck

by TOMMY O'SHANE

DAN DOLAN is dead; God rest his soul, as God may rest all the souls of them that was after departing this earth in the long, long years. My Uncle Dan, as many's the time I heard it said, once a fine broth of a lad with dark hair and eyes and little devils dancing every time he winked, will be telling St. Peter at the gate that he didn't stop off for Purgatory, that already he suffered his share on earth. "My good Italian friend," he'll be saying to him that was the first of the Popes, "open the door to an Irishman."

And St. Peter, for sure he's been watching down here on this Pennsylvania coal pitch, will swing that gold grillwork beside and say to him: "Dan Dolan, you come right in here with the saints and angels; your tick book shows you paid for what you done. You go over there, Dan, and heist yourself a harp with the other Irish, but don't trip over the drums of that Salvation Army man. He's the only Protestant we've let into the place."

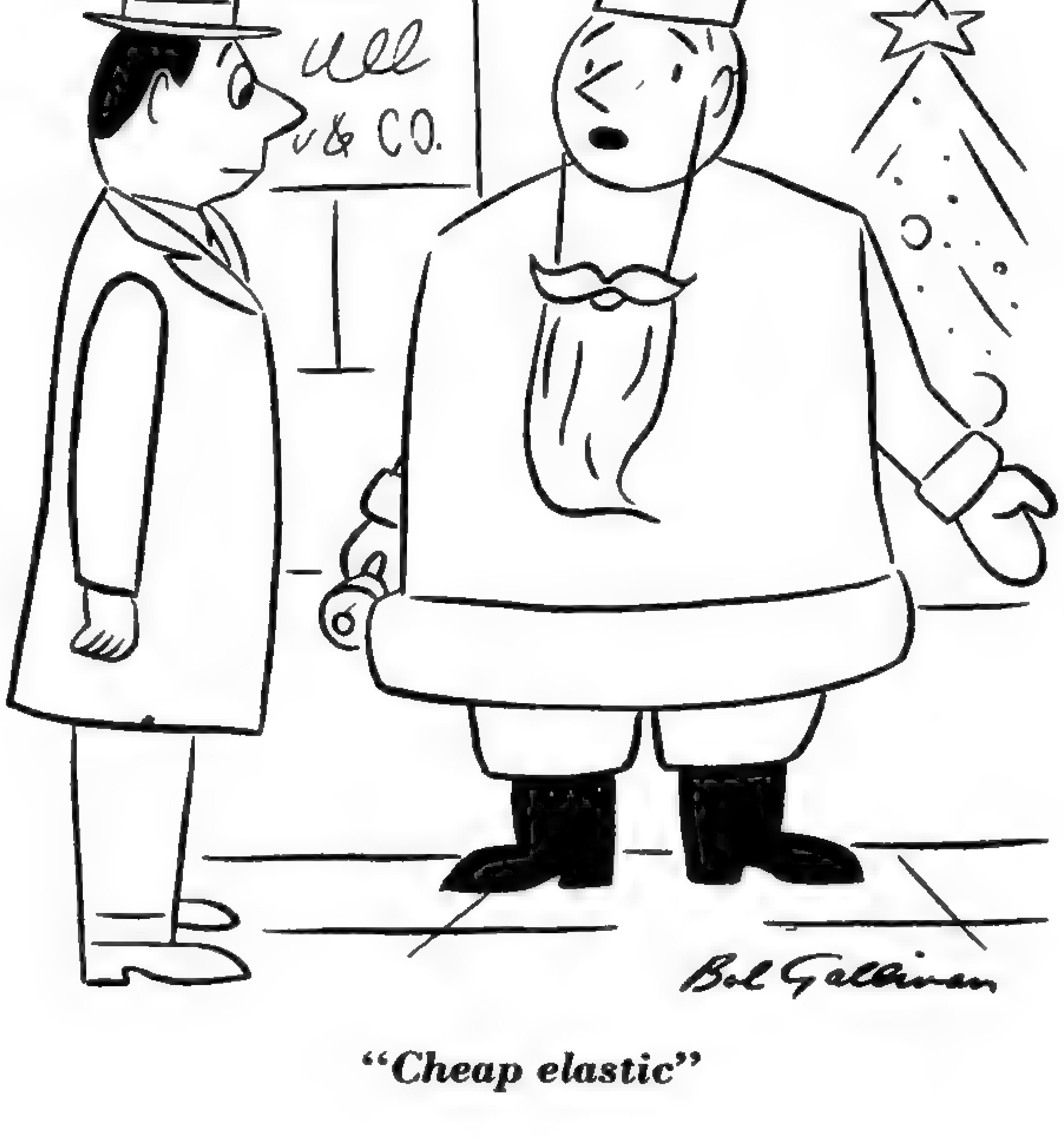
Then Dan Dolan 'll be forgiven for talking a brazen mouth when he had a strong back and arms, and wasn't afraid of that he could see or couldn't see. Sure, it must be known in Heaven that young men swagger and rattle their tongues when they should be using the ears God gave them; and that a lad feels so good breathing pure air and looking onto the stars by night that he don't know what he's been after doing.

Poor Uncle Dan! Thirty years they had him in the County Home, not for the sin of the Irish to be poor, but for that Uncle Dan was fey. My father, he walked me there, two towns away, when I was twelve, and he hadn't the sense to stick his big, bony hand through the bars to shake with his own sister's son! My father, God rest his thirsty soul, presented me to him, saying I was youngest of our fourteen; and there was likely to be no more because the old man's asthma was bothering him even then. I said to him, "Hello, Uncle Dan," and the poor fool he was for saying nothing at all, looking at me with big open eyes that didn't see.

Hiking back the dusty road the old man told me the story. "I want you to know that it don't run in the family, on my side or even on your mother's side," he said, "though it's easy to believe it of the Dolans. Dan was the best of their lot, and I'd walk, as I'm doing, clean to the north end of the county to see him, while I can't find the strength to plod two acres to see the rest of them. You'll have to be after making up your own mind about what I tell you. Whist!

"The Dolans haven't shook the old sod from their feet even now. Your grandmother on the Dolan side said she brought the fairies, the good people, over to Amerikey with her in a hollowed-out shillelagh. Then she said she let them go one afternoon, pulled the plug and saw them tumbling out, so little and full of life that she stood at the door and laughed to see them prancing in their little green hats all over the mine patch. A grown woman, already with three of the nine children she was to be blessed with, she said that.

"When the Dolans planted the earth back of their shanty, there never came a year but she didn't leave a ridge of spuds for the frost. Wouldn't dig them out, she said, as you had to pay back to the frost and the sod and to nature part of what you got out of the earth."



"Cheap elastic"

The old man took my hand and he gruffly thumped it, while he was collecting up all he wanted to say.

"Well, then, you know what the old girl was like, and you know she'd believe in the banshee. You're an educated boy, with five grades of school already, and you'll know the banshee is the old lady that comes to your house to warn you somebody of the family's to die. She sits in a rocker and holds a baby in her lap, and wails. Sure and then in a while somebody of the house will be seeing her and hearing her, and knows then that one of the kin under that roof had better be after putting his soul in order.

"Your Uncle Dan was pushing for his twenty-first birthday when the trouble come. It was of his own making, with his own tongue and his own hands he did it. He was after joking that there was no fairies, because he'd never seen any and it couldn't be proved there was; and he poked fun of the old lady for believing all the truck she believed in. Maybe it's truck and maybe it ain't.

"One night Uncle Dan arranged for to play a joke on his mother, and him so certain there's none such as the banshee or the fairies. So he went and hid himself behind the closet door in her bedroom, where she slept alone because old man Dolan was over the mountain to the union meeting. When she got into bed awhile, your Uncle Dan turned a tiny flashlight onto a drawing of a crying, white-haired old lady with a baby in her arms, and he set up to bawling and simpering so only she could hear him. He heard her sucking in her breath sudden and spilling over her holy water beside the bed, while struggling to reach her beads. Then he shut out the light and took himself and the picture out of there, crawling on his hands and knees."

The old man halted beside the road, letting it sink in like at the mine when telling the Polacks and Hungaries about the old country, so's they'd get just what he meant. I wet my lips. He puckered his.

"Now this is the part where you have to make up your own mind," he said. "When Dan Dolan came creeping and giggling down the steps, of course he had to tell somebody, and he done that to his brother Terence. And Terence, he cackled, too, and then the two of them drank a mug of poteen there in the kitchen, nearly dying because they'd have to be waiting until morning before they could be hearing the old lady tell what she saw.

"Dan and Terence, they slept in the same room. During the blackest of night, Terence has told it—and right before the priest himself, Dan woke him from all the noise he was kicking up. Dan shivered and stuttered out to Terence he was seeing the banshee, right up on the wall near the ceiling, screaming and howling. Terence looked but he never did see it himself. He put his hand over to try to shake Dan, thinking maybe Dan was riding a nightmare, and he found Dan was full awake, but cold and clammy like when you're timbering in the mine while you're wading water up to your behind.

"In the morning, old lady Dolan was found dead in her bed. Dan Dolan was fey forever after."

God rest the old lady's poor soul and God rest her son, who died a day ago, and whose wake we'll be starting this night. I'll be sitting up with the lot of the Dolans, the cousins and uncles, and drinking to poor Dan, me now long a man myself, and still not making up my mind. ###

Lacking the humor to cope with his captors the colonel not only paid for his insolence, but taught his fellow prisoner the meaning of fear

The Twist of the Knife

by HECTOR BOLITHO

COLONEL PALTRY and his wife always struck me as being a sad couple; sad and faintly contemptible. When I first saw them, at a party in the officers' mess at Windsor, it was winter and she wore a fur coat that looked as if the colonel had recently shot it on safari. She looked hard: the sort of woman you would fight with rather than for. The colonel himself! Well, isn't there something pathetic about professional soldiers between wars; reduced from flourishing swords to handling round cups of tea? There stood the colonel, with medals from a dozen campaigns on his tunic, quavering under his wife's commanding eye.

To write thus of a man I saw lying dead, with a Japanese knife wound deep as his heart, is no tribute to me. But we were prisoners together for three years in Java; and I came to despise him so much I haven't a tear to shed for him, dead or alive. At my age you ration your emotions.

May I begin in the middle of my story? Imagine me, a war-weary British major, forty-three, shabby, thin, silent, with all my thoughts curling back into myself, like the tentacles of a sea anemone.

The scene is the hot deck of a troopship, coming through the Red Sea. Ahead of me was the prospect of England, and my old father. Beyond that, Connecticut, where my son was waiting for me. He was fat as a partridge, they told me in their letters, because my father had sent him across the Atlantic when my wife died so that the boy could miss some of the pinching horrors of the war.

So these were the two plums waiting to fall into my weary hands; an old father, exhausted by the war but gallant still, and safe in his cold house in Essex, and my son, also safe and healthy, waiting for me in the States. It seemed worth-while coming home.

Behind me were the three stinking years on the side of that railway track in Java. Imagine a fold of the Java Hills, where a slow, treacly rain fell most of the time, then bursts of sultry sunshine. Patter, patter of rain, the steaming earth between the railway tracks that ran up the valley, and the row of bungalows that were our prison. I felt like warm oil during the day, but the nights were rather pleasant, and one might have enjoyed the caress of the mountain winds if it hadn't been for the Jap sentries, motionless as marble, watching and waiting. Then the curious sort of suspicious whisper from their feet when they moved. It sounded like that to me when I heard them moving beyond the plantation of cannas.

The cannas, with big red and yellow blossoms, were part of the new war we had to fight, the war to keep our pride, our self-esteem, and our sense of humor. It was because Colonel Paltry gave up this battle that I lost my last shred of respect for him.

A garden is a great tonic to an Englishman. He never feels it is the least bit peculiar to clear a patch of earth, in India, Africa, Egypt or Upper Tooting, and fill it with asters, geraniums, or anything else that grows. There were eighteen of us at Tjilabo camp, all officers, and we hadn't been in the rickety bungalows three days when we gave up staring at the imprisoning hills to make wooden spades with which we dug four big garden beds. In them we planted cannas, artichokes, and some other flowers. The artichokes did double duty because we used them first as floral decorations to make the bungalows look a bit more like home. Later we popped the flowers into a sort of stew. With only five ounces of rice a day we had to doll up our meals with a little imagination.

I hated the Japs on principle. They were everything an enemy should be; crafty, treacherous and pigheaded. But there was one side of them I found rather attractive. Their childishness; their liking for childish things. I once read a book, *Psychology for the Fireside*, and it said that exaggerated interest and sentimental gush over children collectively is sometimes rather unhealthy. Criminals and bullies have an especial weakness for other people's children, and sentimentalize over them. Perhaps it is because they don't feel any challenge, any need for self-defense, when they are face to face with something that cannot hurt them. But this is going a bit too deep. The Jap sentries liked us to teach them nursery rhymes and songs. I must say it was a bit comical to see a sentry stand to attention and sing, in a series of hisses, *Auld Lang Syne*, and recite, *Hickory, Dickory, Dock*.

It was best to be amiable with our guards, since we had to live with them, whether we liked it or not. But Col. Paltry was pompous with them at all times: rude, and forever on edge. The result was that they hated him.

I don't wish to weary you with a long description of our life there, or of Col. Paltry's absolute inability to fit into the picture. He just had no warmth in him, and he used resentment as a staple diet. The story I wish to tell is of the day when I came upon him, fuming with rage, with a sentry's bayonet five inches from his stomach. The colonel was purple and ridiculous; the sentry was smiling, with some sort of oriental wisdom that made him master of the situation. When the colonel saw me he yelled, "Come and do something about this bloody savage. He says he won't let me pass until I tell him a nursery rhyme. By God, the fellow's mad."

I went up to them and the sentry smiled at me amiably. I tried to look very British, with the dust of the parade ground at Aldershot still in my voice, as I said, "What does all this mean?"

Col. Paltry spluttered, "The idiot says he won't let me pass. I don't know any nursery rhymes. You've got a boy! Do you know any?"

I took out a pencil and piece of paper and wrote, in block letters,

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

I wish you could have seen the colonel's face as I recited the verse. It was a study. But the Japanese sentry was delighted and withdrew his bay-

onet as I handed him the slip of paper. He smiled broadly and said, "I learn a leetil Inglish," and slowly and carefully read:

Tweenkil, tweenkil, lettle stor, How I wan-dor whot you or,
Oop above a wor-led so hij, Like a dee-mind in a ske.

Col. Paltry walked away with me. "Bloody idiot" was all he could say coherently. I said, "Well, I'd sooner recite nursery rhymes to a Japanese than have a Japanese recite the death sentence over me." I left it at that and went back to my bungalow.

It was a week later when Captain Lugard shot into my room like a rocket and said, "The colonel has been stabbed."

Lugard occupied the bungalow next to mine and he usually ate his meals with the colonel. He would kowtow to anyone and he usually did the colonel's chores. I must sound a critical sort of man. but Lugard was about as sour-blooded as Col. Paltry, and they made a good pair. However, I hurried over with him and there was poor old Paltry, cold, with a horrible wound right into his heart. He had been stabbed with a knife and the blade had been twisted, round and round, after it had entered his breast.

There was nothing for it but to call the Japs. Silence fell on the prison camp that day: silence and fear. We dug a grave for him in a pretty little spot beside the stream, and young Deacon, one of the subalterns, made a wooden cross, with the colonel's name and the date of his death on it.

I was the senior officer after that and I made some sort of protest to the Japanese officer. He said he would report the matter to base, and just looked straight at me as much as to say, "So what!"

I meandered around during the next few days, depressed as hell. The silence was horrible, and there was a good deal of resentment. I felt it every time I came near one of the Japs. But our hands were tied, as you might say. What baffled me was the smile on the face of the sentry who had mastered the words of *Twinkle, twinkle, little star*. Whenever I passed him he greeted me like a long lost relation. It was good to have one friend among that unfriendly lot, so I taught him *Jack and Jill* and *One, two, buckle my shoe*, to keep up the temperature of his smiles.

Lugard was stabbed exactly seven days after the colonel. The same kind of wound; the same signs of a twisted knife. That day the Japanese officer refused to see me, but I watched him from my bungalow, hurrying about, chattering like an ape, sending messengers off to the base from which we got our supplies. We buried Lugard beside Col. Paltry, and Deacon put up another wooden cross.

One can face the enemy when he is in the open, but when he deals with mysteries in the dark it is pretty shattering. I had a repeated dream of a Japanese leaning over me, with a knife that came down slowly, towards my heart. And in the dream I could not move, and when I tried to scream, the sound was strangled in my throat. Night after night, I suffered the tortures of the damned with that dream, and usually woke up in a cold sweat, trembling from head to foot.

On the Sunday night after Lugard was stabbed I went to bed early. The Japs weren't very strict with us about hours. Deacon was a useful sort of fellow and he made us rubber candles that stank to high heaven when they were lit. But they did give us enough light to read by. I was lying on my bed, thinking of home and of my youngster and wondering how long human patience could endure. The door of my room opened.

I don't know much about mesmerism, but thinking it over since, I believe I was mesmerised by that door slowly opening. I could not move. The door opened far enough for me to see a Japanese soldier who moved into the room; a cramped, sly-footed creature. He closed the door behind him. I was so scared as I lay there, I couldn't even pray. The little rat crept nearer the bed, his eyes fixed on mine, staring. Then he whipped a knife from the sheath at his side and leaned over me. Why didn't I yell? Why hadn't I leapt up? I simply don't know. I lay there, and at last I was able to pray.

The door was flung open again, and I saw the sentry, little *Twinkle, twinkle, little star*, coming through the doorway. He grabbed the fellow by the back of the neck and flung him to the floor. What followed was pretty near the nastiest sight I have ever seen. The sentry grabbed the knife, flung the other Jap to the floor again and ground his boot in his face. Hellish thumps with his boots, until I imagined I could hear the scrunch of bones. Then the extraordinary little fiend came over to me politely, smiled as amiably as ever, and said,

Tweenkil, tweenkil, lettle stor, How I wan-dor whot you or,
Oop above a wor-led so hij, Like a dee-mind in a ske.

Then he took the unconscious body from the floor by its wrists and dragged it through the open door.

My nerves went after that and, to be perfectly frank, I was slightly mental. The war ended and I was flown to an American hospital. I certainly went through my valley of darkness. The chief trouble was insomnia. And only those who have never suffered from insomnia can make light of it. The long, slow torture of one's own imagination, the crawling hours of the night, a fevered mind climbing from one thought to the next, and the alarms of despair. Then one thinks of the sweetness of obliteration and death, if only they would come. The creeping across the floor, being humbled into a crawling figure, looking out of the window into the blackness of night, attractive compared with the blackness of one's own mind. I often had the wish to jump. The thought was there often, hanging by that one frail thread of indecision. Yet the thread never snapped. The inspiration of moral courage came, like a spiritual force, when physical courage had departed. Oh, I'd seen it often in others. It's one of the few noble things that grow out of the mire of war. I tried to fix my thoughts on my boy. I tried to realize he would be ashamed of me. Sometimes I would lean there against the window sill, praying, plunging my will and my prayers into some distance beyond myself. Reaching towards the stars with my pleading hands and trying to draw strength from the fact of my boy's existence. Then during the waking hours the dread of snatches of exhausted sleep, because it was then that the dream came. The face of that Jap. The knife coming down slowly; slow as the falling weight of a clock. Then my waking always, just as the knife's tip was over my heart. And the fear that stayed while I was waking; of the knife blade twisting, twisting.

It went on for months. They poured every known sleeping pill into me. Gosh, those Yankee doctors were kind. The dream remained, less menacing after a time, and I tried to make it into a positive part of my mental pattern and to pretend that it was not an enemy.

This was more or less how I was feeling on the way home; as I sat on the deck chair, steaming quietly through the Red Sea. Distance seemed to soften the pain and blur the picture, and this release was increased with the thought that I was no longer in the same hemisphere. That helped, no end, and there came nights when I escaped my dream, to wake up fresh and free in the morning.

Then came the Mediterranean, the Bay of Biscay, and England. The little Essex railway station on which I used to wait to go back to school; unchanged except for the shabbiness that made all England seem weary and in need of sleep. There had been a letter from my son waiting for me in London; just the sort of letter I used to write to my father, cold and shy. It was the first time I had seen my boy's handwriting for three years, because no letters seemed to get through from America to Java towards the end. You've just got to imagine what it meant to me, sitting there with that letter, turning over the three pages, trying to (*Continued on page 273*)

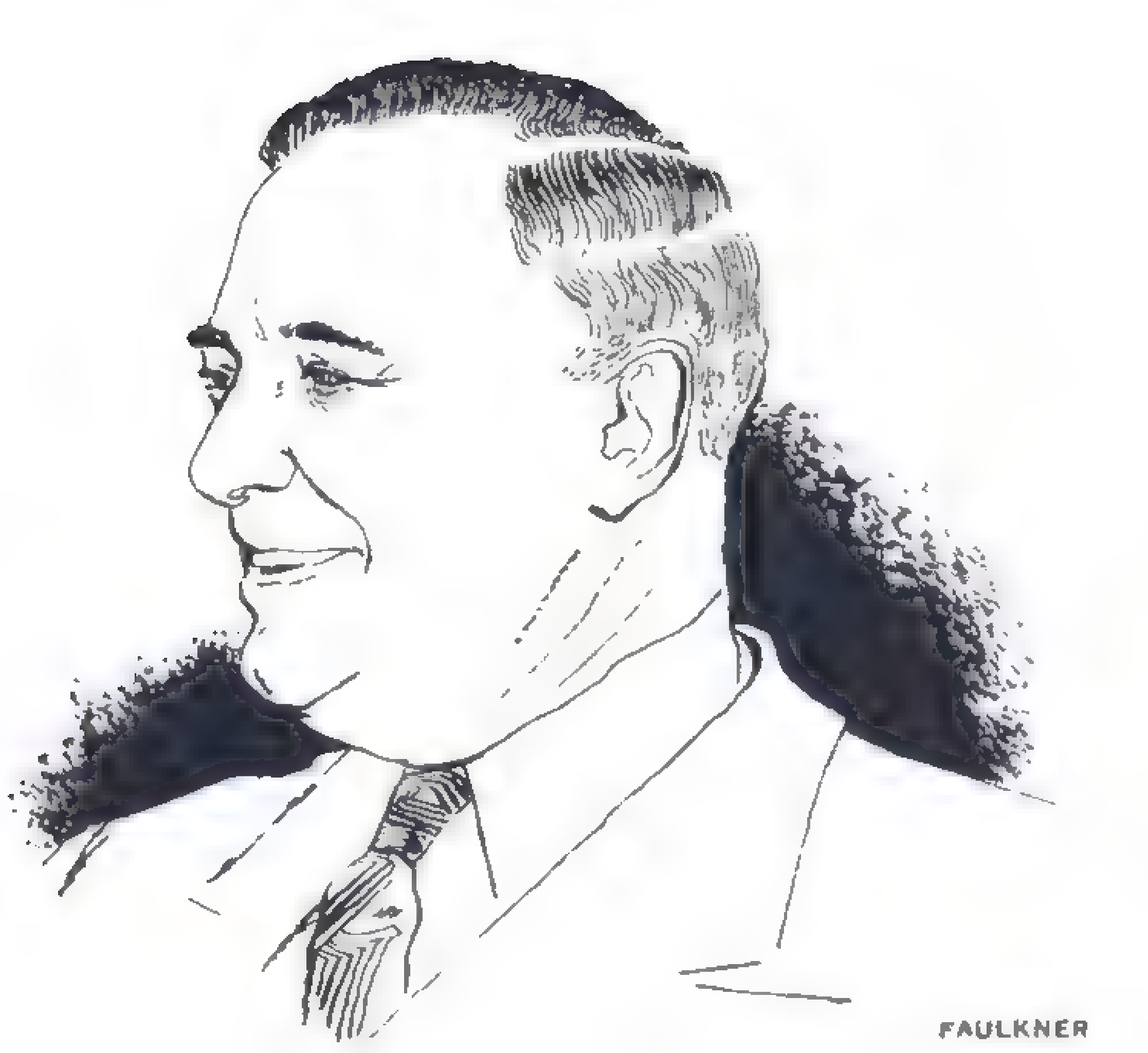
GLANTZ

Theatre: A very old young man

Hunt Stromberg, Jr., is twenty-four and doesn't look a day under eighteen. This could be a handicap for a young man with a less illustrious name, but Junior's Old Man is something of a producer himself, and Junior is happy as a boy wonder. His initial production was Victor Herbert's The Red Mill, *which made its original bow before he was born. His second,* The Front Page, *first appeared when he was in knee pants. Now the nostalgia for plays his daddy saw seems to have run its course and Mr. Stromberg may produce a new show someday. If not, Broadway fears Junior may bring back* The Black Crook *by the time he is thirty.*

Presenting strong, silent Arthur Judson: the man behind the man behind the baton

The Benevolent Despot of Music


FAULKNER

by JOHN BRIGGS

Arthur Judson is like the Sphinx. He is large and impressive. He occupies a commanding position. And it is extremely difficult to persuade him to talk for publication. For thirty years he has preferred a backstage role, pulling the strings attached to high-priced artists like Heifetz, Horowitz, Iturbi, Menuhin and Hofmann. Until Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, assailed Judson, its manager, as power-hungry, few people outside the tight little world of music had ever heard of A. J.

When Rodzinski summoned reporters to his Park Avenue apartment to discuss Judson's complicated associations with the Philharmonic, A. J. barricaded himself in his office high over 57th Street, left orders to brush off newspapermen, and waited for the storm to pass. He had ridden out heavier weather in his years as concert manager.

Judson could afford to be Olympian. Generally impresarios die broke, but Judson is reputed a millionaire. He concedes that in his fiscal scheme, the $15,000 Philharmonic salary is relatively peanuts.

As a result, Judson is not in the least worried about what conductors, artists, audiences, critics or boards of directors think of him. He is capable of suggesting that a lucrative but troublesome artist take his business elsewhere. His attitude toward the Philharmonic board is, approximately, that if they don't like the way he is running things they find themselves a new manager.

His disdain for the press is staggering. He once told a newspaperman he got out of music journalism after concluding it was "the discredited end of a discredited profession." To critics he has blandly voiced his doubts that criticism has anything to do with an artist's success, citing, as examples of favorites who got sour notices at their debuts, Vladimir Horowitz and Enrico Caruso.

For every reader who could accurately identify A. J., there are probably a dozen who know Edward Johnson is general manager of the Metropolitan. But Judson's power and influence are much greater than that of the opera impresario. He has been called, possibly with some accuracy, "the Mike Jacobs of the concert business."

Judson will have no part of opera, though the Met wooed him when Gatti-Casazza resigned. Otherwise he has spread-eagled the field. He is president of Columbia Concerts, one of the two monster agencies that book most musical events in this country. As president of Columbia, he has an important voice in the affairs of its subsidiary, Community Concerts, which brings a nation-wide concert series to some 400 towns. He also heads his own subdivision of Columbia, Concert Management Arthur Judson, Inc., which sells Heifetz, Rudolf Serkin and other cream-of-the-crop performers.

Judson is manager of the Philharmonic, and has also managed the Philadelphia Orchestra, Robin Hood Dell and summer concerts at Lewisohn Stadium. He is a founder and stockholder of the Columbia Broadcasting System, which broadcasts Philharmonic concerts, while its affiliate, Columbia Recording, preserves them on wax.

Judson has America's biggest collection of orchestra conductors. (The one thing that perceptibly ruffled his composure during the Rodzinski controversy was seeing his string of maestros identified as "Judson's Stable.") Absent from the paddock was Toscanini, who has never had or needed a manager, Stokowski, Koussevitzky and, lately, Rodzinski. But Eugene Ormandy, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Bruno Walter, Eugene Goossens, Wilfred Pelletier, Pierre Monteux, Alexander Smallens, Efrem Kurtz and other conductors, totaling fifty-eight, wear the Judson colors. Since there are always more conductors than conducting jobs, unemployment, or "conductor's holiday," is chronic in the profession. Hence the boys try to be en rapport with Judson. Besides, he could always get them the Philharmonic.

It follows that Judson is in a position to influence all symphony orchestras in the matter of hiring soloists. Whether or not he applies the squeeze is a moot point. "Yivnivsky would love to hire my boy," a manager may tell you, "but he has to use a Columbia artist. Orders from A. J." However, knowing what turkeys the manager is peddling, you suspect a Yivnivsky brush-off.

In any case, domination of the conducting field sets the capstone on Judson's pyramid of holdings, the "Judson Empire" Rodzinski assailed when he resigned his $73,500-a-year Philharmonic job.

Rodzinski asserted he could no longer brook Judson's "interference" in choice of guest conductors, soloists and repertoire, these being, he claimed, by accepted custom the province of the conductor. He added an unhealthy condition existed if Judson, as Philharmonic manager, could buy talent from himself as head of Columbia Concerts.

In a given year, 40 to 60 per cent of the Philharmonic's soloists are Columbia artists. But as virtually all the big-money names of music are split between Columbia and National Concert and Artists Corporation, this seems a reasonably fair distribution.

Judson's holdings in Columbia Concerts are so small (five per cent) and its Philharmonic bookings so trifling a part of its total activity that Judson's cut on an artist who plays with the orchestra is figured in pennies. And Judson, who makes no secret of his dual role, would hardly jeopardize his reputation by so obvious a piece of chicanery as hiring only Columbia soloists.

But conceding Rodzinski's point that Judson has despotic powers, he is at least a benevolent despot. The *Herald Tribune* editorial which described Judson as "a powerful manager not primarily devoted to the Philharmonic's interest" was squarely mistaken. The Philharmonic is Judson's baby. He is inordinately proud that it is one of the few solvent orchestras in the nation. Through his CBS connections he wangled the Sunday afternoon broadcasts which for years have been a prime source of Philharmonic revenue. He persuades artists to cut fees for a Philharmonic appearance, for the sake of prestige. When a Judson conductor leads the orchestra, which is often,

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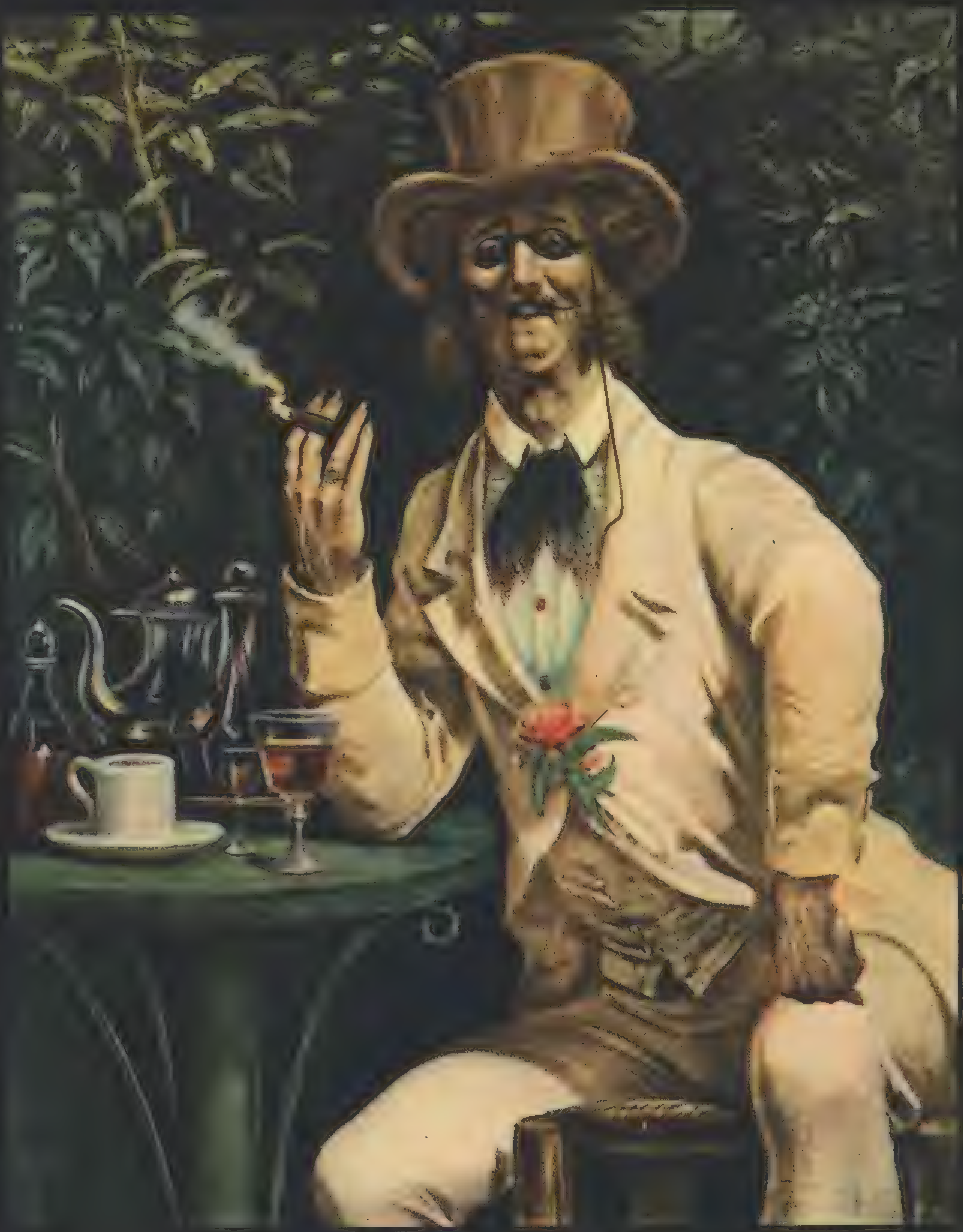
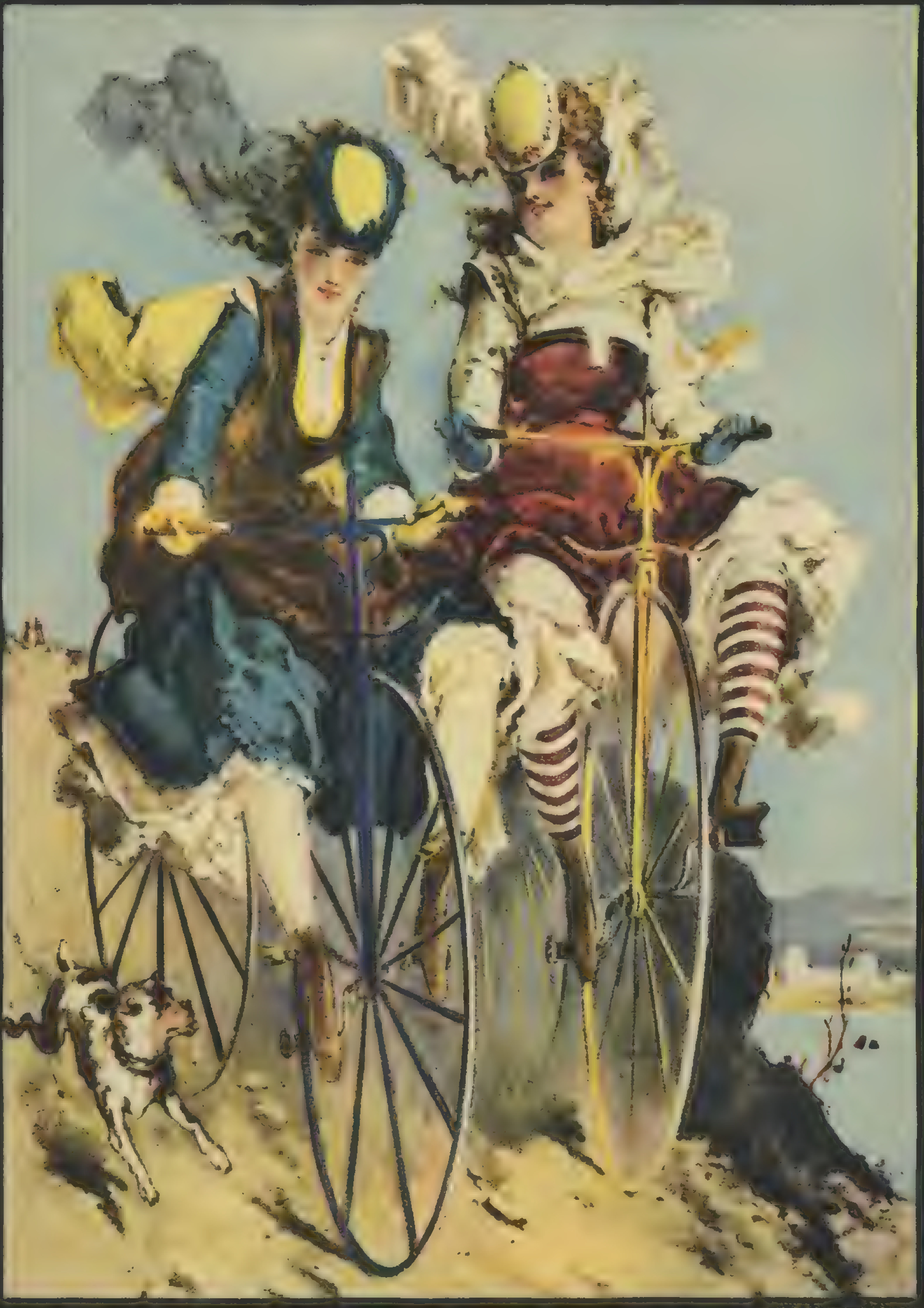
"Well, what difference does it make? You're not going anywhere in them!"



COURTESY F. & G. STAACK

G. DORE, PAINTER, REGNIER BETTANIER MORLON, LITHOGRAPHER

AN ENGLISHMAN FROM MABILLE



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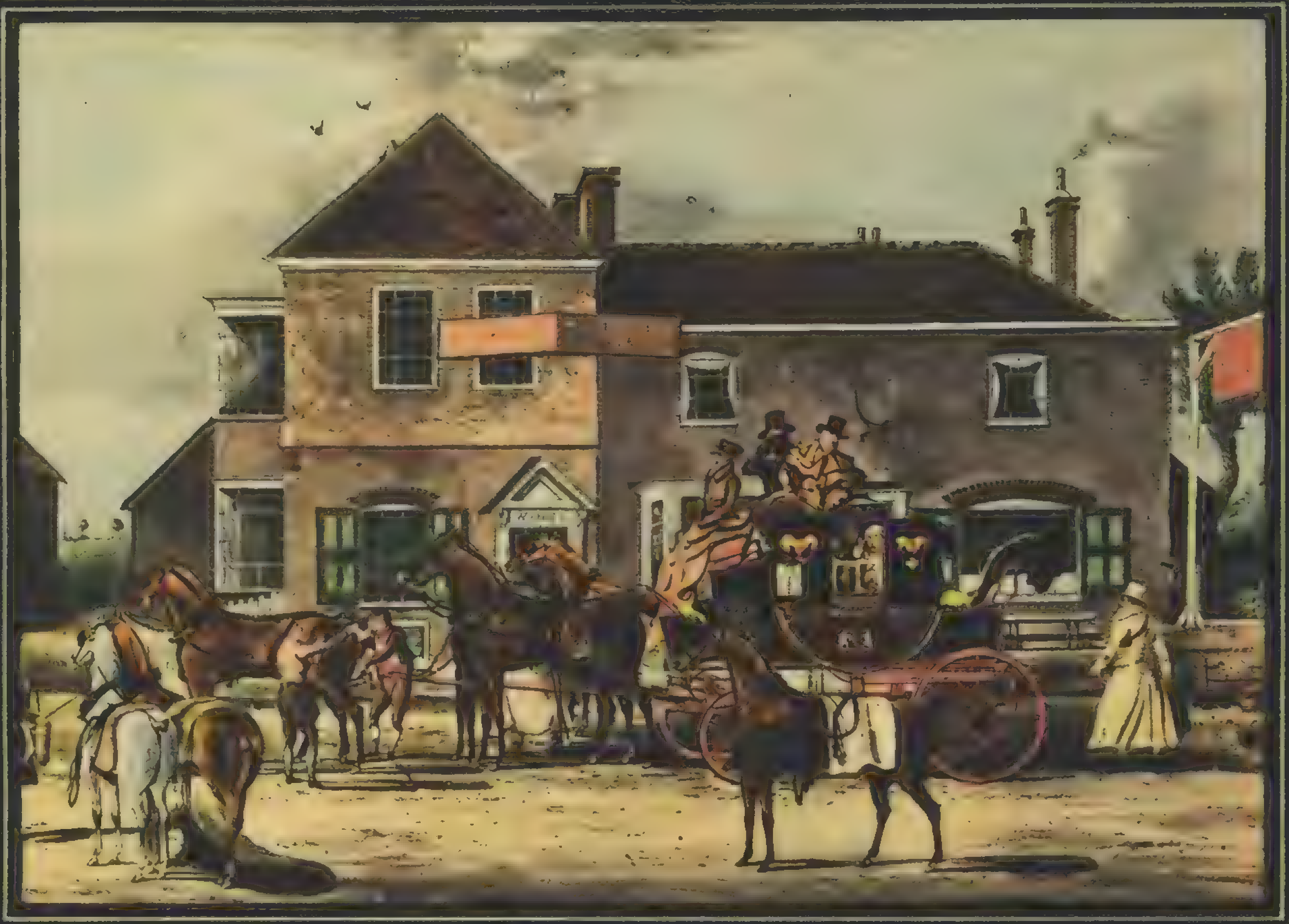
The Fair Cyclists

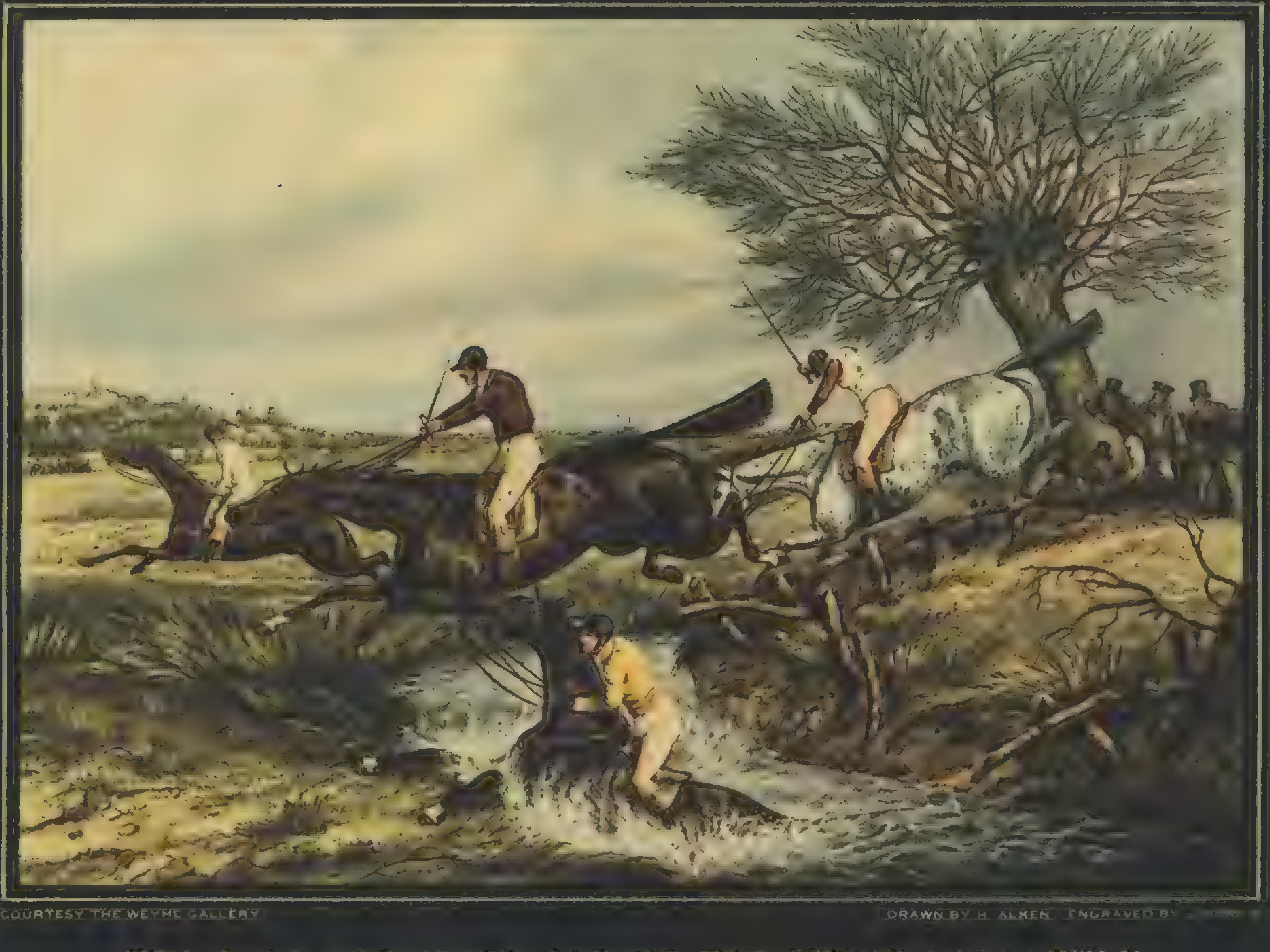


COURTESY THE WEYHE GALLERY

PAINTED BY JAMES POLLARD [illegible]

THE MAIL COACH CHANGING HORSES

PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 21, 1825 BY J. WATSON, 7 VERE ST. LONDON

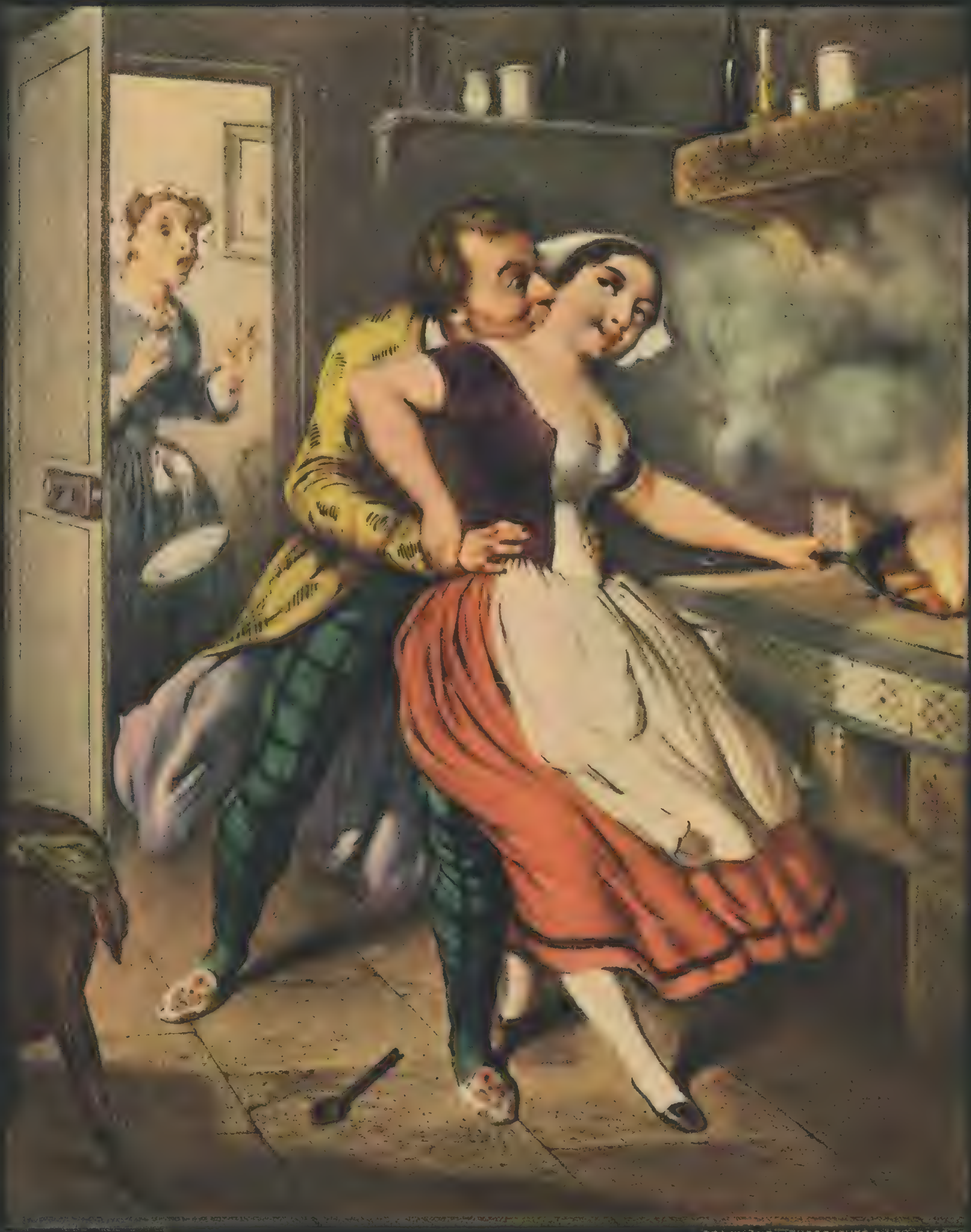


COURTESY THE WEYHE GALLERY

DRAWN BY H. ALKEN. ENGRAVED BY [illegible]

THE PACE AND PLUCK CLEARS THE BROOK GALLANTLY

PUBLISHED APRIL 24, 1848, BY MESSRS. FORES AT THEIR SPORTING & FINE PRINT REPOSITORY & FRAME MANUFACTURY, 41 PICCADILLY, CORNER OF SACKVIL [illegible] LONDON



COURTESY F. & G. STAACK

DRAWN AND LITHOGRAPHED BY CH. BARGUE

Prize and Surprise!

Nono, Epicure of Negation

Certainly this man in clown's dress was no ordinary criminal, but who could say whether he was unusually brilliant or mad

by FRANCIS X. GIACCONE

You may visit a thousand courtrooms in a lifetime and never see a moment of real drama. Court trials, even when great issues are involved, become very dry affairs since they must fit the mold of prescribed legal procedure. Now and then there are some really memorable moments, but the courtroom dramas that story writers revel in are not the stuff that make up the real life of the courts. However, I did once witness such a moment in my court. I will never forget it. That our droning, drab life is punctuated now and then by the fantastic, I had always sensed, but never to the degree that came as a revelation upon me that morning.

I cannot give you the name of the hero of the story simply because I do not know it and I doubt if there is anyone living who does, except himself. But he had stopped using it long ago and perhaps he himself had then forgotten it. He refused to disclose it in court and the records there show a most unusual entry. "People of the State of New York against Nono." One might think it was a dog that was charged with a crime as in medieval days when even animals were accused and tried in the tribunals of the realm.

Magistrates' Court is often open on Sundays to take pleas or fix bail and sometimes even to try the cases of defendants who go afoul of the law on Saturday nights. Mostly a miserable crowd of drunks and vagrants, they march in and out hardly noticed by the attachés and the usual courtroom frequenters.

It had been very quiet for us that Sunday morning. Suddenly I saw the courtroom stirred into motion by whispers which were being relayed from person to person. An officer walked up to the bench and handed me a complaint against a prisoner. He raised his right hand; I swore him to his affidavit and he walked away to the pen to fetch the culprit for arraignment. As usual I stopped to read the complaint to acquaint myself with the charge. It was a queer name for a defendant—"Nono." I looked up. There was the officer with the man under arrest—a clown. Yes, a man at the bar of justice actually dressed as a clown.

A clown at the circus is something to be expected, but a clown in court comprises a startling scene. I stared at the defendant, then turned inquiringly to the officer. He evidently thought that I objected to the defendant's appearance in the vestment of a clown.

"I'm sorry, Your Honor," he said. "We took him in from the circus, and just wiped off the paint for the purpose of identification." Then he chuckled. "Why he even objected, said it was as much a part of him as the nose on his face. Why wipe it off?"

He then spun his index finger in the direction of his head as though to tell me that the defendant was crazy. Of course one finds it hard to believe the unusual and I asked the officer whether the defendant had not been drunk.

"No," replied the officer. "He was quite sober; I thought so myself. But he was sober all right."

In accordance with procedure I read the charge to the defendant. He was accused of assaulting a spectator at the circus, during a performance that Saturday night. The newspapers had dramatized the story on the front pages the following morning, but I had not had time to read them before going to court. According to the printed accounts, I learned later, the victim had been sitting in the front row at the circus, when Nono, a performer of some renown, had suddenly, without provocation, seized a whip from another performer and, walking out of the arena towards the rows of spectators where the victim was sitting, had horsewhipped him. There was almost a riot and a panic at the circus. The defendant was placed under immediate arrest. He was brought to court and charged with assault.

I inferred that the clown was avenging a grudge on an enemy whom he had recognized at the performance. There was possibly a woman behind it. I was curious about this unusual case, but as a public official I could not take much time to appease my curiosity. I looked at the defendant's unusual face. Not the face of an ordinary person, certainly not the face one would expect to see in a clown or a defendant in a criminal court. It was one of refinement and sensibility and even spirituality.

When I advised the defendant of his rights he bowed gently. "I'm not familiar with the procedure, Your Honor. May I say I am very sorry for this most unfortunate occurrence."

Ordinarily after such an admission one asks a few questions, gets the confession of guilt on record, then instructs the defendant that as a higher court will eventually try the case, it is best to waive a hearing. But the clown's demeanor prevented me from doing so. Somehow I did not feel inclined to hurry him to what seemed to be his inevitable punishment.

"Very well," I said. "I will enter a plea of not guilty for you and set the case down for a hearing. I will set bail at $100."

The defendant was led away to the pen and I turned my attention to the next case. Suddenly a thought flashed through my mind that made me uneasy. What if the defendant were insane and could raise the $100 bail, which was an easy matter, and were allowed at liberty? If he were demented he was likely to commit other crimes of violence.

I could not concentrate on the case before me as my mind was on Nono. I certainly wanted to bring him back and order him held for observation. However, I did not want to do it arbitrarily; I needed to talk to Nono again; convince myself one way or another. Retiring to my chambers I instructed the attendant to bring in the prisoner. When he was before me I said, "You have refused to give your real name and there is now some question in my mind as to whether I ought to fix nominal bail at $100. On reconsideration I do not believe that a defendant who refuses to be frank with the court concerning his real name and address, is entitled to much consideration. The law is interested not

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"Hey, George!"

It Might Have Been Nice

Most men have scruples against stealing another fellow's girl, but there are times when even the most honorable are tempted

by VINCENT McCONNOR

Her voice was as comfortable as a bed, and as soft and inviting.

"You're absolutely certain that Jeff's not somewhere around the office?"

"Positive. His light's still on, but he went out some time ago, probably for dinner."

"He promised to wait for my call!" Now she was getting angry. She had tossed off another drink since her first call. He could hear it around the edges of her voice.

"He left here around six."

"Couldn't he wait ten minutes? Nobody's so hungry they can't wait ten minutes. Do you suppose he'll come back to the office?"

"I haven't the slightest idea what Jeff's plans are."

"Now you're sore at me."

"Nothing of the sort!"

"Who are you, anyway?"

"Nobody important."

"You *are* angry! I can tell from your voice."

"Look, lady! I've got work to do. Reports to check over. I've an engagement and I have to finish these before I can leave."

"Sorry I bothered you."

He heard the sharp click as she put her telephone down.

The reports waited in neat stacks on his desk. He swiveled around in his chair and gazed across the city. The tall buildings were as pink as birthday cakes in the reflected glow of the sunset. Even the back windows of several hundred apartments sparkled, for once, as though they had all been washed. He turned back to the reports.

The telephone rang and startled him.

"Still mad with me?" Her voice was even softer than before.

"No, I'm not."

"Wouldn't want you to be. Too many people are mad at me already." She'd had more to drink. He wondered if she were drinking cocktails. Or if she were in a hotel somewhere, alone with a bottle.

"No. I'm not angry."

"Talk to me."

"I've told you, I'm busy."

"Now I know you're mad at me! I can tell from your voice!"

"I told you, I'm not! It's just that I've got to get this work . . . or I'll be late for my engagement."

"Is it that important?"

"Well, I'm meeting some people. We're going to a concert."

"Take me with you?"

"I've only got four tickets and I'm already taking three other people."

"Couldn't you get an extra ticket?"

"No. These were given to the boss. He couldn't go, so he gave them to one of the vice-presidents who gave them to his secretary. And she let me have them."

"You must be quite a fellow with the ladies."

"I do all right. Now, if you don't mind, I really must get back to work."

"Why don't you forget about the concert? Finish your reports and then we can . . ."

"Call back in half an hour." His voice was abrupt. "Jeff should be there by then."

"And you'll be gone? Well, I won't bother you again!"

He could see her bang the telephone down. Was it a hotel room or did she have an apartment? From her voice, he couldn't begin to guess her age. Fairly young, perhaps. He suspected that she wasn't drinking cocktails. She wouldn't be bothered with anything that elaborate. There was probably a bottle of bourbon someplace near her elbow.

He glanced across the hall to the other office. An overhead light glared down on Jeff's desk. Jeff's glasses rested there in a clutter of papers. Jeff would come back around eight o'clock, filled with food and drink and ready to rake over the latest office gossip. Better get out of here before Jeff returned or he would never make that concert! Get out of here before seven forty-five. That way he could get a bite to eat and still make the . . . The telephone rang.

He looked at his watch as he took the phone from its cradle. It might be someone else. Maybe the Purslows couldn't make the concert!

But again it was her soft inviting voice telling him, "It's me!"

"You didn't wait five minutes."

"I know. I was too bored to wait."

"Jeff isn't back yet."

"How is it I always get you on Jeff's phone?"

"We share a telephone and a secretary."

"How nice for both of you, and for her!"

"When she's here, during office hours, she pushes buttons and buzzes us."

"In front of everybody!"

"She sees that we each get our own calls."

"What's your name?"

"Lady, I've really got work to do! I told you a couple of calls ago."

"I remember! You have to finish your reports so you can go to some dull concert."

"Call Jeff in half an hour. You'll catch him then."

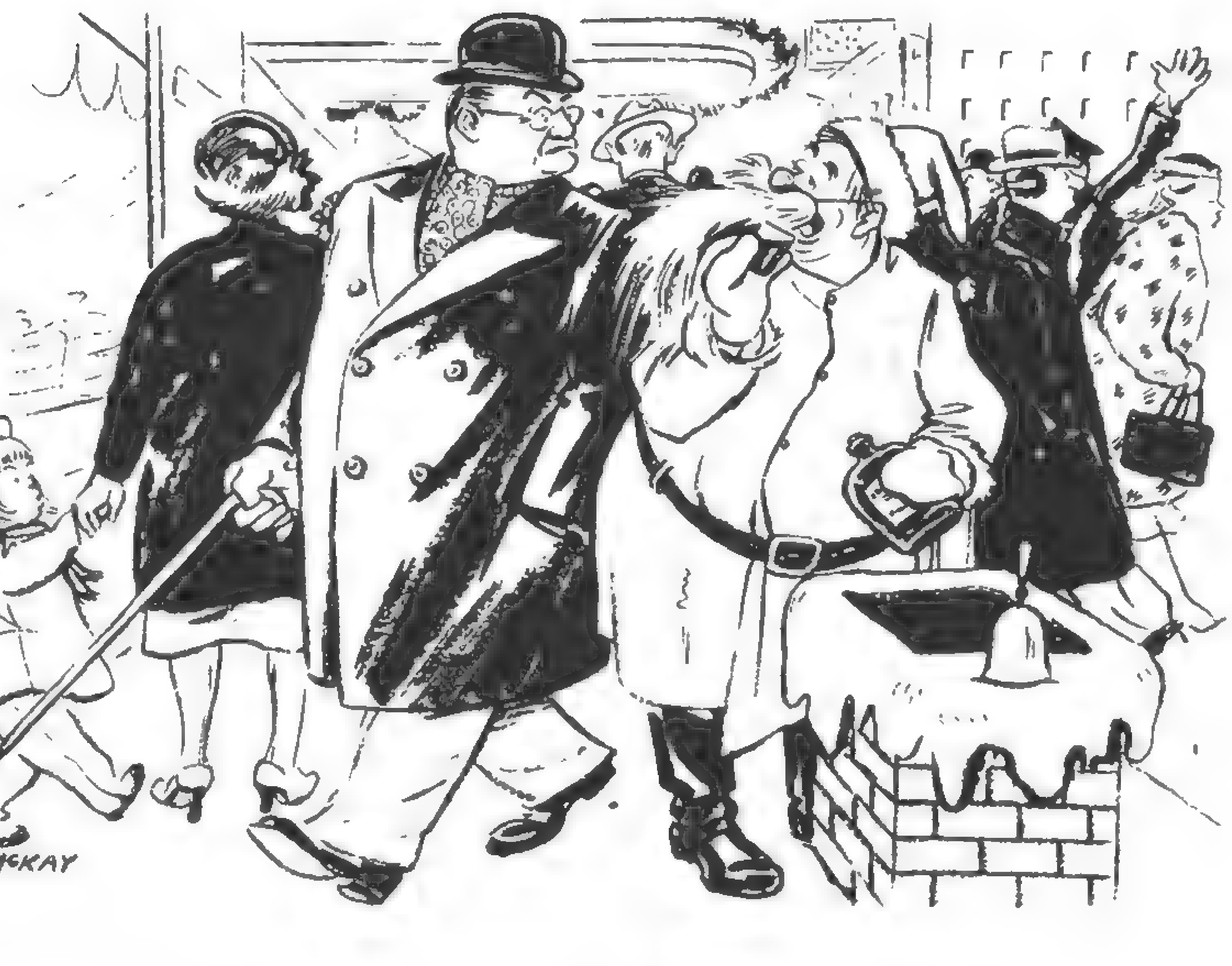
"All right, you nameless darling. Half an hour."

He knew, as the connection was broken, that she would not wait thirty minutes.

The neatly typed reports stared at him from the desk.

He got to his feet, stretched, and strolled across to the door.

Okin and Blanding, Inc., Advertising, had closed for the day. All the tweeds and sharkskins had gone home to their smart apartments or were investigating the Scotch situation in some intimate little bar. The gabardines had kissed their wives and were being driven home from a dozen suburban railroad stations. And the shiny blue serges were,



"It was kinda cold coming over the Pole"

JUNCO

Night Club: Grandpa Is a Crooner

Café Society is an exclusive circle of people who have a sufficient number of Greenbacks to get past the Velvet Rope at El Rooko. It has very little to do with Blood, either Blue or Red. Its members appear to be citizens who do not have a parlor in which to play gin, and who bore each other stiff. To entertain them each year a new crop of hopefuls comes out of the sticks or across the sea, bearing songs and jokes.. Usually Café Socialites are so busy table-hopping or talking on the telephone to someone at the bistro next door that they do not bother to listen. But there are exceptions, and Carl Brisson, once the middle-weight boxing champion of Europe and at present a grandfather, is one of these. When Mr. Brisson makes with the pipes, Café Society swoons like school kids in Peoria for Frankie.

already, carefully hung in their closets, resting until morning. He looked down at his own suit, a brown pin-stripe, and wondered how long it had been since his only suit was a shiny blue serge.

He turned back to his desk and shuffled through the unfinished reports. What the devil was the matter with him? Suppose the concert did turn out to be a dud? What if he were bored by the three people who would be waiting for him? Mr. Purslow and his two daughters, one a widow and the other unmarried. He owed them an evening's entertainment. Well, this was to be the repayment of a debt! And he wouldn't get caught again.

The telephone shrilled on his desk.

"Yes?"

"Don't say it! Jeff isn't back yet."

He glanced across the hall. "No. He hasn't come."

"He's a stinker! That's what he is, treating me like this . . ."

"Jeff's a good guy . . ."

"You taking up for him?"

"He's my friend."

"Well! You don't know him. Let me tell you, you don't even begin to know him!"

"Why don't you get some dinner for yourself, then call Jeff later?"

"Why don't you take me out to dinner?"

"I've told you. I have an engagement."

"I know! You're going to a concert."

"I'm sorry . . ."

"Why don't you let them go to the concert by themselves?"

"I have the tickets in my pocket. They couldn't get in without me."

"Good! Let them go someplace else. They're awful bores, anyway!"

"Yes. I know they are."

"You see!" She laughed. "I'm never boring."

"I'm sure you're not."

"Now you're being sarcastic!"

"I didn't mean to be."

"Won't you take me out to dinner? Please . . ."

"Sorry. Not tonight. I've still got these reports to finish . . ."

"Haven't you done them yet?"

"How can I—with you phoning every five minutes!"

"I'm sorry."

"You're nothing of the sort and you know it!"

"I know it." She laughed again. "C'mon! Meet me for dinner . . ."

"I've told you. It's impossible."

"I like you."

"Do you?"

"Well, say something!"

"What do you want me to say?"

"Don't you like me?"

"How can I! I've never even seen you."

"I've never seen you either! But I like you just the same. Especially your voice. It's a nice voice, a kind voice. Say you like me. Please."

"Aren't we getting kind of silly?"

"I don't think so. Why shouldn't I say I like you? I do! And I hate Jeff! He treats me terribly. Really he does!"

"Jeff wouldn't treat anybody terribly."

"You don't know him!"

"All right. I don't know him."

"He's probably, right this minute, sitting in that sea-food restaurant around the corner arguing with the headwaiter. He always argues with headwaiters! What did you say your name is?"

"I didn't."

"Well—what is it?"

"Patrick . . ."

"Patrick what?"

"Patrick's my last name."

"What's your first name?"

"Richard."

"Richard Patrick?"

"That's right."

"I suppose that vice-president's secretary who gives you tickets calls you 'Dick' or something . . ."

"I've no idea what she calls me. My friends call me 'Rich'."

"I really do like you, Rich!"

"Do you?"

"Please, please, take me out to dinner! I'm so lonely tonight . . ."

"I told you. I'm busy."

This time the phone really banged down.

He glanced at his watch. Five of eight. He wondered if he should leave a note on Jeff's desk—tell him that some female had been calling him since ten after six. Might be fun to have dinner with her. Never tell Jeff about it. Meet her at some little restaurant where no one would know them. Might be quite an adventure.

The telephone rang again.

"Yes?"

"What about dinner?"

"I told you . . ."

"I know very well what you told me! And you needn't bother going into that all over again—any of it!"

"You've really managed to wreck my evening."

"Good!"

"I haven't finished checking more than two-thirds of these reports and the boss has to see them first thing in the morning."

"Let's eat dinner together, darling. Someplace quiet. You'll like me! I promise you will."

As she talked he heard Jeff coming down the hall. "Jeff's back. Just came in."

"To hell with Jeff!"

"Still here, Rich?" Jeff loomed in the doorway.

"Yeah! Still here . . ."

"Oh! You're on the phone . . ." Jeff turned into his own office. He dropped his voice when he spoke to her. "You want to speak to Jeff, don't you?"

"I do not! I don't ever want to speak to him again! Have dinner with me, Rich—you with the kind voice. Then maybe I won't be lonely any more."

"I'm sorry. I can't." He watched Jeff carefully hang up his summer hat. "Jeff! This call's for you!"

"Thanks!" Jeff turned to the telephone on his desk.

"Good-bye, baby," Rich whispered into the phone.

Her voice was suddenly faint at the other end. "Good-bye, Rich. It might have been nice."

Jeff's voice rasped through the phone as he spoke on his extension. "Yeah! Who is it?"

Rich put his phone down, quickly and quietly. He had no desire to hear what Jeff would say to her.

He left his desk without putting the reports away. At the door he lifted his battered hat from its hook and snapped off the lights.

As he walked down the long hall he wondered if Jeff would meet her later. He hoped that Jeff would be kind to her—tender and gentle.

He could still hear her voice—soft in his ear, "I'm so lonely . . ."

All at once he, too, was overwhelmed with loneliness.

It might have been nice, at that! #

Fighter's Fighter

Jem Mace, the founder of scientific boxing, remained heavyweight champ at seventy-one, was never decisively whipped in any match

by CHARLES B. ROTH

One of the silliest things men do is spend so many hours arguing about who is the "greatest fighter of them all." You've done it, so you know how it is. One fellow will chime in and defend Dempsey as the greatest of the lot. Another fellow will put in an oar for Jim Jeffries. A third will show you that Benny Leonard was far and away the tops. But what does any of this kind of conversation prove? It's a complex, I tell you, and will get you nowhere.

But I should like to tell you of the greatest fighter that ever lived, the one who really was. Maybe you'll think I am inconsistent. But I'm not. For when I get through telling you about my man, show you why he was so much taller in every department of his profession, you won't have your own champion to defend. And that will put an end to all this foolish argument, don't you see?

My nominee for the title of greatest is a smallish sort of scrapper named Jem Mace. Don't rush off to your record book of fighters of the twentieth century, because you won't find his name and battles listed at all. That's because he hasn't been fighting for quite a spell. But you will find his influence in the career and skill of every good boxer who ever laced on a pair of gloves. You see, he really gave us the modern science of boxing. He was the first with the technique every boxer uses today, and Jim Corbett, Gene Tunney, Willie Pep, and all the other boys who know how to use their dukes trace their lineage directly to old Jem.

But that isn't why I say he is the greatest fighter of them all. This is: he fought longer than any other pugilist, fifty-six years; he fought against greater odds, outweighed often from twenty to sixty pounds, and he was almost as good on the violin as Fritz Kreisler. If an imposing list of distinctions like that doesn't entitle a man to the title, what more do you expect?

Let me make this biography short and almost dateless. Mace was a gypsy, although he denied this vehemently in later years when he hobnobbed in England with lords and dukes and in America with presidents and senators. He never had a real name. The one he carried for eighty years was fixed on him because he was addicted to a peculiar practice which is certainly not recommended to those who want to win the right kind of friends—he was a pickpocket.

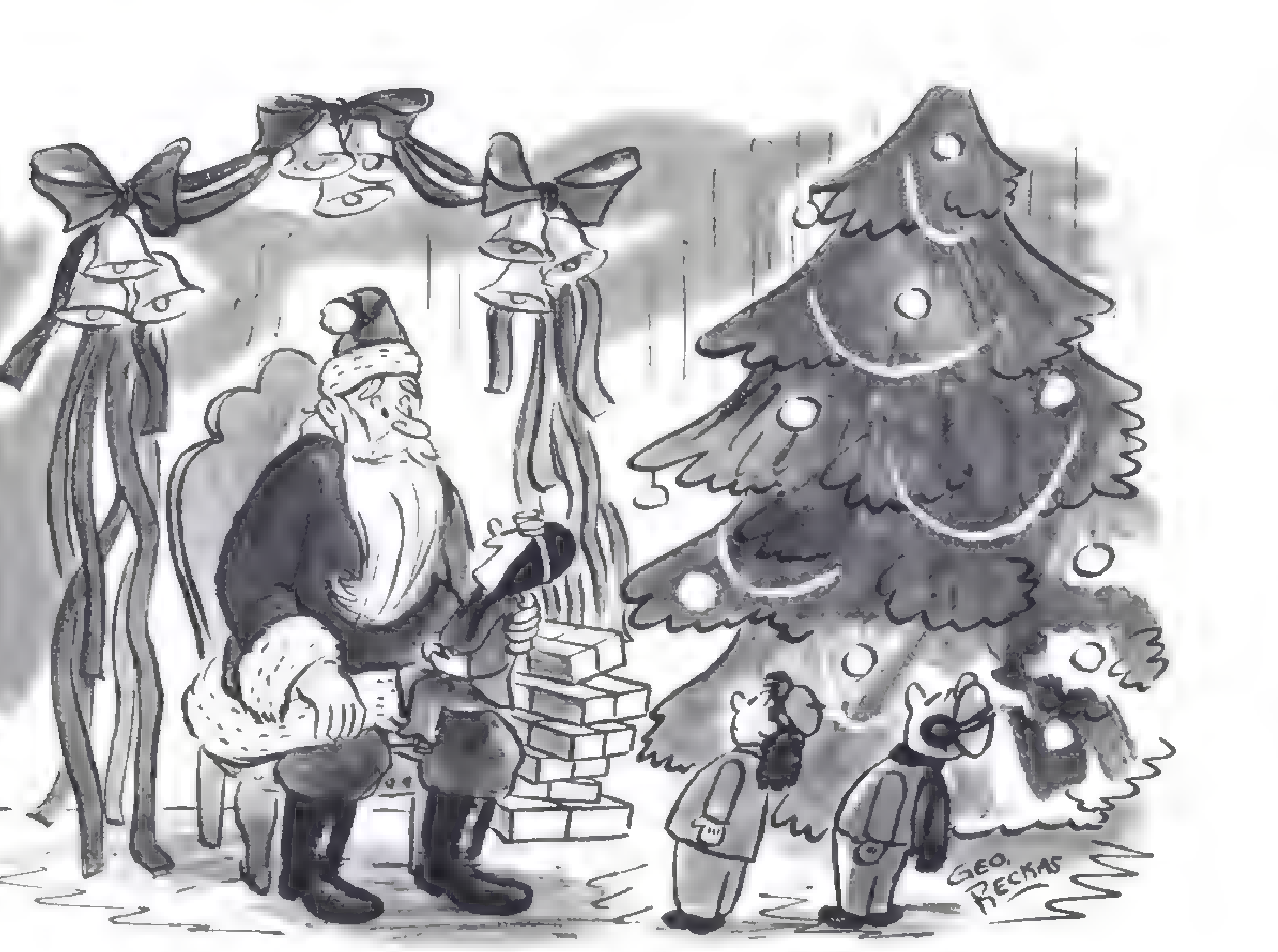
The word "mace" in Jem's time was English slang for a man who didn't discriminate between his pockets and their contents and those of another man. Even when he was champion heavyweight of the world with all the money any man could want, Mace's friends would frequently find one of his big hard mitts in their pockets, as they walked together. When they admonished him about it ever so gently, for who commands more gentleness than a world champion heavyweight, Mace would say good-naturedly: "All right. You put your hand in my pocket. That will even things up." His first name Jem is the English familiar for James.

Mace started to fight when he was sixteen, turned pro when he was eighteen, fought his way from the bottom rung of an obscure circus boxing booth in England to the world heavyweight championship. He fought in almost every country in the world—India, Australia, most countries in Europe, South Africa, and, of course, the United States. He was really a world champion, because he went all over the world to take on all comers. No one ever kept track of his fights; they probably number over 1000.

Mace never was more than a light middleweight, for on his palmiest day as a fighter he didn't tip the scale at more than 160 pounds. He stood five-nine, was beautifully proportioned, built something like Stanley Ketchell; you know, lithe and smooth and like a panther in movement. I have a picture of him taken when he was sixty-five. He strips like a kid in the mid-twenties, no fat, no stringy, worn-out muscles, but just the round, smooth, vibrant look of a young athlete in his prime. Mace always claimed he could hit quicker and harder with both hands than any man he ever fought, an opinion which was corroborated by the men he fought, so I take it to be true. In the ring he was a stand-up stylist, the founder of that school of boxing, and the foremost developer, if not the inventor, of the straight left.

He got into his profession of boxing in a curious way. By instinct and training Mace was a violinist, cared for nothing but his fiddle. He picked up a precarious living by going from country fair to fair, and playing for pennies. One day three drunken fishermen pounced on him, jerked his violin from under his chin, broke it over his head. Mace sailed into them, laid out all three. A rural Jack Kearns, Nat Langham by name, spotted him and invited him to join his boxing booth, an invitation which was about the same as asking a street singer to join the Met. In case you don't know what a boxing booth is, or was (for it's an institution, alas, now perished), let me tell you. It was the custom at English fairs to have a few boxers willing to take on all comers and wager $25 they could knock any man out in four rounds. These booths were excellent training for young boxers, and such big British names as Jimmy Wilde, Pedlar Palmer, and Freddie Welsh got their start in them.

Mace joined Langham and traveled with him for a couple of seasons. His first big fight was with "Farden" Smith, the Gypsy king, a giant standing six-two, weighing 220. Mace whipped him. Next came two other lights of the era—Bob Brettle and Bob Travers. The Travers fight, to show you the boys played rough, lasted fifty-seven rounds, and had to be called on account of darkness at about the middle. Next morning the fighters took up where they left off. It was Mace by a kayo. His biggest scrap up (*Continued on page 324*)

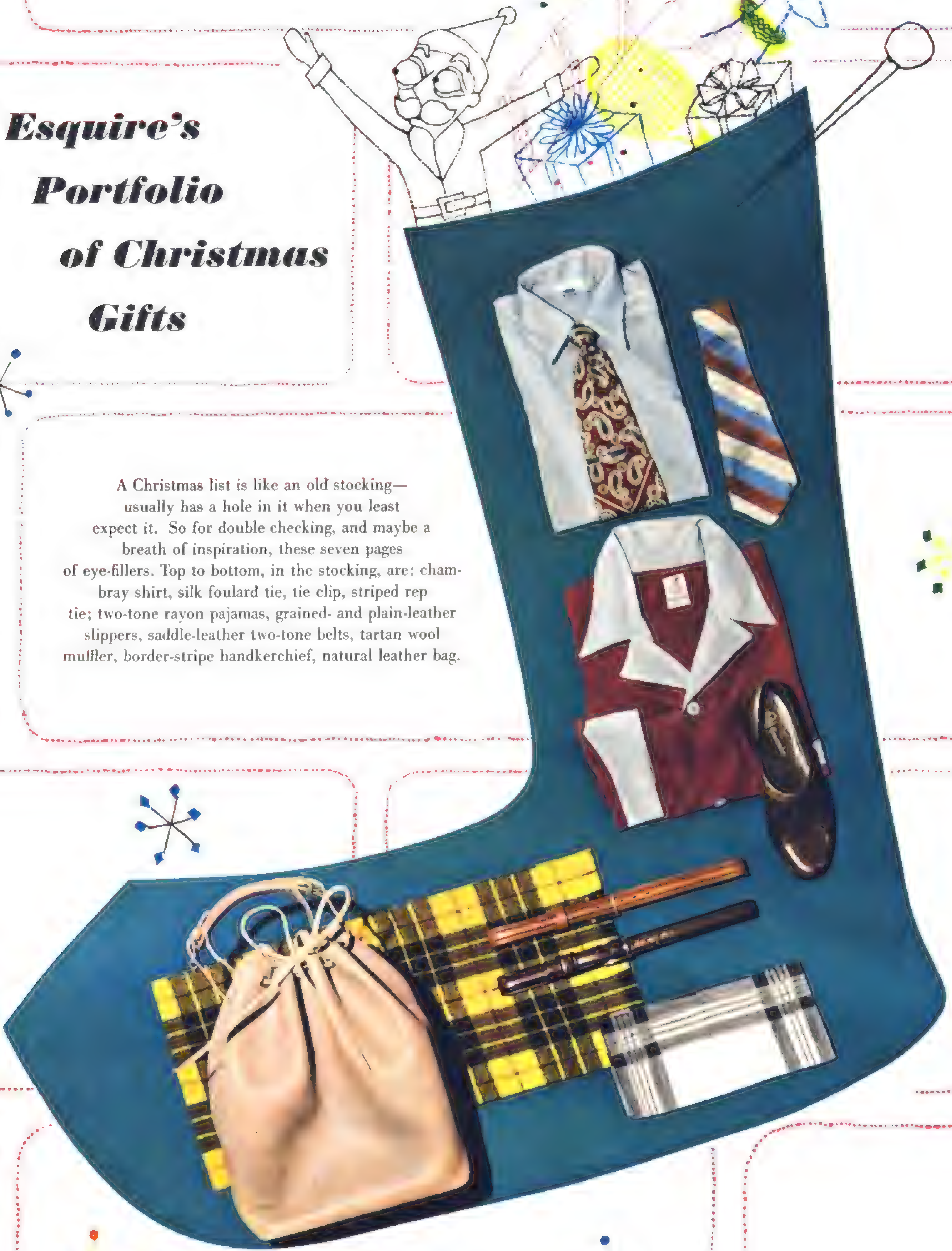


"Just give me the money and I'll buy what I want!"

For Christmas gift query answers, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York City, 17.

Esquire's Portfolio of Christmas Gifts

A Christmas list is like an old stocking—usually has a hole in it when you least expect it. So for double checking, and maybe a breath of inspiration, these seven pages of eye-fillers. Top to bottom, in the stocking, are: chambray shirt, silk foulard tie, tie clip, striped rep tie; two-tone rayon pajamas, grained- and plain-leather slippers, saddle-leather two-tone belts, tartan wool muffler, border-stripe handkerchief, natural leather bag.



Christmas Dressing

1

Gift Certificate

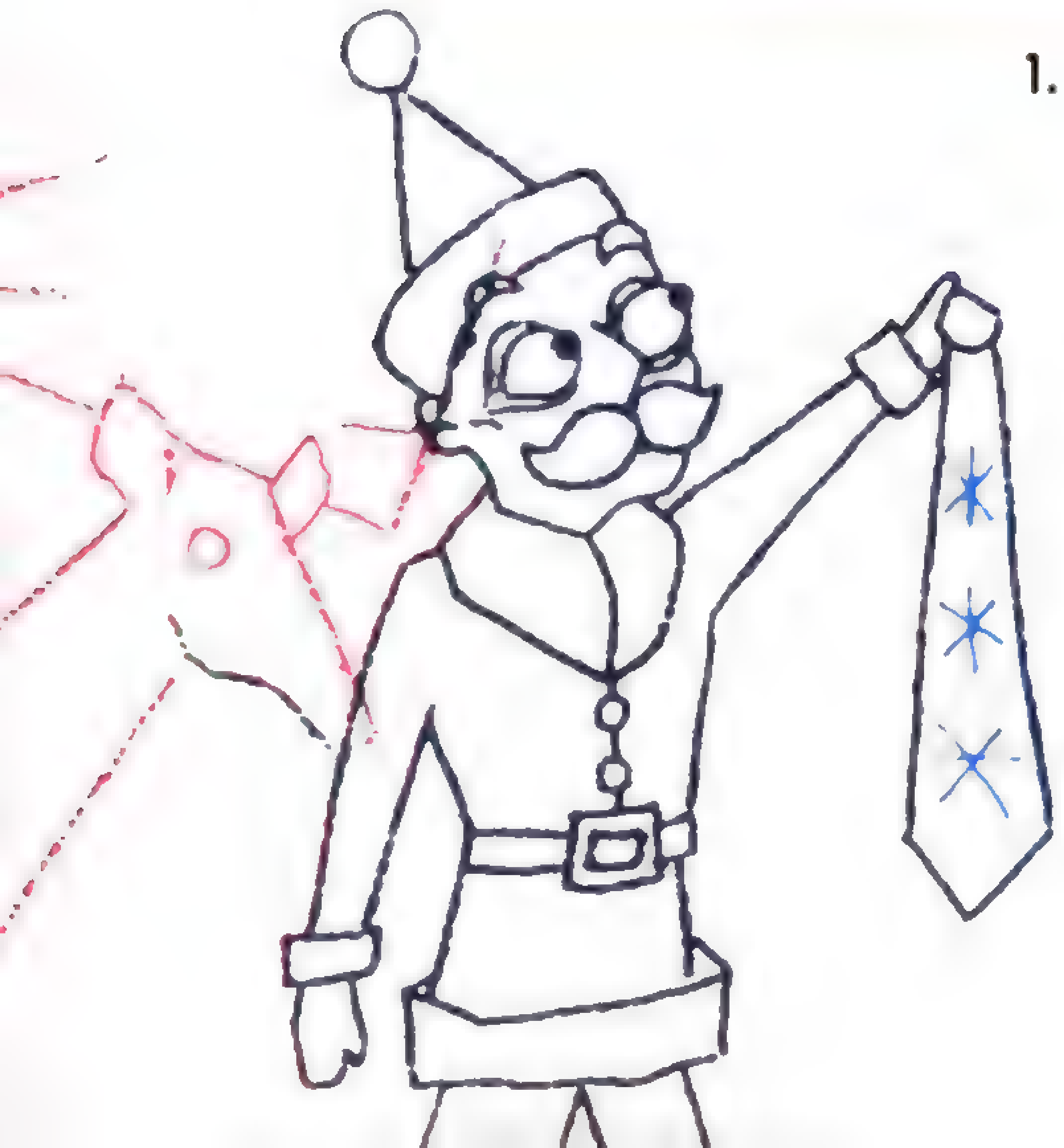
2

3

4

5

1. Hat gift certificate. **2.** Lounge suit, wool robe. **3.** Elastic braces, garters, varied leather belts. **4.** Pigskin gloves, wool muffler, calfskin shoes, wool socks. **5.** Key chain, knives, tie-clip and cuff-link sets, novel tie holders, money clip, key.



Great Outdoors

1

2

3

4

5

1. Hefty ankle-strap ski boot, star-design ski sweater, a wool plaid shirt and leather-soled slipper sock. 2. Metal picnic kit fitted for two, portable bar in leather case. 3. Chamois-lined worsted gabardine golf jacket, corduroy slacks, sunglasses, leather golf bag with matched clubs. 4. Gun rack, automatic rifle, double-barreled shotgun, automatic shotgun, deep-sea fishing rod and reel, marlin flag. 5. Rugged cordovan two-suiter suitcase, leatherbound fiber suitcase and fly-front water-repellent raglan raincoat of tan processed-cotton twill.

Neat and Needed

1

2

TALCUM
SOAP

3

4

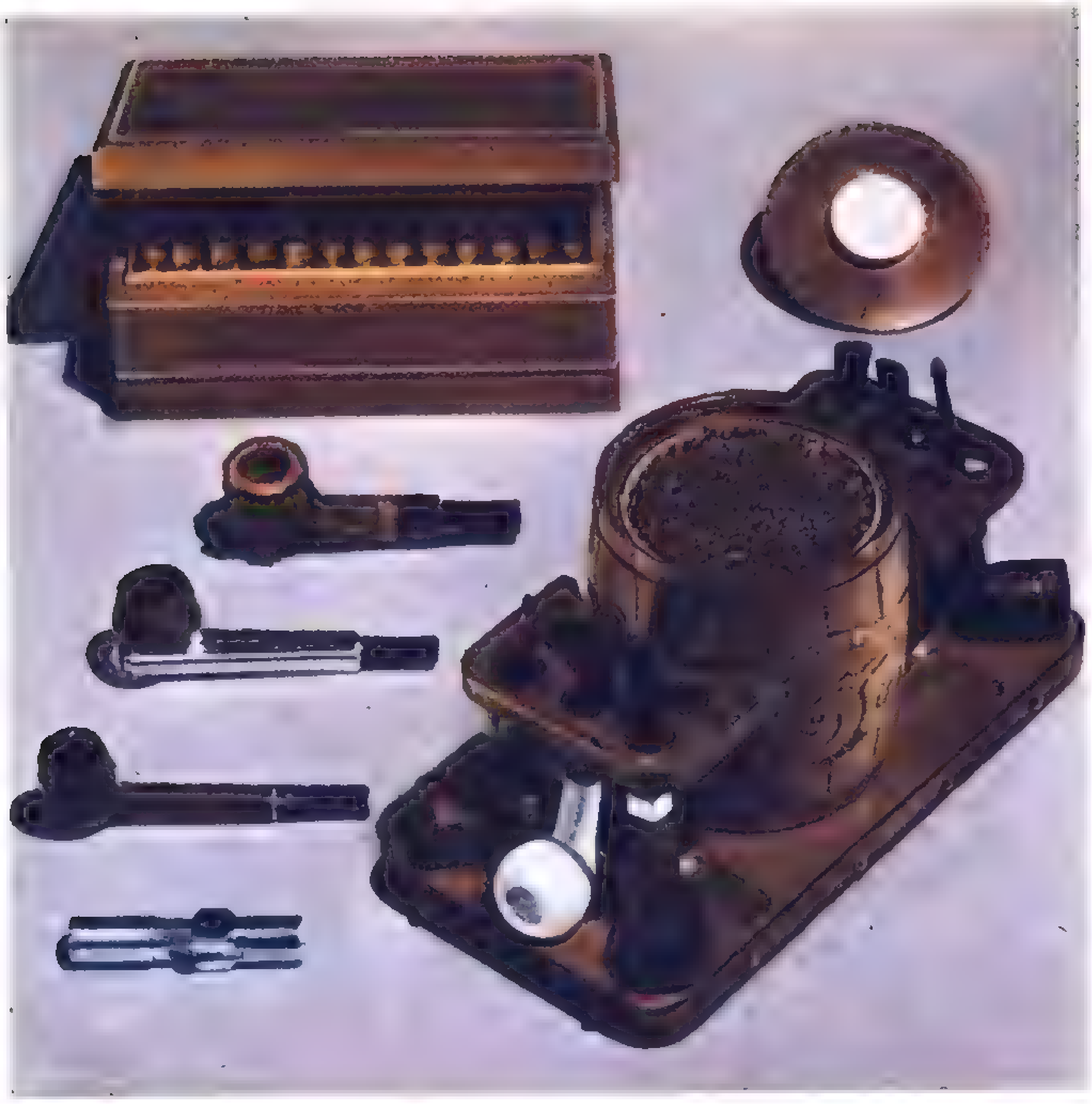
Wilk
Spruce
PERSONNA

5

1. Billfolds, key, passport cases, wallet. 2. Electric and spring razors, toiletries. 3. Utility case, fitted kit, manicure set, plastic brush. 4. Razor, blades, badger brush, shaving aids. 5. Watches, band, pen, pencils, dry shaver, lighter.

For Hosts and Toasts

1



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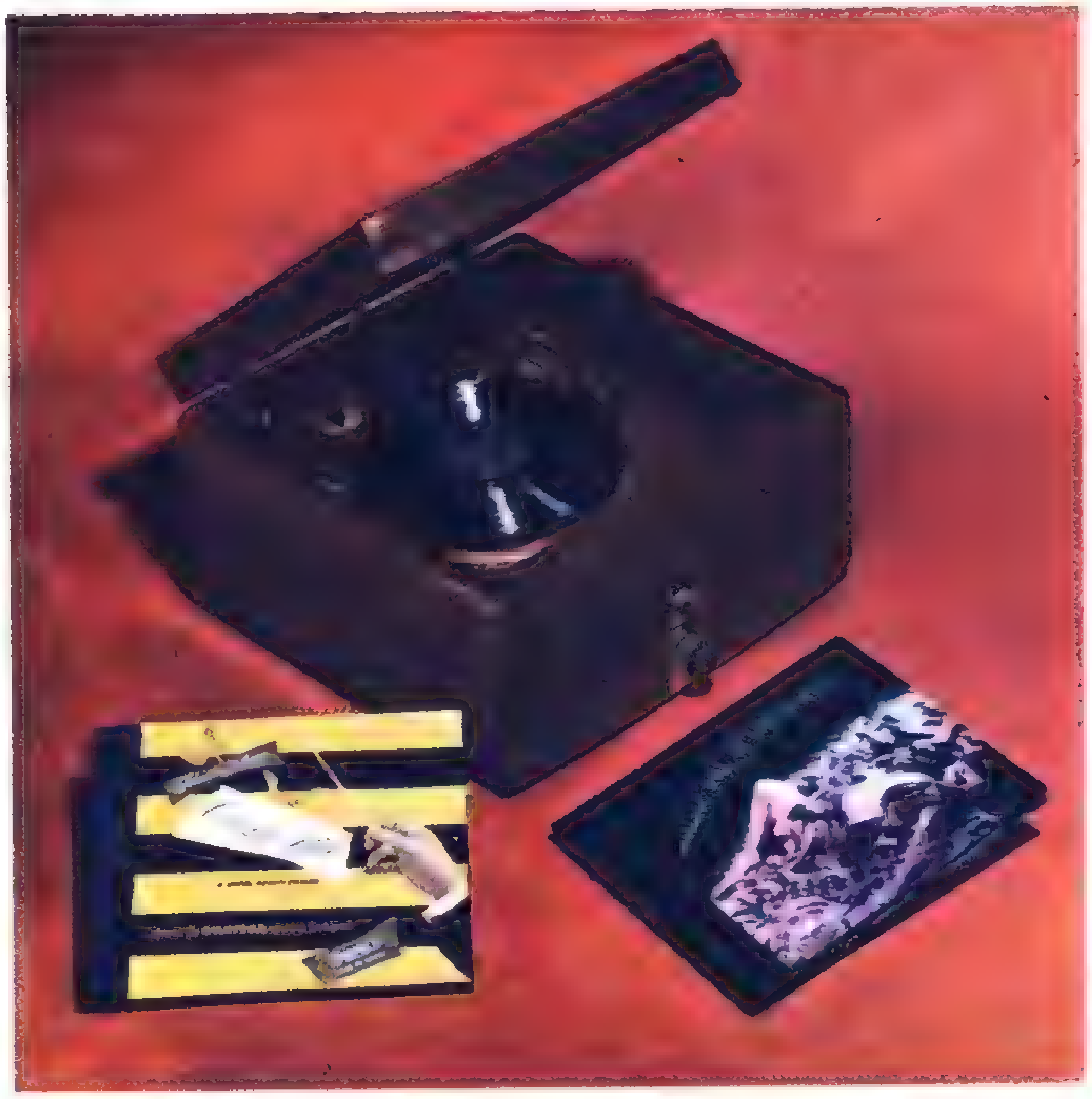

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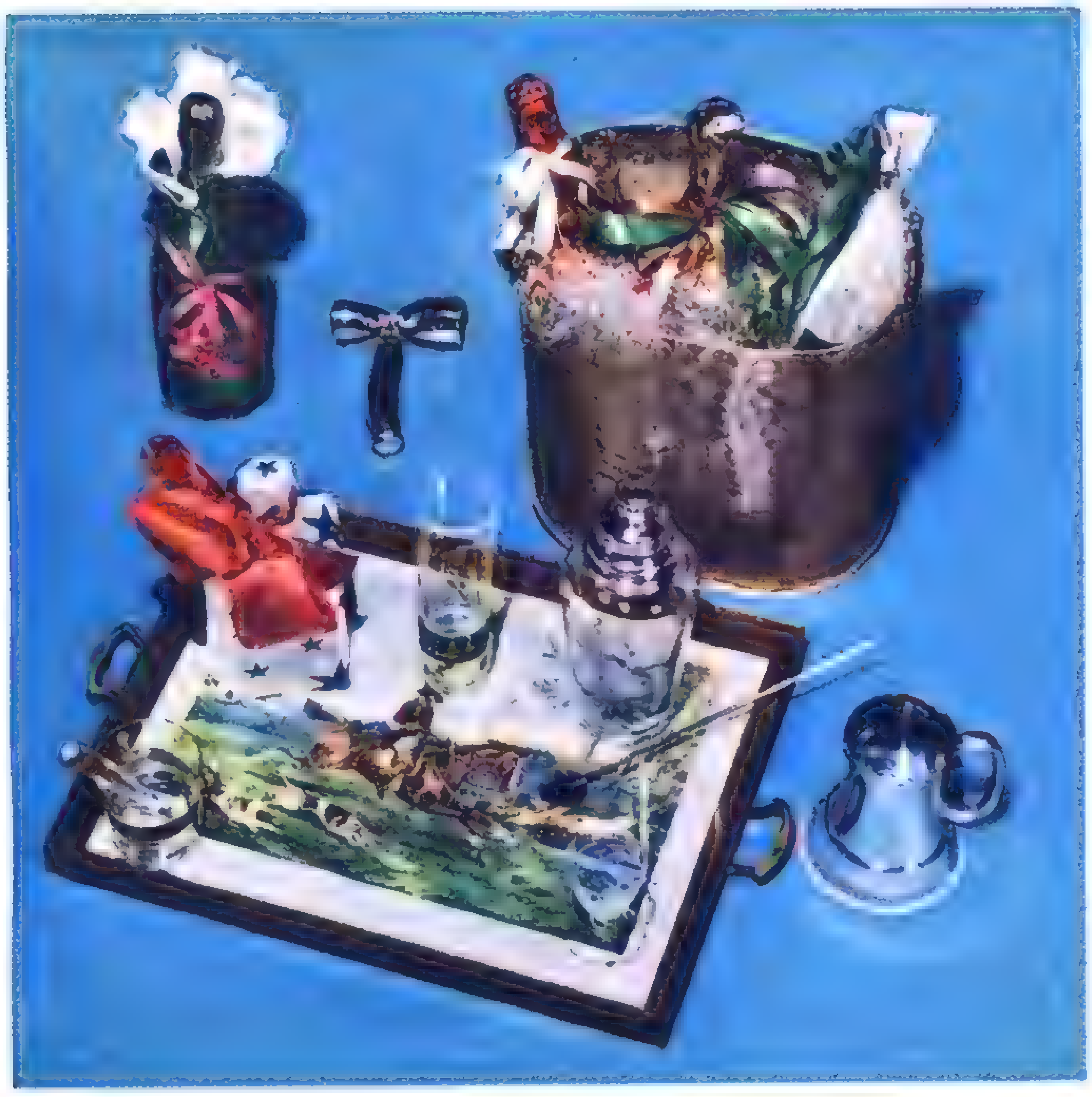

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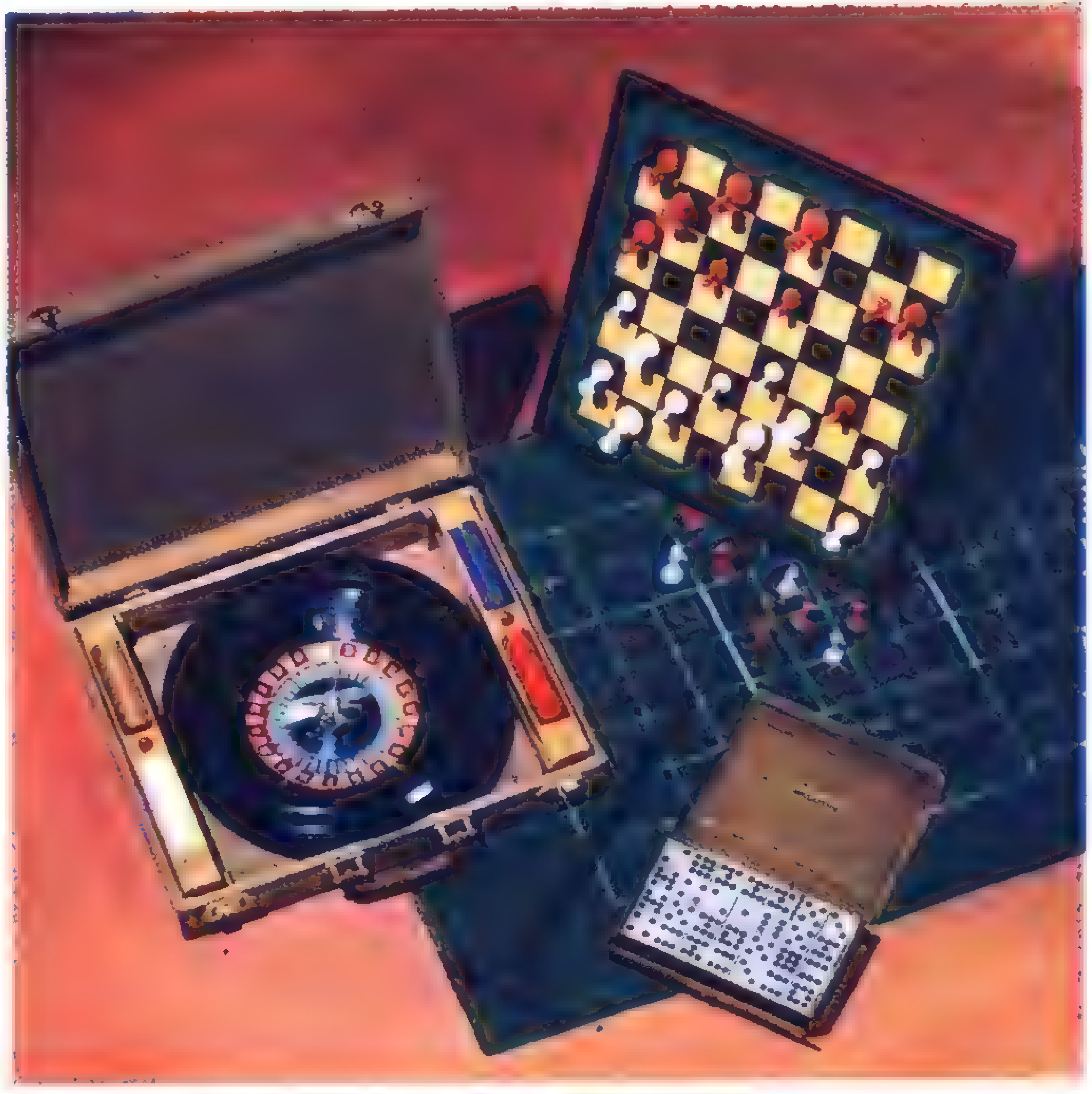

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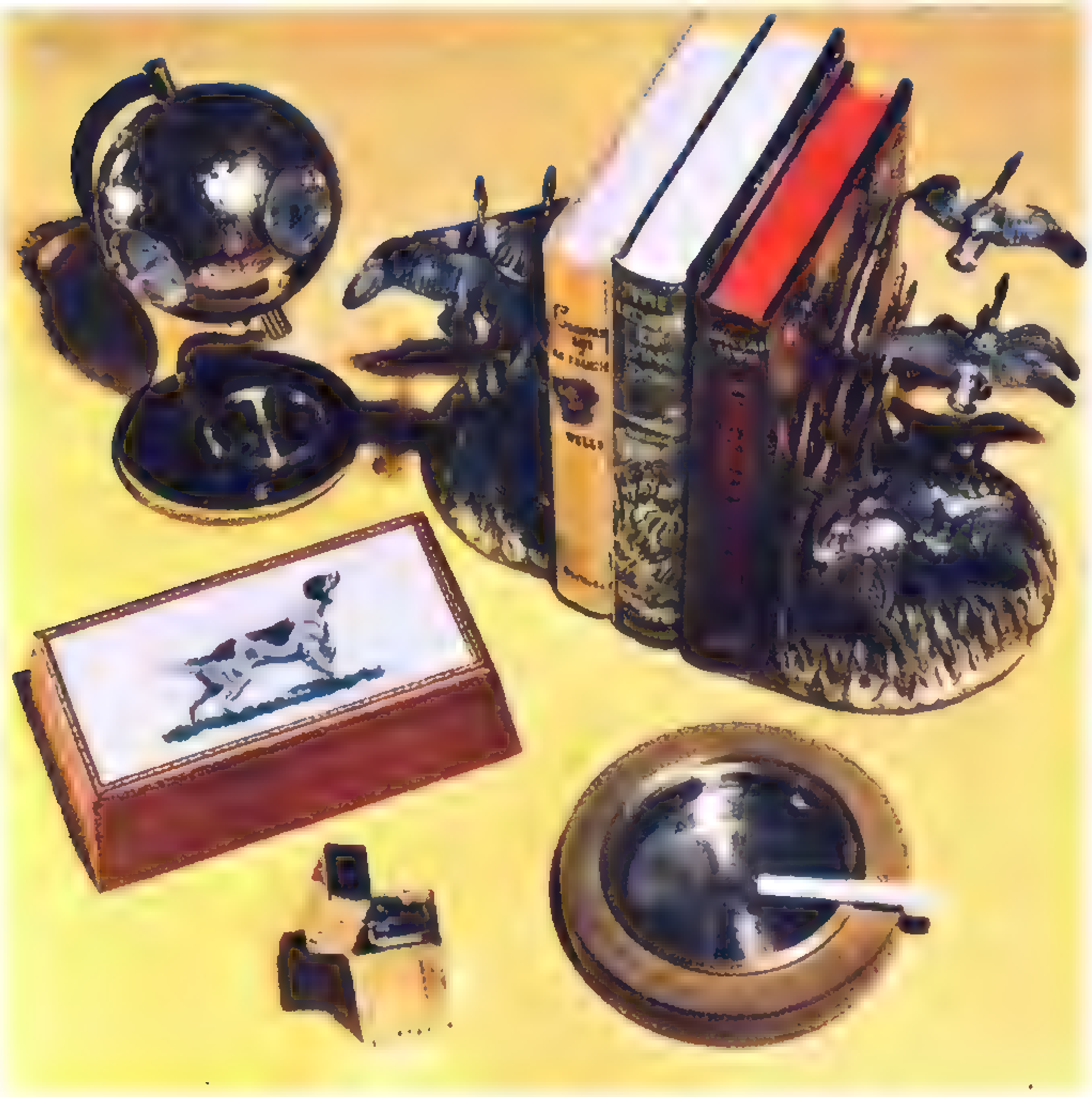
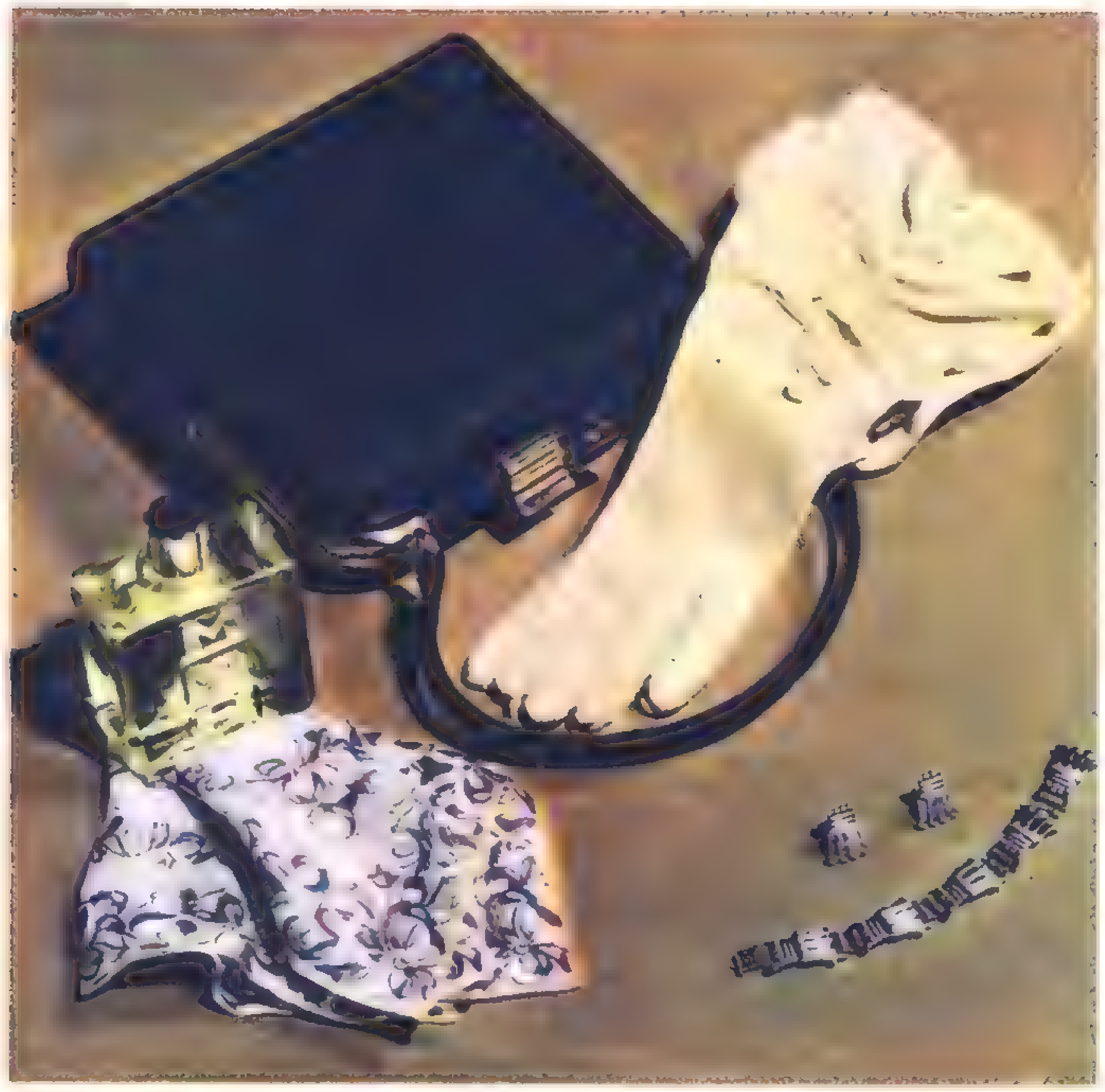


1. Stitched-pigskin cigar humidor, carved-wood tobacco humidor, pipes in various designs and materials, pipe lighter. **2.** Combination radio and phonograph, record albums. **3.** Copper basket with bottled spirits, combination bottle opener and jigger, sporting-print tray, crystal cocktail shaker, rattan-trim glasses, stirrer, silver beer mug. **4.** Roulette set, magnetized chessboard, domino set. **5.** World desk clock with barometer, hygrometer, thermometer and compass, bird-design book ends, books, tile-top cigarette box, table lighter, screen-top ash tray.

Heartthrobs

1



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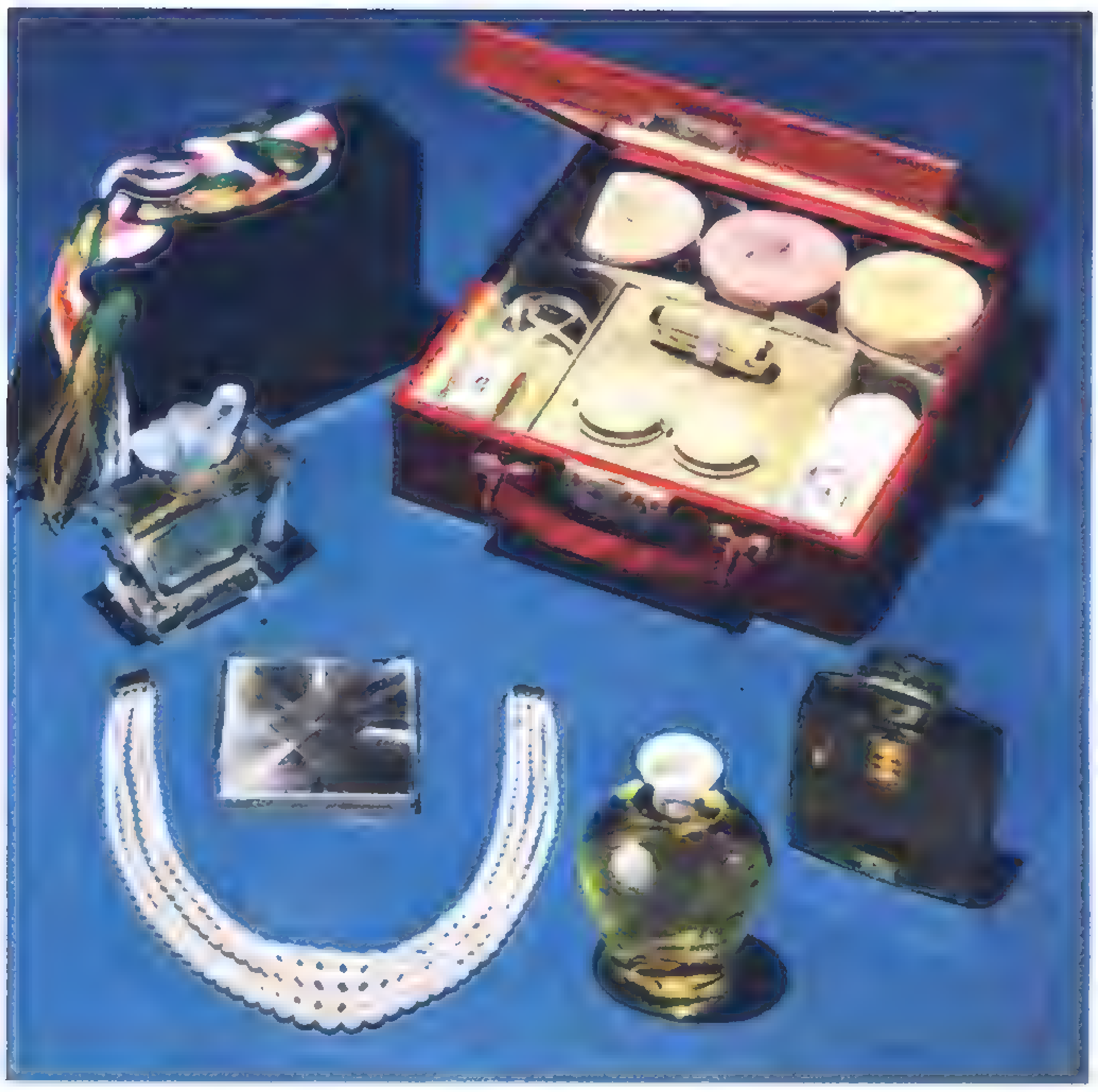

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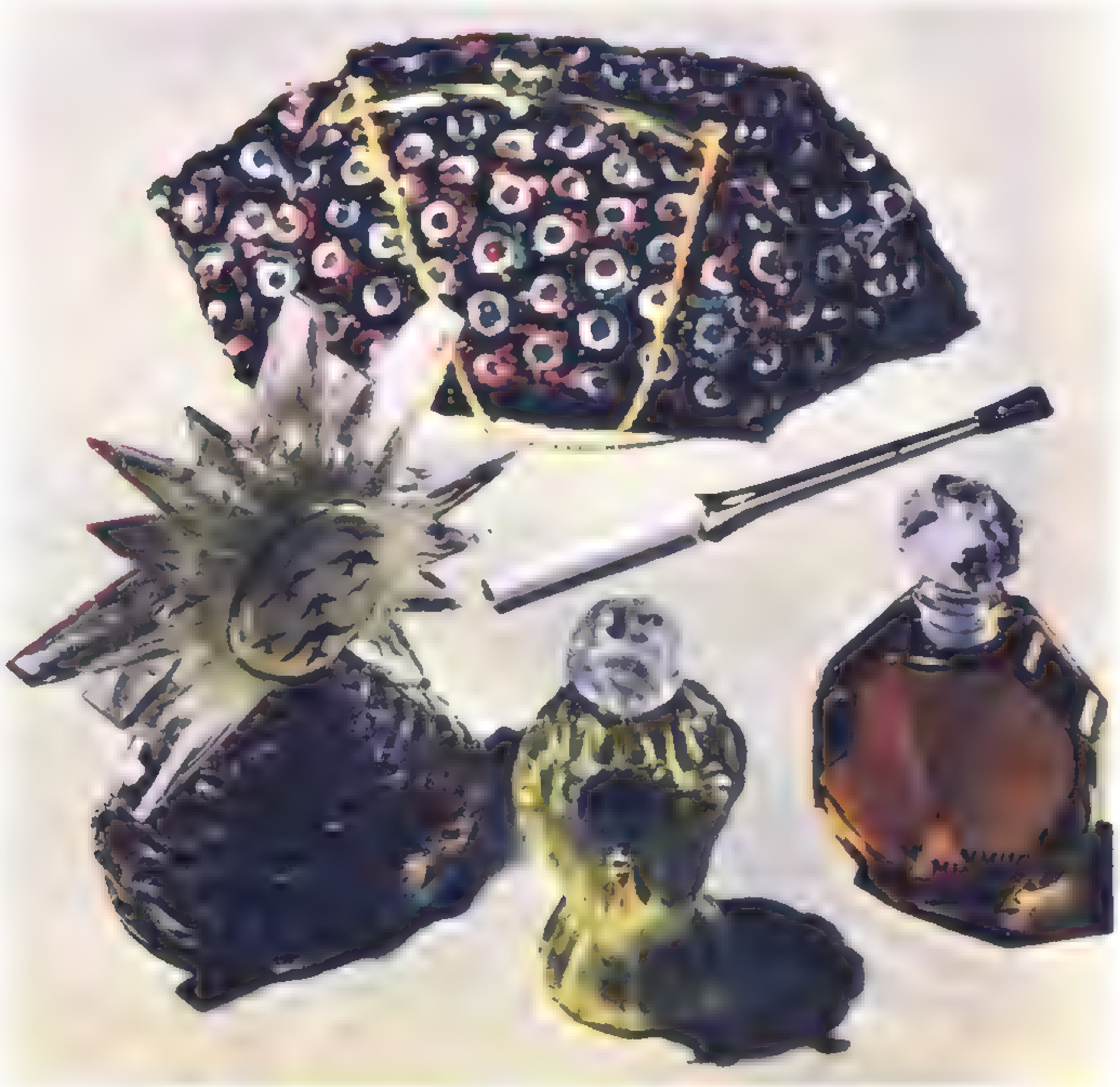

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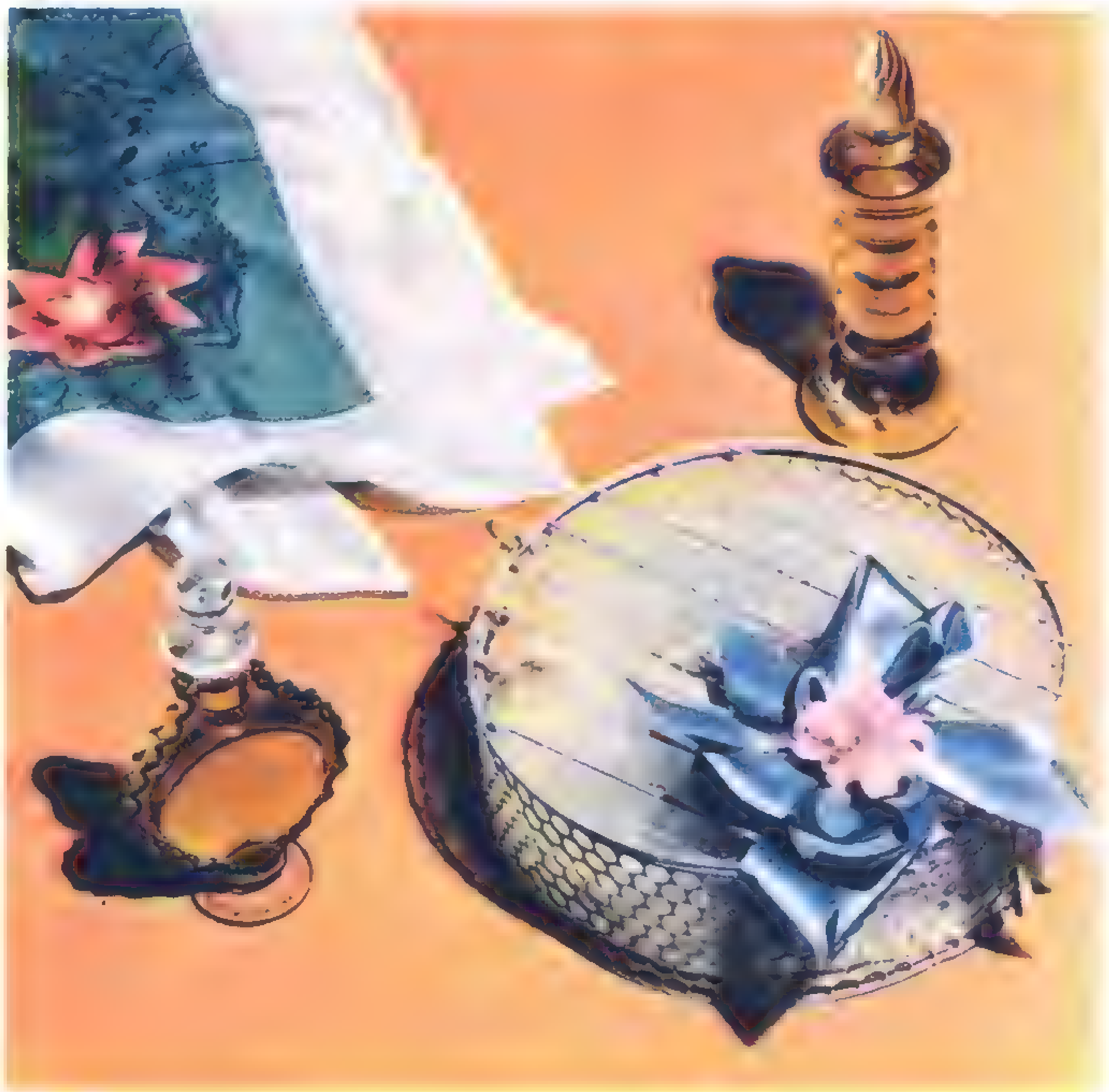

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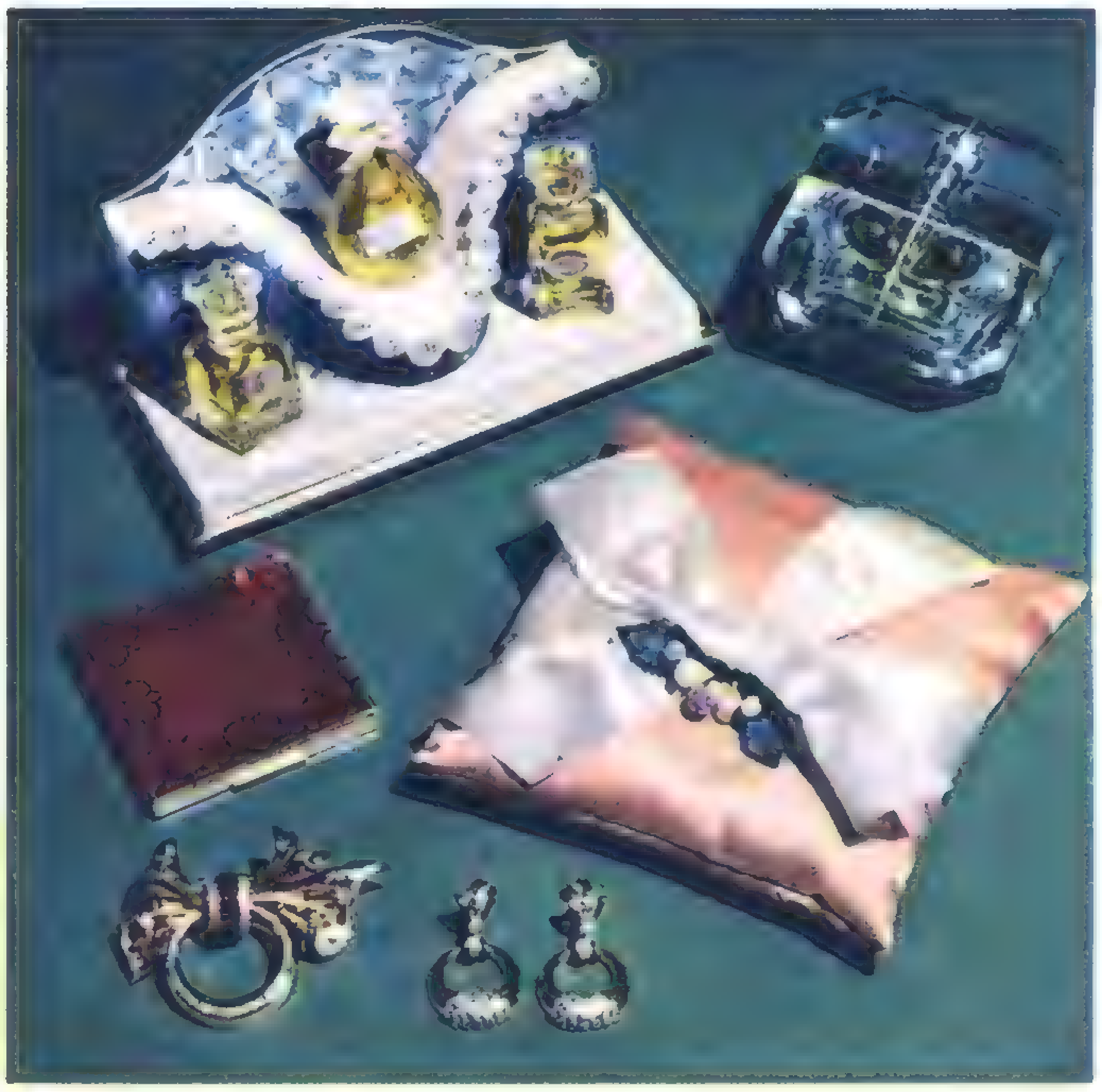
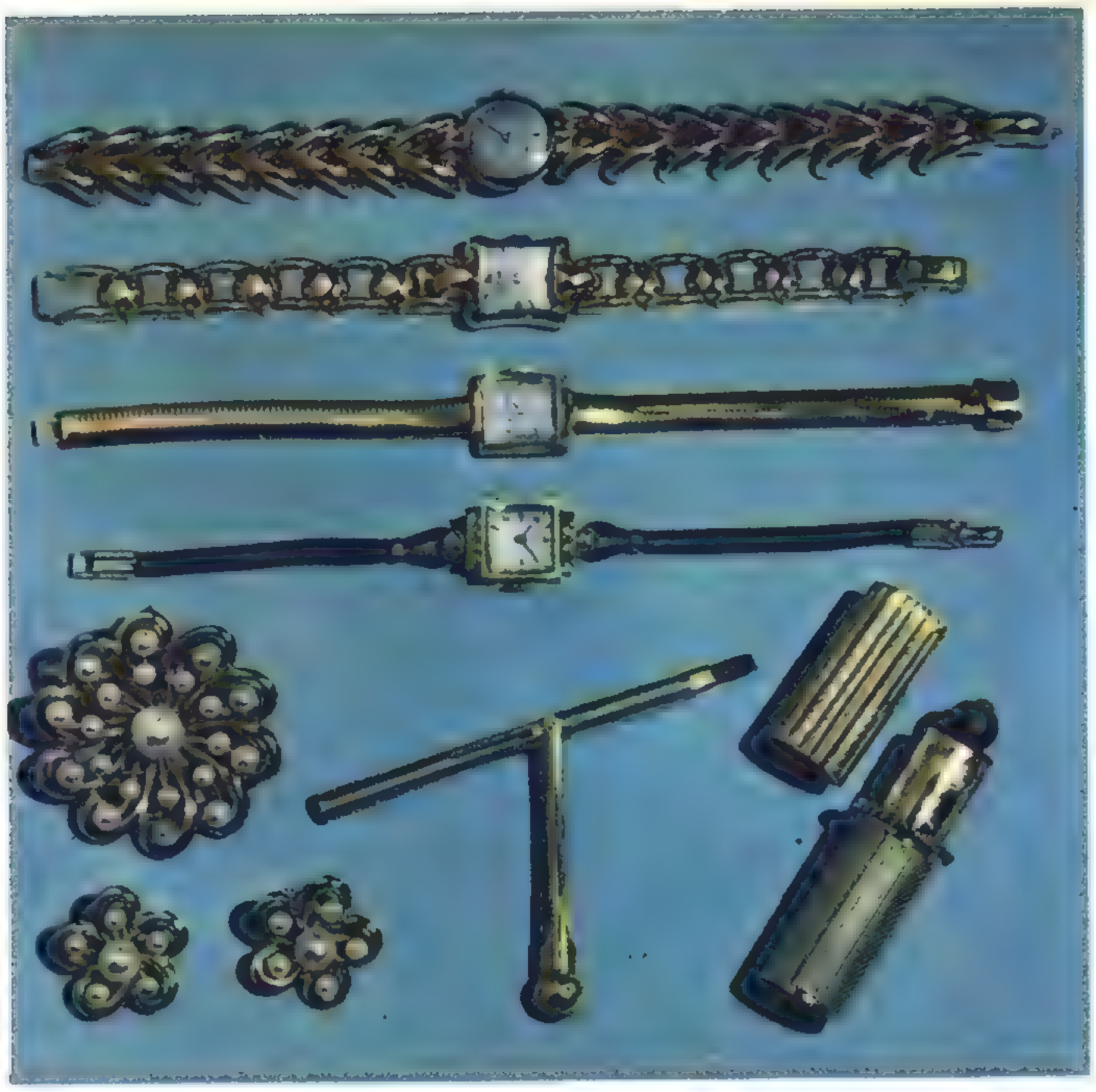


1. Calf bag, gloves, handkerchief, silver bracelet, earrings, cologne. **2.** Beauty kit, perfumes, cologne, necklace, compact. **3.** Evening bag, cigarette holder, cosmetics. **4.** Silk scarf, packaged scents. **5.** Perfumes, compact, pin, earrings, sachet.

For Her

1



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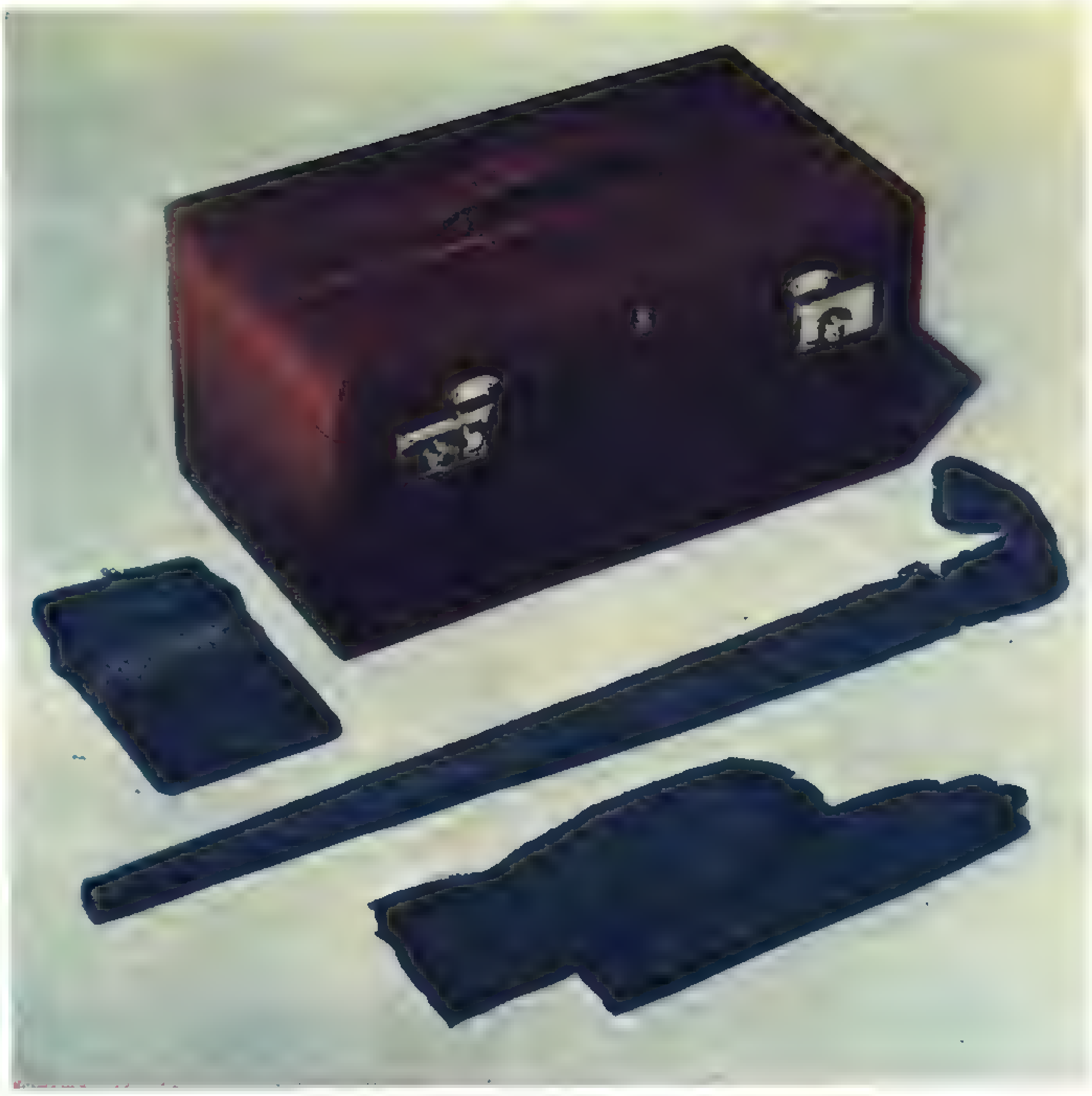

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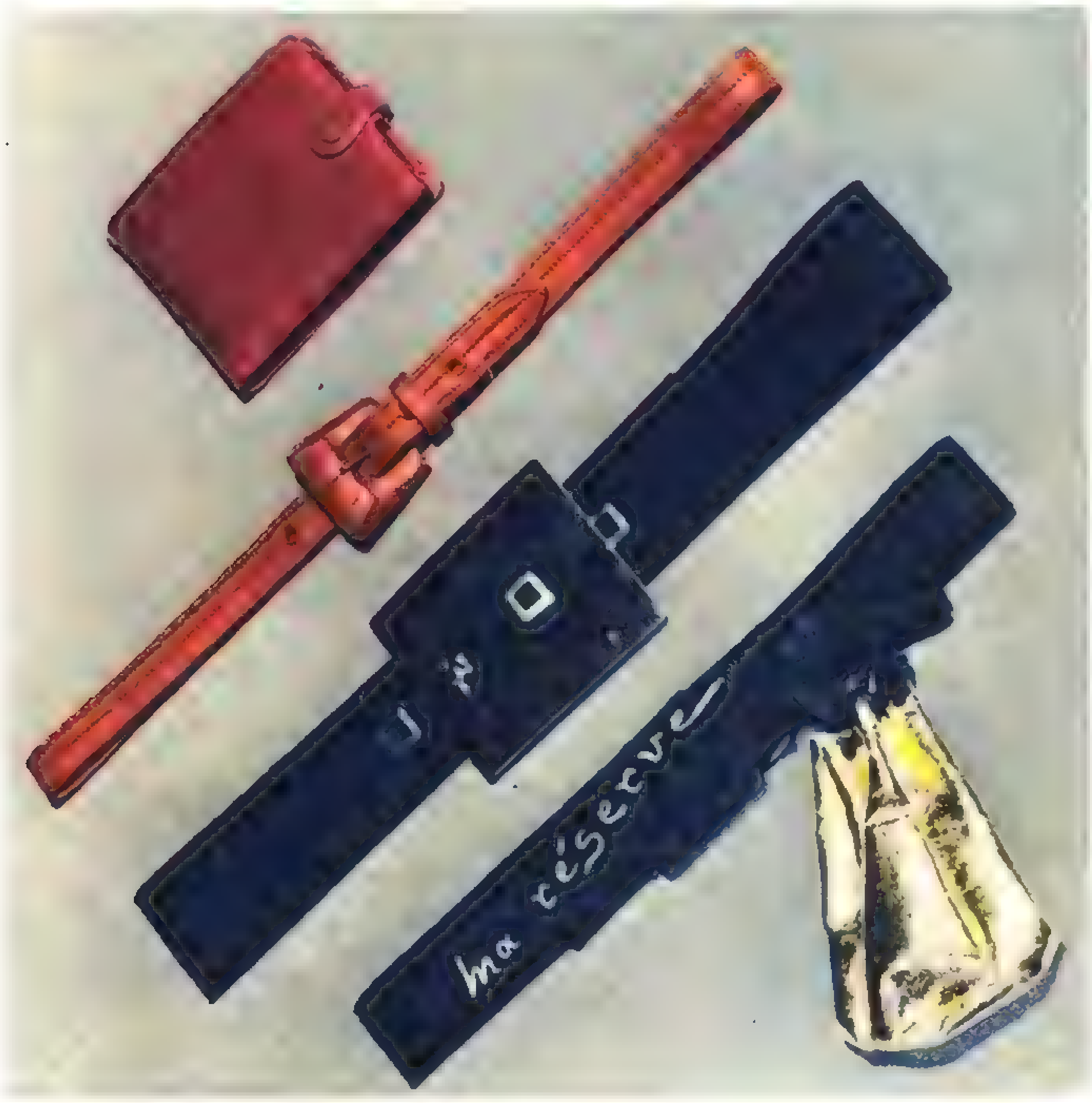

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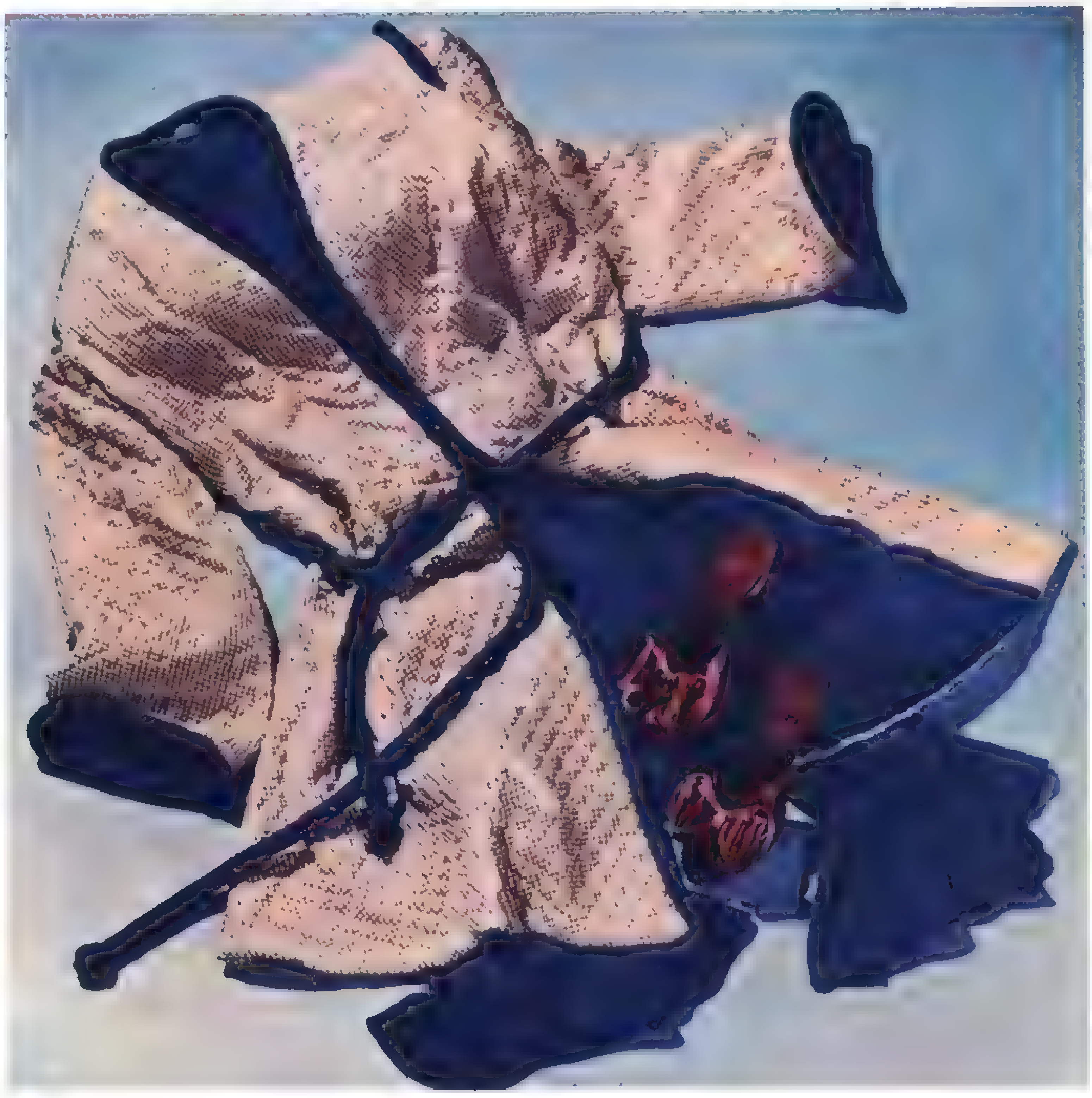

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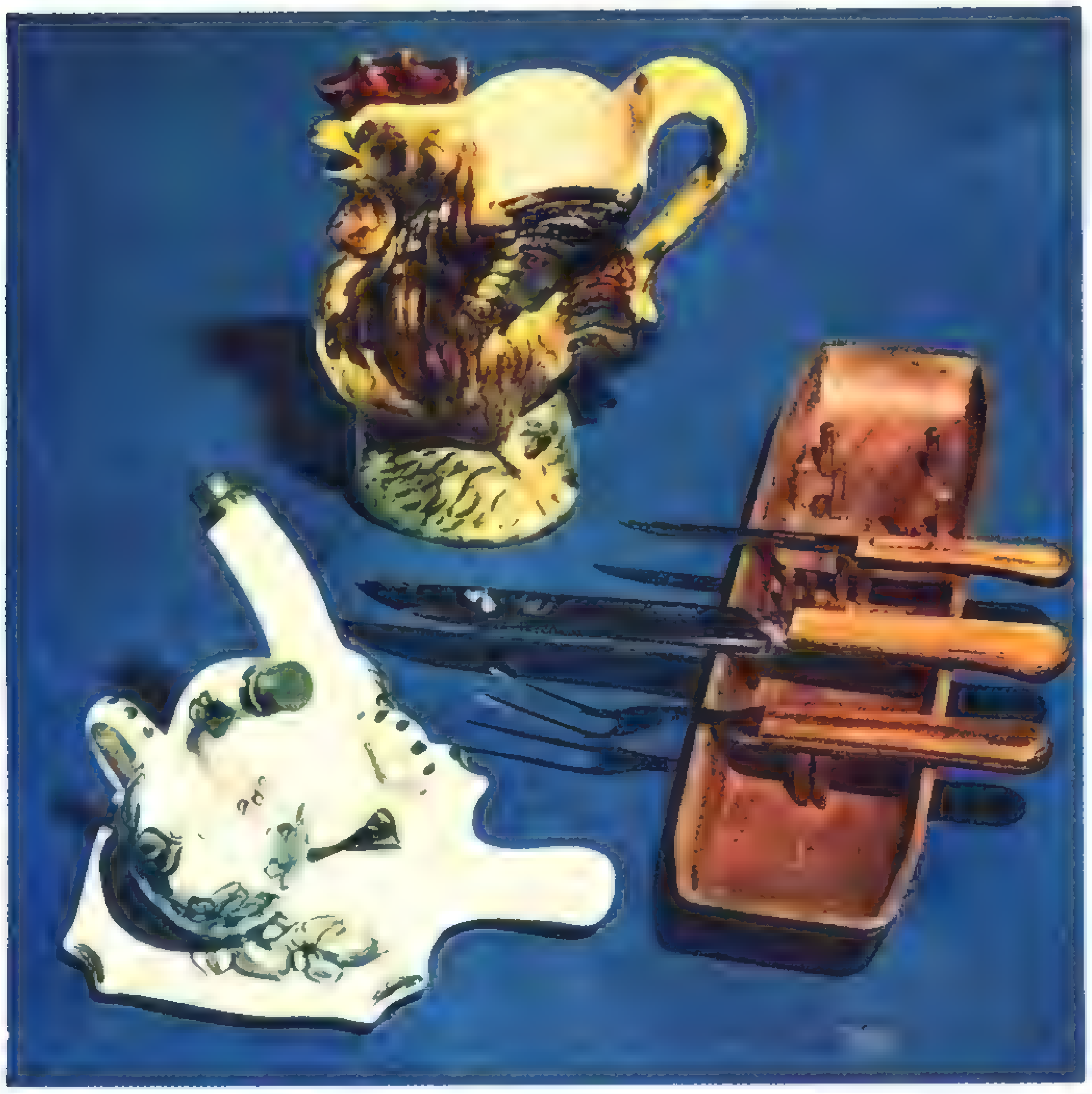
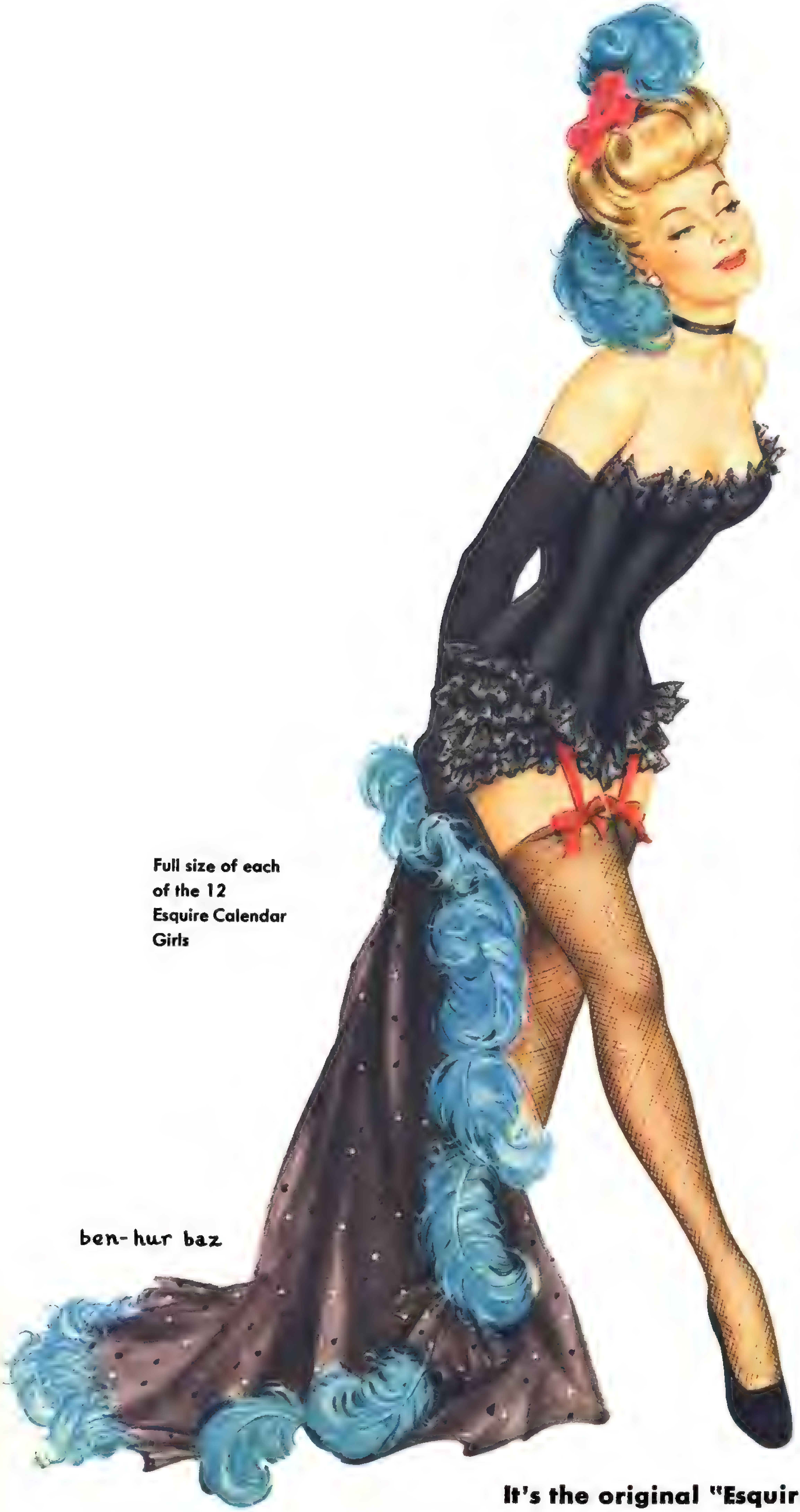


1. Wrist watches of different designs with various types of bands, pearl and gold pin and matching earrings, gold lipstick brush, gold perfume dispenser. **2.** Morocco leather overnight case accommodating make-up and jewels, grey python umbrella, purse and gloves. **3.** Red calfskin wallet, belts of capeskin, mocha and suede, last with gold leather bag. **4.** Lounge ensemble of quilted checked-taffeta coat, trousers matching lining and trimming, satin mules with gold piping. **5.** Pottery pitcher, oil and vinegar cruet with matching tray, carving set in a wooden boat.

KODACHROMES BY ARNOLD GLANTZ



Full size of each
of the 12
Esquire Calendar
Girls

Esquire
Glamour Gallery

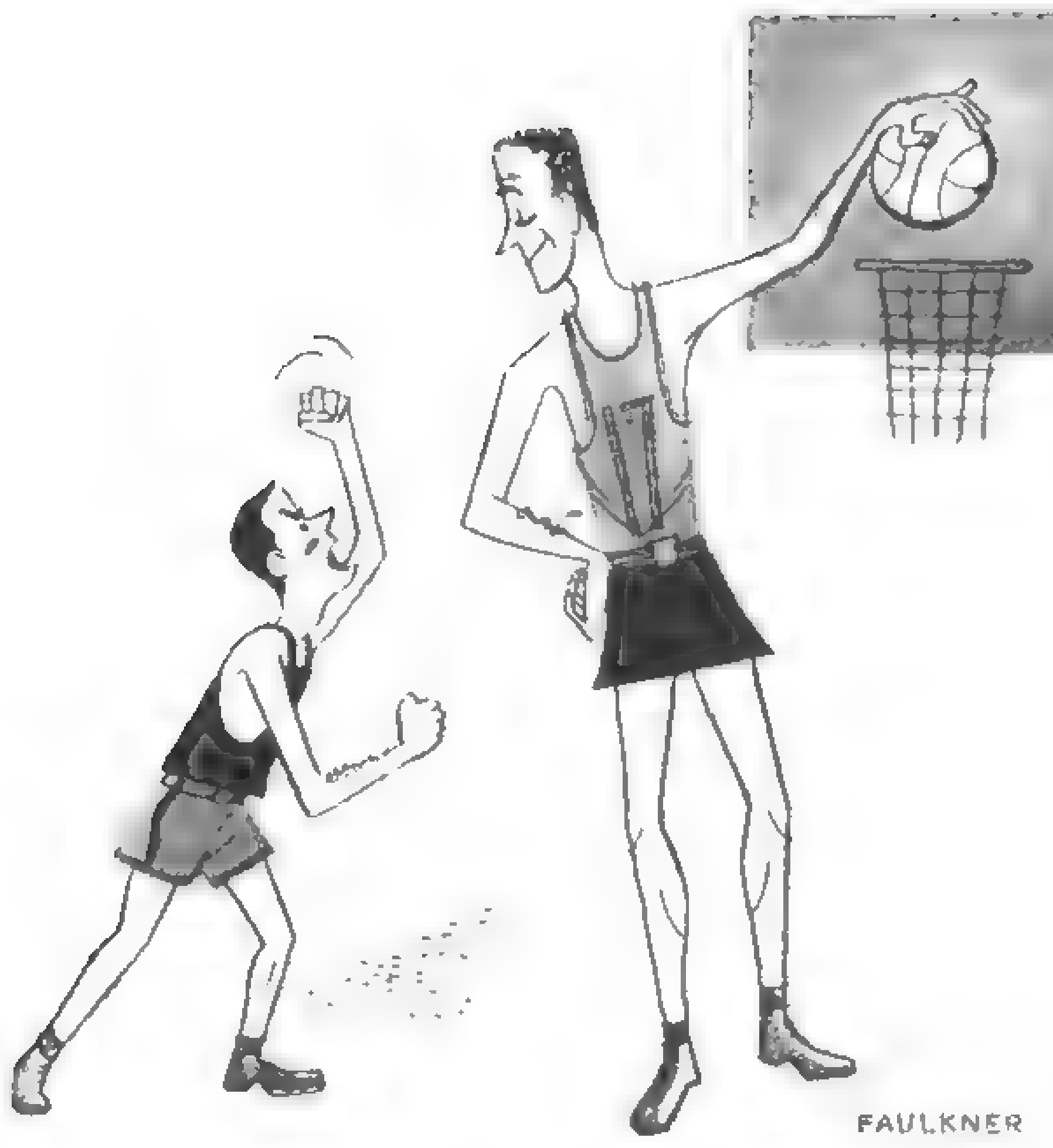
And Now the Payoff

Revelation of The Leading Lady

Compared to a certain Sultan of the Indies, you're extremely fortunate. For while Scheherazade kept the Sultan guessing 1,001 nights, my mystery story, which began last September, reaches its climax now. Told in 28 full-color pages, it's illustrated by twelve paintings of lovely girls—each one prettier than the next. Whodunit? Six leading American artists. What is it? Why the 1948 Esquire Calendar of course—bigger and better than ever before, since the twelve months are assigned to twelve separate pages—leaving an entire page for each beautiful girl. Who am I? Leading the parade—the lass on the envelope.

So, see you on your nearest newsstand and the price, just 35c

It's the original "Esquire Calendar"—ask for it by name.



It's getting tougher and tougher for the little guys who only measure six feet

Basketball's Accent on Altitude

by HERB GRAFFIS

Basketball is a game with a glandular problem. Lively young men whose height is abnormally altitudinous have been recruited into the game in considerable numbers, and the baskets now are so low for these long, lean athletes that scoring for them is a simple problem of bending over and depositing the ball within the ring.

Reconstruction of gyms to put the baskets high enough to compel these elongated performers to toss the ball upward into the hoop would involve forbidding expense. What other action can be taken?

In seeking to restore the sprightly game to a competitive level, basketball fans have considered several major alterations in the rules. One proposal has been to allow the game's Lilliputians, who are stunted youths of six feet or slightly under in altitude, to throw rocks at the stratospheric competitors. Another suggestion advanced has been that of allowing the midgets to wear linemen's climbers and spike their way up the giants' gams.

Neither idea has passed authoritative appraisal. A wild heave of a rock might mar the beauty of a coed in some strictly collegiate or high-school game, or, in the case of affairs played at Madison Square Garden, flatten the features of a gambler. In one of these cases the misadventure would be a great pity.

So basketball is deep in a dilemma of high dimensions. While the game's rule makers are reflecting upon the problems arising from the influx of giants, the hope of teams of average size seems to be in adapting bowling technique. By keeping the ball along the ground a team of average height might approach a basket near enough to get a shot.

However, even then one of the glandularly gifted opposition could put a hand over the ring and block the ball. These tricky glands that stretch out the legs apparently also increase the reach and the measurements of hands and fingers. The young man who is favored with basketball glands can handle a basketball as easily as the player of ordinary dimensions can clutch a baseball.

With but few exceptions those tall young fellows in basketball are one-sport men. At that one game their exceptional physical qualifications plus, possibly, the necessity of their concentration on basketball, makes them standouts who are able to outclass performers of normal height, young men who are otherwise competent players.

As a result of the accent on altitude one of the fastest favorite American indoor sports is in the throes of a puzzle.

The trend toward altitude in basketball threatens to develop a situation that would be somewhat similar to the sort of a fight there'd be if a flyweight were thrown into a ring against a heavyweight. About the best the flyweight could expect would be to keep vertical by keeping on the run. After two minutes of the first round the customers probably would apply themselves to study of the *Daily Racing Form.*

The basketball fan who has undergone two seasons of seeing towering tossers in collegiate and professional basketball frustrate by sheer height very able players of average stature has begun to show signs of boredom.

Smart coaching has gone as far as it can in attempting to offset the handicap of normal height in basketball. It must be remembered that these gaunt Carneras who are taking over the game also are responsive to the teaching of canny mentors who have figured out all the ways in which superior height of their pupils can be utilized in making a game with smaller athletes no contest.

In no other sport is the little man at such a disadvantage. In football the fleet and evasive Buddy Young can make the gridiron behemoths grab at the empty air. Golf's diminutive Ben Hogan whistles the club head through the ball and outdrives giant competitors by yards, and putts their hearts out. Little, slim "Sister" Suggs whacks a golf ball off the tee between 240 and 250 yards, far beyond the drives of other girl stars of greater heft and height. Small Bobby Riggs in amateur and professional tennis has smacked down the best of the husky opposition.

"Wee Willie" Keeler with his "hit 'em where they ain't" batting is one of baseball's green traditions two generations after he left the diamond. Other sports are rich in demonstrations of the good little man being as good as the good big man—or better. Dempsey, greatly outweighed, outreached and overtowered by Willard, was probably boxing's most vivid contradiction of its bromide about a good big man being better than a good little man. Only in basketball among the popular sports is the tall man's advantage becoming so pronounced it calls for whatever equalization of competition the rule makers can devise.

The kid with the odds against him in sport always has the heart of the crowd with him if he's a decent sort of a fellow. But to give him a chance to make good the regulations governing the competition have to be fairly devised. That's where big-time basketball has a serious problem in offsetting the great advantage now held by the elongated players.

Basketball has made some changes in the rules to compensate for disparity in physical specifications, but as long as the basket can be reached by glandularly favored performers the game becomes just a matter of guessing the abnormally tall players' margin of victory. The players don't want that any more than do the spectators or athletic authorities.

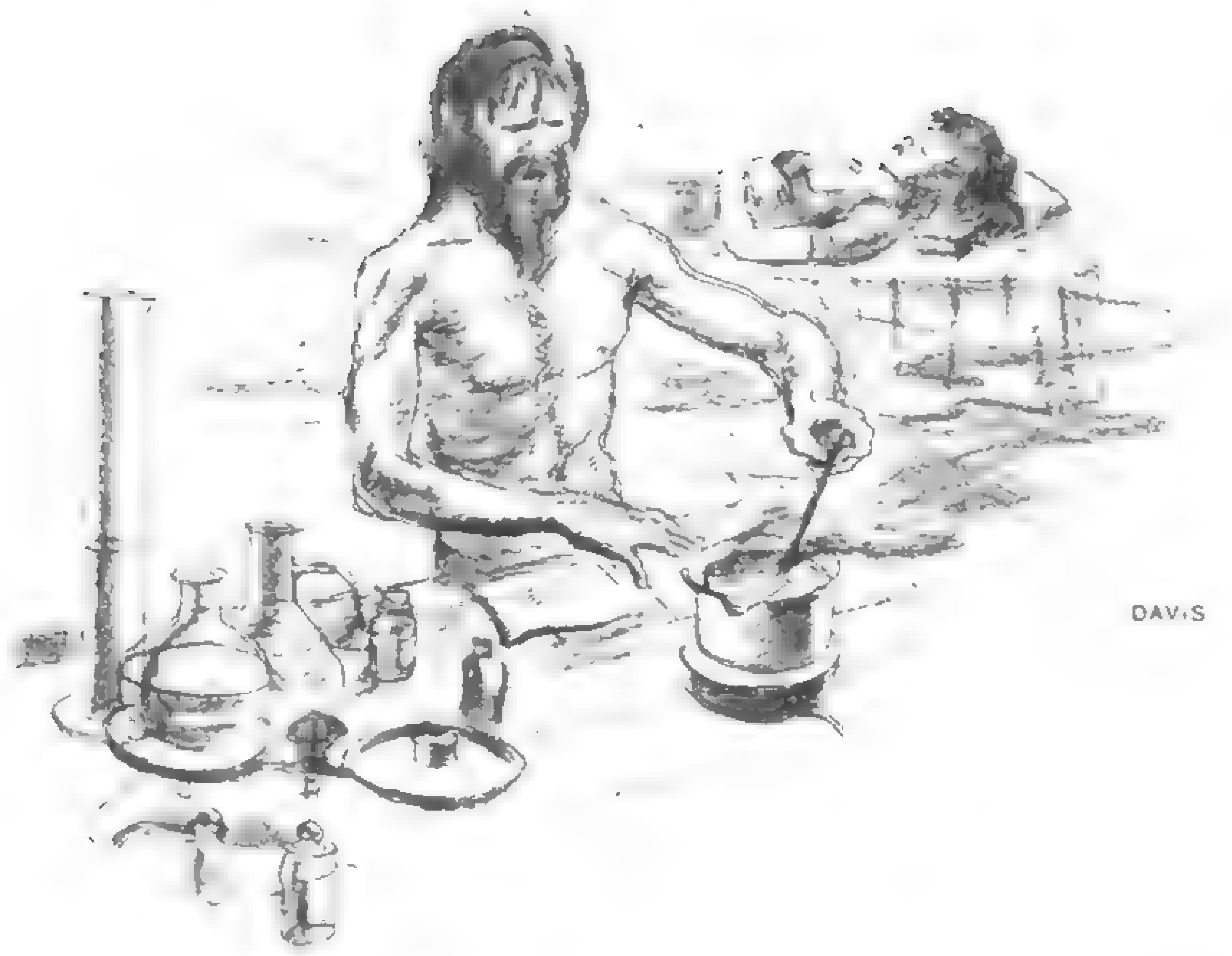
There have been extensive studies made in determining what might be injurious to the health of basketball players. Rules have been altered in accordance with the findings of this research. But making adjustments to equalize the increasing difference between heights of players thus far has been too much of a job for the game's rulers.

The players have tried to find the answer for themselves but that has only meant more whistle blowing by officials. The basketball fan has noted that the abnormally tall play-

(Continued on page 277)

"Fifteen yards for unnecessary roughness!"

No Greater Love



What Von Aulen did was only because he had loved the beautiful Maria, but surely he was the maddest or most faithful lover of all time

by RAY BROCK

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following tale, rooted solidly in fact, is related as semi-fiction with some alterations of names and places. The story is utterly, almost incredibly, macabre—or wildly romantic—according to the reader's taste. The author, a veteran newspaperman and war correspondent, took this cold plunge into semifiction after years of straight reporting, impelled by the bizarre circumstances surrounding this mad love affair on the lonely Florida Keys.*)

IN THAT YEAR after the great Florida hurricane the rank odor of uprooted vegetation and dead sea creatures still drifted like a pall over the desolate wastes of the isolated Keys off the southernmost tip of Florida. The full fury of wind and tide which had torn at the mainland, and battered Key Largo, Plantation Key and Key West itself, had wreaked its worst on the tiny islet of Barracuda Key which lies westerly of its neighbors in the green waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

The hardy fishermen of the storm-swept islands still put out in fair weather and beat round Barracuda Key to the rich fishing grounds in the Gulf. But the charter-boat pilots, with their expensive craft and tackle, gave a wide berth to this lonely island and its treacherous reefs. Few of the islanders knew, and few cared, whether the mixed little colony of Barracuda Key still existed. Only scattered wisps of smoke from the evening cooking fires in the scattered and battered cottages among the ragged palmettos testified that the Barracudans still clung to their Key.

None among them had clung more desperately than the Conchez family, Cuban fisherfolk who occupied the ramshackle dwelling at the westernmost tip of the island. And tonight the Conchez clan huddled in the outer room of the shack and conversed in murmurs, for in the small bedroom at the rear Maria Conchez lay dying. Barracuda Key had no doctor, but Papa Conchez and his clan would have none of doctors anyway, either from the mainland or neighboring Key West. So while Maria contorted her lovely face with gasps for breath and writhed her long and shapely legs in anguish, the island "wise woman" breathed incantations and brewed another potion of curing herbs.

And in the outer room Maria's elder brother, Manuel, muttered to his father: "He come tonight, again, Papa, the crazy one?"

"Good grief! Can't you save your marriage for our sake!"

Papa Conchez nodded gravely. "Si," he said, "he come again tonight, we let him treat the Maria . . ."

A murmur of dissent rose from the little group.

"No!" The voice of Mama Conchez rose above the others. She half stood, defying the head of the family. "No," she repeated. She touched her temple. "Loco," she said, "crazy. He no touch Maria."

"*Por qué, no?*" The old man waggled his head. "She dies. It can do no harm." The murmur rose again, but the old man silenced it with an imperious gesture. They waited, listening now in silence to the stertorous breathing of Maria and the murmured incantations of the old "wise woman" from the little bedroom in the rear.

Outside along the sandy path that led from the other side of the island, the "crazy one" was coming. He came, a lean, gaunt, bearded figure in the early tropic night, bearing in one hand a small black bag. He came in a kind of loping stride, breathing heavily and muttering to himself. For long months, Hubert Von Aulen had stolen time from his crude laboratory in his shack on the other side of the island to wage a clumsy, silent courtship of Maria Conchez. Ignoring the displeasure of her people, the German chemist had followed the laughing Maria along the beaches, through the palmettos, into the island's single cantina, pleading with anguished eyes for a meaningful word or gesture from the lovely island girl. Maria scorned him, yet led him on to absurd overtures—armfuls of tropic flowers deposited at her cabin door; a beautiful *rebozo* from Mexico; a rare perfume concocted in Von Aulen's laboratory.

The German reached the Conchez doorway and hammered, almost savagely, for entrance. In a moment, Papa Conchez opened the door. Silently, the head of the family motioned Von Aulen through the dimly lit room into the bedroom of Maria Conchez. The old man silenced an angry mutter from the family with a vicious gesture of his big right hand. Von Aulen rushed through and closed the door. In a second, he was at the bedside on his knees and the girl, Maria, was in his arms.

"*Liebchen!* Maria!" he cried, and holding the feverish, half-unconscious body of the Cuban girl, the German mingled sobs and curses in German, Spanish and broken English. Long minutes after, he tenderly placed the dark head again on the pillow and began a swift, methodical examination. He worked faster and faster, extracting phials from his small black bag. Stepping to the door, he summoned Papa Conchez.

"It is bad, bad," the German whispered. "*Malo, muy malo*—the pneumonia . . ."

The mother heated a great pot of water and the German, working like a madman, applied steam compresses, made injections and forced between the beautiful, pallid lips a series of capsules. With stethoscope and the European chronograph strapped to his wrist, the German through the long night checked the pulse of his dark-skinned sweetheart as her heartbeat flickered and weakened. In the outer room the mother and sisters began a muted moaning that grew and swelled, subsided and swelled again. The brothers had gone to their boats for the day's fishing. Papa Conchez moved slowly between the rooms, stopping now to comfort his wife, coming back to hover beside the sweating, half-mad Von Aulen who kneeled through the night at the bedside.

In the early morning as the first rays of the sun reddened the Atlantic waters and the easterly shores of Barracuda Key, and when the sails of the Conchez fishing boats were far into the western Gulf, the girl Maria died. The brothers, returning from their catch on the tide, were outraged to find the German chemist still kneeling at the deathbed, his arms entwined about their dead sister, his gaunt body shaken with sobs. With imprecations they tore the German away and beat him, hurling his bag and his instruments after him. Papa Conchez intervened, drove his sons within the house and sought to comfort Von Aulen, but the German rose in a stupor and reeled away toward his cottage on the other shore.

GLANTZ

Music: The Leader of the Band

Alfred Wallenstein of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra demonstrates here the art of the conductor, which is something more than waving a stick in front of several dozen fiddlers and horn players. Once there were no conductors and musicians interpreted the music as they pleased. This untenable state of affairs ended in 1820 when a man named Spohr created a minor scandal in London by using a baton. Some conductors still prefer to use their hands, all do considerable directing with facial and body English. They are the stars of the show, with an orchestra for their instrument, and the music is what they say it is. The right hand is used to indicate beat, tempo, strong accents and the entrance of instruments, while the left hand directs the subtler nuances of intensity and technique.

Maria Conchez was buried in the tiny island cemetery on the slight rise at the center of Barracuda Key and a painted wooden cross erected on her grave. The native fishermen and sponge divers and their families had expected Hubert Von Aulen at the funeral and even the brothers, aware at long last of the deep passion of the German chemist for their dead sister, were prepared to make a place for him at the graveside. But Von Aulen was nowhere to be seen and it was only at nightfall on the day of the funeral that a latecomer reported he had spied the tall figure of the German in an isolated cove near the southern end of the Key. Bare-waisted and barefooted, the German was constructing a strange bower of palmetto logs and sea shells, of driftwood and packed sand, in the hidden cove of the island. And in the days that followed, as curiosity overcame their grief, the Conchez brothers cut short their fishing and crept up the Key to spy upon Von Aulen as he sawed and hammered and amassed more sea shells, driftwood and sand to strengthen his vaultlike creation. They saw him drag from the near-by palmetto grove a massive cross, hewn from great logs and polished to whiteness, and they understood at last. Hubert Von Aulen had built a memorial to his beloved. On that late evening, when the German had finished his work and departed, swinging his ax over his shoulders and lugging his carpentry kit in hand, the elder brother, Manuel, crept down to the cove alone. He stole forward and came to the mausoleum, marveling in the swiftly fading tropic evening at the delicate workmanship of the German. He peered within the bower of clean-hewn logs and driftwood, banked in with hard-packed sand and pearl- and blue-tinted sea shells, to find the interior banked with tropic flowers. Manuel was deeply touched and was about to summon his three brothers from their hiding places when his eye fell upon the polished cross above the mausoleum. He read and reread an inscription written there and his brown eyes widened in terror. Manuel fell back from the structure in horror, then turned and fled, crying aloud to his brothers to follow him. They raced like deer to the sanctuary of their father's cottage and reported that the mad German had carved upon the cross the legend in Gothic letters:

Maria Conchez Von Aulen
Died: 1936 Reborn: . . .

Long months passed swiftly as time passes in the tropics and in the following year the tragic death of the lovely Maria was almost forgotten, even by her family. But the ever-present figure of the grief-stricken German chemist served to keep her memory alive. Daily he was to be seen plodding up the beach to the northern cove with an armful of flowers and the curious natives who spied upon him reported that he placed the flowers gently within his mausoleum and knelt—sometimes for hours—before her cross. Then he was to be seen, hurrying now, to his lonely cottage where he locked himself in and worked for hours in his laboratory—as strange exotic odors, sometimes foul, sometimes sweet, poured from his chimney and were wafted on the island trade winds and to the nostrils of the bewildered islanders. Nightly the German stalked into the island cantina, accompanied by the silence his entrance provoked, and drank two or three or more double whiskies. He would stand alone at the bar, muttering sometimes to himself and shaking his head (as if working out a difficult mathematical equation), and Tino, the barman, afterward reported to awe-struck listeners that the German was obsessed by strange chemical formulae which somehow related, in Von Aulen's mutterings, to Maria Conchez. The tolerant islanders might have dismissed these eccentricities and come to regard the haggard German chemist as a harmless lunatic if Manuel Conchez had not gone one Sunday morning with fresh flowers for his dead sister's grave.

Manuel had been gone perhaps twenty minutes when he hurried back to his father with a strange, foreboding tale. Maria's grave, insisted Manuel, was not the same. The cross was askew, the gravestones and sea shells awry, the hard-packed sand freshly turned and —Manuel was vehement—he was certain some ghoul had tampered with the grave. There was a fearful, hurried consultation. Papa Conchez would have left it be, but Mama Conchez and the sons and daughters insisted upon an investigation. Manuel finally uttered the unspoken thing in the back of their minds—that the German, Von Aulen, in his madness had done some foul thing to the dead girl Maria. Word spread into the settlement, and toward late afternoon a procession, headed by the Conchez brothers, made its way to the island cemetery. Manuel and his brothers had brought spades and after long consultation, while the twilight began and lengthened, the wooden cross was lifted and the sea shells removed and the brothers began to dig. As the islanders stood by, transfixed between superstitious fear and gnawing curiosity, Manuel himself lifted the last spadefuls of wet sand and struck the wooden box that was the coffin of the long-dead Maria.

Silently, the brothers spaded about the box and pried it forth. They leant down and it came upward with suspicious ease. The women in the gathering turned away. Manuel himself applied the claw hammer to the nails of the lid. The nails gave way.

"*Dios!*" breathed Papa Conchez. Someone screamed. The coffin was empty.

Mob rule took hold in seconds. Like a torrent gathering power, the islanders moved across the island upon the deserted-looking cottage of the German chemist. Manuel and his brothers hammered upon the door, then beat it down and the van of the islanders crowded in. The small cottage, like the coffin of Maria, was empty. Everything within was meticulously neat, even to the chemistry laboratory. The hysterical islanders would have smashed it, torn the furnishings apart, fired the cottage, but Papa Conchez stayed them.

"Search? Yes," he said, as he held off the mob. "Destroy? No." Papa Conchez was a powerful figure of a man and he stood, with his proud fisherman's shoulders, one great clenched fist about a spade and the other hand opened, calloused and eloquent, as he talked to his people. In the end, they heard and obeyed him. The little cottage was searched in every corner and two of the brothers would have pried at the floorings, but Papa Conchez stopped them. At length the crowd desisted and straggled off to homes and the cantina.

When Hubert Von Aulen returned to Barracuda Key it was anticlimax. There had been mutterings and dark threats among the islanders, but when the German returned aboard a chartered powerboat from Key West, there was hardly a ripple of feeling from the people. Von Aulen came laden (it was reported that night in the cantina) with strange, shapeless packages which took the strength of two boatmen and the lean strength of the German himself to transport to his cottage. (Papa Conchez himself had tidied the German's cottage and repaired the door. The German thanked Papa Conchez gravely and the thanks were as gravely returned.) Life settled into the normal groove on Barracuda

(*Continued on page 291*)

The fun began when the captain challenged Renwick for regaling his mates with whisky

The Cruise of the "Turpitude"

by FRANK LASKIER

WM. DuBOIS

Charles Johnson Renwick was young; he stood erect to his full height of six-feet-three, and a cavalry mustache adorned his handsome features. His clothes were made in Bond Street and they fitted him to perfection, for the pockets were empty. He seemed to move to the tinkle of invisible spurs and the clash of an unseen sword. A camel's hair coat was flung about his shoulders and it glowed like a flame in the dingy alleyway of the freighter *Turpitude*.

Chief Engineer Scuttle leaped up in surprise at the sight of the distinguished stranger in the doorway. "Yes, sir?"

Renwick stepped uninvited into the cabin, picked up a dirty uniform cap from the settee, threw it behind the door and sat down.

"I have been sent down by the Shipping Commissioners," he said. At the mention of this august body, Scuttle grasped convulsively at the back of the chair. "To ask you," continued Renwick, "for a job."

"No," said Scuttle in instinctive reaction, for to him any man sent by the commissioners of shipping was as welcome as smallpox. "Go ashore."

"Let us comply with the regulations." Renwick waved a brisk hand. "Take me to the captain."

Captain Founder received them both at his desk as the *Turpitude* was being warped out from the dock. He was a big man and crafty, his face running mostly to nose, the eyebrows receding into thick, brushed-back grey hair. He listened to Scuttle in silence and his eyes flickered occasionally to Renwick who lounged gracefully by the door.

"And you say the commissioners sent you?" he asked contemptuously.

"That," said Renwick, "is my story."

Captain Founder gave Chief Engineer Scuttle a sidelong glance, and reached for the ship's articles of agreement. He dipped a pen in ink and handed it to Renwick who signed his name with a flourish.

"I have just signed you on as a member of the crew," said Founder icily as he blotted the sheet. "You will trim coal for the voyage at the minimum wage. Play the sea lawyer or shirk your duties and I'll clap fines and charges to you that will eat up the rest of your pay; I'll fling you ashore in the next port we hit east of Suez, and you can find your own passage home. You have already missed one watch below, so I fine you a day's pay. Now, get!"

Renwick had already turned to go when Founder called him back.

"I run my ship on misfits," he continued softly, "and they mostly have some high-falutin' reason for coming to me—with a friend to recommend them. What was your trouble ashore, mister; a wife too many—debts too big for comfort? Did the army cashier you?"

There was a slight smile on Renwick's face. "I'll let you know," he said gently.

The steward was waiting to sell Renwick a pair of heavy boots and some dungaree trousers from the slop chest. He doffed his good clothes, put on the working duds, and vouchsafed a word to no one.

The *Turpitude* was butting her way into the open sea as he stood his first watch in the coal bunkers. It was obvious that Renwick had never before worked with his hands, but what he lacked in skill, he made up in endurance. Stripped to the waist, he shoveled coal until his hands bled. The coal dust settled on his sweating back and he looked as grey and nondescript as the rest of the gang. As such, he was accepted in their private hell of the forgotten and discouraged.

The *Turpitude* was an old freighter that had never within memory enjoyed a trouble-free run, or the comfort of a coat of clean paint. Only when credit was exhausted in the shore-side boardinghouse could she find a crew content with meager food, disgusting quarters, or the steady peculations of Chief Engineer Scuttle and Captain Founder, who jointly owned the ship. There was not a man aboard her who boasted a clean record; an efficient blacklist kept them from other berths.

Renwick did not fit in with the pattern of defeat and exploitation, yet he gave evasive answers to all his shipmates' questions.

The ship was carrying a part cargo of whisky, bottled and in bond. Resting safe in number-two hold, it was slavered over in many a wishful discussion. The only entrance to the hold was by the hatch on the main deck; this was battened, bolted and locked. The key never left Founder's possession. The hatch top was also under the eye of the officer on the bridge, who had but to walk to the rail and glance down to make sure no one was after a free drink.

After inquiring about the cargo, Renwick took no further part in these discussions. He worked harder than any other man in the ship, was utterly played out and exhausted after the end of each watch.

Dry as the Jordan when Moses crossed over, the *Turpitude* rattled her way through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and the Red Sea.

The boatswain and carpenter were sitting on the afterhatch one night, when Renwick approached them as a dark figure strolling across the deck.

"I was thinking," he said, quietly taking a seat by them, "how nice a good Scotch whisky would be."

The boatswain gave a pathetic cough and tried to spit over the side. "Vast heavin'," he muttered. "Let me suffer me thirst in silence."

"Sit over by the rope coil in the corner," said Renwick, and the two men followed him meekly enough. Renwick put his hand into the recesses of the coil and drew out a bottle, pulled the cork and passed it around.

"Drink hearty," was his command, "but not to excess "

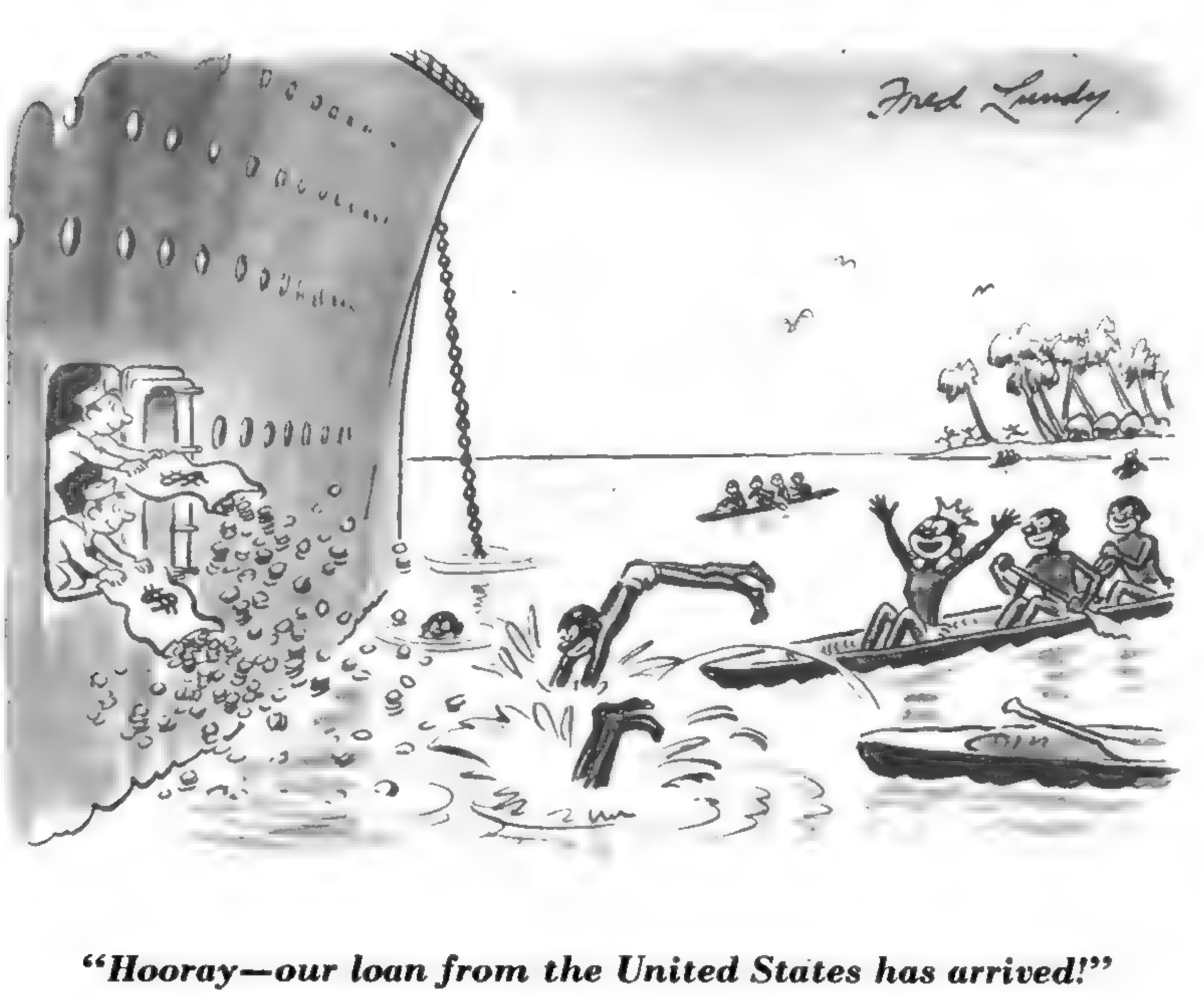
"Where d'you get this?"

"Ignorance is bliss," smiled Renwick.

"Drink up," croaked the carpenter.

The boatswain tipped

(*Continued on page 315*)



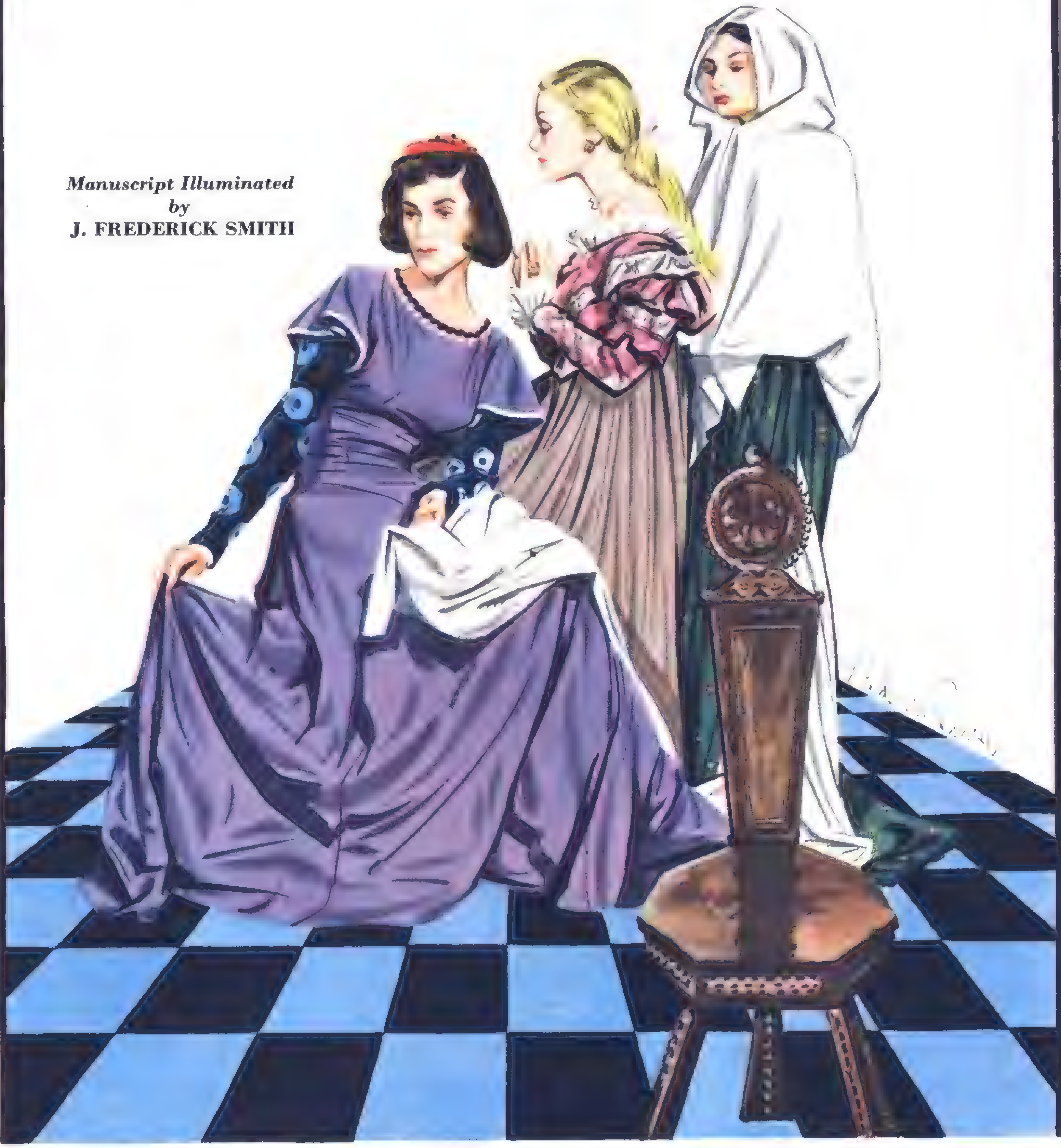
"Hooray—our loan from the United States has arrived!"

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 91

A Tale from Boccaccio

Wherein is discussed the Fine Art of Love in the Wicked Kingdom of Florence; how Federigo loved in vain a fair but virtuous lady; how the lady loved her husband; how at last she came to love Federigo

Manuscript Illuminated
by
J. FREDERICK SMITH



A Virtuous Lady of Florence

by Giovanni Boccaccio

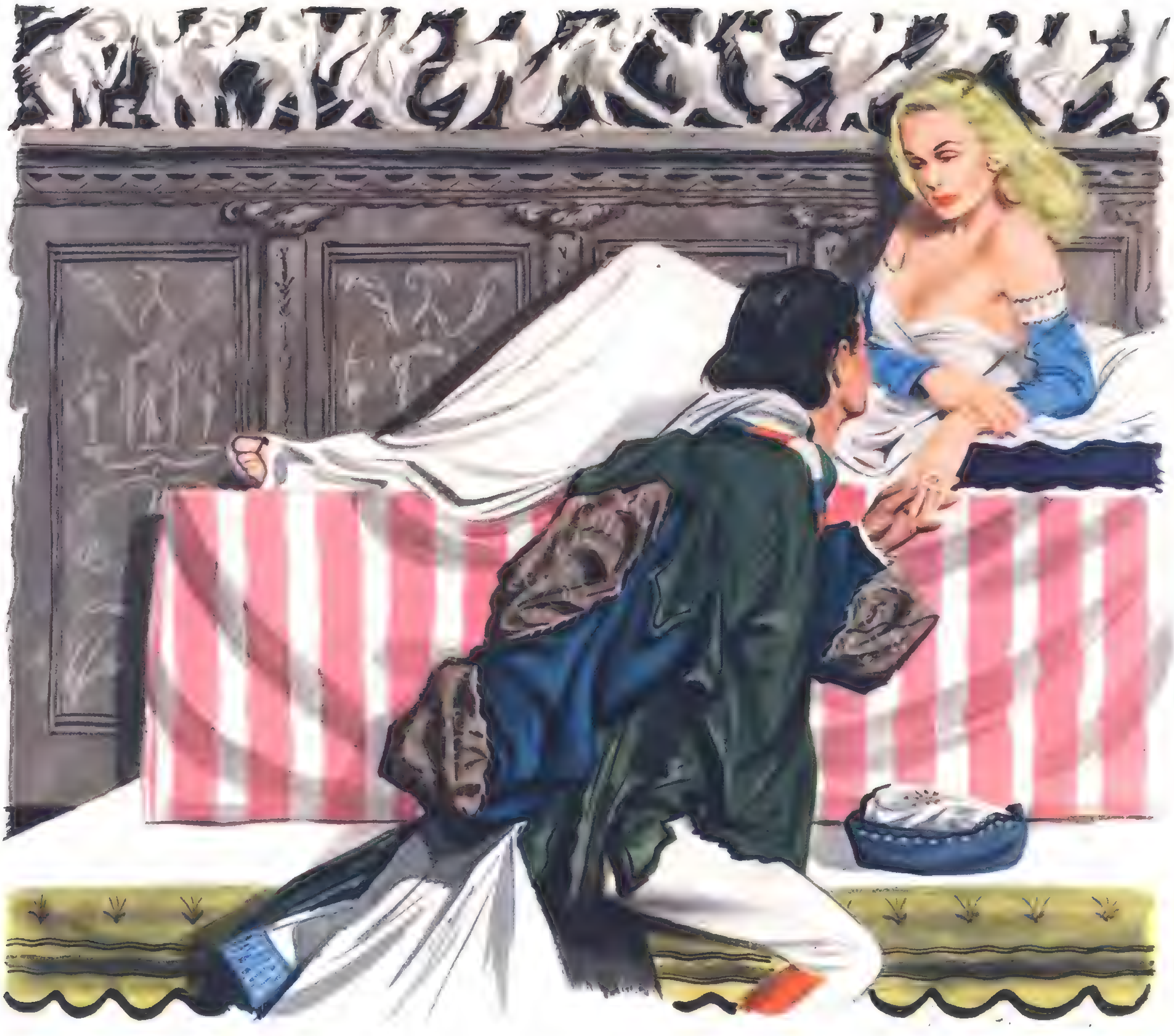
THERE was once in Florence a young man called Federigo, son of Messer Filippo Alberighi and renowned for deeds of arms and courtesy over every other bachelor in Tuscany, who, as betideth most gentlemen, became enamoured of a gentlewoman named Madam Giovanna, one of the fairest and sprightliest ladies in Florence: and to win her love, he held jousts and tourneyings and made entertainments and gave gifts and spent his substance without any stint; but she, being no less virtuous than fair, recked nought of these things done for her nor of him who did them. Federigo spending thus far beyond his means and gaining nought, his wealth, as lightly happeneth, in course of time came to an end and he abode poor, nor was aught left him but a poor little farm, on whose returns he lived very meagrely, and to boot a falcon he had, one of the best in the world. Wherefore, being more in love than ever and himseeming he might no longer make such a figure in the city as he would fain do, he took up his abode at Campi, where his farm was, and there bore his poverty with patience, hawking whenas he might and asking of no one.

Federigo being thus come to extremity, it befell one day that Madam Giovanna's husband fell sick and seeing himself nigh upon death, made his will, wherein, being very rich, he left a son of his, now well grown, his heir, after which, having much loved Madam Giovanna, he substituted her to his heir, in case his son should die without lawful issue, and died. Madam Giovanna, being thus left a widow, betook herself that summer, as is the usance of our ladies, into the country with her son to an estate of hers very near that of Federigo; wherefore it befell that the lad made acquaintance with the latter and began to take delight in hawks and hounds, and having many a time seen his falcon flown and being strangely taken therewith, longed sore to have it, but dared not ask it of him, seeing it so dear to him. The thing standing thus, it came to pass that the lad fell sick, whereat his mother was sore concerned, as one who had none but him and loved him with all her might, and abode about him all day, comforting him without cease; and many a time she asked him if there were aught he desired, beseeching him tell it her, for that, an it might be gotten, she would contrive that he should have it. The lad, having heard these offers many times repeated, said, "Mother mine, an you could procure me to have Federigo's falcon, methinketh I should soon be whole."

The lady hearing this, bethought herself awhile and began to consider how she should do. She knew that Federigo had long loved her and had never gotten of her so much as a glance of the eye; wherefore quoth she in herself, "How shall I send or go to him to seek of him this falcon, which is, by all I hear, the best that ever flew and which, to boot, maintaineth him in the world? And how can I be so graceless as to offer to take this from a gentleman who hath none other pleasure left?" Perplexed with this thought and knowing not what to say, for all she was very certain of getting the bird, if she asked for it, she made no reply to her son, but abode silent. However, at last, the love of her son so got the better of her that she resolved in herself to satisfy him, come what might, and not to send, but to go herself for the falcon and fetch it to him. Accordingly she said to him, "My son, take comfort and bethink thyself to grow well again, for I promise thee that the first thing I do to-morrow morning I will go for it and fetch it to thee." The boy was rejoiced at this and showed some amendment that same day.

Next morning, the lady, taking another lady to bear her company, repaired, by way of diversion, to Federigo's little house and enquired for the latter, who, for that it was no weather for hawking nor had been for some days past, was then in a garden he had, overlooking the doing of certain little matters of his, and hearing that Madam Giovanna asked for him at the door, ran thither, rejoicing and marvelling exceedingly. She, seeing him come, rose and going with womanly graciousness to meet him, answered his respectful salutation with "Give you good day, Federigo!" then went on to say, "I am come to make thee amends for that which thou hast suffered through me, in loving me more than should have behoved thee; and the amends in question is this that I purpose to dine with thee this morning familiarly, I and this lady my companion." "Madam," answered Federigo humbly, "I remember me not to have ever received any ill at your hands, but on the contrary so much good that, if ever I was worth aught, it came about through your worth and the love I bore you; and assuredly, albeit you have come to a poor host, this your gracious visit is far more precious to me than it would be an it were given me to spend over again as much as that which I have spent aforetime." So saying, he shamefastly received her into his house and thence brought her into his garden, where, having none else to bear her company, he said, "Madam, since there is none else here, this good woman, wife of yonder husbandman, will bear you company, whilst I go see the table laid."

NEVER till that moment had he been so dolorously sensible of the straits to which he had brought himself for the lack of those riches he had spent on such disorderly wise. Finding he had nothing wherewithal he might honorably entertain the lady, for love of whom he had aforetime entertained folk without number, he was made perforce aware of his default and ran hither and thither, perplexed beyond measure, like a man beside himself, inwardly cursing his ill fortune, but found neither money nor aught he might pawn. It was now growing late and he having a great desire to entertain the gentle lady with somewhat, yet choosing not to have recourse to his *(Continued on next page)*



"I come to make amends for loving thee more than should have behoved thee . . ."

own labourer, much less any one else, his eye fell on his good falcon, which he saw on his perch in his little saloon; whereupon, having no other resource, he took the bird and finding him fat, deemed him a dish worthy of such a lady. Accordingly, without more ado, he wrung the hawk's neck and hastily caused a little maid of his pluck it and truss it and after put it on the spit and roast it diligently. Then, the table laid and covered with very white cloths, whereof he had yet some store, he returned with a blithe countenance to the lady in the garden and told her that dinner was ready, such as it was in his power to provide. Accordingly, the lady and her friend, arising, betook themselves to table and in company with Federigo ate the good falcon, unknowing what they did.

Presently, after they had risen from table and had abidden with him awhile in cheerful discourse, the lady, thinking it time to tell that wherefore she was come, turned to Federigo and courteously bespoke him, saying, "Federigo, I doubt not a jot but that, when thou hearest that which is the especial occasion of my coming hither, thou wilt marvel at my presumption, remembering thee of thy past life and of my virtue, which latter belike thou reputedst cruelty and hardness of heart; but, if thou hadst or hadst had children, by whom thou mightest know how potent is the love one beareth them, meseemeth certain that thou wouldst in part hold me excused. But, although thou hast none, I, who have one child, cannot therefore escape the common laws to which other mothers are subject and whose enforcements it behoveth me ensue, need must I, against my will and contrary to all right and seemliness, ask of thee a boon, which I know is supremely dear to thee (and that with good reason, for that thy sorry fortune hath left thee none other delight, none other diversion, none other solace), to wit, thy falcon, whereof my boy is so sore enamoured that, an I carry it not to him, I fear me his present disorder will be so aggravated that there may presently ensue thereof somewhat whereby I shall lose him. Wherefore I conjure thee—not by the love thou bearest me and whereto thou art nowise beholden, but by thine own nobility, which in doing courtesy hath approved itself greater than in any other—that it please thee give it to me, so by the gift I may say I have kept my son alive and thus made him for ever thy debtor."

FEDERIGO, knowing he could not oblige the lady, for he had given her the falcon to eat, fell a-weeping in her presence, ere he could answer a word. The lady at first believed his tears arose from grief at having to part from his good falcon and was like to say that she would not have it. However, she contained herself and awaited what Federigo should reply, who, after weeping awhile, made answer thus: "Madam, since it pleased God that I should set my love on you, I have in many things reputed fortune contrary to me and have complained of her; but all the ill turns she hath done me have been a light matter in comparison with that which she doth me at this present and for which I can never more be reconciled to her, considering that you are come hither to my poor house, whereas you deigned not to come what while I was rich, and seek of me a little boon, the which she hath so wrought that I cannot grant you; and why this cannot be I will tell you briefly. When I heard that you, *(Continued on page 285)*

GREENHALGH

Heckle at Your Own Risk

Better count up to a thousand before you flout the m.c.; holding the floor is his job and he knows some embarrassing answers

by **LOUIS SIDRAN**

The four ladies were obviously drunk. In fact their cargo of grape was sufficient to have convinced them their own conversation was far more entertaining than the monologue being delivered by the master of ceremonies. They sat at a ringside table, fracturing one another with jokes in voices loud enough to force the m.c. to raise his own pitch and finally drop the competition entirely.

He walked away from the mike and looked down at their hilarity. "Ladies," he said, "you're laughing now. Wait'll you see the check."

The exhilarated madams ignored him.

"Ladies," he continued, "what's the matter? Did you get up on the wrong side of the floor this morning?" Getting no response, he said to the house: "Don't mind them. They're left over from the last show. We had a hog caller on the bill and they answered."

One of the women rolled a bloodshot pair of eyes at him and said, "Go 'way. Go make jokes somewhere."

With the air of a fighter about to throw a punch, the m.c. walked back to the microphone. "Question," he said, "why does that table remind you of a baseball game? Answer, the bags are loaded."

The women blinked, flushed, then rose, fumbled for their handbags, and started out of the club. The m.c., with the situation tucked neatly into his pocket, resumed the show.

He was entitled to the spotlight. He had seen it challenged, had put up a good, clean fight and remained the champ. The four inebriated ladies, now sobering up outside, were still wondering what had hit them. They were greenhorns, or they would never have left themselves open for a professional m.c.'s conversational sashweight.

The fact is that the performing master of ceremonies often has to win a verbal joust to survive. Like the boxing champ who's forever having people take pokes at him in public (just to hit the champ, or prove he's a big cheese) every time the m.c. steps out in front of an audience he can expect the worst. Hecklers are his major occupational hazard, because they challenge him for something without which he is lost and a bust—the respect and attention of the audience. The local funny boy, inspired by a few quick ones and an audience of gals he wants to impress, may at any moment find himself convinced that the guy behind the microphone is strictly from Joe Miller. When that moment occurs, local funny boy heckles. He also gets himself measured for a professional going over which—if need be—will ridicule his appearance, his antecedents, the state of his pocketbook, his choice in feminine companionship. If he's smart, he'll pick up and make for smoother waters. On the other hand, if he's really smart, he'll keep his heckling mouth shut in the first place.

The bitter truth of the matter is that the heckler doesn't have a chance. As Milton Berle, king of the heckler-squelchers puts it, he has no more future than a cake of ice. The m.c. has all the weapons—material, experience, motivation, natural wit. And he is completely free of inhibitions, because inhibitions are luxuries he cannot afford. The m.c. heckled throws away the rule book of gentlemanly social behavior. He fights dirty, hits in the verbal clinches, gouges and butts. The sympathy of the audience is always with the heckler—the little guy, the poor silly drunk being picked on by the trained professional gagman. M.c.'s know this and that's why they never give a heckler an even chance. To quote Berle again, "The witty heckler can really make it tough for the guy at the mike. He can make you look ridiculous in front of your own audience, and—what's worse—may put some ideas in the mind of the management."

Thus it is that all m.c.'s like Berle, Henny Youngman, Al Bernie, Jackie Miles and Jerry Lester fortify themselves in advance with ample supplies of memorized squelchers, just in case somebody at the back of the house begins to feel his conversational oats.

Number-one target attacked by the heckled m.c. is invariably the heckler's personal appearance—a subject ordinarily immune in a social argument. Thus a bucktoothed character, inflamed with alcohol and convinced that there's never been a joker quite like himself, bellows out a tirade to the effect that the m.c. is a bum using stolen material. The m.c. trains an experienced and insulting eye on his tormentor, spots the teeth and the fight is as good as won.

Says the m.c.—with a razor in his tongue, "Ladies and gentlemen, I want you to meet the only man in the world who can brush his teeth without opening his mouth. Show the people, Homer." One run, one hit, no errors, game called. Homer is gone with the touché.

And shed no tears for the plight of the ugly lady who tackles the m.c. She competes by carrying on her own talk in a loud voice. Our boy, who has passed this way many times previously, simply motions for the spotlight to be readied and interrupts his talk to announce, "Ladies and gentlemen, we are very fortunate in having with us tonight one of Hollywood's biggest celebrities. Stand up and take a bow—the bride of Frankenstein!"

The spotlight swings and picks out the lady. She blushes through her alcohol flush and departs, the m.c.'s falsely apologetic, "Oh, pardon me, madam," ringing in her ears.

And weep not for the skinny female slaughtered by this favorite nifty of Henny Youngman: "Did you ever see anything so thin? Poke out one eye and you could use her for a needle. She's got six places on her you could hang your hat."

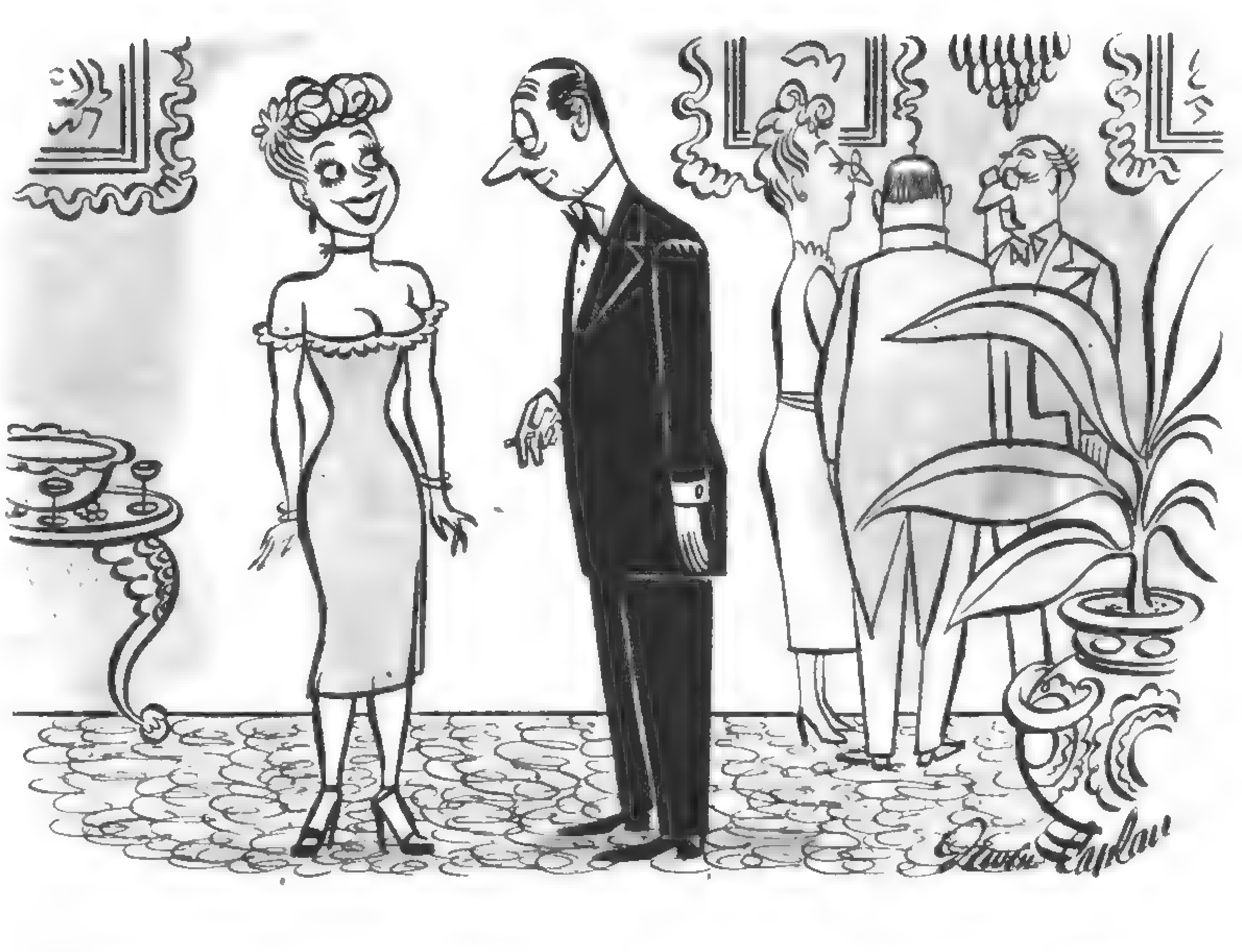
Or the blowsy female: "Most people have bags under their eyes. She's got bags *over* her eyes."

Or the gentleman with the large proboscis: "Is that your nose, or are you eating a banana?"

Or the haggard woman: "She's got a face that looks like it wore out six bodies."

Or the bad-looking male or female: "Anybody's got a right to be ugly, but you abuse the privilege."

Because the physical insult works so well *(Continued on page 280)*



"I was puzzled for a while about how to lengthen my dresses"

Ain't it a man's job to provide a healthy home for his wife and her delicate mother?

Ma Lends a Helping Hand

by MEL MATISON

When my daughter, Julia, first marries Harry Seaver, I know that I got a big job ahead of me. Newlyweds are such babes in the woods, as the saying goes, I feel that it's my duty to lend them a helping hand. Not that I am an interfering kind of a mother-in-law, Heaven forbid. But it would be very selfish of me if I don't give them the benefit of my years of experience.

Of course, the way that I can be of the greatest help to Julia and Harry is for me to move right in with them. And this is arranged by my other son-in-law, Joe Gilpin. I have been living with Joe and my other daughter, Maude, for three years and although he and I don't agree on many things, we do agree that Julia and Harry need me even more than he and Maude do. He promises Harry I'll move in with them right after they get back from their honeymoon.

So on a Tuesday morning, which is Harry's day off, he calls for me in a taxi. We pile in my suitcases and drive from Maude's house in the North End to Julia's house in the South End. Harry sits beside me in the taxi with his face shining all over. He is all excited and he tells me how he and Julia are crazy about their house, which they just bought, and that I will be crazy about it, too. It's a real buy, and everything is working out fine, he says.

But I have seen the house and know better. If Harry would of consulted me, I would of told him not to buy it. My late husband and I once owned a house; he took my advice on keeping it up, and we had it six years before we lost it in the Depression. So Harry ain't so wise buying a house without consulting me.

Harry is a bus driver on the Ferry Street line, and how he will keep up the mortgage I don't know. So all in all, I realize it's a good thing I will be around to keep him from any more bad moves.

When we pull up in front of the house, I see Julia standing on the piazza. She looks so cute in her little red apron, so happy and her natural blonde hair is combed so careful, I think, my little girl, all grown up and married, I hope that Harry appreciates her.

Julia says, "Welcome home, Ma," and gives me a kiss. We go in the house and they take me to my room, in the front. It's got maple furniture which I don't especially like, and three windows, and the tree on the front lawn hangs almost into the middle one.

I ask Julia where the draft is coming from and she says, "Well, you know, Ma, it's an old house and old houses are drafty."

I bite my lip to keep from saying what I want to say, that I am in my fifties and I got rheumatism and drafts are very bad for me. But suddenly I get a twitch of rheumatism in my arm and I take in my breath sharp and grab my left arm with my right hand.

"What's the matter, Ma?" Julia asks. "Your rheumatism kicking up so early when it's only October?"

"It's nothing," I tell her. "The draft in the house sort of got me for a minute, that's all."

Harry finishes putting my suitcases beside the bed and grins. "Don't worry, Ma," he says. "We're going to get a brand-new oil burner this winter and the house will be warm as toast."

I sit down on the bed, the mattress is hard, but that ain't what bothers me right now. Julia and Harry are making a serious mistake to first buy an oil burner. "Children," I say, "I don't want to interfere, but it ain't wise of you to just buy an oil burner. The kind of an old house this is you will get a lot of escaping heat with the drafts. The first thing you got to do is to insulate the house."

Julia looks at Harry and says, "What do you think, honey?"

He lights a cigarette, takes a deep puff, lets out the smoke and says, "Well, you know our budget will only cover an oil burner this year."

"That's like putting the wagon before the horse, as the saying goes," I warn him. "Any doctor will tell you drafts give you rheumatism, arthritis and colds. If you first insulate the house you will save money on doctors' bills."

Julia is watching me rub my paining arm. She says to Harry, "Honey, can't we figure out a way to insulate and to also get the oil burner?"

He looks at her in a serious way with his forehead wrinkled and his Adam's apple bobbling up and down. He sure ain't handsome and he sure ain't rich and I wonder what my Julia sees in him.

"Well," he says, clearing his throat, "I don't want your Ma to suffer on account of drafts. I want her to be happy here." He takes a quick bite at his fingernail. "Maybe we can manage both."

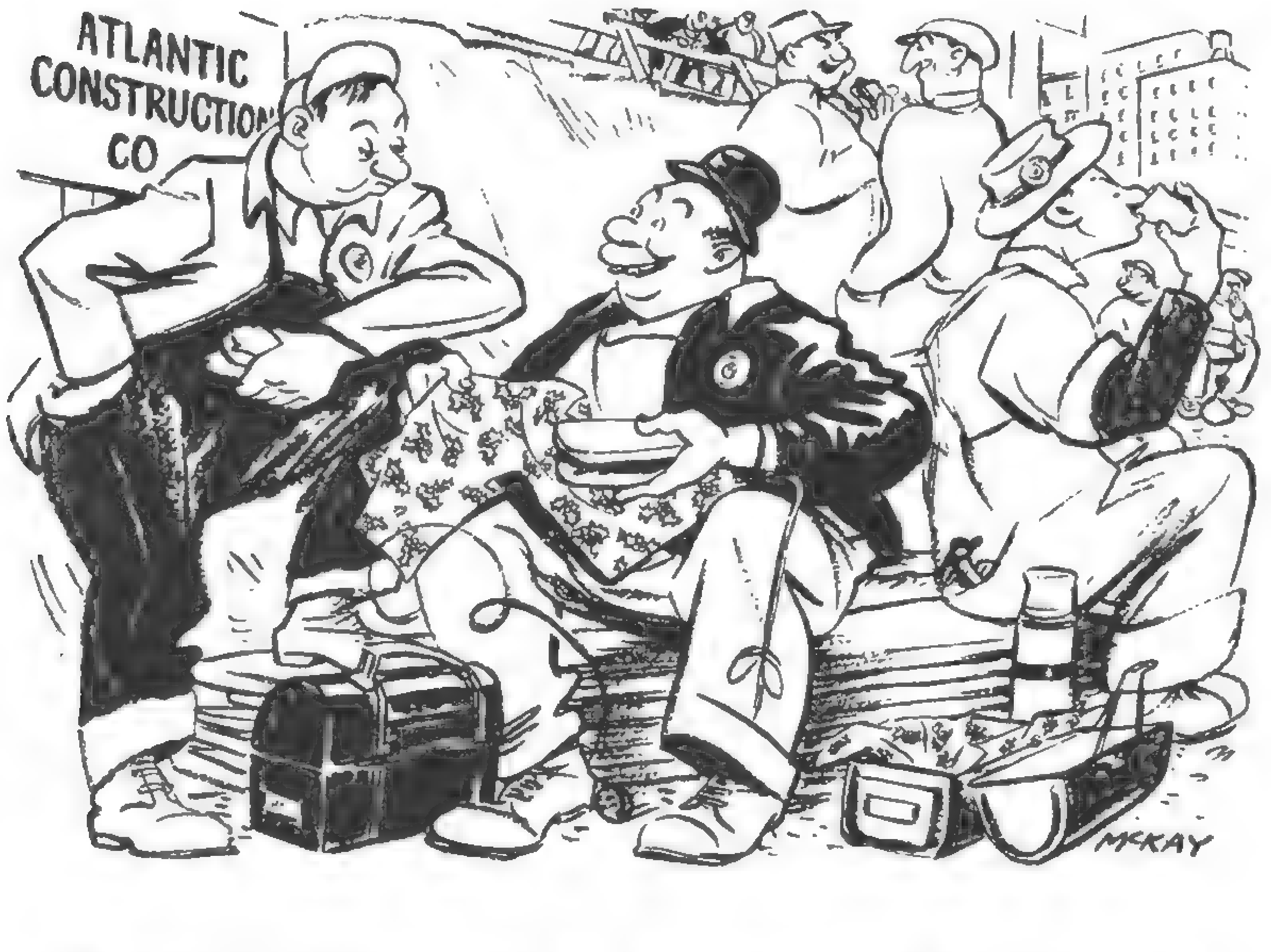
The next night a Mr. Maguire shows up and he and Harry go over the house to estimate how much for insulating. Afterwards Harry looks kind of pale and says that insulating work will begin the next day. I don't want to interfere, I don't ask how much, but I say to myself, of course it's expensive, that's what happens when you buy a house without asking anybody's advice.

Another thing that I notice is wrong in the house, there are cracks in the ceilings in some of the rooms. I mention this to Julia in the morning, but she tells me the real-estate men said the ceilings are good for another ten years. Naturally the real-estate man ain't going to tell a young inexperienced girl different. But I know how dangerous it can be if a hunk of plaster falls down from the ceiling and one of us are standing under it, why, we can be killed.

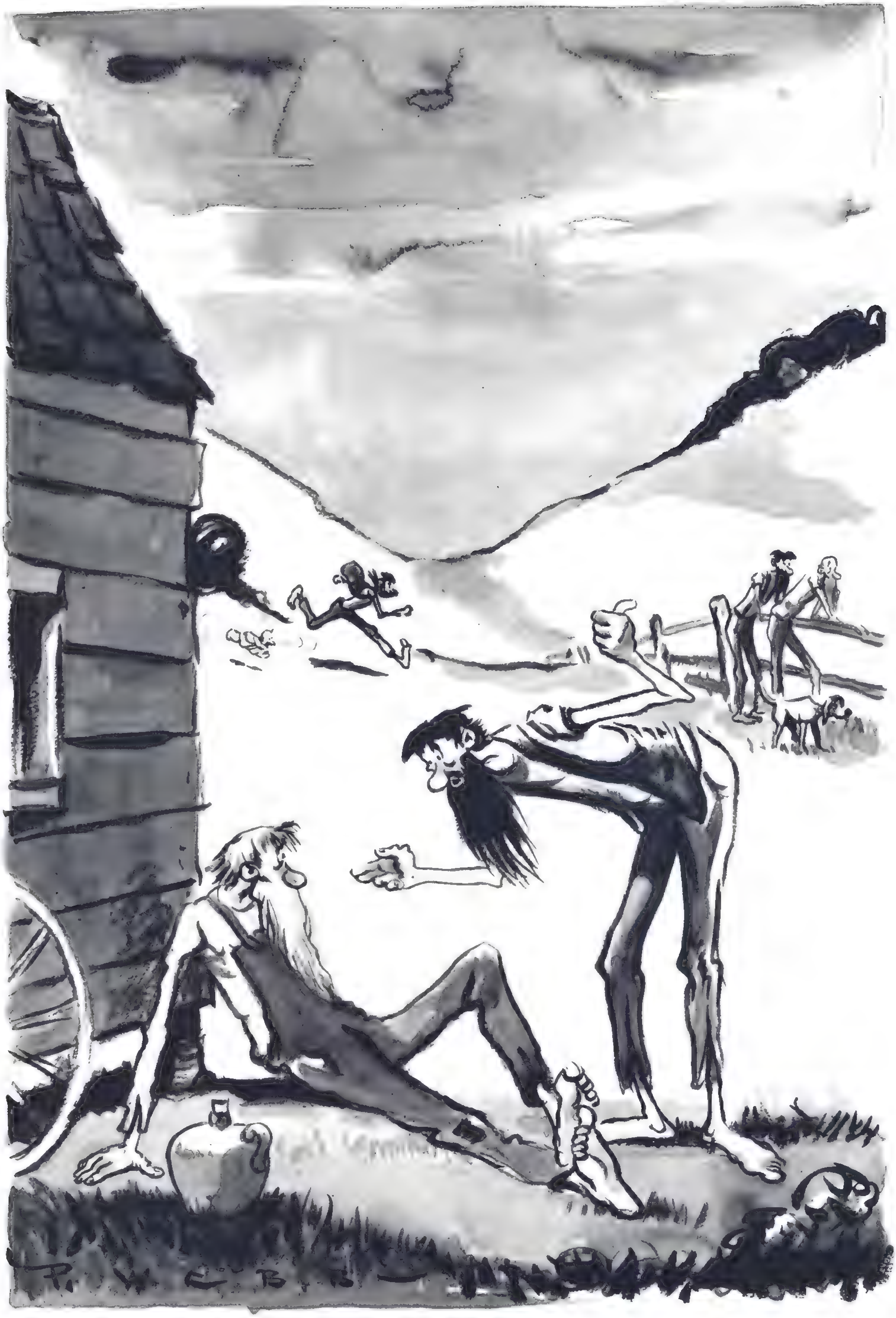
So I get a broom and test the ceiling in the parlor. Honest, after no more than six or seven pokes, I have to step to one side fast to keep from getting hit. It's just as I thought, I give it a few more prods and a big hunk falls down. Why, a person ain't safe in the house. I sweep up the mess on the floor, put the broom away, and when Julia comes back from shopping, I lead her right into the parlor.

"You see that, Julia," I say to her. "It's just as I have said to you. Your mother has lived long enough to pile up plenty of experience."

Her eyes are staring (*Continued on page 193*)



"During Christmas week my sandwiches are gift-wrapped"



"Paw wants t'know ef you got the store teeth . . . he aims to whistle at the new schoolma'm comin' by"

Christmas in Sun Valley

While the lucky ones wax festive as well as their skis, it's "track" as Santa arrives with a Geländesprung

by RICHARD JOSEPH

Sun Valley is all due to a peculiar combination of natural advantages, plus man's perspicacity in exploiting same. Situated over a mile high among the Sawtooth Mountains of south-central Idaho, it is heated by high-octane sunshine and shielded from chilling winds by surrounding peaks. Result is Shangri-La, except that the lamas are ski instructors, and the women don't fall apart when you get them on the other side of the mountain.

You probably imagine you've heard of Sun Valley all your life, but the famed resort was just the proverbial cow pasture until the midthirties. That's when ski enthusiast W. Averell Harriman, now Secretary of Commerce, then board chairman of the Union Pacific Railroad, decided to combine business with pleasure and have the U. P. develop a winter sports center to promote traffic and give him a place to ski.

They did it and now the resort has taken its place in the tradition of glamour with Tahiti as a spot people would go to if they only had a million bucks. Actually Sun Valley is a millionaires' resort in that you'll find them there and also a favorite of the Hollywood crowd, but some accommodations are scaled down to the range of ordinary sons of the people. The fact is that Sun Valley is an extremely democratic resort. The cute chick whose form makes you fall on your face as she swoops by might have dealt you your eggs that morning—and the nice young guy who hauls you out of the snowdrift could well be the one who dragged your bags up to your room.

Some places go naturally with some holidays—like Dublin on St. Patrick's Day and Concord or Lexington on July Fourth. That's the way it is with Christmas and Sun Valley. The snow glistening on trees in brilliant sunshine reminds you of every Christmas card you've ever seen. And Sun Valley people really high light the season. Rehearsals for the Christmas ceremonies begin early in December. Every staff member is given an assignment according to his talents, and by Christmas Eve the performance looks like something out of Morris Gest. Comes dusk and the first thing you know a score of men—ski instructors and members of the ski patrol—ski down near-by Dollar Mountain carrying phosphorescent flares. That's the signal for various soloists and choral groups strategically placed around the grounds and leaning out of windows to burst into song.

The organ in the movie theatre strikes a merry tune, and ice skaters carrying colored torches dance around the frozen pond. Santa Claus pulls up in a horse-drawn sleigh, gives out presents, and everybody follows him inside for hot spiced wine and/or Tom and Jerries. The cold, crisp air, music, colored lights and spiked punch generally give the adults more enthusiasm for Christmas than have the children—who are usually trundled off to bed with the warning that if they don't stop bumping Daddy's arm and making him spill his drink Santa will take back his presents.

What to do: This ability to make adults relax and play like children is the secret of Sun Valley's success as a year-round vacation resort. Its calendar is really divided into two seasons—when there's snow on the valley floor and when there isn't. When the valley floor is covered—generally from early December to early April—it's strictly a ski resort, and if you're not interested in skiing, you'll feel as out of place as a traffic cop at a sorority slumber party. The rest of the time—though skiers still take off for the hills—there's plenty to do, even if you never attempt anything more energetic than a fast round of croquet.

Suppose we cover the ski picture first. Sun Valley's ski school has been planned to offer something to all skiers, from the first-time-outer to the expert training for competition. Instructors say they can teach anyone to ski, and point to us as proof. First few days we were on the slopes strong men sobbed and beat their fists. But at the end of a week we were working on stem turns—even though other students were warned against looking at us.

Sun Valley's ski layout is just about as good as anywhere else in the world. The timberless, alpine terrain is served by four chair lifts, including the 11,544-foot-long one (world's longest) on Baldy Mountain. The surrounding mountains offer a variety of runs for all classes of skiers, excellent slalom courses and jumps, and many miles of long, open slopes for cross-country runs.

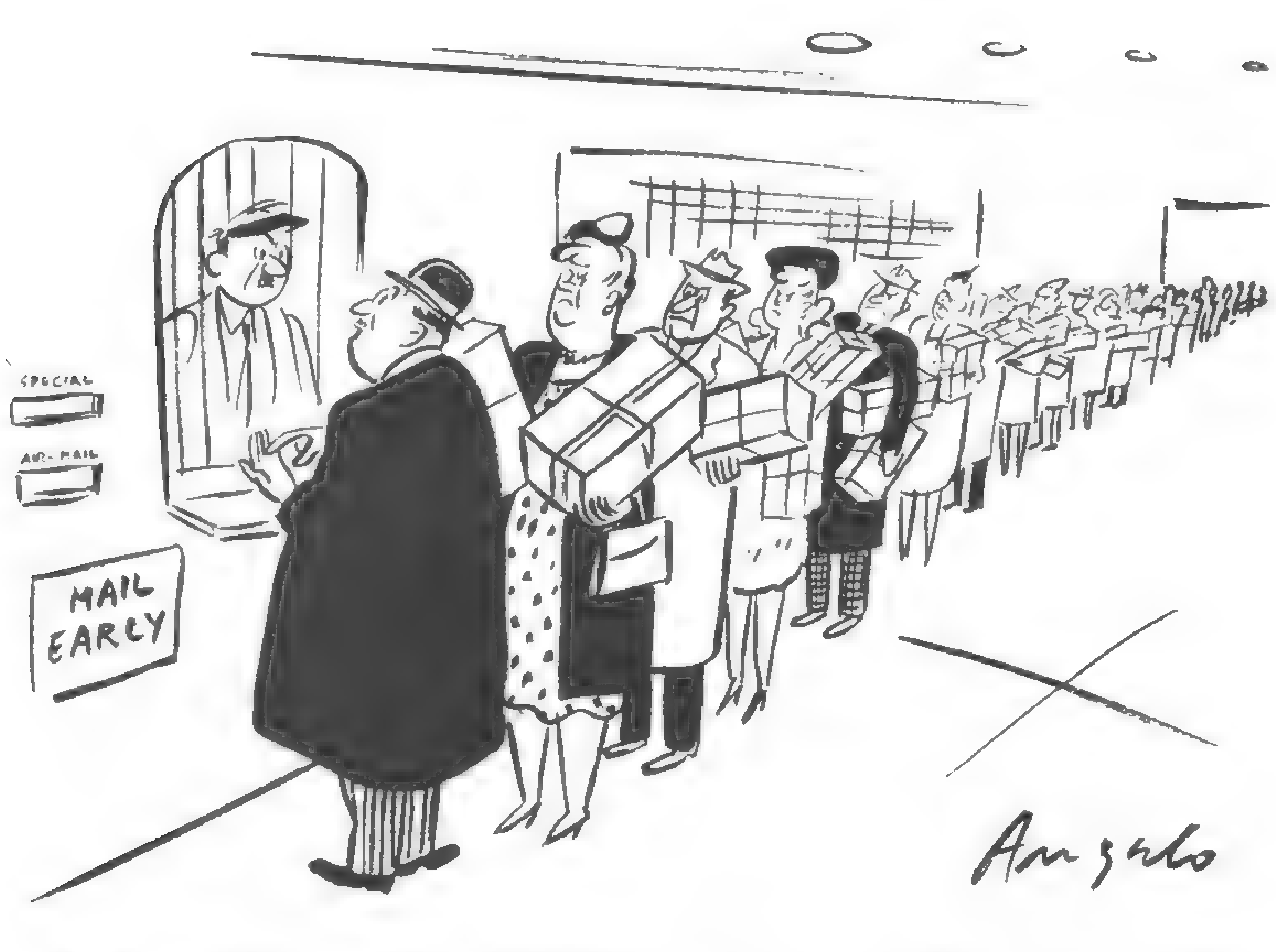
While on skiing, let's talk about injuries, since the two frequently go together. This is considered bad form in skiing circles, which is plain silly, since skiing is indulged in as a calculated chance by people who think the fun is worth risking a snap of the femur. However, ski teachers say injuries are practically nonexistent in beginners' classes, if the student obeys instructions. We substantiated this by ending our first ten days of skiing sound of limb—we who have been brutally bruised by a flying ping-pong ball.

In any case, Sun Valley makes fun out of aches and sprains, as it does of everything else. Three doctors and twelve nurses serve the resort's lovely twelve-bed hospital, one of the few infirmaries where healthy young people do stretches because they got too vigorous. Result is phonographs and radios going, patients dancing on one leg, and the whole thing looking like a victory celebration in honor of a coeducational lacrosse game played with baseball bats.

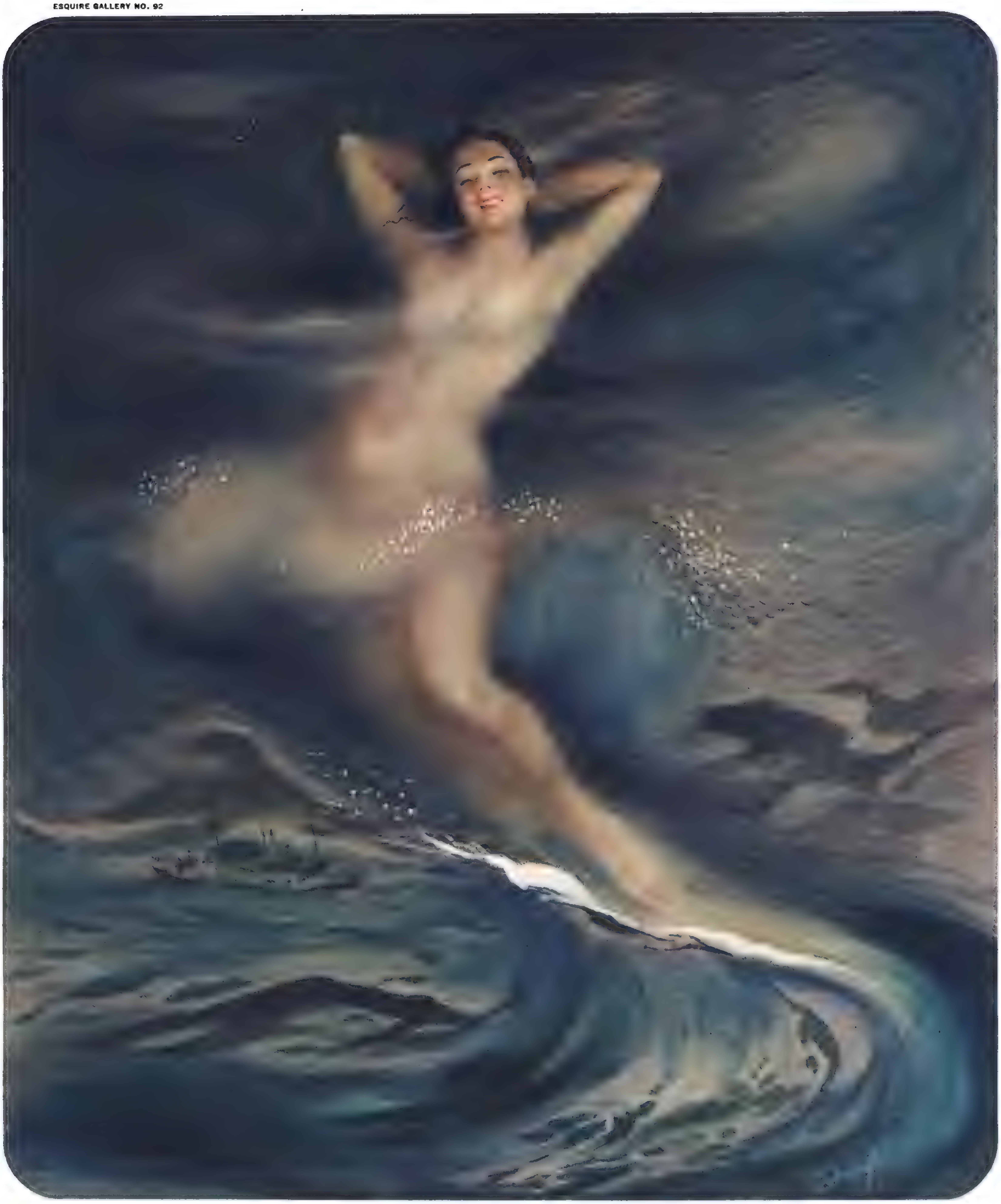
If skiing is too tame for you, you can always get a horse and go skijoring. Recovering from that, you can go sleigh riding, or head for the woods in a sled pulled by some of the resort's forty Eskimo Husky sled dogs. You've got your choice of two heated outdoor swimming pools to jump into to soak the stiffness out of your bones.

Soon as the valley floor clears, however, you can take your choice of horseback riding, pack trips, fishing and hunting in a surrounding area as large as Connecticut, golf (eighteen-hole course), tennis, ice skating on an artificial rink, skeet and trap shooting, boating on near-

(*Continued on page 294*)



"Block of four of the Pulitzer commemorative issue, good centering, please, and three blocks each of the Roosevelt commemorative issue, two cent, five cent and . . ."



PAINTING BY H. BISCHOFF

Ballet of the Spoondrift by JOSEPH E. SHANER

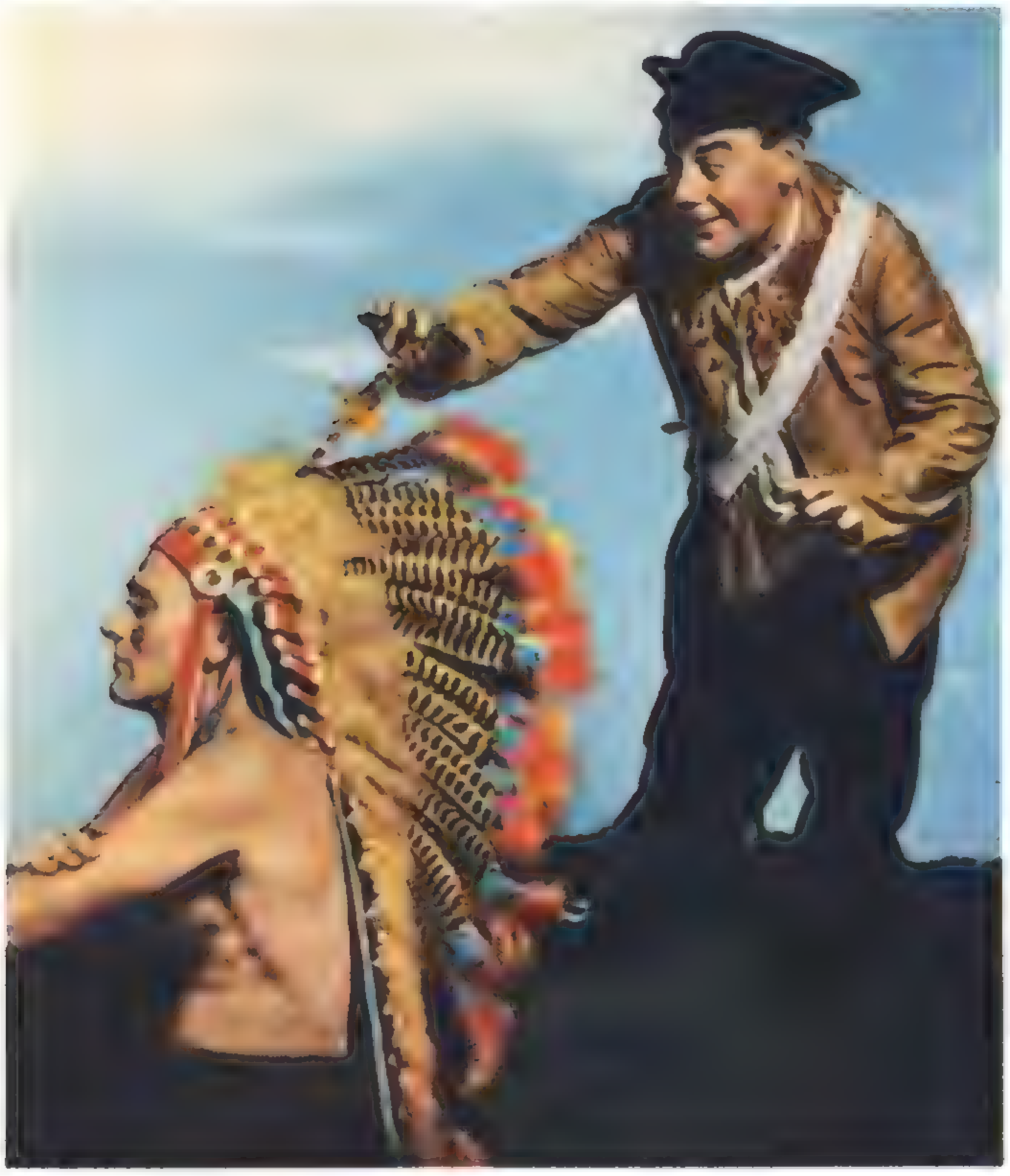
Spindrift ballerinas up from turquoise
Sweep the billow's crest, and in their skylark,
Let fall their silks in girlish, wanton joy.
Only a sailor knows this dance in dark
Of moon when spoondrift figurines cavort.
Most girls he forgets, but with him lingers
Evanescent green-eyed ladies who sport
Foamed pearls and fling sapphires from their fingers.
What flirts they are! Swishing their white dresses,
They leap the starboard rail and fling about
To boatswain and mates the salt caresses
That lips of sailors cannot do without!
So how tell a woman you've got to go?
Shore woman, shore woman, she'll never know!

Yankee Doodle Dandy

As seen by JIMMY SAVO

1. Yankee Doodle went to town, *(boy the buildings were big)*

2. Riding on a pony, *(it was easier than carrying him)*



3. Stuck a feather in his hat, *(a man has to be well dressed)*

4. And called him macaroni. *(an Italian word meaning debonair)*

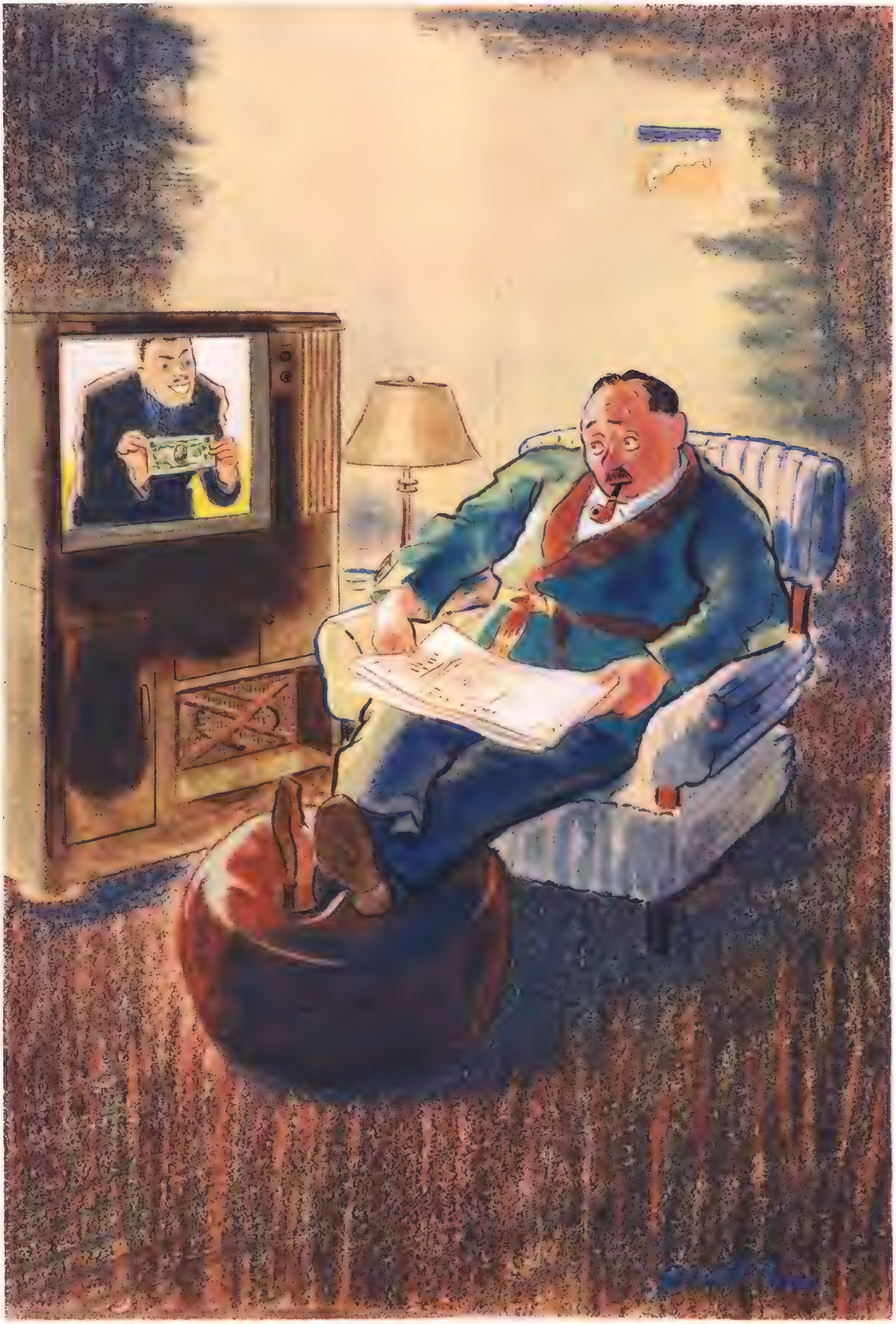
KODACHROMES BY WILLIAM STONE

5. Yankee Doodle, keep it up, (*look—only one hand*)

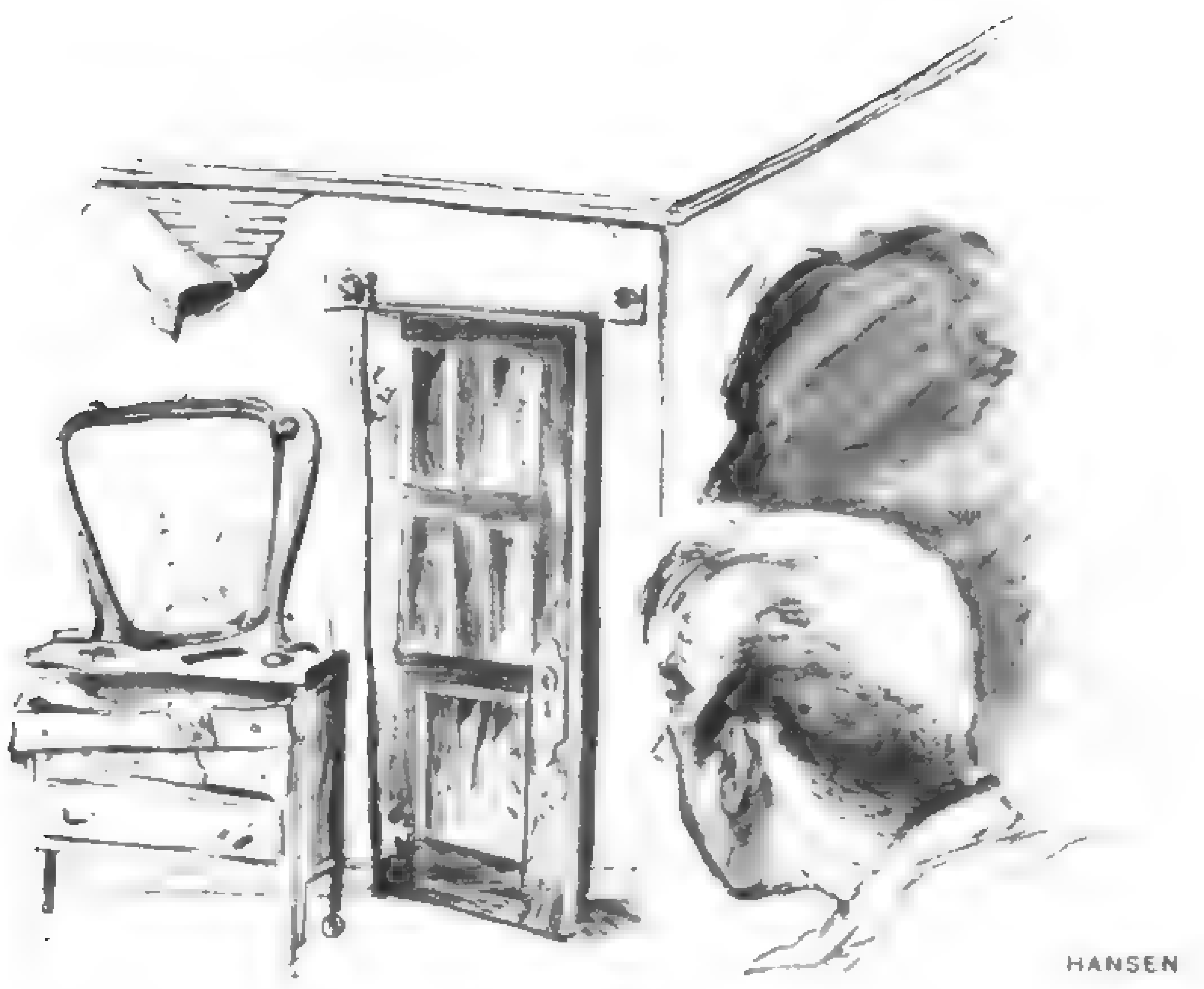
6. Yankee Doodle, dandy, (*a man of distinction*)

7. Mind the music and the step, (*I do this entirely by ear*)

8. And with the girls be handy. (*I'll do it my way, you do it yours*)



"Do you need money . . . lovely—green—crisp—bills . . . ?"



HANSEN

Perhaps it was because the shabby room did not invite inspection that he had never noticed this weird thing before

The Other Door

by WILLIAM VALRICK

It's odd how one can live in a place for days without ever noticing some extremely obvious things. That's what happened to me. I'd been living in the room for over three weeks and had never noticed the other door before.

I wasn't exactly on my uppers yet, but I was so close to it that it wasn't funny. My paltry savings had gone long ago and if it hadn't been for the few dollars my mother managed to send to me—through what trying economy I disliked imagining—I'd have had to give up my attempts to convince someone in Chicago that I was a radio announcer and go back home to Kansas.

I'd better spare you the sob story though, and get on with my story. I just told you about my finances so you'd understand why I was living in a glorified flophouse on Clark Street.

The room wasn't much bigger than the bed, dresser, washstand and me. There were great scabrous patches on the papered walls, the result of seeping moisture. A single, unshaded bulb hung in the exact center of the room. Several knots had been tied in the cord to make it shorter. I hung my clothes on a rod suspended against the wall. A piece of limp, faded cotton which drooped over them only partially protected them from the always present soot and smoke of Chicago.

After spending the day walking what seemed to be miles I had returned in disgust to my room. I had a half-pint of gin and a magazine, but somehow I couldn't seem to get interested in either. I lay on the bed and stared at the ceiling.

Suddenly, in the lower half of my vision, I could see the top of a door. A door I knew I'd never seen before. It was a heavy, old-fashioned panel door. Even the ornate hinges and doorknob were painted the same vile shade of yellow green. Anything that ugly and that obvious I knew I'd have noticed. But I hadn't even been aware that there was another door in the room.

Perhaps I was in the wrong room? I took a hasty glance around, but it was my room all right—my coat, my shirts, my shoes and my picture of Polly on the dresser.

I got up and tried the knob. It wouldn't budge a fraction of an inch. Kneeling I looked through the keyhole. Either it was plugged up or there was something hanging over it on the other side. At least I certainly wasn't bored any more. I ran the blade of my knife all around the edge of the door. It wasn't nailed shut. I got the key from the hall door and oddly enough it fitted. At least by really straining I was able to turn it about halfway around. I didn't try any more as I was afraid that I might bend the key or break it off in the lock and then I'd be unable to lock the hall door.

I must have made some noise with the key and with my other jockeying around with the door for I suddenly heard activity on the other side. Someone was moving around, rather I should say something, for the disturbing sounds that came from the other side of that yellow-green door were anything but human. It sounded as though some obese animal, probably built something like a crocodile, was crawling slowly across the taut head of an enormous drum. At the same time I could hear music faintly in the background. Fairylike music, with more rhythm than melody—bells, flutes and tiny silver cymbals.

I stepped back and groped for the as yet unopened bottle of cheap gin and twisted its cap off. I took a long drink of the stuff that half emptied the bottle. There was no point in kidding myself. I was afraid.

Exactly why I can't say, unless it was fear of the unknown, incited by finding a door where I had never noticed one before and hearing the eldritch sounds which came from the other side of that door. I sat on the edge of the bed staring at the door and sipping at the small bottle of gin until I had killed it. The gin had no effect on my tension. Excepting for its warmth in my throat, I didn't even notice it.

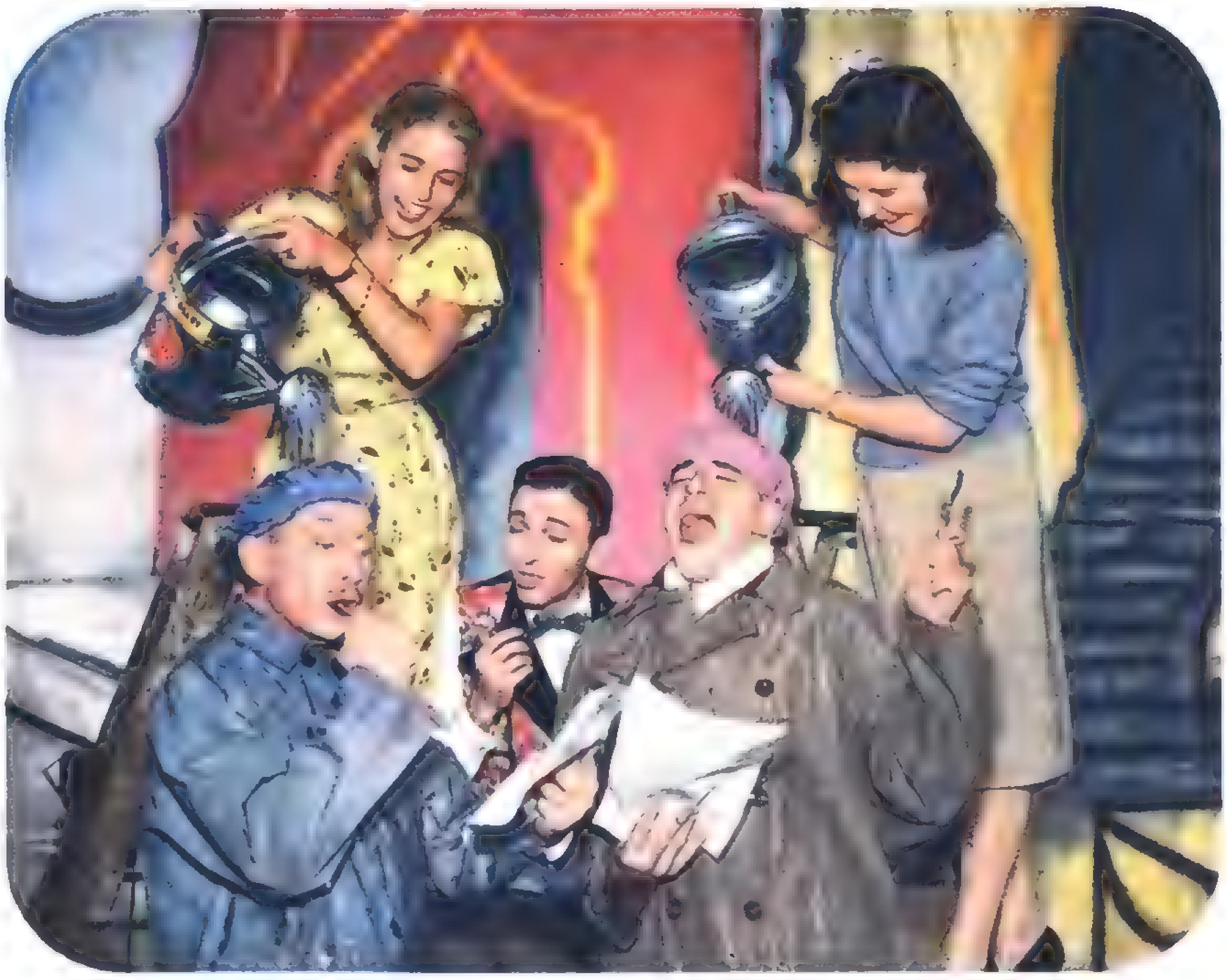
I felt that I must find out where that door led to and what was on the other side and still my very soul trembled at the thought of actually doing so.

Like a man in a dream I sidled along the bed, still watching the door, until I could reach up and grab the receiver of the wall phone. I sat shivering as I waited for the dozing night clerk to answer. At last I heard his irritable, "Hello."

"Say, this is Merryweather up in 17. Where does the other door in my room lead to?"

I could barely hear his sleepy voice, "Room 17, 17. Ah, you must be drunk. There's only one door in 17, and that's into the hall. Sleep it off, guy."

Still holding the phone in a limp hand I tried to scream, again and again—for there *was* a door there and as I watched it was slowly opening. #



RINKER

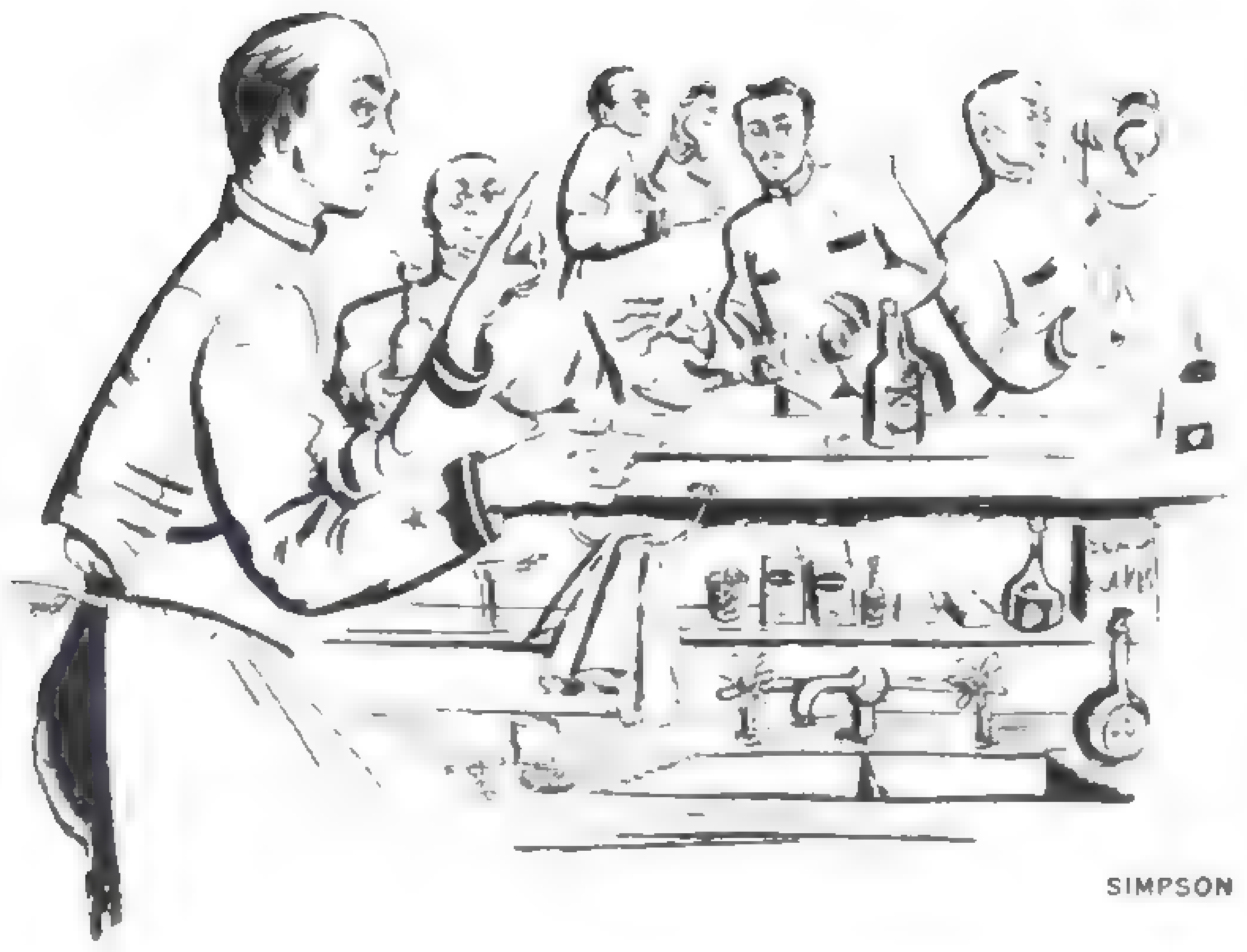
Radio: The People's Choice

Reformers once worried about doing away with the saloon and turning the rascals out of office. This is no longer fashionable. Today radio is the object of their shrill crusade. It isn't true that radio is responsible for the increase in juvenile delinquency, insanity and lost dogs. It is, however, responsible for soap operas, give-away shows and audience-participation programs. The latter add to the general culture by heaping indignities on innocent but apparently willing citizens to the merriment of listeners. Above is pictured CBS' contribution, County Fair, highest Hooperated Saturday daytime show. A typical example of its simple pleasures finds two gentlemen trying to sing while standing in buckets of water, brushing their teeth and being sprayed with water by their spouses.

At Mr. Dempsey's bartender school you learn how to please customers without going broke

The Full and Complete Course

by FRED FREED


SIMPSON

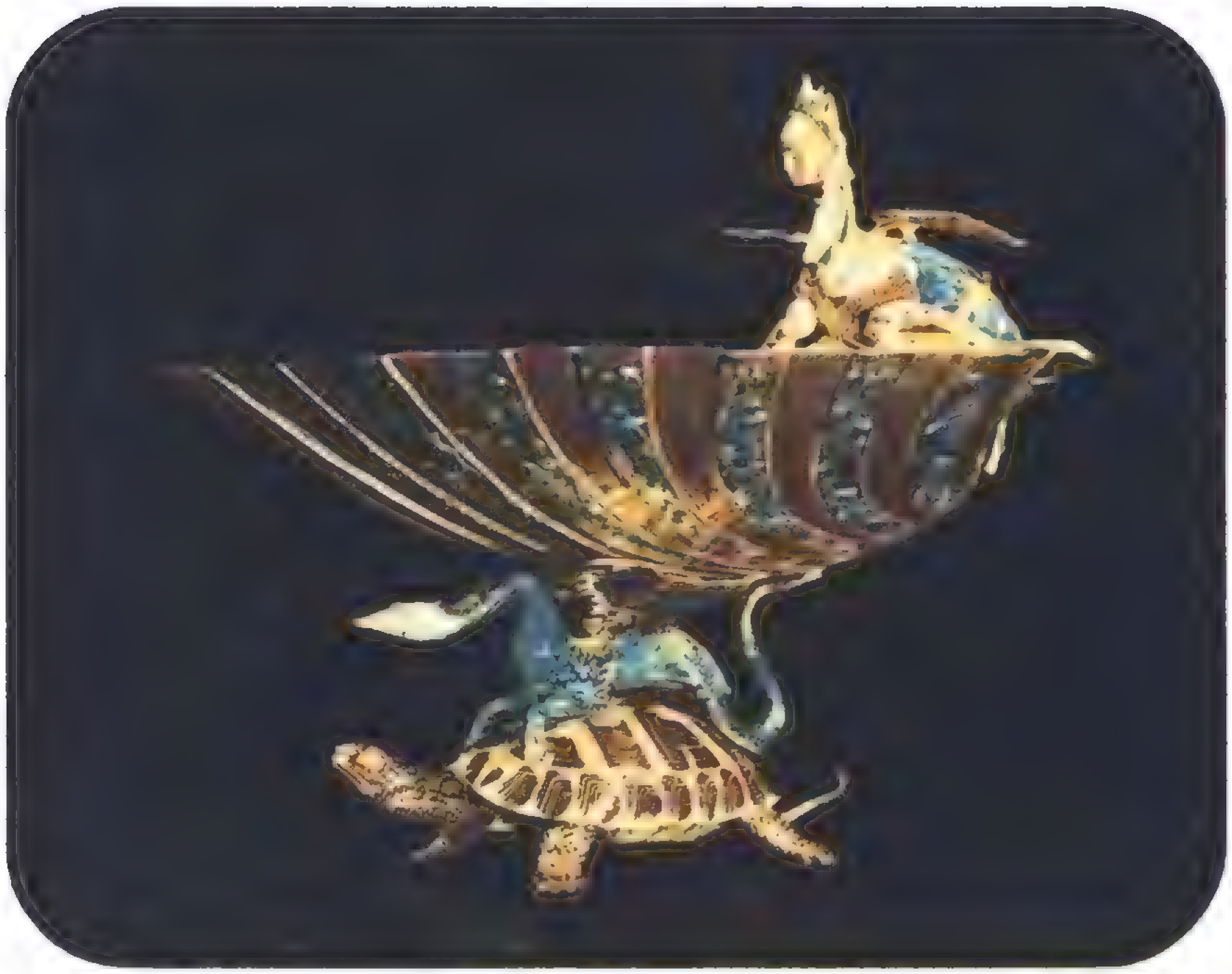
In December, 1933, Charles B. Dempsey was a man with something to sell and no customers. He was running Gypsyland on the West Side and the Eighteenth Amendment had just been repealed. People who had been drinking freshly bottled bathtub gin at fancy prices were staying away in large numbers from the blind pigs that had turned legitimate.

At the time Dempsey was very unhappy, but as he looks back on it he is inclined to think it was probably a good thing.

"Well," he says, "I had nothing else to do so I turned the place into a bartender school and I saw the click. What I mean I saw there was a dollar in it."

The first month Dempsey had five students and when the Park Central Hotel called him and asked if he could supply six bartenders for New Year's Eve, he said that he could and went along himself. During the Depression, whenever he ran out of students he went back to work behind the bar. It did not particularly worry him. "A bartender," he says, "if he stays in right with the chef, always eats."

There were times when the school was located entirely in Dempsey's pocket. Now it consists of an office and a classroom on the third floor of a dingy building on Forty-sixth Street just east of Sixth Avenue. It is called the International Bartenders School, because Dempsey feels that implies a cosmopolitan atmosphere.


GLANTZ

The Cup of Benvenuto Cellini

This is one cup from which it is certain no Tom and Jerry's will be sipped this Christmas. It's the work of the romantic sixteenth-century Florentine rogue, Benvenuto Cellini, the greatest craftsman in gold the world has ever known. Lover of many women, swordsman, adventurer, Cellini remained, after all his faults were tabulated, a consummate artist and this, believed to have been executed for Prince Rospigliosi, Grand Master of the Court of Tuscany, lives after his gutter death, a monument to his marvelous skill, an unequaled masterpiece in gold and precious jewels. Your own fine mug pales beside Benvenuto's gaudy cup? Then take comfort. The cup rests in the vaults of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Being priceless it is without price. In dollars and cents your mug is worth more.

Dempsey no longer answers calls for bartenders personally. Now he has seven hour-and-a-half classes a day, five days a week, and an assistant, Fred Thamsen, an old-time bartender who once worked with him in Texas Guinan's place on Fifty-second Street.

From his desk he can watch Fred instructing the students at the thirty-six-foot bar on which they practice mixing drinks with standard bottles filled with harmless vegetable dyes. Sometimes he becomes so interested he goes in and joins the students. Usually he is not able to listen for long. Invariably he thinks of something he feels they should know and then he raps on the bar to get their attention.

"Gentlemen," he will say. "You gotta side in with the people at all times. Tell the customer he looks swell today. Make him feel good. Never knock him. Never be too overfriendly with girls on the premises." Then he's likely to add, "I didn't have to tell you that. I'm just interested."

Actually Dempsey is inclined to think that it is more habit than interest. He has spent most of his forty-six years on one side or the other of a bar. When he was eight he was put to work in his father's saloon, and for the next few years worked behind the bar. Then he started fighting as a featherweight in Eddie Meade's stable and spent some time in front of the bar. The part Dempsey likes to remember is the three years he was in Paris fighting for Gus Wilson.

"I used to ride around in a Rolls-Royce with a millionaire," he recalls, "and in my prime all the best celebrities loved to be in my company because I was a gentleman fighter."

This is important to Dempsey because boxing never seemed to him a very gentlemanly profession and he's been trying as gracefully as possible to shed his connections since he retired from the ring in 1927.

Now he wears conservatively tailored, dark blue double-breasted suits, white shirts and flowered ties. He parts his sand-colored hair neatly in the middle and habitually has the look of a man just out of the barber chair after getting the full treatment.

The metamorphosis has not been confined to the the physical Dempsey.

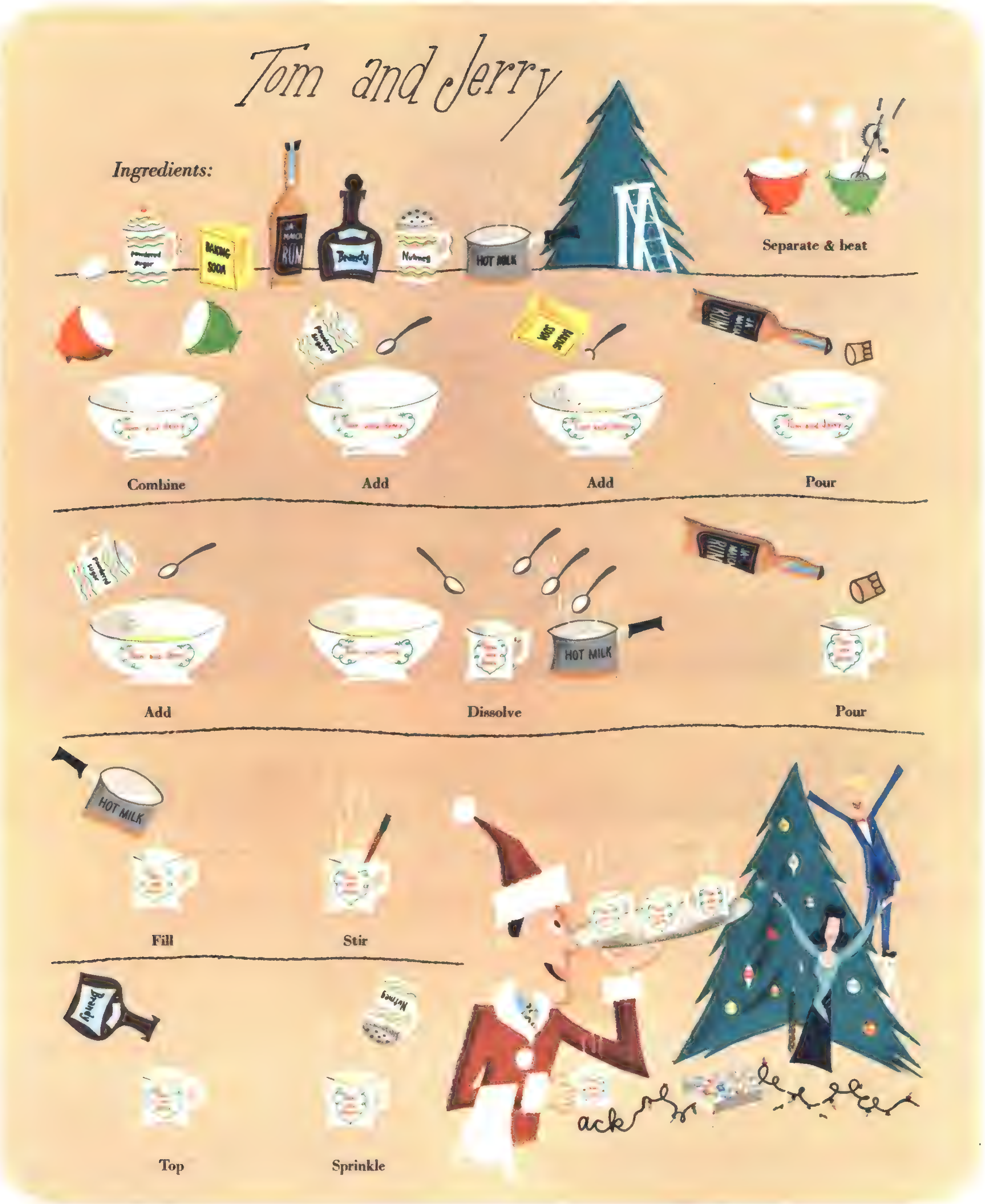
"Put down," he told a writer who interviewed him recently, "he speaks French like a native. Put down about his gentleman composure at all times. Holds a nice conversation. Not boring. Put down today he is a perfect gentleman the way he makes you feel at home."

To make a prospective student feel at home, Dempsey addresses him as "my dear friend." The rhythm of this phrase repeated throughout a conversation, however, caused one man to complain that Dempsey seemed to be a combination of the late W. C. Fields and Harry Ballogh.

"My dear friend," Dempsey will say to a prospect who hesitates, "we sell you nothing. You are here until you are ready to go behind the bar. You get the full and complete course."

This is usually sufficient to bring the prospect to his senses and Dempsey takes his $50 tuition fee and fills out an application blank for him. But sometimes a prospect interrupts. Then Dempsey looks at him patiently and says, "Leave me handle this. You want to learn. Put your whole heart into it. Now my dear friend I'll take some money off you."

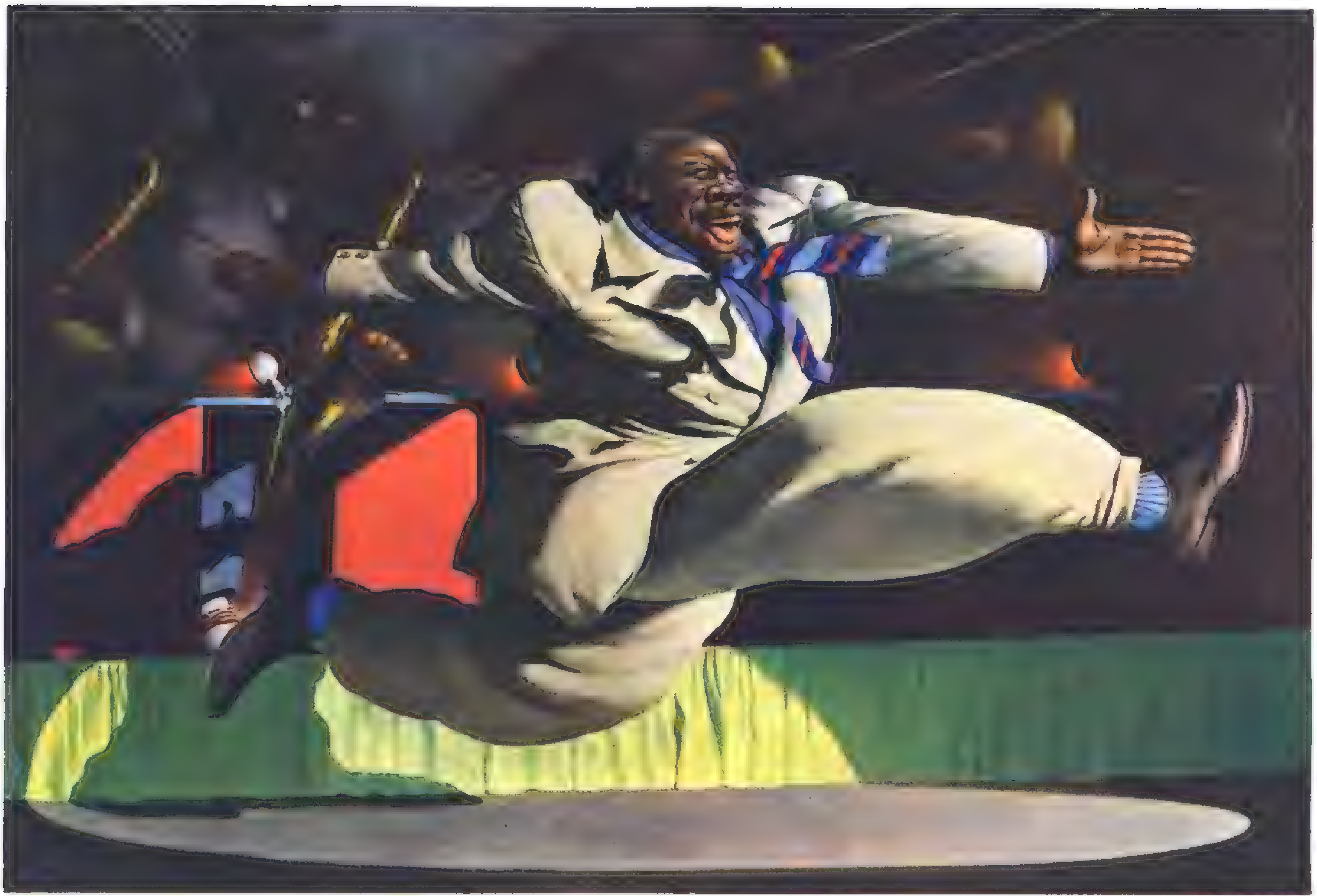
Once the transaction is completed Dempsey introduces the student to *(Continued on page 218)*


Tom and Jerry
Ingredients:
Powdered Sugar
BAKING SODA
JAMAICA RUM
Brandy
Nutmeg
HOT MILK
Separate & beat
Combine
Add
Add
Pour
Add
Dissolve
Pour
HOT MILK
Fill
Stir
Top
Sprinkle
ack

Esquire's
BLEND AND BEND
Recipe No. 7

Sketches by Herb Ackerman

Comes the merry yuletide season and a proper gentleman had rather be caught without his false whiskers than missing his steaming mug of well-nutmegged Tom and Jerry. Nothing to compare for a White Christmas to this potent potion made from the fine old recipe Daddy used to employ when trees were candle-decorated and people came visiting in horse-drawn sleighs: To your thoroughly beaten eggs add sugar and a pinch of baking soda, a quarter ounce of Jamaica rum, and more sugar to stiffen. Dissolve one tablespoon of the resulting batter in three tablespoons of milk. Put an ounce and a half of Jamaica rum in your mug, fill with milk batter, top with half-ounce brandy, sprinkle nutmeg, and you've got the ingredients for a Merry Christmas.



OIL 24" X 36"

ZOOT SUIT

Robert Riggs:
Dissatisfied Painter

The power and the contrast in his work obscure his preoccupation with meanings

by ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE

There is a wedding of light and shadow in the painting of Robert Riggs. For him, Rembrandt is the great painter, and Mr. Riggs says that clearly enough in the works shown on these pages. But the business of painting is only part of it, an ugly necessity which must be mastered in order to express what Riggs wishes to possess, or, further, to be. If he could be a prize fighter, or a Negro dancer, or a python, or a head-hunter, a seven-foot dancer of ritualistic tribal dances, he would not find it necessary to paint these subjects, nor to collect them or their mementos within his home. As it is, it is not only necessary; it is compulsive. He believes only the obsessed artist is the great artist. Art synthesizes the impossible. It is man's nearest approach to becoming that which he is not. The best we can hope for is that his work will delude him, make him believe to be that which he knows he is not. The need to delude himself, in Riggs' case, takes the form of a need to realize on paper or lithographic stone the lineaments of his dream so that he will come to believe in the illusion he has created. He is doomed to failure or success; there can be no middle ground.

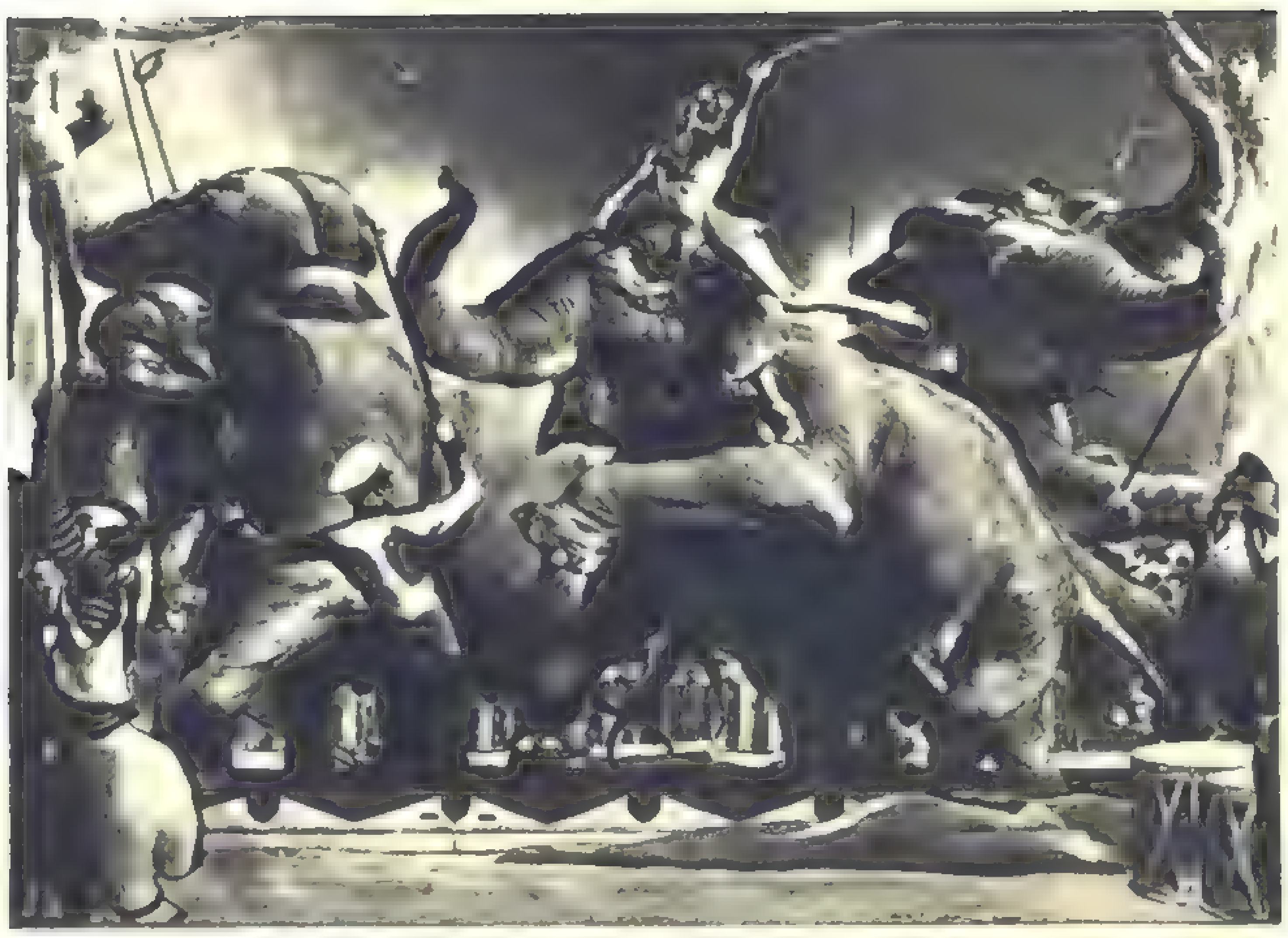
The need to make himself believe in the things he creates, a need which all artists who are not mere decorators share, becomes in Riggs a passion for photographic reality. The scene may be unreal, but he must give it reality. A child playing with paper dolls gives them reality. Riggs, whose doubt is such that he will never believe in his pictures, nevertheless must try to convince himself. Therefore he works with as fine brushes as he can find. The canvas may be five feet long, there may be dozens of figures, a complex composition. The fine brushes go to work . . . maddeningly. He admires the bold, loose painting of a man like Daumier, but this is not for him. With infinite patience he must, with his tiny brushes, develop the minutiae of every form on canvas, each fold in a garment must be modeled, the pronouncements and evasions of light on texture must be exposed, the three dimensions of a figure must be realized. If Dali's surfaces are slick and jewel-like, Riggs' are like a metal mirror. The brush strokes are invisible. In order to work this way he uses dry pigment in mastic. Something more convincing than a photograph emerges. Other painters work similarly, but few for the same reason.

Robert Riggs is a despairful artist. He will be satisfied, in his art, with nothing less than the creation of a perfect world . . . a place to live. Too often he recognizes his targets as mere windmills before he is near enough, even, to tilt a lance. Because of this, the process of creation is not a happy one for Riggs. Nor was it for Paul Cézanne, nor for any artist intelligent enough to realize the futility of attempting to usurp the role of God. But Sunday painters are happy; this marks the difference.

It is beyond the province of criticism to discuss the strange, divine disposition of affairs which gives a man an impossible desire and then the realization of its impossibility. Criticism must explore the world the artist wishes to devise; the discussion must be limited to the artist's success or lack of it in creating the synthesis which is his envisioned world. Riggs' is a world of flame and shadow. It burns and freezes. It is populated by snakes and snowdrops. Black and white are its poles. He lives on its spinning axis.

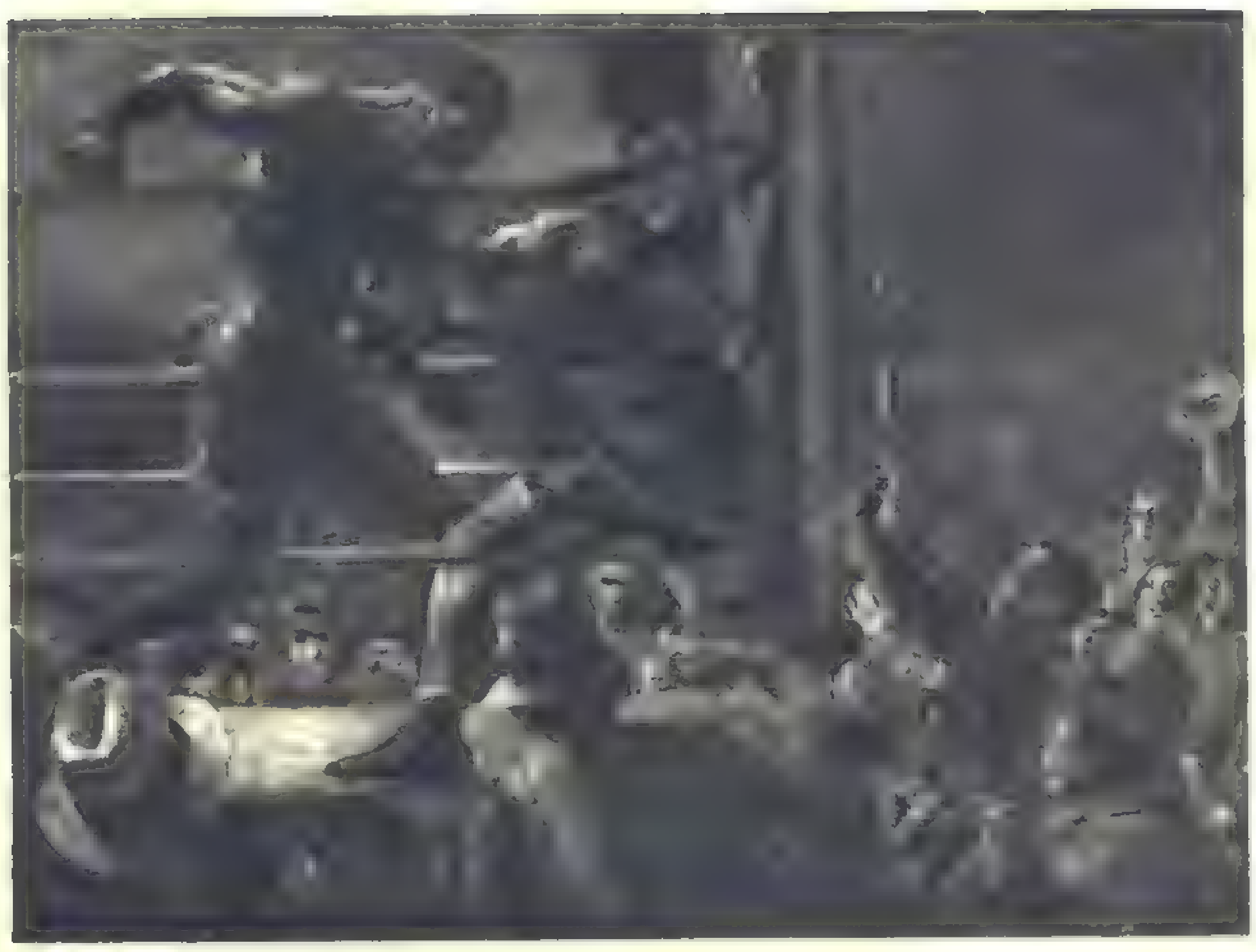
This big, gentle fellow, two hundred and eighteen pounds stacked six feet high, moves quietly about his rooms in an old house in Germantown. The house is packed, literally, with American Indian and African tribal relics. The walls are lined with tomahawks and headgear, buffalo robes, beaded garments, rugs, baskets, medicine pouches, birds, necklaces, moccasins. You struggle amongst drums and wooden bowls, intricately carved furniture and primitive xylophones. The focus of the room is a tremendous easy chair. At its elbow is his phonograph. His face is reposeful, preoccupied, a little tragic. He plays snatches from

(Continued on page 278)



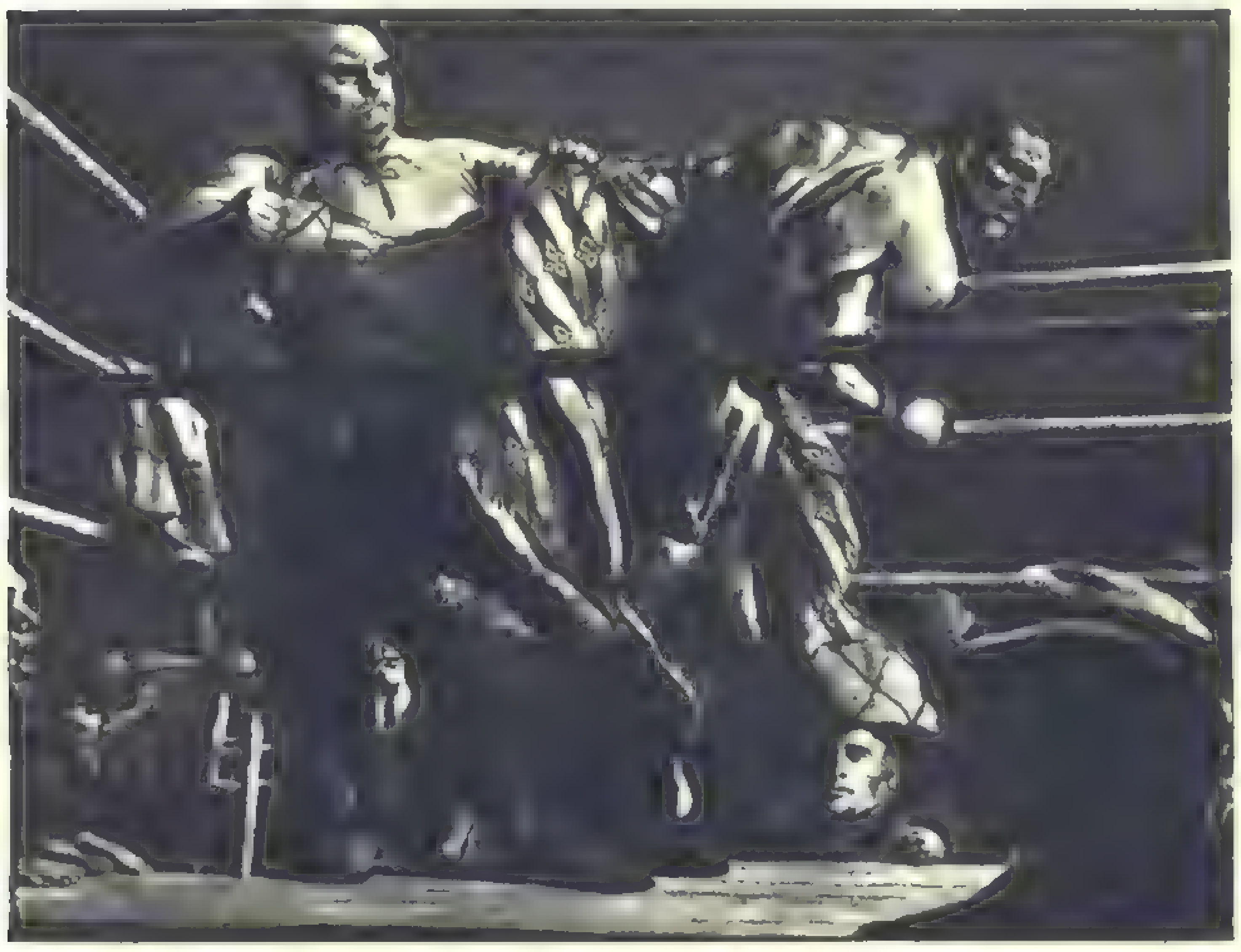
LITHOGRAPH 14" X 20"

ELEPHANT ACT



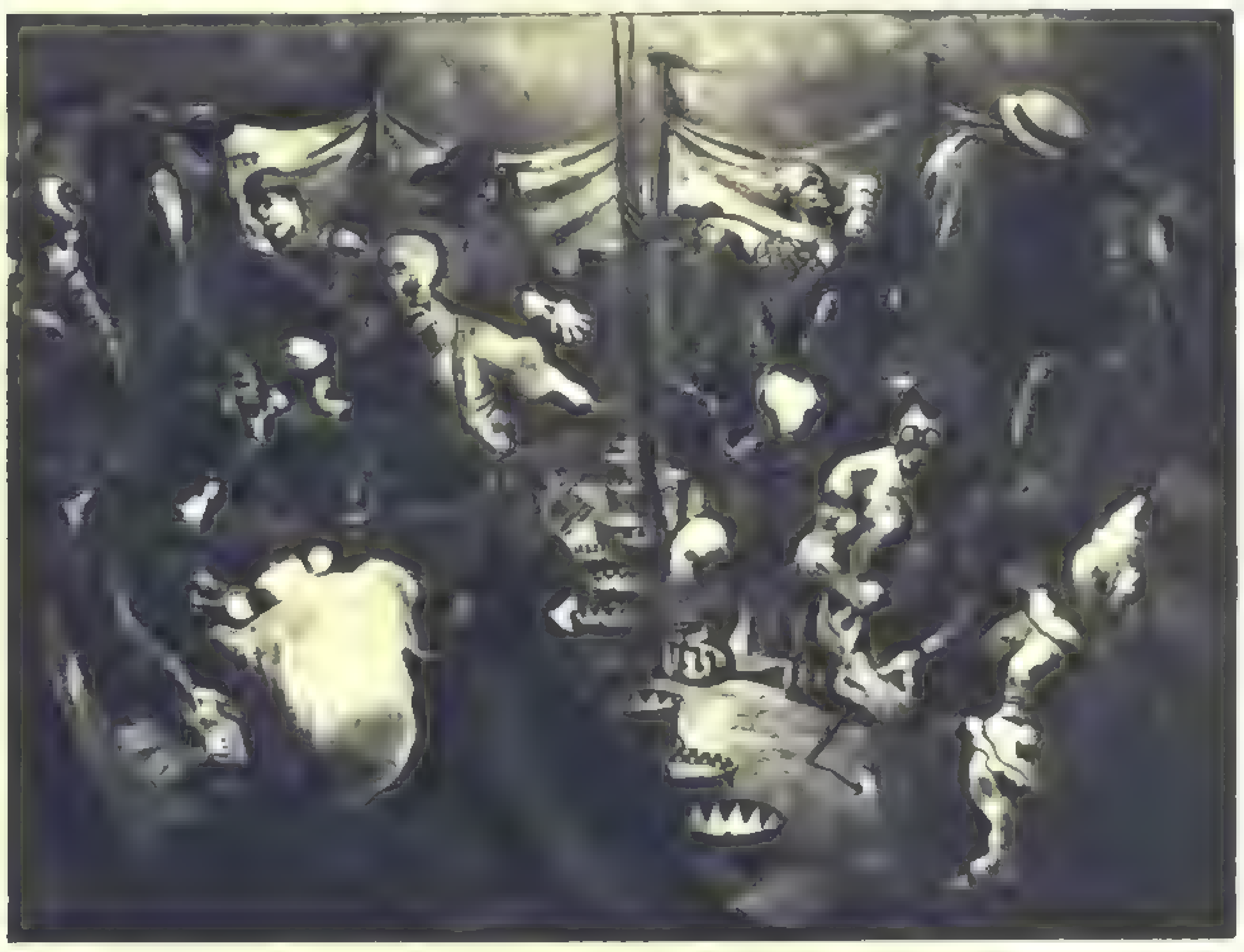
LITHOGRAPH 15" X 20"

ON THE ROPES



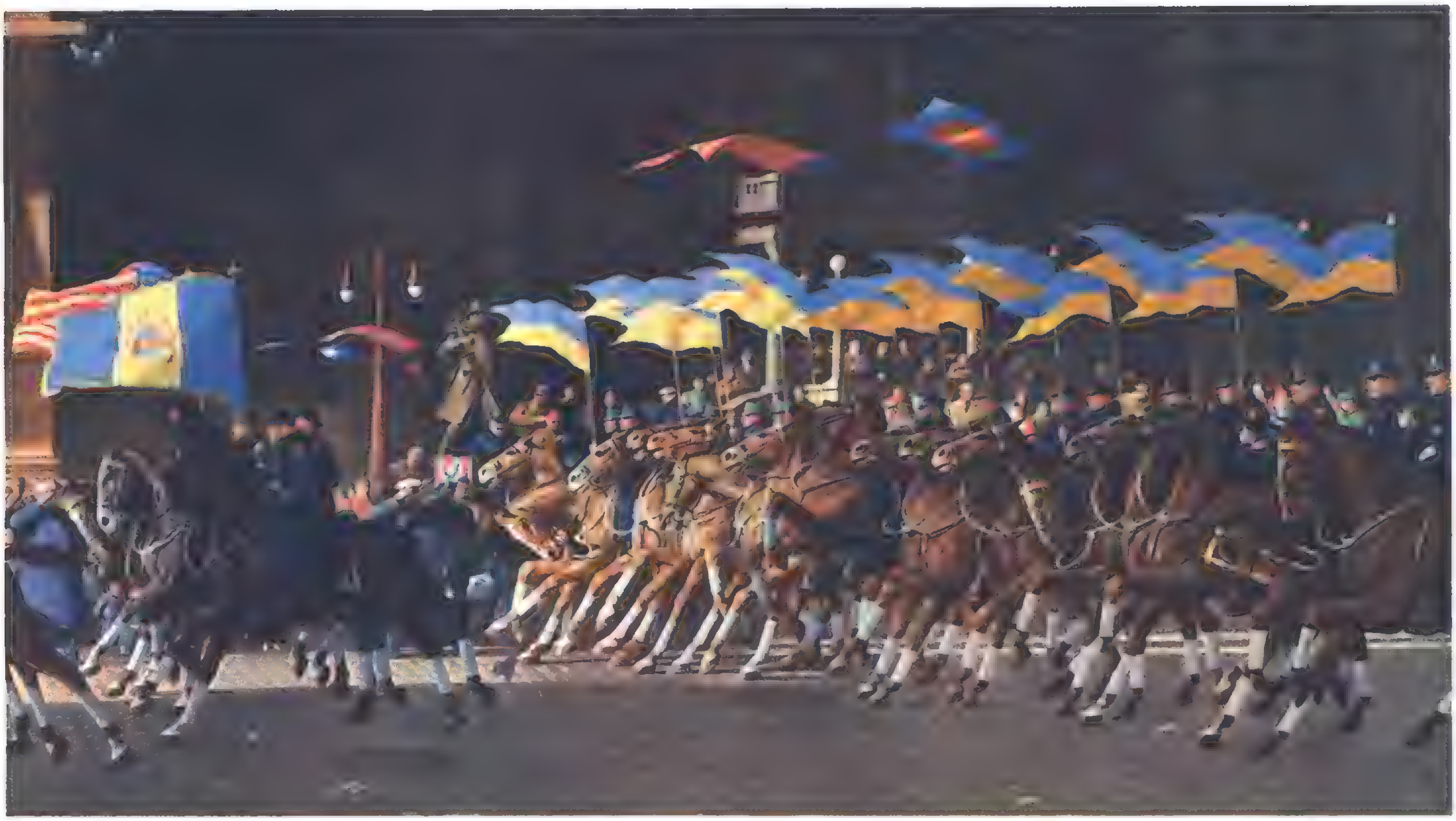
LITHOGRAPH 14" X 18"

CLUB FIGHTER



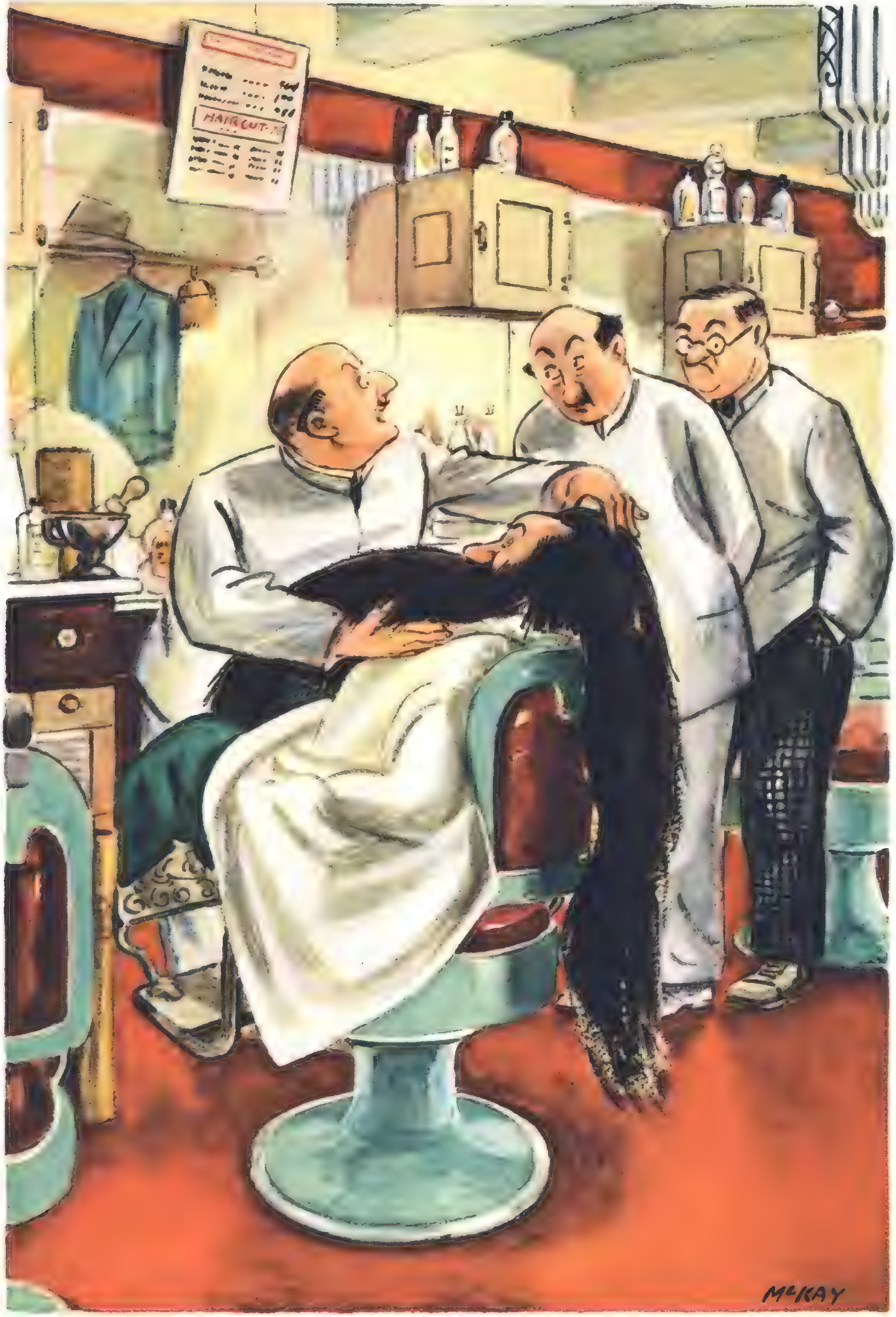
LITHOGRAPH 14" X 19"

CLOWN ALLEY



OIL 32" X 56"

DOWN SOUTH BROAD


HAIRCUT
McKAY

"I need one volunteer"

Harry had always known how to keep his chin out of the way, but the fans paid their money to see a fight, not a waltz

Season's Greetings

by JOE BROWN

Harry blew a sharp breath out of his battered nose, and one side of his face tried to smile. "You know," he said to me, "they been wantin' to see me slapped down for a long time. Maybe this guy'll give 'em a Christmas present."

The snarled traffic didn't bother Harry. His old car seemed to feel its way around the others on our way out to the Arena.

"If I was sure that . . ." he gave a short laugh. "Oh well," he said. "What's the diff? They can go to hell."

I didn't say anything, and he continued: "Fourteen years and never been on the floor. Can you imagine that?" He snorted. "And to these punks I'm a dog just because I get my chin out of the way."

"To hell with them," I said, but he wasn't listening.

"Remember how the home town pulled for me when I fought Kilbane? Yeah—they pulled for me—to get my brains knocked out."

"You almost drove him nuts that night."

"Yeah," Harry said sadly. "Maybe I'd been better off if he'd clipped me with one of those right hands. Jackson, Chaney, Dundee, Moran—none of 'em give me no trouble but what did it get me?"

I was afraid to sympathize with him.

"Well, they can go to hell," he went on. "They never liked me 'cause they couldn't pity me, and they can keep their goddam pity."

To most fight fans Harry was just a smart guy who didn't like to get hit. He'd licked some great fighters—like this colored boy—but no one goes crazy about a guy who never gets hot enough to make a mistake. It wasn't the fact that they couldn't pity him. But explaining things to Harry was as tough as telling a guy you liked that his girl was no good.

As we zipped over the bridge at 23rd Street Harry started to laugh. "You know what, Joe?" He turned to see how I would take his words. "I'm scared."

"Nuts," I answered. I'd known Harry when he was a kid. I'd seen him in spots tougher than any prize fight could be.

Harry got it and grinned. "Well, then I'm nervous," and from then on he stopped talking.

A few blocks from the Arena, Harry parked the car. He put his hand on my arm, and held it like a guy who can't swim holds onto the side of a pool.

"I ain't a heel, Joe."

"I know ya ain't a heel, kid."

"I ain't a crook either. You know I never done business with the smart-money boys, but it's this way: This guy could lick me today and it wouldn't even be good to watch."

"What the hell, kid. You got a right to look out for yourself."

I could see the whole picture: A guy with a wife and a kid, and nearly washed up with only a few bucks to his name. And Christmas coming—a guy wants to do things for his family at Christmas. He licked this other guy once, but it was just a fluke. This time he didn't stand a chance. The smart-money boys had gone to work on Harry. So he was going to take a dive.

He seemed to read my thought. "I ain't takin' a dive. I'm just not gonna be smart. I'm gonna fight with him." His hand gripped my arm. "But I'll get up as long as I can, honest to God, Joey."

"Don't get hurt," I said to him. "Nobody'll thank you."

I got him to promise that if the going got real tough, he would stay down for the full count.

"I'll take the five grand plus the twenty-five hundred I'm gettin' and me and Rose and the kid'll go to Paterson and start some kind of business." I kept telling myself Harry was right and I was a damn fool.

When we got there to the Arena, Harry asked me to go to the dressing room with him, and I was glad because sitting through a full card in the middle of a yapping mob is a pretty big dose, especially if you know one of the fighters.

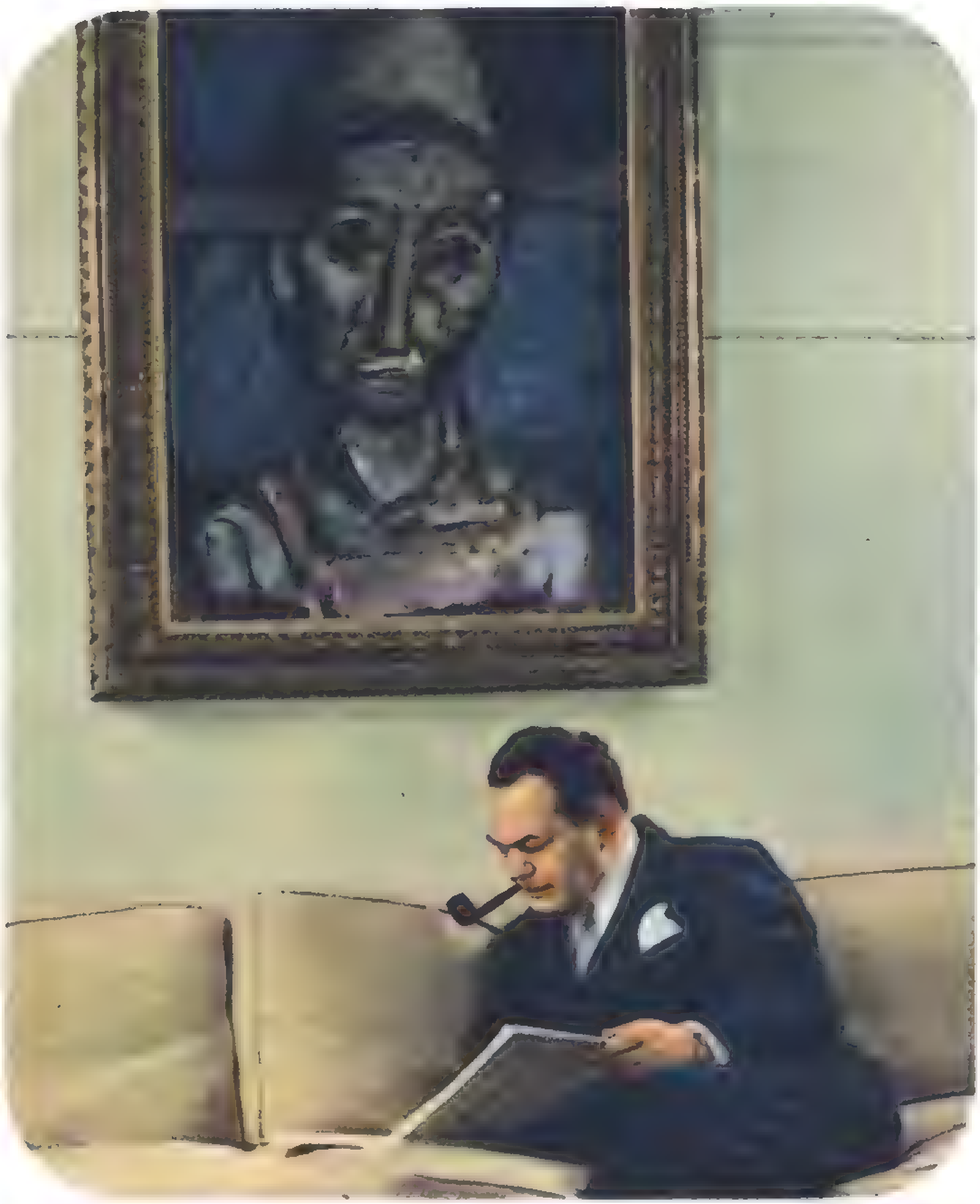
Scoots Feldman and a dim-witted kid called Tippie were going to work with Harry. It was nine years since Scoots worked in Harry's corner and it seemed like old times except Harry's face had changed and his skinny legs were knotty around the knees like an old man's. Scoots had a talent for spotting the things that counted and forgetting the things that didn't, and he wasn't a heel like a lot of trainers.

While Harry was undressing, Scoots and Tippie came in with a little redheaded fellow who had just won the first bout. The kid was about sixteen, all excited about how he loved to fight. He had bitten his tongue, and twisted words came from a mouth that looked like a gaping bloody hole in his face. Scoots said: "Okay, Red, shut up an' take it easy." He left the kid in Tippie's charge, and told the fellow at the door, "Don't let nobody in ta see that kid, y'unnerstan'. I want he should take it easy an' not a lotta heels tellin' 'im he's anudder Dempsey."

Scoots peered into Harry's stall. "Hiya, Blake, how d'ya feel?"

"Fine, Scoots. Come on in." Harry was bandaging his hands. He always liked to do his own. "How is this Ryan kid?" he asked.

"A strong kid wit' plenty of guts, but not *(Continued on page 303)*



Alter Ego: Edward G. Robinson

Cop-hating, roscoe-toting Edward G. Robinson is depicted playing Dr. Jekyll to the bewilderment of his corner-of-the-mouth side-kicks. Seated in front of a prized Roualt, Mr. Robinson does his best to appear gentle, thus confounding associates of his Hyde, or celluloid, existence who may wonder what mob this Roualt is with. Armed with a Columbia M. A., a working knowledge of eight languages, music, literature and politics, Little Caesar could fool a professor, masquerading behind his world-famous art collection. But any movie fan could tell you it's only an act. Any minute now he'll whip out his heater and knock over the joint.

It was to be a ritualistic feast for Epicureans: Gumbo Creole New Orleans style, prepared, of course, by a man

Flash in the Pantry

by FRANCES GEIGER ADAMS

DAVIS

UNFORTUNATELY, I married a man who once spent two weeks in New Orleans and concludes that he can cook. Exquisite, succulent concoctions, and the words are his.

When the showdown came as to just *what* he would cook, he decided I could admire his concocting of Gumbo Creole. We must invite for this occasion the handful of gourmets among our friends.

Since a gourmet in our circle is one who knows which fork to use, I simply invited Carla and Paul Stevens, the Dales, and Barbara and Joe Marsh. Dinner at eight, I said, and my man will cook.

I offered to do the marketing, since you can't expect a man to shop for crabmeat, ham, shrimp, oysters, chicken, tomato paste, rice, parsley, garlic, celery, bay leaves, thyme, olive oil, French bread and red wine, and still have a job come the first of the month.

The day before the great affair I phoned him at his office. "Would you like me to cook the shrimp before you get here?" I asked.

"No, darling," he said. "When I cook a meal, I cook *all* of it!"

"But shrimp doesn't smell pretty when it's cooking, darling."

"Okay, so we can open the windows, can't we?"

He came home with a package containing an apron and a chef's cap—obviously made for men who take their cooking seriously. He bustled into the kitchen, tied on his apron, and began.

I opened a window in the living room and touched up my nail polish. Usually I go to the movies while shrimp is cooking.

Just as I applied the last coat, Barbara and Joe rang the bell.

"What's dead?" Joe asked.

"Better leave your coat on, Barbara," I said.

"Isn't this fun?" Barbara squealed. "A dinner with men doing all the dirty work for a change! How did you ever do it?"

"Hello, old man," Joe said to my guy. "It's about time somebody had the courage to fight off public opinion and cook a decent meal! Congratulations, and what are we drinking?"

Barbara and I exchanged a sisters-under-the-skin smile and I went to the kitchen to mix the Martinis. And there was my man, happily sculpting a chunk of butter into an egg.

"It says 'butter the size of an egg'," he explained, "for sauce."

The Dales and the Stevens arrived together and we all said it's wonderful to see you and isn't this fun and how about a Martini?

When I returned to the kitchen, my man was stooped over, scooping rice off the floor with a spatula. So I poured half the kettleful of rice into the sink, washed the floor and the top of the stove. Then in a wave of sympathy I kissed him on the forehead.

"It swells," I explained. "Couldn't I help, darling?"

"Well, you could cut up the lettuce," he said. "But make it in chunks instead of those miserable little wisps you always cut. Women don't know the first thing about making salads."

"Cut it up in chunks yourself! I have other things to do!" I gathered up the gin and vermouth, and a bucket of ice, thus formally transferring the bar to the living room. Wisps indeed!

We drank through the nine-o'clock news broadcast. I realized that if anybody was going to eat this so-called superlative dinner, the Martinis had to be turned off somehow. So I went back to the kitchen and found potato chips, cheese and olives, and brought them back, hoping they would blot up some of the alcohol.

I put the Grieg *A Minor Concerto* on the record player, just to get things back to a high level. But I was late; Tommy had already noticed that the gin bottle was practically empty.

He poked his head into the kitchen. "Do we have time for another drink before dinner?" he asked.

"Sure," my guy said amiably, "provided you'll see that mine's double." So Tommy left for more gin, and I felt obliged to check on progress in the kitchen.

"How's it coming, darling?" I inquired.

"Just taste this sauce!" His voice swelled with creative pride. "After it simmers two hours, I'll put in the oysters."

The ten-o'clock newscast came on. Barbara said: "Well, I can think of nicer ways to die than starving to death. Mix me a drink, will you, Joe?" So we all had another Martini.

Paul mused, "Except for the gin, this reminds me of New Guinea."

"I know just what you mean," Joe said. "I remember how we used to sit over there in Belgium and just talk about steak."

"Yeah. We talked and talked about food overseas. Bacon and eggs. Chicken and dumplings. Ice cream. Apple pie."

"You haven't got a K-ration handy, old man, have you?"

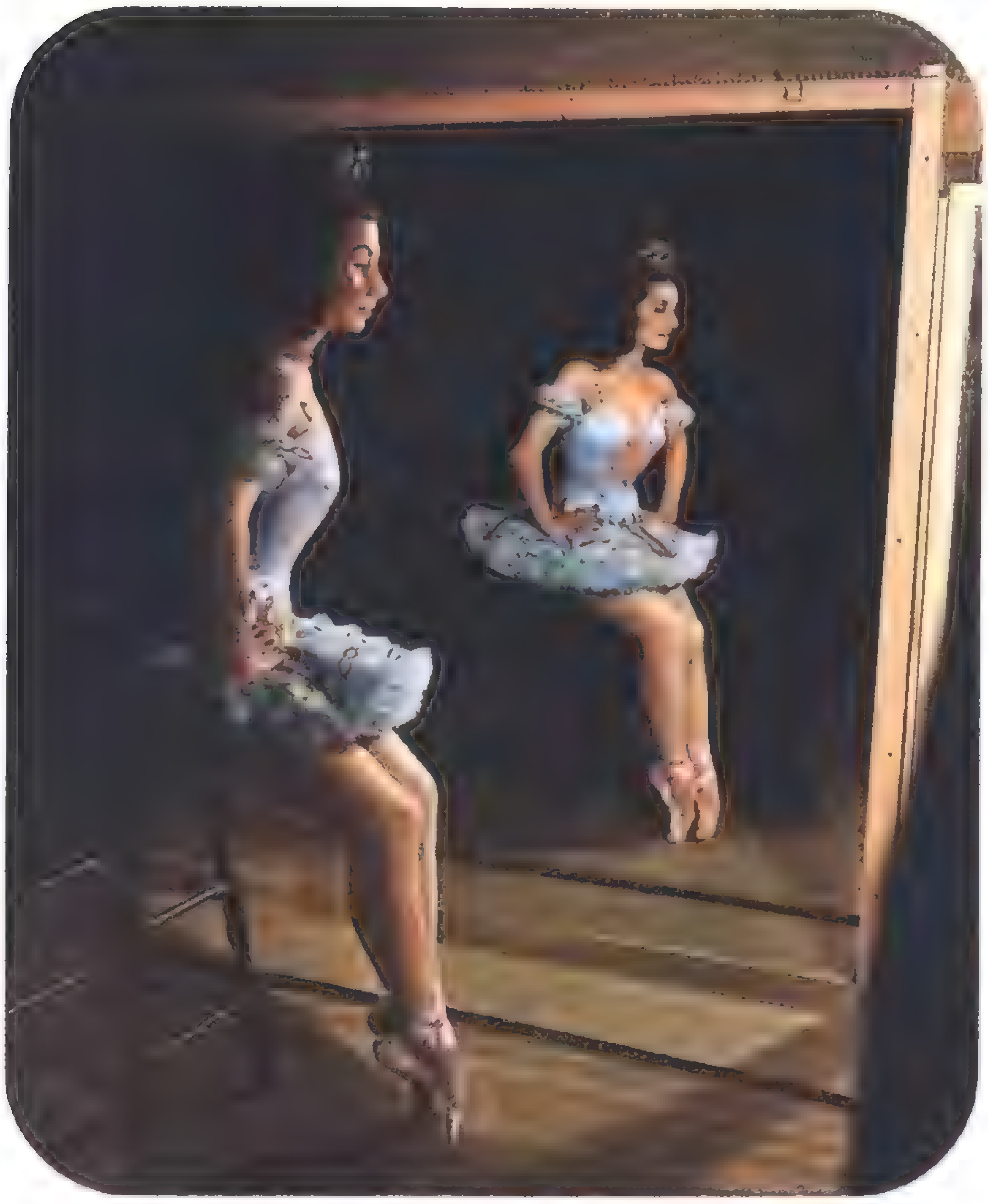
"No . . . but I can go down to the corner and get some hamburgers."

"There's nothing in the world I would rather have than a lovely juicy hamburger," Barbara said passionately.

"I could go for a hamburger myself," Tommy said, "with onion."

"Me, too," my man said from the kitchen. "And will you see if they have some French fries too?"

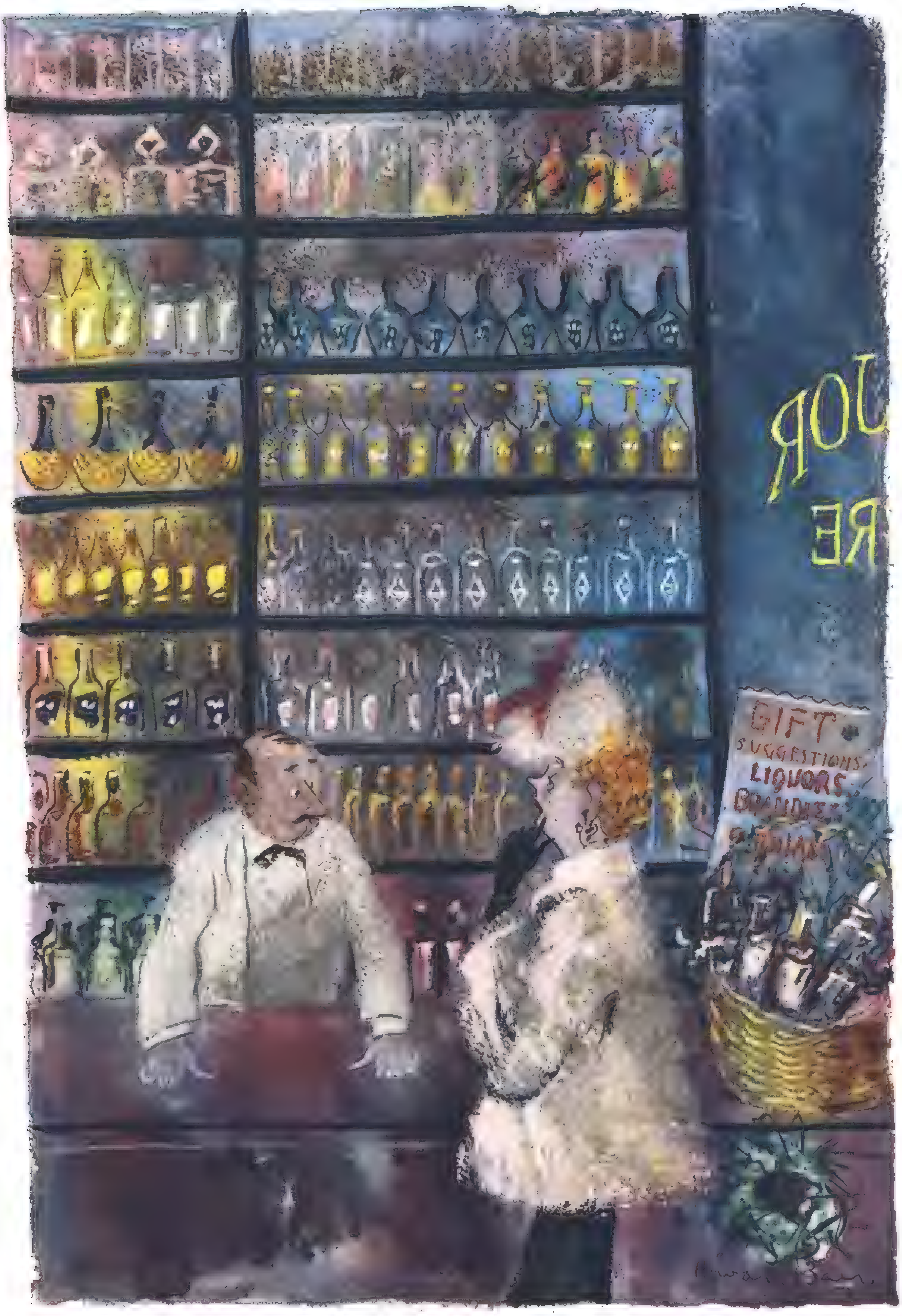
So tonight, after diplomatic negotiations we are having warmed-over Gumbo Creole. And guess who's cooking it. Right. Me. ‡



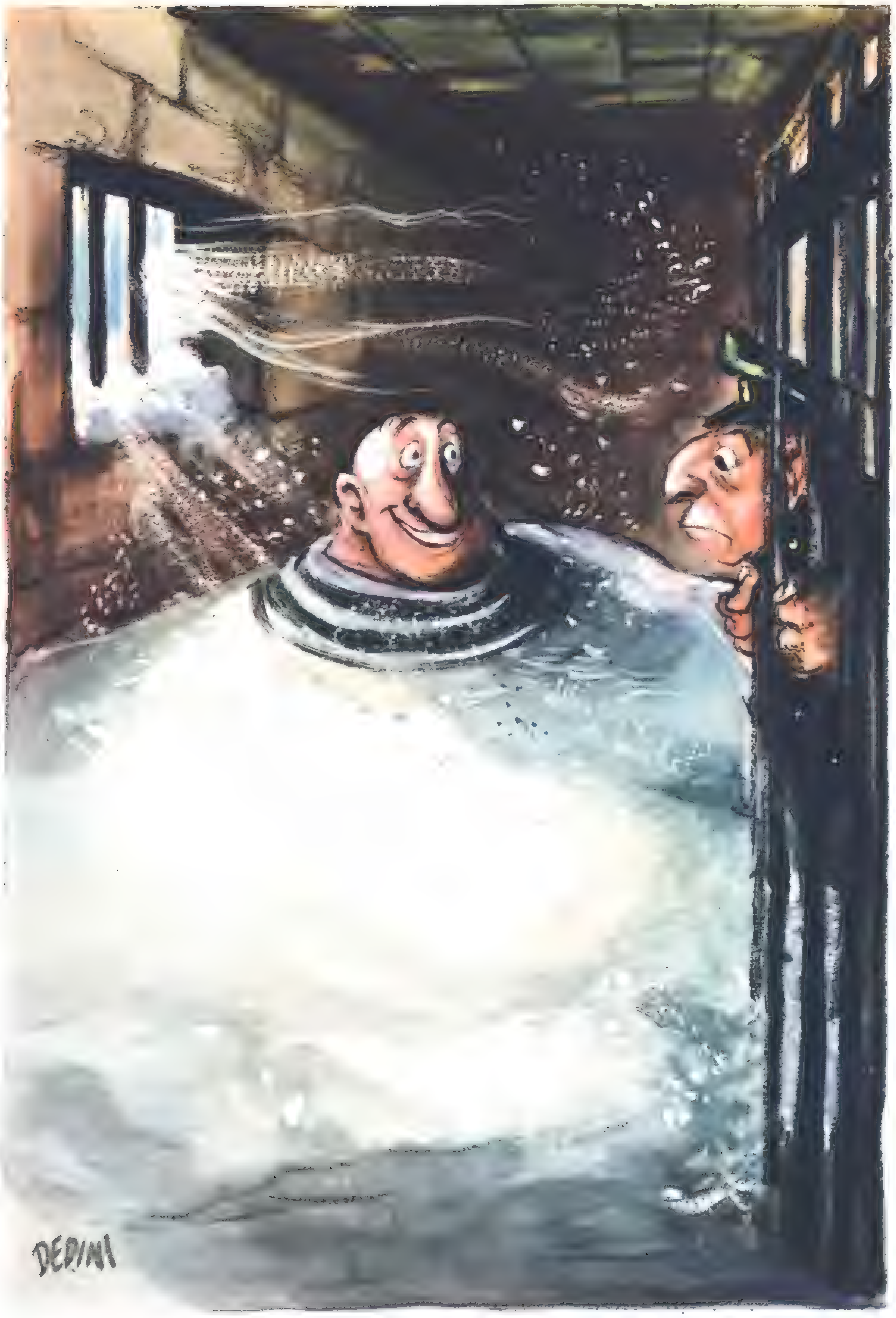
CRAIL

Dance: The Black Pearl

Protégé of the late incomparable Pavlova is Tamara Toumanova, a ballerina in the grand tradition, who will appear shortly as the star of an English film based on the life of her great patroness, The Loves of Pavlova. *Dubbed by eminent English critic Arnold Haskell "The Black Pearl," Mlle. Toumanova is, in nonballet private, wife of screen writer Casey Robinson. But the life of a ballerina is ballet and Mlle. Toumanova has been dancing or practicing to dance most of her waking hours since she began to toddle. This year she performed again in the Ballet of the Paris Opera where she made her child debut eighteen years ago.*


GIFT
SUGGESTIONS
LIQUORS

"I want to be sure—my husband gets so many things he never uses"



"I was hoping for a white Christmas"

SKOLLE

Cockfight in Mérida

El Anarquista, the Red, was saucy and game when he met the Blue Cyclone, a three-time winner with a cruel beak

by MANUEL C. DIAZ

THE traditional Sunday afternoon sport of the Very Noble and Loyal City of Mérida has always been Los Gallos—The Cocks. The cockpit consists of the pit proper, a circular area of tamped earth about 15 feet in diameter; some rickety stands; a rusty scales for weighing the cocks; and, beneath the north corridor, the dilapidated wooden cages where the cocks wait their turn at the pit.

The crowd is small. Some watch a boy settle the dust of the pit with a sprinkling can; the rest mill around, appraising the cocks, arguing about them. The only quiet people are the Indians who handle the cocks during the fight. They work in pairs; one holding a cock, stroking his back feathers to keep him calm while the other fastens the steel spurs with yards of silk string.

My host is Don Vicente María Pérez Maldonado y Casafuerte, owner of San Marcial, the largest hacienda in the Province of Yucatán and home of the finest gamecocks in the southeast of Mexico.

The first cock is announced: "*Silencio, caballeros! Su atención, por favor . . . De la Hacienda San Marcial, El Anarquista! De Don Vicente María Pérez Maldonado y Casafuerte. Dos kilos, 381 gramos.*"

The cock is handsome, confident, spoiling for a fight. As he hits the ground, he digs his claws into the hard clay of the pit. His scarlet hackle feathers catch a shaft of sunlight and glimmer. He tilts his head at a saucy angle and cocks his way to the center of the pit. There he stretches himself to full height and lets out a lusty crow.

"Ten pesos on the Red Cock!" . . . "Twenty pesos on the Anarquista!"

"I'll take any money on that cock," my host shouts above the din, "at five to one!"

Don Vicente's birds have an excellent reputation. There's much comment on the "set" of the bird's beak, the slope of his back, the color of his eyes, and the gameness of his ancestors.

"*El Ciclón. De Don Neguib Simón, alias El Turco. Dos kilos, 572 gramos.*"

The "Cyclone" is another striking cock—blue, with iridescent neck feathers, and a red tail. He is larger, and his long narrow head tapering beautifully to the powerful beak shows the scars of former battles. He has hardly hit the ground when another barrage of bets fills the house.

Meanwhile, El Ciclón, truly a veteran—he is a three-time winner—walks calmly about. It is easy to see how three good cocks have gone to death under his steels. After a round of the pit, his handler picks him up, slips the sheaths from the steel spurs and stands his mark.

The other handler comes in with Anarquista. "Bill your cocks," cries the Pitmaster.

The two handlers stand six feet apart in the center of the pit and allow their birds to peck at each other's heads. This is the usual procedure to make the birds angry and anxious to fight.

"Ready-y-y-y." The men crouch on their marks. They hold their cocks with care, for now the slashes on the bird's legs are bared—fully two inches long and sharp as a razor's edge. "Pit!"

Viciously the cocks lunge forward! The Blue leaps five feet in the air to avoid Anarquista's onslaught.

"Ten to five on the Anarquista! Come on! Come on! Who'll take it?" . . . "Ten to five he'll lose." . . . "A bet."

The Red wheels! In the twinkling of an eye the birds are face to face again—necks outstretched, beaks almost touching, hackle feathers flaring!

They leap, collide in mid-air with a murderous thud! Feathers float to the ground. Again and again they rush at each other, swoop, slash, circle around, their eyes darting and shifting. And then, suddenly, the Red cock gets a bill-hold. Grimly he tugs with his beak while his spurs tear the flesh of his foe! The Blue cock's breath comes in spurts, with a hoarse sound, as if he were choking. Blood trickles from his bill. But the Cyclone has tasted his own blood before. He rallies, his steels find the mark. The crowd springs to its feet.

On the pit, flat on his back, his legs slashing the air, the Anarquista takes merciless punishment. When he stands up, his head is bleeding from several cuts; one of his eyes is shut.

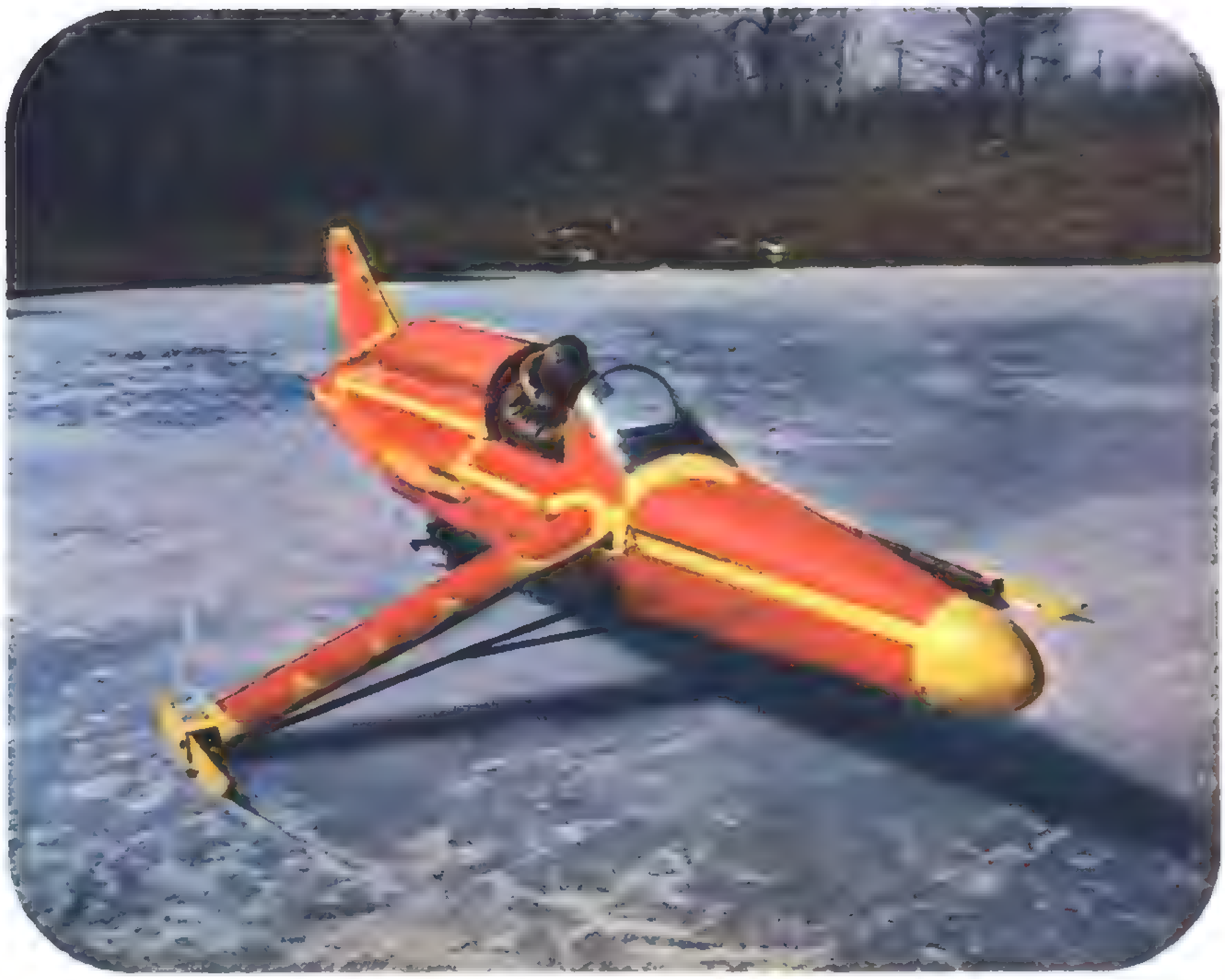
The birds are panting, their beaks wide open. No longer do they rush wildly, but methodically search each other, steels poised.

Again the Blue gets a hold on the red hackle feathers. His steels work like lightning, and soon the stickiness of blood covers the chest of the smaller cock. The Anarquista falls!

The crowd stands again. Last-minute bets are shouted, everyone offering astronomic odds on the winning cock.

But the young Red is still game. Up he goes, shaking the clotting blood off his head, stumbling, reeling, still seeking his adversary despite the fact he is now blind. Finally, blood bubbling up his throat, El Anarquista stumbles and falls dead.

El Ciclón beats his wings and gives out the crow of the victor. There is silence; then the sound of bills changing hands. ⧺


GOLDBERG

Liquid Oxygen and Frozen Water

Over in Dover, New Jersey, the normally staid scientists of the Test Department of Reaction Motors, Inc. have used their spare time to put together the world's first rocket-powered iceboat from a few old parts around the shop. Fueled with alcohol and liquid oxygen that allows its ten-inch motor to develop a four-hundred-pound thrust, Reaction's twenty-foot, one-ton baby should top two hundred mph under favorable conditions and skim its pilot over the frozen aqua some seventy miles faster than anyone has been thus skimmed before. On the initial run at Lake Hopatcong it hit ninety-five mph on ice so rough that the rocket motor could be used for only eighteen seconds at a time. This winter on a smoother course its designers consider a new record in the bag, are planning to make their baby even faster.

MITTY'S MOUSE

Photograph by Hal McAlpin

Walter Mitty who once timidly pretended to himself, in James Thurber's immortal story, to be many things he wasn't, now comes to glorious Technicolor life in the raucous person of Danny Kaye in Sam Goldwyn's much-altered version of *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*. Bereft by cinema magic of the heavy hand of Mrs. M., Walter now frolics in the Goldwyn Girls' company, and in the fade-out clinch finds himself in the arms of Virginia Mayo. Mr. Thurber's Mitty would have been interrupted by the unMayo-like Mrs. M. Not Goldwyn's Mitty. The daydreams remain, tailored for song and dance, to accommodate Mr. Kaye's varied talents, but inspired by Miss Mayo he becomes a standard cinema hero, foils villains with an élan Thurber never planned.

The show must go on, though the marionettes performed a travesty of their customary play

The Ordeal of the Great Morelli

by LASZLO DORMANDI

The train bearing the Morelli troupe was a half-hour late, bringing them into town after eight in the evening. This particular half-hour was a truly strategic loss, because it nullified the chance to put on the troupe's habitual sensational parade from the station to their lodgings. By eight all the kids had gone home to dinner and even most of the adults were off the streets. And even worse than the hour was the weather, for it was raining buckets.

While the rain could not be blamed on Tony, the delay itself could, for he had miscalculated one of the changes, and they could just as well have been on a train that would have brought them in an hour earlier. Morelli kept on pointing this out.

"As it is, not a dog would notice our arrival. Might as well be a bunch of repairmen for sewing machines."

There was nothing better to do than scurry straight for their hotel. The triumphal procession would have to be put off until tomorrow. Maybe they could figure out how to regain the station at a better hour the next morning, and simply stage a new arrival.

Their usual caravan consisted of from eight to ten cabs, all decked with flowers. The splendor of these floral trimmings varied with the seasons and with local prices, but experience had taught Morelli that the flowered taxis attracted more juvenile attention than even the gaudiest of posters. And it was from the youngest generations that Morelli recruited the bulk of his audience.

He himself always rode in the first cab, an open one whenever possible, resplendent with the miniature medals on the lapel of his dress coat, replicas of the medals that various monarchs and heads of states had bestowed upon him after witnessing performances by his troupe.

"Don't think," he often said to his wife, "that I seek these honors or that I'm especially proud of them. I consider them simply a normal recognition of the unique nature of my work. For what I give in exchange is incomparable in its field. If I, Morelli, didn't exist, the members of my troupe literally couldn't make a movement of their own. I'm the motor, soul, I'm what makes the whole thing tick. Without me, these dummies . . . how shall I say it? . . . they'd all starve to death, just like you and everybody else in my company."

This was not quite as boastful as it may sound, for the acting members of the Morelli troupe were not composed of flesh and blood, but were indeed dummies, being a troupe of marionettes. They occupied all the cabs between the first, bearing Morelli, and the last, which sufficed for the human personnel, composed of Morelli's wife, Nina, his mechanic, Tony, and his valet and chore boy, Giovanni, whose name we may as well cut down to Jo, in view of his modest role in the troupe and in this story. Normally this last cab followed the others at a respectful interval, with its occupants acting as if they were simply spectators following the procession in which Morelli was the only human passenger.

If any of this has confused the reader, it may be pertinent to point out that it had often confused the public, too, for Morelli's marionettes were uncannily lifelike both in their appearance and their actions. They were of dwarf size—he never tired of capitalizing the fact that the geography professor of a boys' school, himself a very small man, had wanted to marry one of the lady marionettes—and seeing the troupe on the stage was like looking at real actors through the wrong end of a pair of opera glasses. The figurines were activated not by clumsy strings, but from beneath the stage by an electric contrivance of great ingenuity, which enabled them to lift their own legs and arms and otherwise move about as if alive, and even accompany their activities with appropriate facial contortions. But that was only half of Morelli's secret, for his marionettes benefited from another ingenious device which made their verisimilitude even more striking, for they really spoke—that is, the sounds actually issued from their own lips. This was accomplished by wiring the marionettes for sound with small loud-speakers inside them, connected to records on which their roles had been recorded by celebrated actors and actresses. Thus from the moment the curtain rose upon them, Morelli's marionettes differed from live performers only by the most insignificant defects. For instance, they couldn't think or feel; but these minor differences were not always disadvantages. They could not complain about their wages, their meals, or their lodgings, although on the latter point they could hardly have been more particular than Morelli, who insisted they have a room of their own, adjoining his, no matter how costly the hotel.

But tonight their procession was not a grand parade of eight or ten cabs, but merely two, with Morelli, accompanied by Nina and Tony, in the first one and the lowly Jo bringing up the rear with the luggage and the boxed-up puppets. Nina appeared to be trying to make herself invisible, not even daring to attempt to soothe Morelli's terrible temper, and Tony bristled like an aroused porcupine, silent but goaded by Morelli's continued vituperations to a point near open revolt. Tony handled everything, from travel arrangements to the last detail of the mechanical aspects of the puppet theatre.

After awhile Morelli wondered whether he had, for once, prodded Tony beyond endurance. "He would strangle me cheerfully right now," he reflected, "but if he did, what would become of him? What if he does know all about the way the puppets operate? They're my puppets, aren't they? Without me, he'd be sleeping on park benches." This thought so cheered Morelli that he decided it was time to make up. With Nina that was easy, He simply put his arm around her and she indicated her immediate contentment by a small sigh that was almost a purr. But Tony just sat bristling. Morelli even tried murmuring, "What's got into Tony? Doesn't he know I'm only riding him as usual? Can't he take a joke?"

Once arrived at the hotel, Morelli began (*Continued on page 297*)

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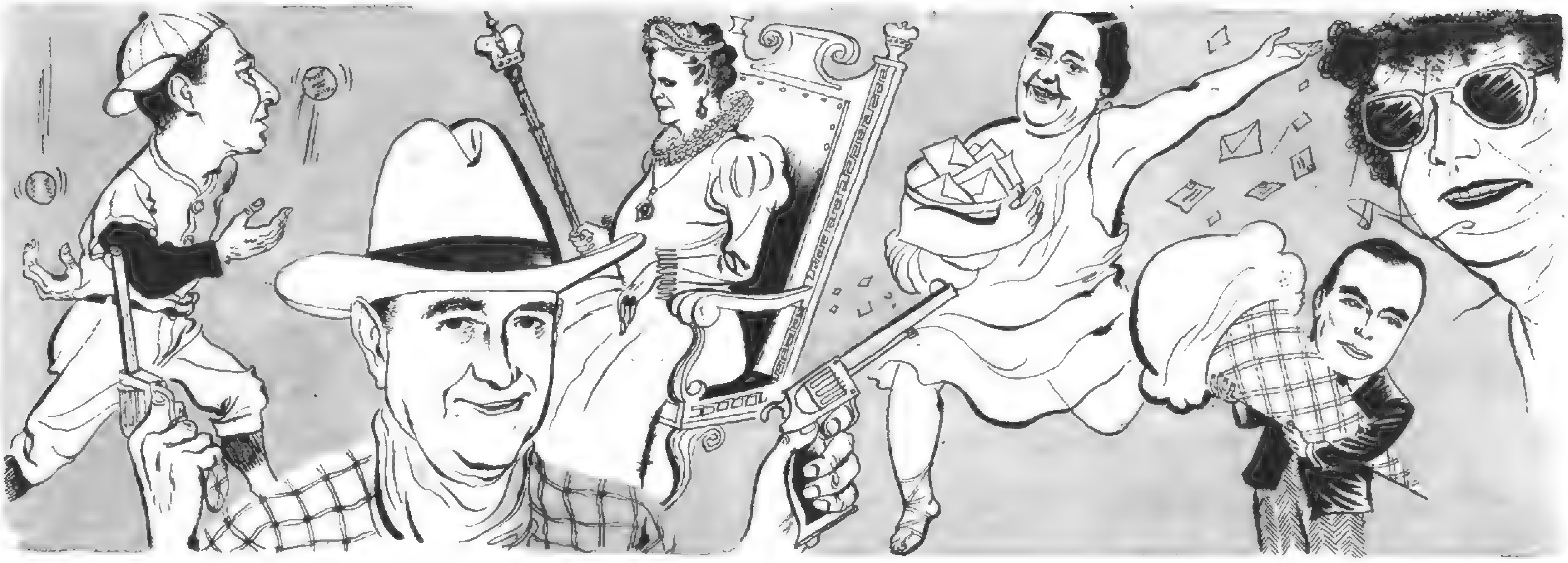
McKAY



WHAT IN THE WORLD: *The Welcome Mat*

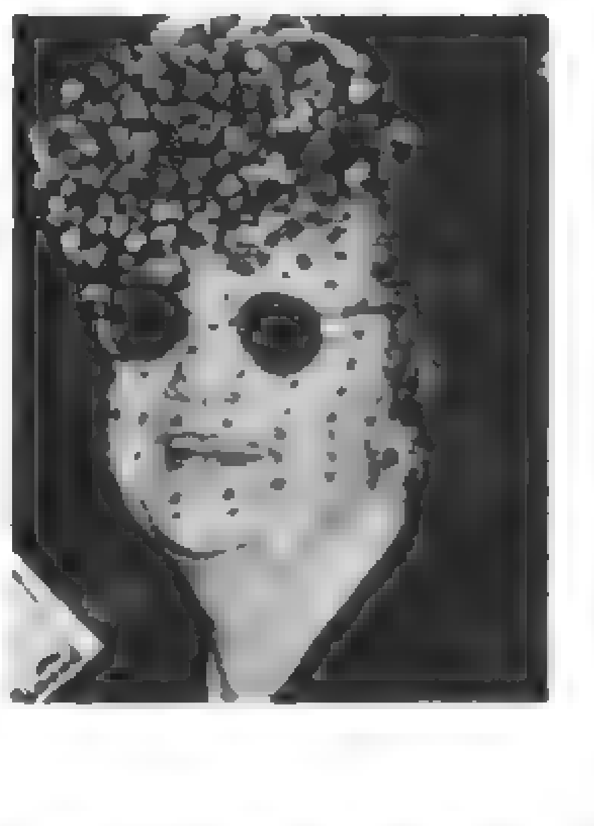
AL SCHACHT: baseball's erstwhile Clown Prince, who became a restaurateur to win a $100 bet, remained to gross $400,000 annually from his first N.Y. steak house. Bronx-born, but not in Yankee Stadium as he claims, once John McGraw's unpaid batting-practice pitcher, later Washington's paid every-fourth-day pitcher. From 1921, diamond comic with Nick Altrock, since 1933 a single. His equipment: tail coat, battered silk hat, a 5-ft. baseball glove. His routine: 20 pantomimes. His audience: 65 million. His fee: $200 minimum. His one foray into the legitimate theatre in 1946: no run, no hit, 1 error. He bought a 52nd St. bistro in 1942 for $4500 including gin; with help of his 3 brothers turned it into a steak house in six weeks. Cost: $40,000. Late this year, he opened an even larger place on East 52nd St. His customers: ball fans, 70% of them out-of-towners who have seen Al in their home-town ball yards. His own dinner: 2 Martinis, a rare steak. His ulcers: cured. His profile: he calls it rudderlike.

AMON CARTER: rootin' tootin', "Hooray for West Texas" host to unnumbered celebrities at Shady Oak Farm near his beloved Fort Worth. Prodigious giver of gifts: (in order of importance) cowboy hats, hundred-pound watermelons, smoked turkeys (400 every Xmas), ruby-studded leather belts, diamond-studded belts (for presidents only). Purpose of the gifts: to impress folks with the excellence, general splendiferousness of Fort Worth "Where the West Begins" (and disenchant them with hated rival, Dallas). Colonel Carter's first job: selling empty pint bottles back to a Nocona, Texas, saloonkeeper. Later, advertising manager of the struggling Fort Worth *Star*. Now publisher of the immensely successful Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*. Greatest coup: topping the Dallas Exposition with the Fort Worth Billy Rose-produced Frontier Show. Battle cry: "Dallas for Education, Fort Worth for Entertainment." Greatest ambition: to extend the Gulf of Mexico to Fort Worth (possibly inundating Dallas).

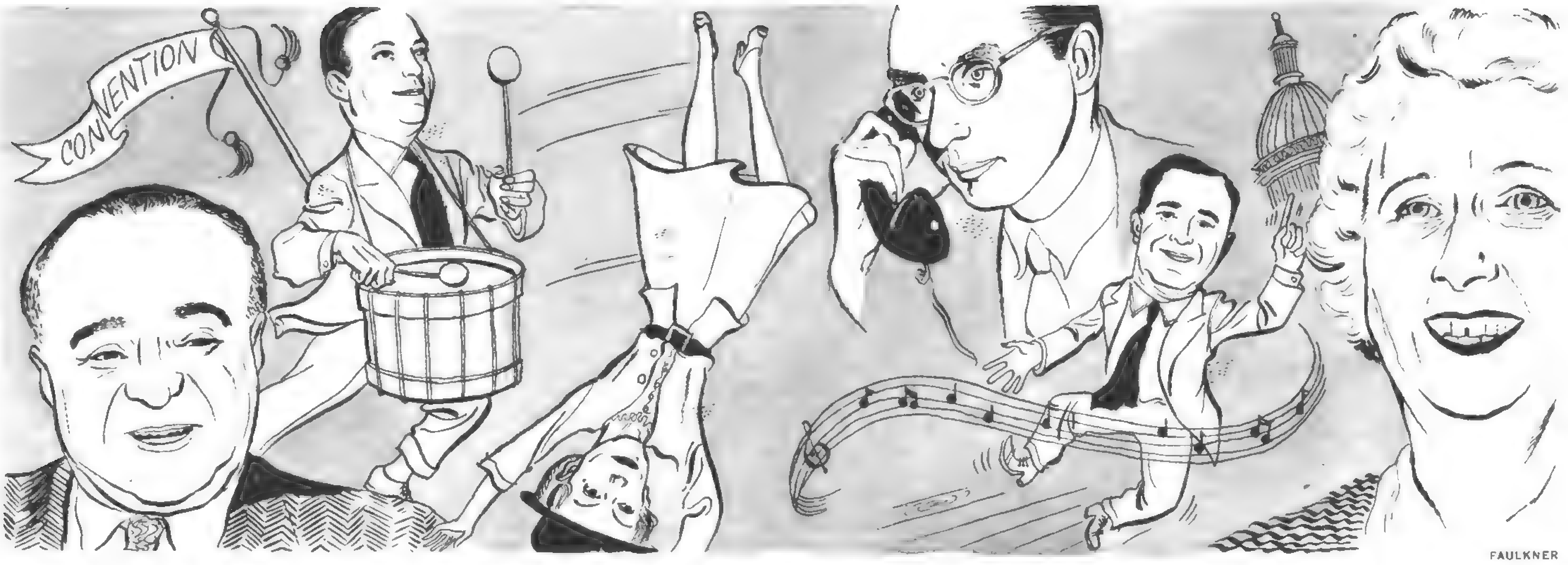
MRS. HUNTINGTON TAPPIN: of Tappin & Tew, social secretaries to the Social Register. Protégé of Juliana Cutting (late Grand Imperial Wizard of all social secretaries), jolly Mrs. Tappin specializes in debutantes' coming-outs. (A debutante: 18-year-old female with charm, the right friends, money, family.) Events: about 300 a year. Services rendered: socially correct dance lists (annually: about 300 correct girls, 1800 correct boys), arrangements for invitations, flowers, nourishment (scrambled eggs, bacon, sausages), space in hotels like the Ritz, Pierre, Plaza. Cost to proud father: a prewar average of $8000 a coming-out. Mrs. Tappin labors mightily in September, November, December, June, relaxes in off season with children's parties (a wartime development when debuts fell off). An ex-debutante, addicted to wearing a hat while working, mother of three, grandmother of four, great grandmother of two. Prefers two months' notice for a party, can whip one up in three days.

ELSA (ELSIE) MAXWELL: of Keokuk, Iowa, ample (5 ft., 196 lbs.) inventor of scavenger hunt and dinner at ten, professional amuser of the celebrated and bored. 1920 marked her first success: she introduced Noel Coward to Queen Marie. Fame of her Riviera, Florida, New York and Hollywood parties spread over next decade, the thirties marked their lavish peak. Thereafter she became a columnist (20 papers, aided by a ghost), author (autobiography), lecturer ("America's Best-Known Public Female Figure No. 1"). Probable annual intake $50,000. Ambitions: to be a pianist (she was once a music-hall accompanist, briefly a song writer), an actress (several movies as herself, Juliet's nurse in stock). Once turned down a $5000 place card for Kreisler on the violin, banished a party host for being in his cups, gave oasis party in desert. Four novelists have used her as a character, 500 women ask monthly how to give a party. Probably knows more people than any other woman in the world.

HOWARD JOHNSON: erstwhile soda jerk; at his prewar peak, panjandrum of 195 roadside restaurants bearing his name. His 28-flavor ice-cream empire (least popular flavor periodically removed, new one substituted) stretched from Florida to Maine, was edging west. Gas rationing slowed him down. Now coming back strong. In twenties, went broke in cigar business, set out to make better ice cream than anybody. Succeeded with a 22% butter-fat content (most laws demand 12%). "Agents" put up own money for a Johnson layout, he provides name, supervision, ice cream, owns only 30 of his stable. Private eyes disguised as customers check operations. His offices: two cluttered holes-in-the-wall near original soda fountain in Wollaston, Massachusetts. Single, a sucker for a touch, a bad relaxer (he bought a yacht, scarcely uses it). His trade-mark (the orange-red roofs on Johnsonries) was selected after tests to discover the most eye-catching color. Average annual catch: 130 million pairs of eyes.



"TWO PARTY" PERLE MESTA: plump, fiftyish, oil-rich Oklahoma widow of Pittsburgh steel magnate George, as Washington's No. 1 hostess, inheritor of champagne-and-caviar mantle of late Evalyn Walsh McLean. Favorite scene: a buffet supper. Actors: Supreme Court justices, admirals and congressmen. Entertainment: at least 1 orchestra, much mixing of business with pleasure. Cost of an intimate evening at home: several thousand dollars. Twenty-five years ago she found Pittsburgh too smoky, moved to the capital, entertained GOP and Democrat alike (hence her nickname), scaled social heights when she gave only private debut party for old friend Harry's daughter, Margaret, reputedly employed a press agent to publicize the fact. She and staff (10) work hard to stay top dog, pursue rising political stars as relentlessly as the press. Her coup: Eisenhower, who usually stays home. She neither drinks nor smokes. Her favorite food: Italian. Her political baby: equal rights for women.



FAULKNER

Hosts to a nation: In shirt sleeves or white ties; for an eleven-cent ticket or an engraved invitation; with ice cream or caviar

ERNIE BYFIELD: stop-over host to elite commuters who ride Super-Chiefs from New York to Coast. Hands out the "ultimate in midcontinental chic" (Lucius Beebe) from Chicago's Pump Room, more of the same from Sherman's Panther Room, the Ambassador West's Buttery. Latest knickknack: Hotel Playa de Cortés, Guaymas, Mexico, with a three-course meal consisting entirely of cocktails (a tequila sour, a Habanero old fashioned, a damiana). Chicago eye-catchers: food served on flaming swords, waiters in knee breeches. At 58, a nonsmoker, enjoys one or more drinks, twice married, twice divorced. ("Children are born single, but fail to profit by the experience.") "Poppy" to his show girls. Took over the old Sherman House from his father, passed into receivership in '32 when the hotel business hit bottom, soared out of it in '38. Now rejoices in a farm, a collection of fire engines. His dictum: "Only men of lowest moral character can hope to succeed in the hotel business."

MARTIN IGER: dinner-to-dancing-girls arranger of 50 conventions annually from Maine to California. His average convention runs 500 delegates, $75,000. His cut: 10%. Time to arrange: 4 months. His facilities: 2 offices in New York and Florida, a staff up to 75, 2 pencils, a pen, a checkbook, the latter to see safely home delegates who have been rolled, taken in a crap game. A homebody, he spent 96 days in his castle last year, attended every convention he handled, traveled 1500 miles a week. New York-born, he was a Wall Street customer's man, tourist agent, ran first convention in 1932. His menus avoid creamed chicken, include oysters Rockefeller. To manage partying delegates, he maintains contact with every bistro owner in U.S. He prefers male to mixed conventions, finds women too hard to please. February through April is his off season, Chicago the No. 1 convention town. Next: Miami Beach. Reason: delegates like to fly over to wide-open, high-living Havana, 90 minutes away.

LADY MENDL (Elsie de Wolfe): for just under a century fabulous on 2 continents as Broadway's best-dressed star ($15,000 yearly for clothes), as innovator of interior decoration as a chic profession, lately for her youthful legs, multicolored hair, ability to stand on head. Once entertained Oscar Wilde for tea, waltzed with Ward McAllister, feted Pershing at Versailles, was presented to Queen Victoria. Thrives on spectacular parties, once made her entrance at a diplomatic ball turning handsprings, spends an hour a day on her make-up, does complicated exercises, subsists on raw vegetables. Daughter of a spendthrift New York socialite, she spent 13 years behind the footlights (Ethel Barrymore understudied her), opened a decorating shop in 1905, made a million peddling fine fripperies to the very rich, learned to swim at 60, won the Croix de Guerre for evacuating wounded under fire in War I. Married wealthy Sir Charles Mendl in 1926. Current color of hair: a dignified white.

CLAUDIUS C. PHILIPPE: backstage major domo for Manhattan's monstrous and plush Waldorf Astoria. Born London, 1910, of hoteling parents, educated Paris Sorbonne. From kitchen, desk and accounting departments of hoity-toity Crillon he migrated West in depression end of 1929, worked in half a dozen of the best hotels on the New York-Miami Beach circuit, in 1931 came to the Waldorf as assistant to the celebrated Oscar, ten years later succeeded him as head of banquet department. As taskmaster of 581 clerks, headwaiters, captains and bus boys and 252 collaborators, (chefs, dishwashers, carpenters, electricians, motion-picture operators, radiomen), he supervises some 7000 banquets, weddings, balls, debuts, cocktail parties a year, grossed $5,000,000 plus this year. In 15 years has served 9,000,000 meals to everybody from Churchill to Harry Truman, once delivered 4000 ice cream sodas simultaneously to a parched stockholders' meeting. His hours: often 18 per day 7 days a week.

LOUIS BRECKER: host to 2000 a day at New York's Roseland dancehall. His bill of fare: 15 hostesses for lonely hearts, 15 ex-wrestlers for rowdies, 2 bands, beer and wine only at the bar. Come-ons: dance marathons, jazz weddings, yo-yo contests. As a junior at the University of Pennsylvania with a fondness for dancing, he started a dance hall in Philadelphia, opened Roseland in 1919. His 2-band policy was revolutionary, his 150 hostesses decorous. The reduction to 15 hostesses reflects an increase in family trade. Girls are chaperoned by Englishwoman Florence Forder who introduces gentlemen to ladies of their choice. The rules: high-cut gowns, no satin (Mrs. Brecker feels they're too slinky), no dates with guests (most honored in the breach). A dance: 11¢. Brecker himself lurks near radios hunting new dance bands, collects early works on the dance. His 49-year-old frame is encased in $150 suits, his children graduated from fashionable schools—Yale, Rosemary Hall.

BESS TRUMAN: hostess of diplomats, politicians, Missourians at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Nonsmoker, nondrinker, wearer of black velvet and tulle on state occasions. Problems: souvenir-hunting diners, fine points of diplomatic seating arrangements (State Department advises in delicate situations), spreading her shopping around to avoid cries of "favoritism" (two Secret-Service men do actual shopping). The family finances: the president's salary pays for his own food, the Entertainment Fund covers special occasions, staff is paid by National Park Service, Congress votes $50,000 for routine decorating (Mrs. Truman must consult the Fine Arts Commission on any major re-arrangements). For parties: the FDR Lenox china, the TR silver cutlery (gold-dipped by Mrs. Harding for additional swank), the red-coated Marine band. Mrs. Truman's two right hands: Mrs. James M. Helm, social secretary, Mrs. Mary E. Sharpe, housekeeper. Staff: All FDR's save one Missouri cook.

Helpful disclosures of explorers, scientists and U. S. Army doctors with Task Force Frigid

Clothes to Cheat the Cold

by GEORG MANN

LOUIS LOZOWICK

If this next winter finds you out in ten-below-zero weather, don't expect gloves to keep your hands warm. Recent tests by United States Army scientists show that the protecting layer around each finger would have to be forty-four-feet thick to keep your hands comfortable. Even when it's only freezing, the covering around each finger should be eighteen inches thick—still too thick for practicality. Only violent exercise or artificial heat can keep fingers from getting cold and stiff when the thermometer really drops.

This fact is one of hundreds discovered by scientific research to find clothes that will keep human beings warm in the Arctic and Antarctic. Scientists have locked themselves naked in freezing chambers, calmly noting their sensations as they were well on the way to being frozen. Explorers have checked the results of sleeping bags and parkas while icy winds swept through their tents. Troops have sweated through maneuvers with the thermometer fifty below, serving as guinea pigs for men, like Dr. Paul Siple, interested in licking the clothing problem in cold climates. Dr. Siple is the Army's authority on how to stay alive and healthy in cold climates.

We assume that men's thinking and actions slow up in the tropics, but we know they slow up much more when the blood runs sluggishly in your veins. Army doctors with Task Force Frigid, operating from Fairbanks, Alaska, last winter, figured the men's efficiency dropped two per cent for every degree the thermometer fell below zero.

With this mental and physical hazard, war might be abolished if limited to areas near the Poles. Colonel Paul V. Kane who commanded Task Force Frigid says bluntly, "I do not see how there can be any action if the temperature is sixty below. A man simply cannot perform. He can't handle metal, or remain in the cold any length of time. If we were attacked in that weather, we would have to fight the best we could, of course, but no soldier could do very much."

More evidence comes from experiments of the late Sir Joseph Barcroft. This famed English scientist, determined to become as cold as possible and live, stripped and closed himself up in a room where cold was intense. Sir Joseph noticed first a loss of curiosity and initiative. He felt he could no longer do problems in higher mathematics or listen intelligently to good music. He felt his normal, intense British modesty vanishing. At first he had worried whether a stranger would stumble into the room and find him naked. Later he no longer cared. At first the cold was physically painful. But as it increased Barcroft lost all feelings of cold, and found himself basking comfortably, as a man might in the warm sun. Fortunately for science, he was hauled out before he froze to death.

Similar results have come from Army tests. When weather is really cold, sentries can walk their posts only for an hour or less. Sometimes a man thoroughly soaked with cold begins to tremble, grows feverish, and requires hospital care. The cold is a mental hazard, even if soldiers are dressed for it. Snow on the ground is another hazard. Troops in the pink of condition were worn out after they dragged a machine gun through thirty-inch snow five hundred yards.

Finding clothes for cold weather is basically an engineering problem. The human body is an engine that runs best at certain temperatures, uses up fuel and gives off heat according to fairly definite rules. The body tries to keep its temperature around 98.6. If the surrounding air is cold, clothes help keep the heat given off by the body where it does most good. Cold or hot surroundings, the body must get rid of its heat at about its rate of production.

There are several ways in which the body gets rid of its heat. One is by radiation. The colder the outside temperature, the more the body gives off in this way. Up in the Arctic, the Army found a man could raise the temperature of a sixty-below thermometer twenty degrees by merely standing close to it. Yet we have all seen pictures of skiers wearing brief costumes gliding comfortably over the snow. This is possible because a great deal of the sun's heat is radiated back at the body by the white surface of the snow. You can also lose body heat by the method physicists call conduction. This is what happens when you step out of bed onto a cold floor. Or you can lose what heat is in your body by perspiring or by breathing. Once you get warm enough to start perspiring, the sweat sucks the moisture of your skin at a great rate. Therefore, one way to stay warm in a cold climate is simply not to get too warm. Or to be too active, so that you pant and lose heat rapidly.

Incidentally, it's true that fat people have a lower skin temperature. The fat insulates the body, keeps the skin cooler and the heat in. Hence women usually keep warmer in cool weather than men. The extra layer of fat beneath their skins keeps them warm. On the other hand, the fatter you are, the greater the surface area of the body, the more body heat you lose by radiation. Furthermore, a fat person has to eat more to keep his body temperature up.

When the weather gets really cold, your body can try either to hoard its warmth, or produce more heat. The surface blood vessels tighten up to keep heat in. That means the fingers, skin, and ears get less body heat, and run the risk of freezing. The water in the blood carries heat from internal organs through the body. To conserve heat, more water is taken from the blood. Alcohol relaxes blood vessels, lets body heat escape. That's why a drink when you come in from the cold will help thaw out frosted fingers and toes.

To produce more heat, the body uses up more food. Members of the last Byrd expedition gobbled up 5432 calories a day in Antarctica—about four times what the body requires in normal climates. During the war, troops in Alaska ate almost twice as much food as those in Hawaii.

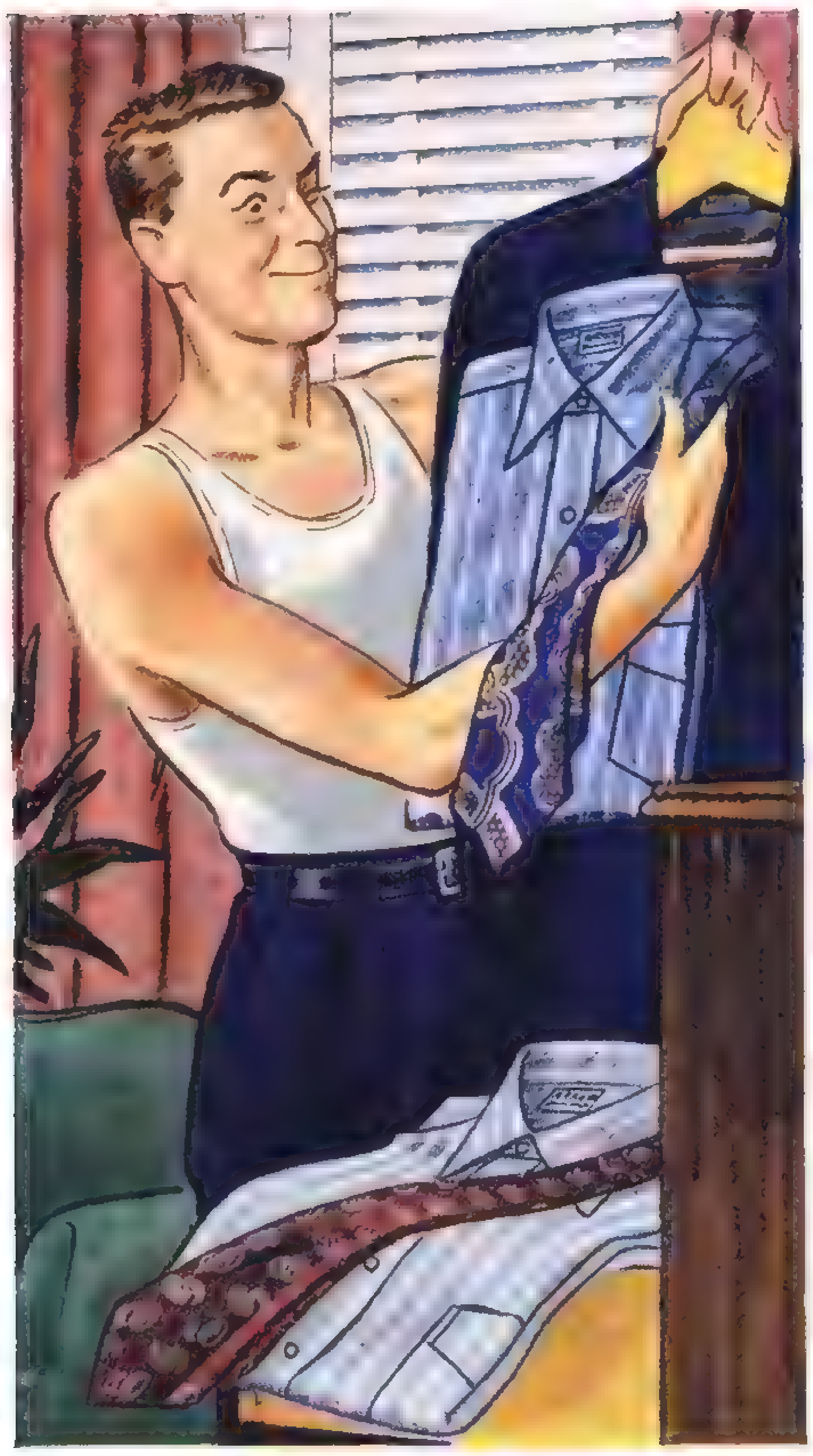
Man has been able to create his own private, personal climate in the layer of dead air that clothes trap around his skin. In room temperature around 68 degrees, one-eighth inch of woolen fabric—the thickness of an aver-

(Continued on page 217)

CHRISTMAS TREES
DEDINI

"Wouldn't it be nice to get one with fruit on it, dear?"

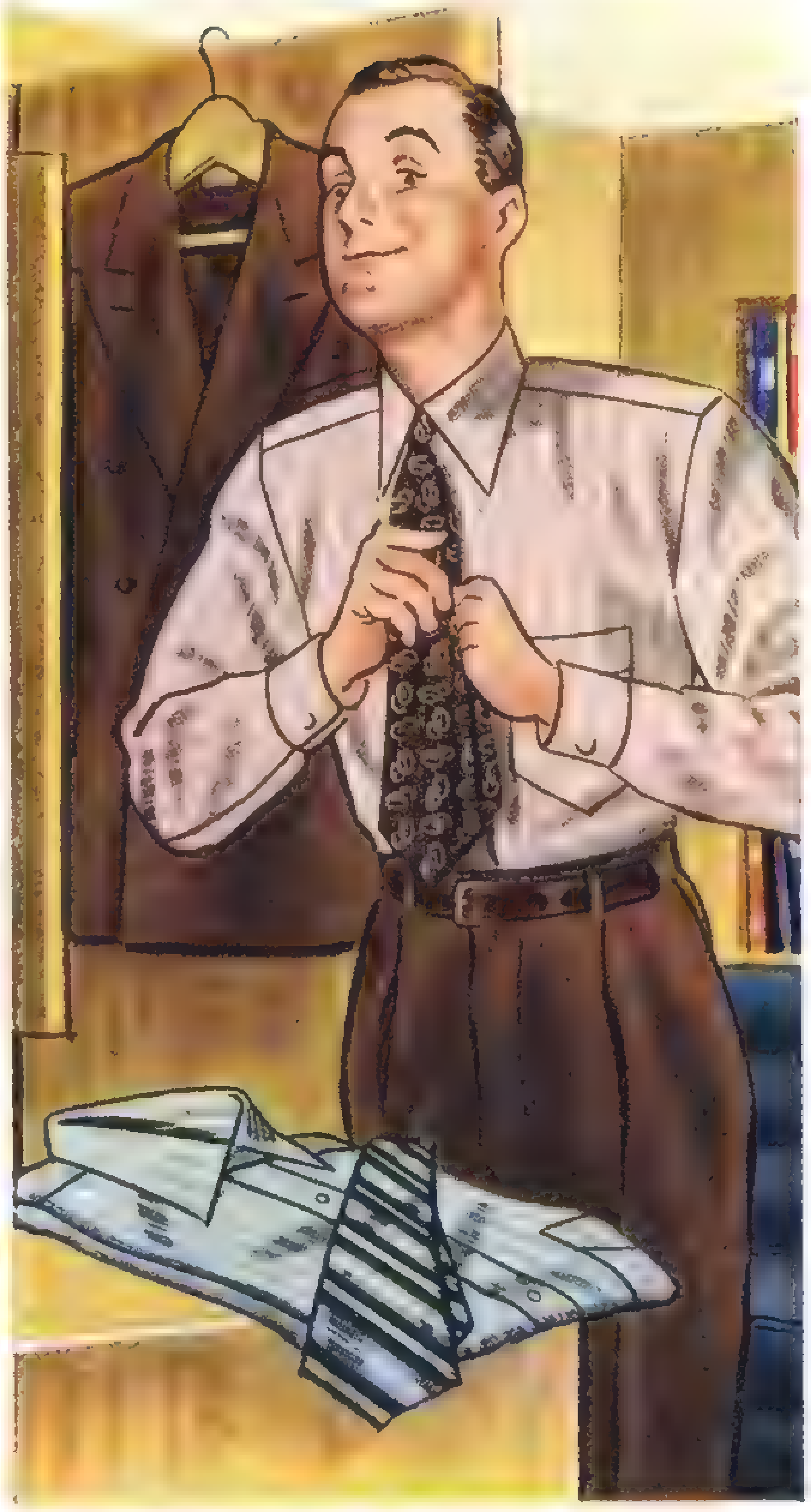
How to simplify Life at 8 A.M.!



Got a Blue Suit?

If so, *nothing* teams with it like the new blue (or grey) Arrow "Tantivy" shirt-tie-handkerchief combination!

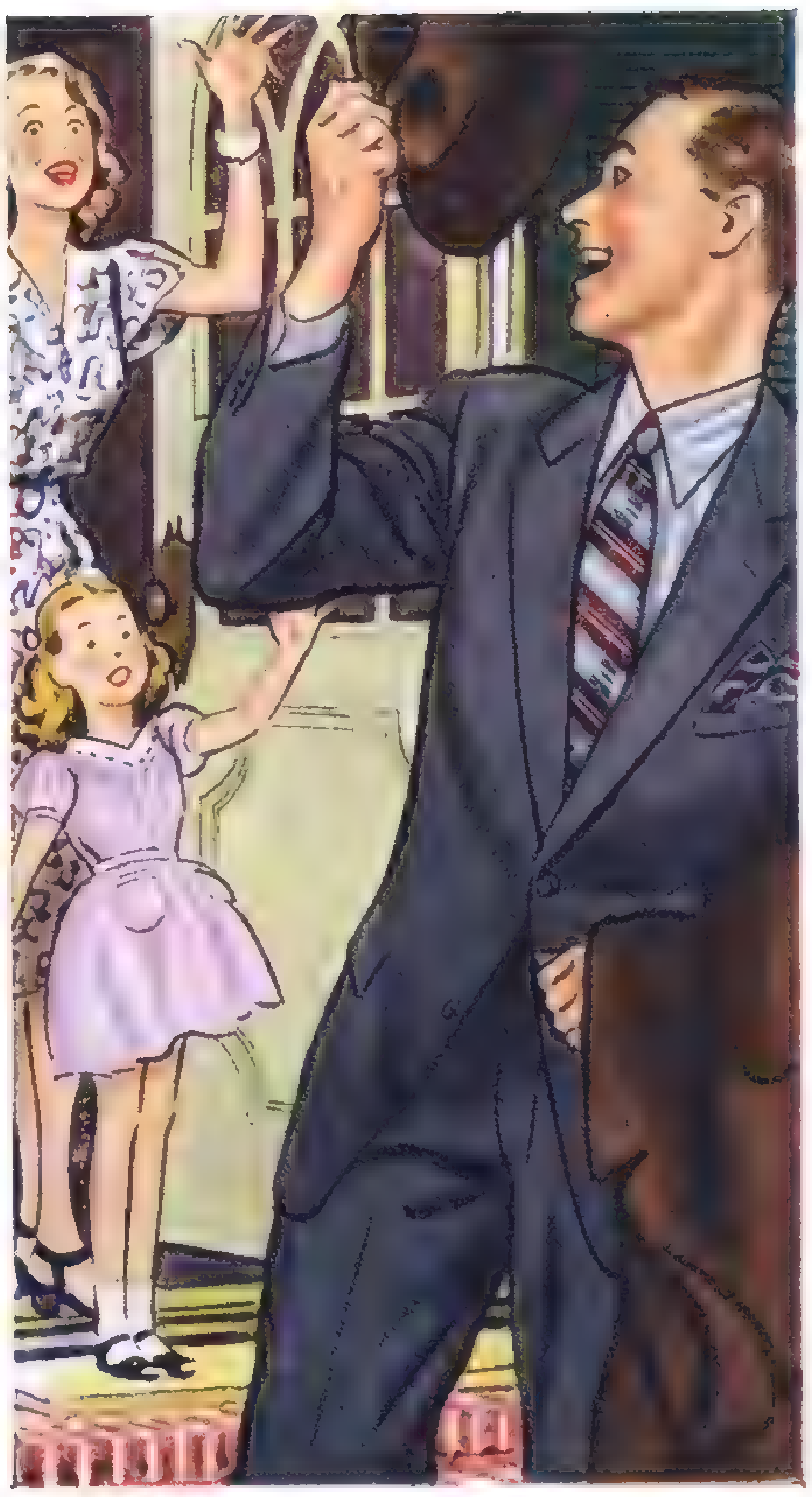
NOTE SHIRT—Observe the smart new stripe effect. Note, too, how good-looking that Arrow Collar is! These Arrow products carry many assets, including "Mitoga" shaped-to-*your*-shape and the Sanforized label. (Fabric shrinkage held to 1%.) $3.95.



Got a Brown Suit?

If "yes," point it up with a green (*or* tan) "Tantivy Stripes" ensemble! *Depend on Arrow for faultless color combinations!*

NOTE TIE—Chosen by our man (above) is one of the Arrow "Tantivy" group—designed ESPECIALLY for the shirts! Other selections are equally fitting. $1.50.

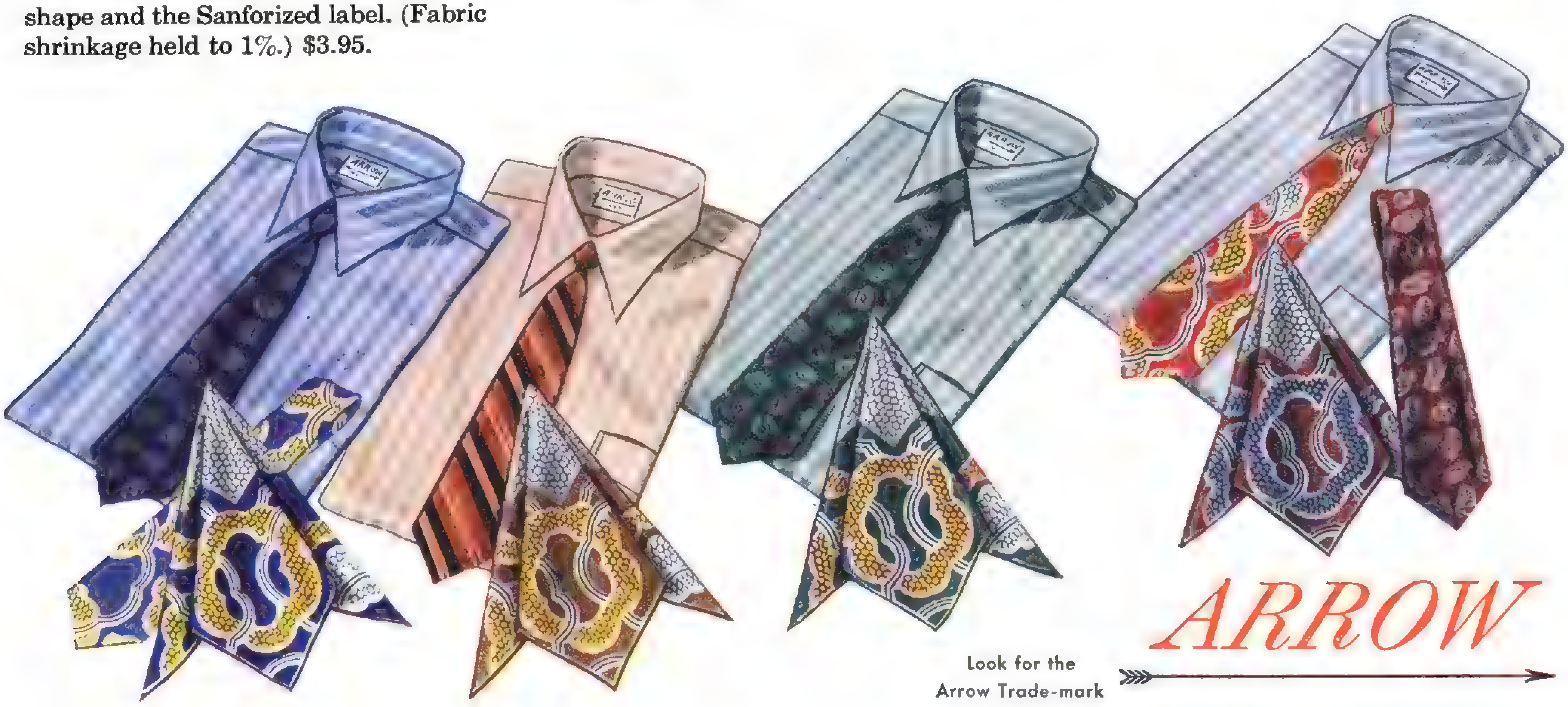


Got a Grey Suit?

If so, set it off with Arrow "Tantivy Stripes" go-togethers—the grey, blue, green, or tan ensembles!

NOTE HANDKERCHIEF—It's an Arrow "Tantivy"—colored to go with the smart "Tantivy" shirt. Perfect! 65¢.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



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ARROW

TANTIVY ENSEMBLE

Gillette

offers you four easy ways to please a man at Christmas

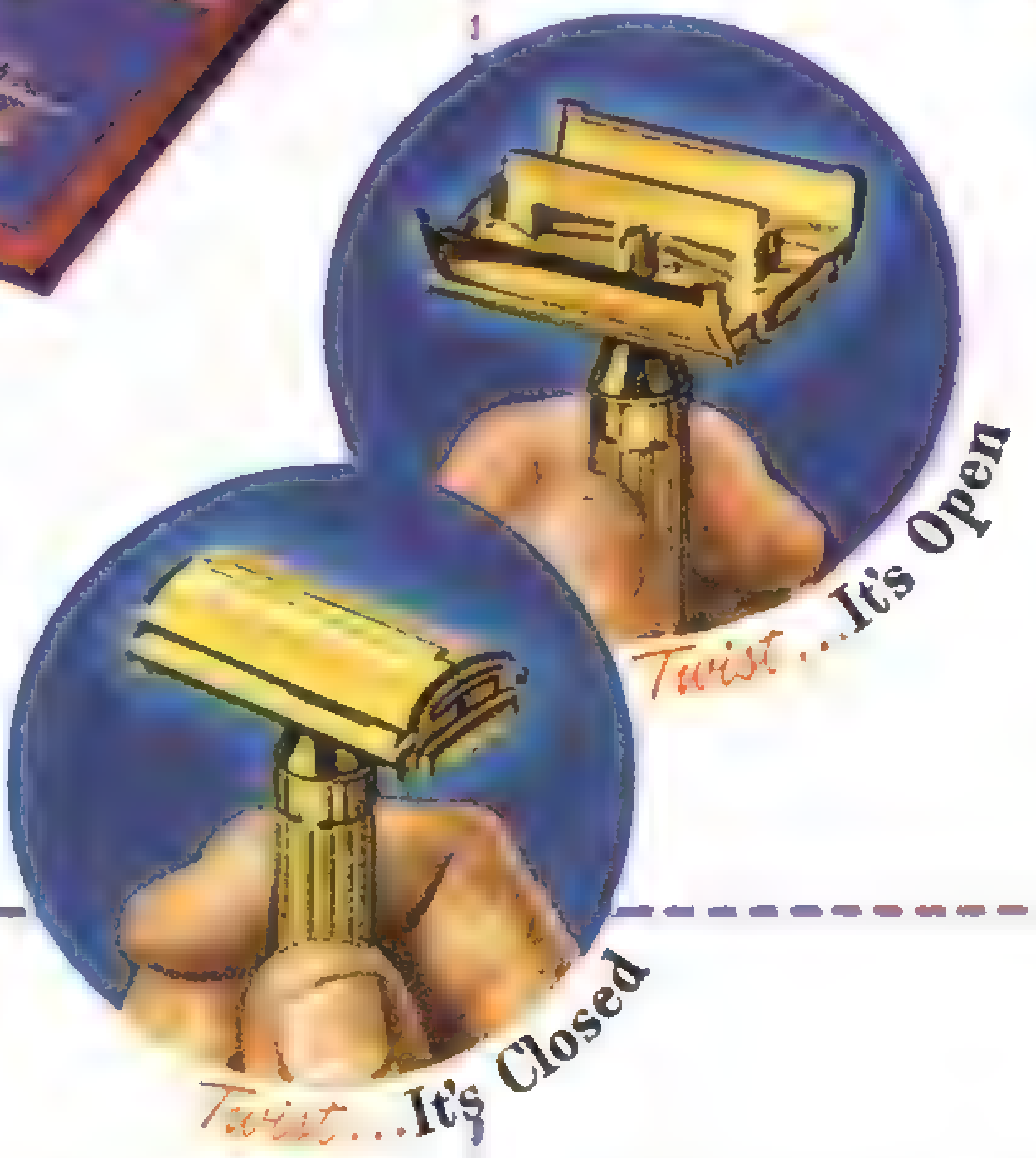
To say "Merry Christmas" with a flair, and dash through a big share of your list *presto*, send Gillette gift sets to the men on your Christmas roster . . . kinfolk, friends and business associates. Every man enjoys having an extra Gillette razor or two for his traveling kit, club locker or the place he works . . . and a bountiful supply of smooth-shaving Gillette Blue Blades is always welcome. There's a Gillette present to fit each budget, too . . . whether you plan to spend $1.00 or $5.00. Your local store is freshly stocked with these attractive, practical gifts. Buy yours now . . . then, on Christmas Day, listen to the menfolks say, "Thanks so much!" . . . and really mean it. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston 6, Mass.

Milord
Gillette
Gillette Blue Blades

Gillette One-Piece Milord Razor, gold-plated, with five Gillette Blue Blades in handsome metal case covered with simulated alligator leather, plus four extra packages each containing five Gillette Blue Blades $3.50

Gillette Blades

Gillette One-Piece Aristocrat Razor, gold-plated, and 10 Gillette Blue Blades in rich Texol-covered traveling case. Gift box also contains four extra packages of five blades each and a large tube of Gillette Shaving Cream . . $5.00


Twist . . . It's Open
Twist . . . It's Closed

Gillette Blue Blades
Seasons Greetings
For
From
100 Gillette Blue Blades

100 Gillette Blue Blades with sharpest edges ever honed. Carton holds ten 10-blade packages with compartments for used blades . . $4.90

Famous Gillette Tech Razor and three packages of Gillette Blue Blades (5 per package) in attractive holiday box with transparent cover $1.00

Gillette Blue Blades

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Gillette *Gift Sets*

look *SHARP!* **feel** *SHARP!* **be** *SHARP!* **use Gillette Blue Blades** WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

"It's a Gift!" *Here's a smart and satisfying way of saying "Merry Christmas"... "Botany" Brand Robes for Men... luxuriously soft and warm yet as light as a tap on your shoulder. The fabric... genuine "Botany" Brand Flannel... is the soul of these robes. If you can't locate a dealer... write, and we will direct you.*

Botany BRAND Robe

LOOK FOR "BOTANY" BRAND. You'll find it on men's and women's wear fabrics, men's Ties, Robes, Mufflers, Sportswear, Socks, "Botany" Brand 500 Clothing, Certified Fabrics (Certified for home sewing by Botany Laboratories), No-Dye-Lot Yarns, Lanolin Cosmetics.

"BOTANY"* BRAND ROBES for MEN

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MR. JOHN BROWNLEE, DISTINGUISHED OPERA AND CONCERT ARTIST

Lord Calvert is a truly distinguished whiskey . . . so *rare* . . . so *smooth* . . . so *mellow* . . . that it is intended expressly for those who appreciate the finest. Specify Lord Calvert this evening. We believe you will agree that here is the most genuinely pleasing drink you ever enjoyed. Tonight . . . speak the name Lord Calvert!

For Men of Distinction... **LORD CALVERT**

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Dancing Dan's Christmas

Continued from page 104

sorry for him, and invite him to have a few mugs of hot Tom and Jerry with us and wish him plenty of Merry Christmas.

But old Ooky is not accustomed to Tom and Jerry and after about the fifth mug he folds up in a chair, and goes right to sleep on us. He is wearing a pretty good Santa Claus make-up, what with a nice red suit trimmed with white cotton, and a wig, and false nose, and long white whiskers, and a big sack stuffed with excelsior on his back, and if I do not know Santa Claus is not apt to be such a guy as will snore loud enough to rattle the windows, I will think Ooky is Santa Claus sure enough.

Well, we forget Ooky and let him sleep, and go on with our hot Tom and Jerry, and in the meantime we try to think up a few songs appropriate to Christmas, and Dancing Dan finally renders *My Dad's Dinner Pail* in a nice baritone and very loud, while I do first rate with *Will You Love Me in December As You Do in May?*

About midnight Dancing Dan wishes to see how he looks as Santa Claus.

So Good Time Charley and I help Dancing Dan pull off Ooky's outfit and put it on Dan, and this is easy as Ooky only has this Santa Claus outfit on over his ordinary clothes, and he does not even wake up when we are undressing him of the Santa Claus uniform.

Well, I wish to say I see many a Santa Claus in my time, but I never see a better looking Santa Claus than Dancing Dan, especially after he gets the wig and white whiskers fixed just right, and we put a sofa pillow that Good Time Charley happens to have around the joint for the cat to sleep on down his pants to give Dancing Dan a nice fat stomach such as Santa Claus is bound to have.

"Well," Charley finally says, "it is a great pity we do not know where there are some stockings hung up somewhere, because then," he says, "you can go around and stuff things in these stockings, as I always hear this is the main idea of a Santa Claus. But," Charley says, "I do not suppose anybody in this section has any stockings hung up, or if they have," he says, "the chances are they are so full of holes they will not hold anything. Anyway," Charley says, "even if there are any stockings hung up we do not have anything to stuff in them, although personally," he says, "I will gladly donate a few pints of Scotch."

Well, I am pointing out that we have no reindeer and that a Santa Claus is bound to look like a terrible sap if he goes around without any reindeer, but Charley's remarks seem to give Dancing Dan an idea, for he speaks as follows:

"Why," Dancing Dan says, "I know where a stocking is hung up. It is hung up at Miss Muriel O'Neill's flat over here in West Forty-ninth Street. This stocking is hung up by nobody but a party by the name of Gammer O'Neill, who is Miss Muriel O'Neill's grandmamma," Dancing Dan says, "Gammer O'Neill is going on ninety-odd," he says, "and Miss Muriel O'Neill tells me she cannot hold out much longer, what with one thing and another, including being a little childish in spots."

"Now," Dancing Dan says, "I remember Miss Muriel O'Neill is telling me just the other night how Gammer O'Neill hangs up her stocking on Christmas Eve all her life, and," he says, "I judge from what Miss Muriel O'Neill says that the old doll always believes Santa Claus will come along some Christmas and fill the stocking full of beautiful gifts. But," Dancing Dan says, "Miss Muriel O'Neill tells me Santa Claus never does this, although Miss Muriel O'Neill personally always takes a few gifts home and pops them into the stocking to make Gammer O'Neill feel better.

"But, of course," Dancing Dan says, "these gifts are nothing much because Miss Muriel O'Neill is very poor, and proud, and also good, and will not take a dime off of anybody and I can lick the guy who says she will.

"Now," Dancing Dan goes on, "it seems that while Gammer O'Neill is very happy to get whatever she finds in her stocking on Christmas morning, she does not understand why Santa Claus is not more liberal, and," he says, "Miss Muriel O'Neill is saying to me that she only wishes she can give Gammer O'Neill one real big Christmas before the old doll puts her checks back in the rack.

"So," Dancing Dan states, "here is a job for us. Miss Muriel O'Neill and her grandmamma live all alone in this flat over in West Forty-ninth Street, and," he says, "at such an hour as this Miss Muriel O'Neill is bound to be working, and the chances are Gammer O'Neill is sound asleep, and we will just hop over there and Santa Claus will fill up her stocking with beautiful gifts."

Well, I say, I do not see where we are going to get any beautiful gifts at this time of night, what with all the stores being closed, unless we dash into an all-night drugstore and buy a few bottles of perfume and a bum toilet set as guys always do when they forget about their ever-loving wives until after store hours on Christmas Eve, but Dancing Dan says never mind about this, but let us have a few more Tom and Jerrys first.

So we have a few more Tom and Jerrys, and then Dancing Dan picks up the package he heaves into the corner, and dumps most of the excelsior out of Ooky's Santa Claus sack, and puts the bundle in, and Good Time Charley turns out all the lights but one, and leaves a bottle of Scotch on the table in front of Ooky for a

Continued on page 178

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Put a lot of extra comfort in their socks this Christmas. No other presents give so much year-round *action-point* comfort as these EXPANSO gifts and, at the same time, help to *stretch* out your Christmas budget. All four items for sale at the better men's wear departments.

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SINGLE NEEDLE
Custom Construction
Thomas Shirt
LOS ANGELES

Every shirt bearing this label is a genuine Thomas Shirt

Dancing Dan's Christmas

Continued from page 177

Christmas gift, and away we go.

Personally, I regret very much leaving the hot Tom and Jerry, but then I am also very enthusiastic about going along to help Dancing Dan play Santa Claus while Good Time Charley is practically overjoyed, as it is the first time Charley is ever mixed up in so much holiday spirit.

As we go up Broadway, headed for Forty-ninth Street, Charley and I see many citizens we know and give them a large hello, and wish them Merry Christmas, and some of these citizens shake hands with Santa Claus, not knowing he is nobody but Dancing Dan, although later I understand there is some gossip among these citizens because they claim a Santa Claus with such a breath on him as our Santa Claus has is out of line.

And once we are somewhat embarrassed when a lot of little kids going home with their parents from a late Christmas party somewhere gather about Santa Claus with shouts of childish glee, and some of them wish to climb up Santa Claus' legs. Naturally, Santa Claus gets a little peevish, and calls them a few names, and one of the parents comes up and wishes to know what is the idea of Santa Claus using such language, and Santa Claus takes a punch at the parent, all of which is no doubt astonishing to the little kids who have an idea of Santa Claus as a very kindly old guy.

Well, finally we arrive in front of the place where Dancing Dan says Miss Muriel O'Neill and her grandmamma live, and it is nothing but a tenement house not far back of Madison Square Garden, and furthermore it is a walkup, and at this time there are no lights burning in the joint except a gas jet in the main hall, and by the light of this jet we look at the names on the letter boxes, such as you always find in the hall of these joints, and we see that Miss Muriel O'Neill and her grandmamma live on the fifth floor.

This is the top floor, and personally I do not like the idea of walking up five flights of stairs, and I am willing to let Dancing Dan and Good Time Charley go, but Dancing Dan insists we must all go, and finally I agree because Charley is commencing to argue that the right way for us to do is to get on the roof and let Santa Claus go down a chimney, and is making so much noise I am afraid he will wake somebody up.

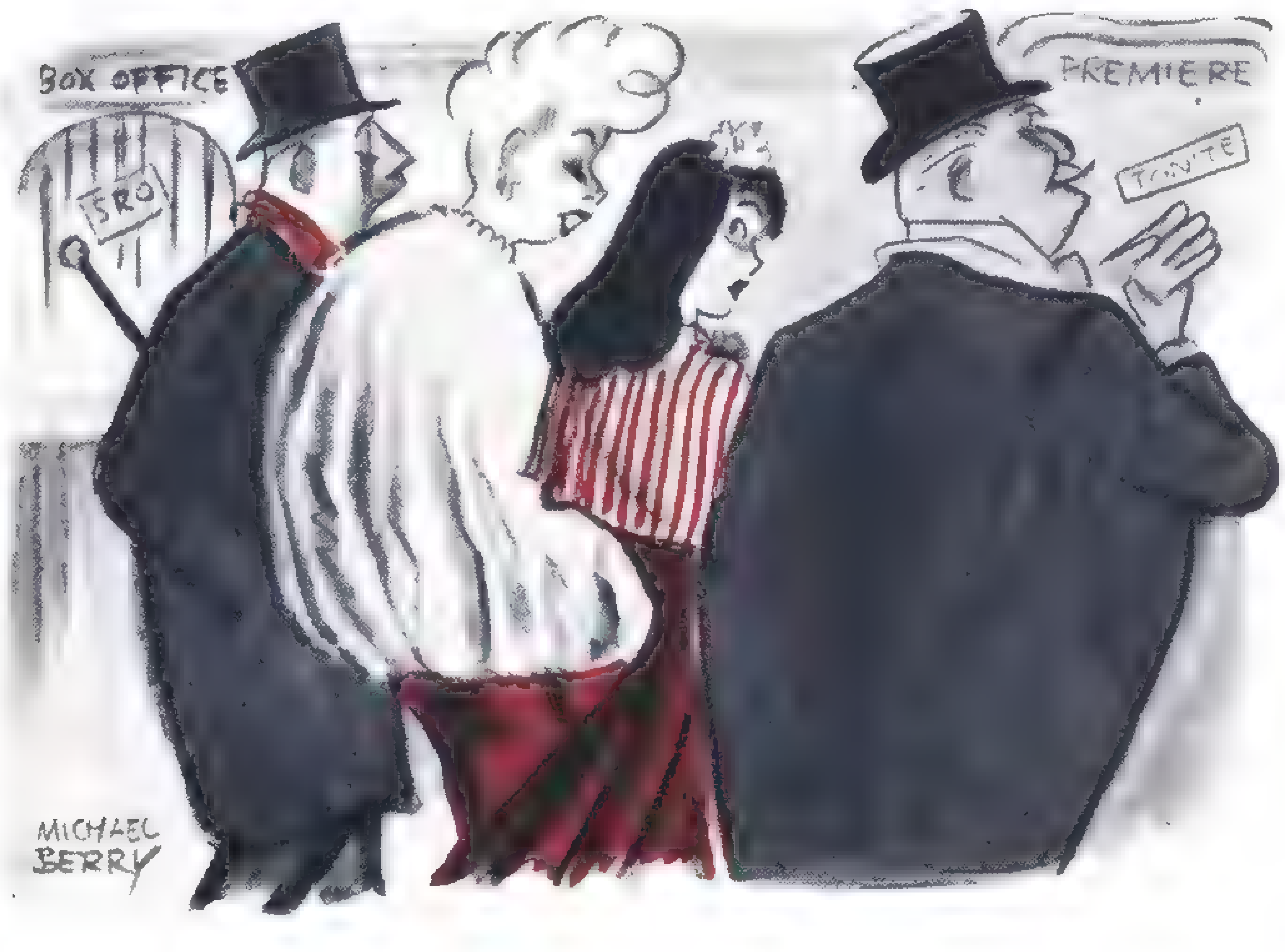
So up the stairs we climb and finally we come to a door on the top floor that has a little card in a slot that says O'Neill, so we know we reach our destination. Dancing Dan first tries the knob, and right away the door opens, and we are in a little two- or three-room flat, with not much furniture in it, and what furniture there is, is very poor. One single gas jet is burning near a bed in a room just off the one the door opens into, and by this light we see a very old doll is sleeping on the bed, so we judge this is Gammer O'Neill.

On her face is a large smile, as if she is dreaming of something very pleasant. On a chair at the head of the bed is hung a long black stocking, and it seems to be such a stocking as is often patched and mended, so I can see that what Miss Muriel O'Neill tells Dancing Dan about her grandmamma hanging up her stocking is really true, although up to this time I have my doubts.

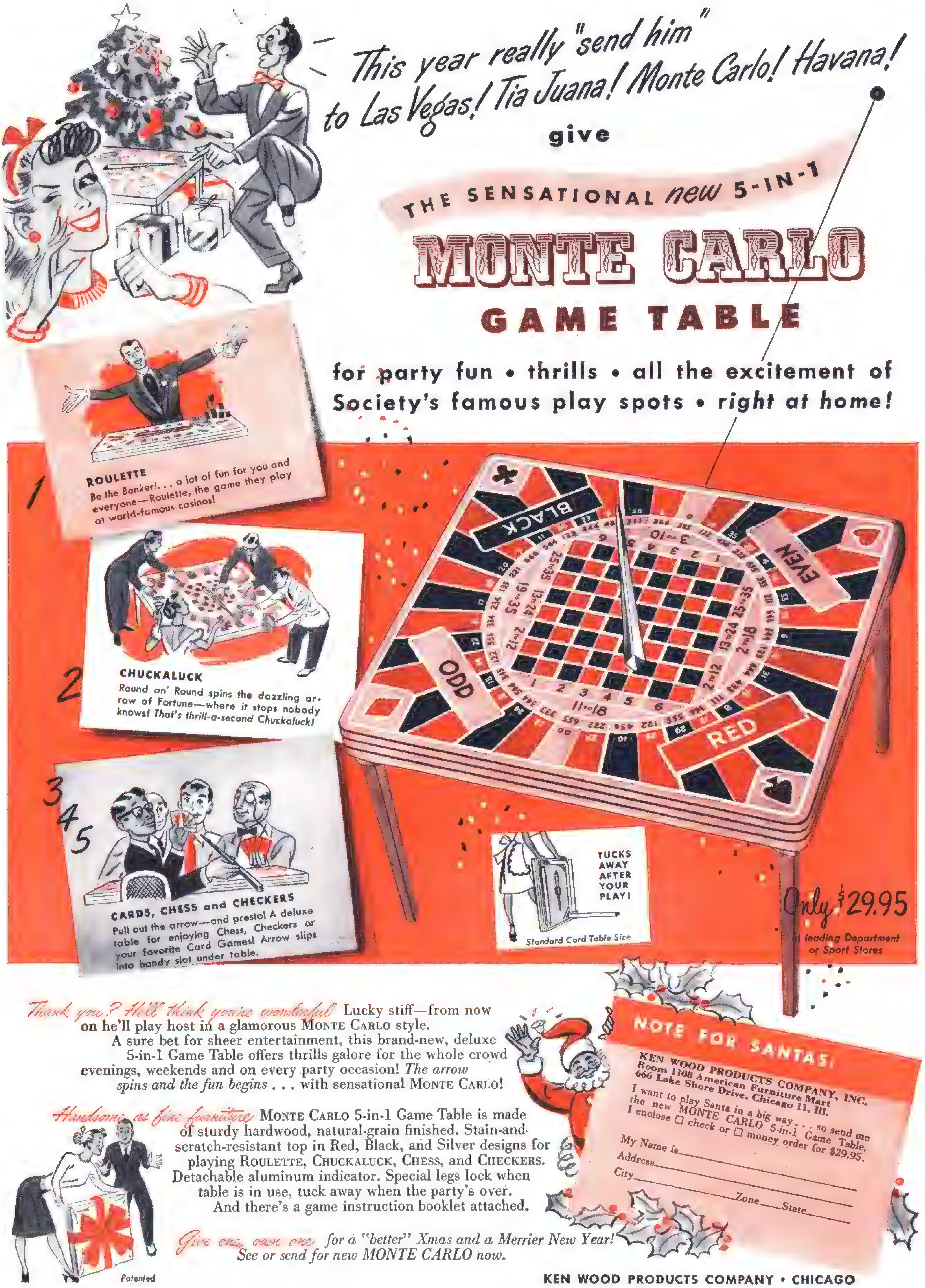
Finally Dancing Dan unslings the sack on his back, and takes out his package and unties this package, and all of a sudden out pops a raft of big diamond bracelets, and diamond rings, and diamond brooches, and diamond necklaces, and I do not know what else in the way of diamonds, and Dancing Dan and I begin stuffing these diamonds into the stocking and Good Time Charley pitches in and helps us.

There are enough diamonds to fill the stocking to the muzzle, and it is no small stocking, at that, and I judge that Gammer O'Neill has a pretty fair set of bunting sticks when she is young. In fact, there are so many diamonds that

Continued on page 180



"Just keep an eye on him as the house lights dim"



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CHRISTMAS TRIBUTES TO
men of action*
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Illustrated on opposite page

1. ***Men's Gift Set:*** Pinch-bottle each of After Shave Lotion and "Tanbark" Cologne, with Shaving Bowl and matching After Shave Powder.......... $4.50

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15. ***Lenthéric Shaving Cream:*** Lather and Brushless, each 50¢

16. ***Men's Imported English Pigskin Case,*** containing decanter each of After Shave Lotion and "Tanbark" Cologne $18.50

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Gifts by Lenthéric

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Dancing Dan's Christmas

Continued from page 178

we have enough left over to make a nice little pile on the chair after we fill the stocking plumb up, leaving a nice diamond-studded vanity case sticking out the top where we figure it will hit Gammer O'Neill's eye when she wakes.

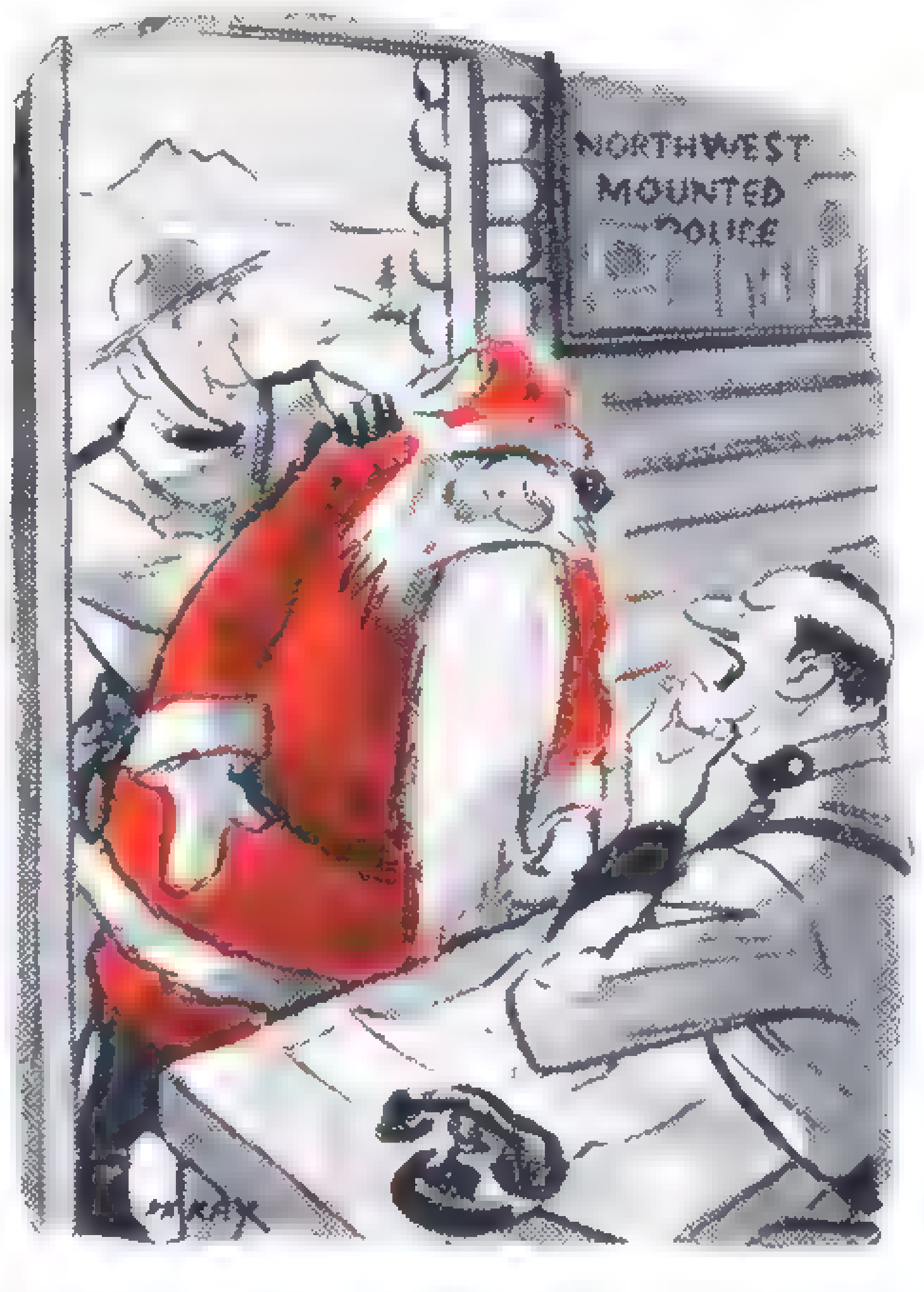
And it is not until I get out in the fresh air again that all of a sudden I remember seeing large headlines in the afternoon papers about a five-hundred-G's stickup in the afternoon of one of the biggest diamond merchants in Maiden Lane while he is sitting in his office, and I also recall once hearing rumors that Dancing Dan is one of the best lone-hand git-'em-up guys in the world.

Naturally, I commence to wonder if I am in the proper company when I am with Dancing Dan, even if he is Santa Claus. So I leave him on the next corner arguing with Good Time Charley about whether they ought to go and find some more presents somewhere, and look for other stockings to stuff, and I hasten on home.

The next day I find I have such a noggin that I do not care to stir around, and in fact I do not stir around much for a couple of weeks.

Then one night I drop around to Good Time Charley's speakeasy, and ask Charley what is doing.

"Well," Charley says, "many things are doing, and personally," he says, "I'm greatly surprised I do not see you at Gammer O'Neill's wake. You know Gammer O'Neill leaves this wicked old world a couple of days after Christmas," Good Time Charley says, "and," he says, "Miss Muriel O'Neill states that Doc Moggs claims it is at least a day after she is entitled to go, but she is sustained," Charley says, "by great happiness in finding her stocking filled with beautiful gifts on Christmas morning.



"I'm afraid, Henderson, you didn't get your man this time!"

"According to Miss Muriel O'Neill," Charley says, "Gammer O'Neill dies practically convinced that there is a Santa Claus, although of course," he says, "Miss Muriel O'Neill does not tell her the real owner of the gifts, an all-right guy by the name of Shapiro, leaves the gifts with her after Miss Muriel O'Neill notifies him of the finding of same.

"It seems," Charley says, "this Shapiro is a tender-hearted guy, who is willing to help keep Gammer O'Neill with us a little longer when Doc Moggs says leaving the gifts with her will do it.

"So," Charley says, "everything is quite all right, as the coppers can not figure anything except that maybe the rascal who takes the gifts from Shapiro gets conscience-stricken, and leaves them the first place he can, and Miss Muriel O'Neill receives a ten-G's reward for finding the gifts and returning them. And," Charley says, "I hear Dancing Dan is in San Francisco and is figuring on reforming and becoming a dancing teacher, so he can marry Miss Muriel O'Neill, and of course," he says, "we all hope and trust she never learns any details of Dancing Dan's career."

Well, it is Christmas Eve a year later that I run into a guy by the name of Shotgun Sam, who is mobbed up with Heine Schmitz in Harlem, and who is a very, very obnoxious character indeed.

"Well, well, well," Shotgun says, "the last time I see you is another Christmas Eve like this, and you are coming out of Good Time Charley's joint, and," he says, "you certainly have your pots on."

"Well, Shotgun," I says, "I am sorry you get such a wrong impression of me, but the truth is," I say, "on the occasion you speak of, I am suffering from a dizzy feeling in my head."

"It is all right with me," Shotgun says, "I have a tip this guy Dancing Dan is in Good Time Charley's the night I see you, and Mockie Morgan, and Gunner Jack and me are casing the joint, because," he says, "Heine Schmitz is all sored up at Dan over some doll, although of course," Shotgun says, "it is all right now, as Heine has another doll.

"Anyway," he says, "we never get to see Dancing Dan. We watch the joint from six-thirty in the evening until daylight Christmas morning and nobody goes in all night but old Ooky the Santa Claus guy in his Santa Claus make-up, and," Shotgun says, "nobody comes out except you and Good Time Charley and Ooky.

"Well," Shotgun says, "it is a great break for Dancing Dan he never goes in or comes out of Good Time Charley's, at that, because," he says, "we are waiting for him on the second-floor front of the building across the way with some nice little sawed-offs, and are under orders from Heine not to miss."

"Well, Shotgun," I say, "Merry Christmas."

"Well, all right," Shotgun says, "Merry Christmas." ⌗

Dancing Dan's Christmas *is from* Blue Plate Special, *copyright 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, by Damon Runyon. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.*

Continued from page 104

CHRISTMAS TRIBUTES TO
*men of action**
Gifts by Lentheric

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Waking up the town...

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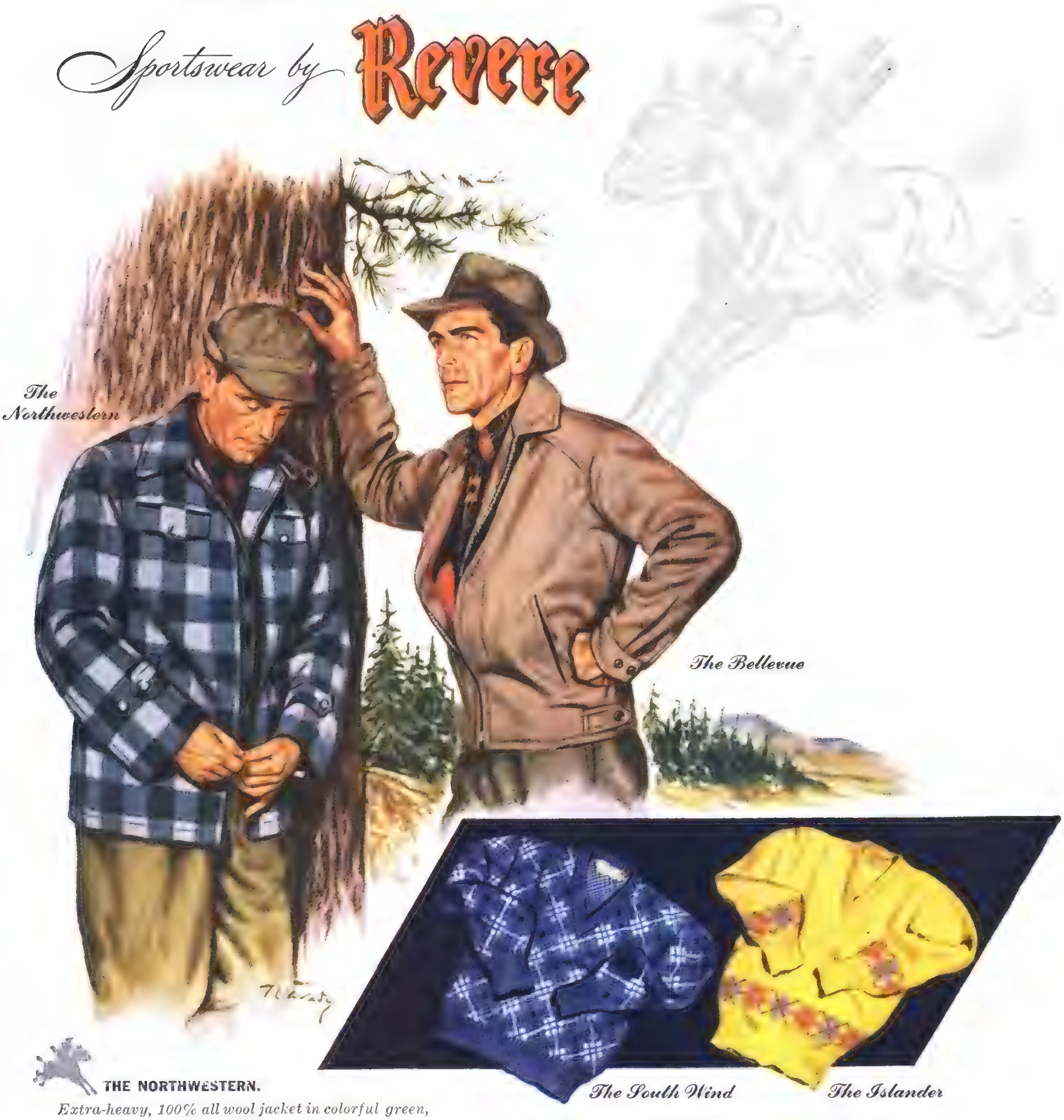

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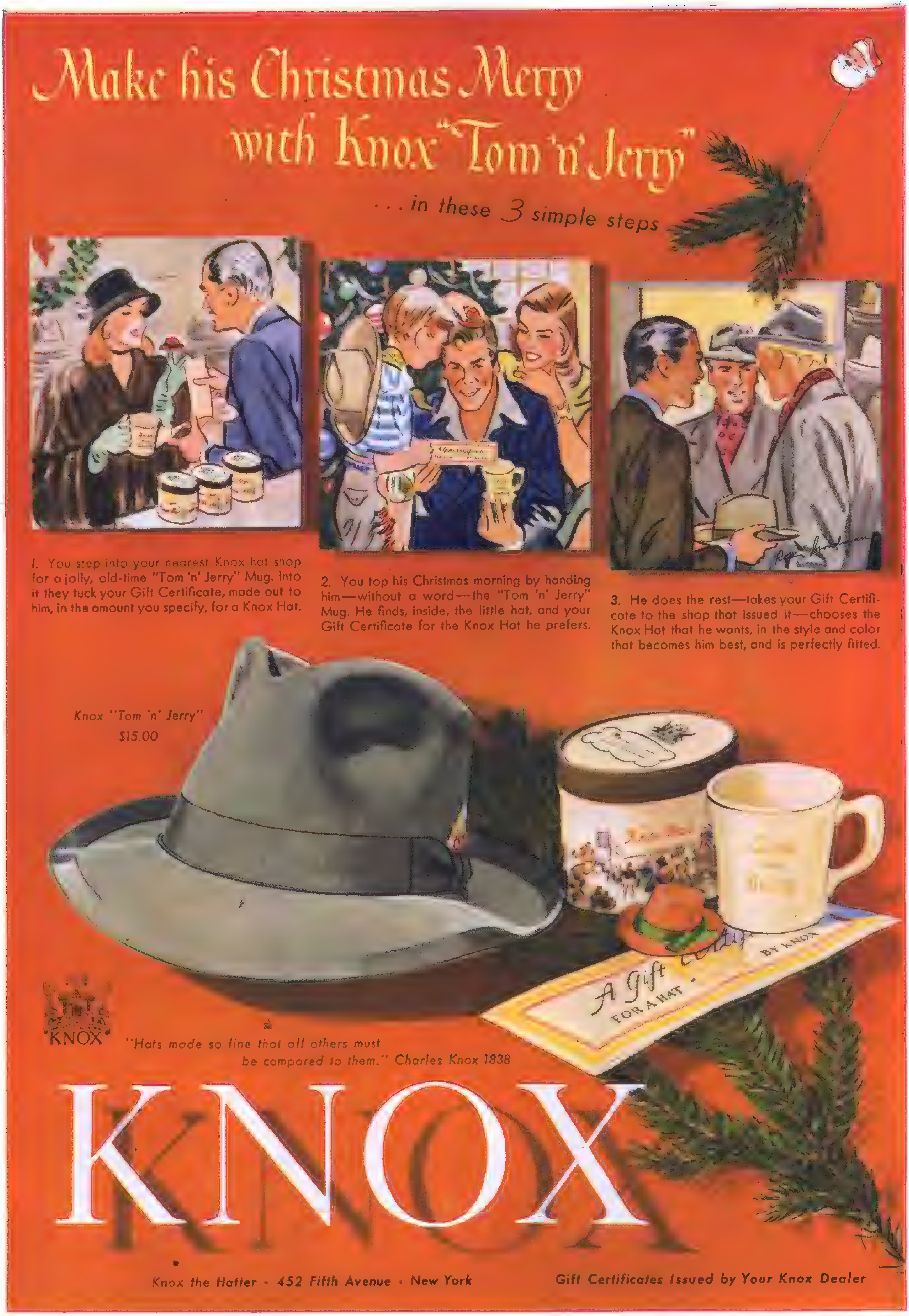

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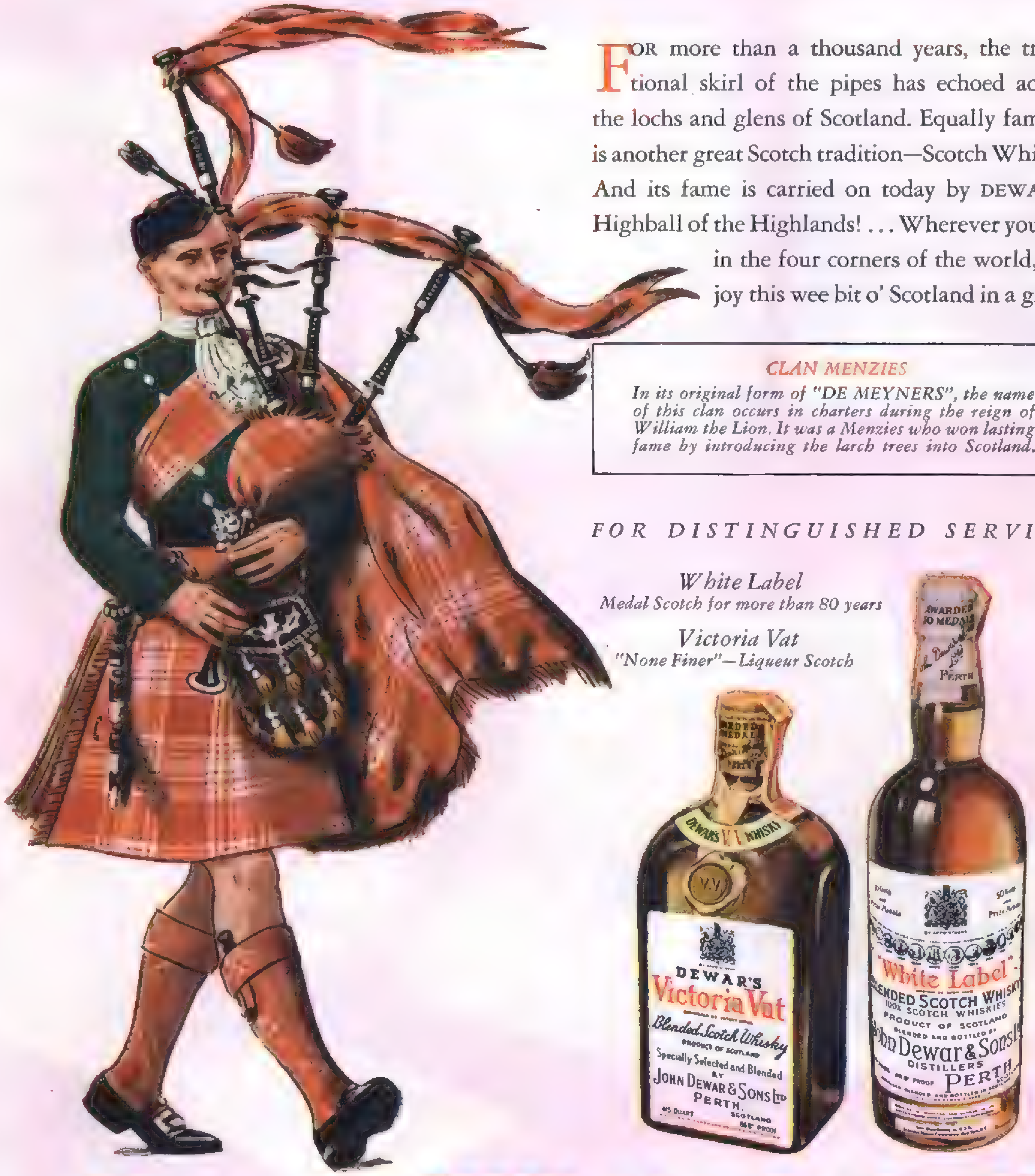
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Load of Respect

Continued from page 110

hand. He finds another little rod on one of the others, but the punk didn't have heart enough to pull it on account of the load of respect Angie carries. After that the cowboys are glad to move out of there.

Angie and Nick have got so much respect the right guys ask them before they do anything that might give the Neighborhood a bad name. Take an example:

There's a kid at a party and his girl is there and she's getting noisy. Well, the kid calls up Nick at the tavern and asks him is it all right to boff her a couple of times. Nick wants to know what kind of people they are at the party and the kid says they are a very legit crowd and that one is a dentist. So Nick tells the kid, "Take her out in the hall and boff her and then bring her back." You see what I mean—this kind of advice gives the Neighborhood class.

Or take this one: there's a kid named Joey Ricks, one of old man Ricciardi's kids. He calls up Nick all in a hessy because he and his girl have had words and he gives her a couple of light ones in the puss. She wasn't marked up any, but she was burning plenty and Joey breaks out in a sweat on account of her brother finding out about it.

This brother is a real shiv man. His tick stopper has a blade seven inches long that jumps out of the handle when you press a button. I saw him take a swipe at a guy once—just kidding around—and he cuts through the guy's coat, his vest, his shirt and his undershirt and never leaves a mark on his skin. That's a real shiv man.

"Could I make a request?"

Now the kid, Joey, doesn't want to lose any respect and yet he knows the girl will tell her brother. And here's where you can see how Nick rates as a Brain Guy.

Nick says to the kid, "You got to call him in spades." Then he tells the kid, Joey, about a pigeon loft at a certain address on the block where there is a panel at one end of the flat where the pigeons live. Inside this panel is where they keep a lot of the hot stuff. If anybody ever finds it, the folks downstairs don't know who keeps the pigeons and that's that.

Nick tells the kid to go up there and get a .38 and stick it in the waistband of his pants. Now, naturally a .38 carries a lot of respect. Nick tells the kid to get the Betsy and then to call up the girl and apologize and ask her to meet him downstairs for a couple of minutes. She does, and the kid, Joey, tells her he is sorry he boffed her. Only he isn't sorry—if you ask me that particular girl has had a good boffing coming to her a long time, only every other guy she ever went out with was afraid to boff her on account of the respect her brother has.

All right, Joey apologizes to the girl and kisses her good night the way kids like to do. Only when he kisses her she feels that .38 under his coat. Joey knows she will tell this to the brother. So Joey has "seen" the brother and raised him a stack: if the brother means to do any business, then he's got to get himself That Thing—his shiv's no good. Everybody knows that if a guy calls you, you've got to meet him with the same thing he calls you with. So Joey takes care of the brother without really having to lay it on the line. And in doing this he gets some respect because he does it with a .38 and also because he gets the tip from Nick and Nick is Angie's brother.

But it all goes back to John the Dancer. He started out working vaudeville and cabarets, doing adagio numbers and other kinds of work where you've got to be light on your feet but with plenty of muscle under the boiled shirt so you can boost the tomato up on your shoulders and let her down slow and easy and all the rest of it.

But being a dancer didn't get him any respect at all in the Neighborhood and what Johnny wanted more than anything was respect.

It's not long before he gets himself a Roscoe and with this Roscoe—which is a short-barreled .45 and hotter than the hinges of hell because it once cooled off a detective from the Loft Squad—with it he pulls a solo heist.

As everybody knows, a solo heist gets a guy more respect than anything else except One Thing.

Not only does Johnny work it solo but he picks his spot. The guy who gets heisted is a guy Johnny knows about from working the night clubs—he always carries at least a grand on him and once a week he visits a dame that he's bought plenty of jewelry for. Okay: one morning about four o'clock the guy gets through visiting and starts home to the wife, when who is waiting for him in the hallway but John the Dancer. All Johnny has to say is, "Give me the dough," and the guy gives it to him. He doesn't dare beef to the cops because they will ask him, "Where were you when you got heisted and what were you doing there?" and this guy is married.

The first thing the Dancer does with the dough is to make a drop

Continued on page 186

Others may boast larger cars, costlier homes... but nobody can smoke a better cigarette!
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IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
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THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
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Load of Respect

Continued from page 185

at the candy stores. This drop buys lots of candy for the kids of the Neighborhood and they all know it comes from the Dancer. This gets the Dancer more respect. Next thing, he makes a drop at the speak-easy where the boys hang out—he sends out for a big spread and everybody has all they can eat and drink and the Dancer's drop covers the check and he has about all the respect there is.

He has about six hundred skins out of the grand and with this he goes into business, lending it out at six-for-five. You borrow five Saturday and the next Saturday you pay him back six. In this way the six yards bring him in a hundred and twenty a week and he always gets paid back on time because of the load of respect he carries from the solo heist.

Things go along pretty good for John the Dancer and before you know it he buys into a night club where he once danced for peanuts.

About this time there was a big difference of opinion on who was going to run the alky business in the territory—this was back during Prosperity, of course.

Nick and Angie were working in the alky business. They had plenty of headaches but their sister Carlotta gave them as many as the alky business.

Carlotta had respect because she had been to college. But she picked up a lot of ideas in college that didn't fit into the Neighborhood which worried Nick and Angie.

One evening Angie comes into the parlor of the flat and he is in a hurry—he needs a sub-machine gun which he had hid for safekeeping up the chimney. His mind is only on getting the chopper but he happens to see Carlotta on the couch in a deep clinch with some fellow who when they break apart he sees is John the Dancer.

When he has time to think about it he is pleased at this because with Carlotta married it won't matter what kind of ideas she has. A couple of days later he asks Carlotta when she is going to announce the engagement and that is when the trouble starts. Carlotta says, "Johnny is a sweet lad but I don't think he's a stable personality. After all it is one thing to go around with a boy and another thing to get yourself married to him." You can see now what sort of ideas she had that worried Angie.

Angie can't quite make this out but he says, "You are going to marry Johnny. You tell him to get up his half of the ring and I'll get up your half. Tell him."

Well, the Dancer liked the idea at first because Carlotta is classy-looking and he wants to put up the whole works for the ring but Angie tells him not to talk foolish—what will people think if Angie's sister doesn't have her half for the ring—so they compromise.

Carlotta was going around wearing a long face at this point and Johnny takes her out to night clubs and introduces her to all the best people but she stills wears a long face. Then John the Dancer blows up the works.

It seems that in this night club he now owns he does some dancing just to keep his hand in and for flash—the dancing gets him even more respect since he is already a solo heister, a moneylender and a night-club owner. But the dame he uses for a dancing partner is not just pretty like Carlotta, she is one of the most beautiful tomatoes in town and educated in the muscles if not in the head.

One day John the Dancer is bringing Carlotta home from somewhere and he says, "Carlotta—I think your first idea was right—we don't love each other and we have a right to marry people of our own choice. You keep the ring and we'll call it square."

At this Carlotta begins to laugh. She pulls off the ring and drops it into the blind beggar's cup and she never sees John the Dancer again. But the next day she calls up a guy who was one of her teachers in the college and inside of two weeks they get married—the drop all the boys make furnishes their house up in New Rochelle.

This gives Carlotta's family quite a load of respect, except for Angie because the Neighborhood

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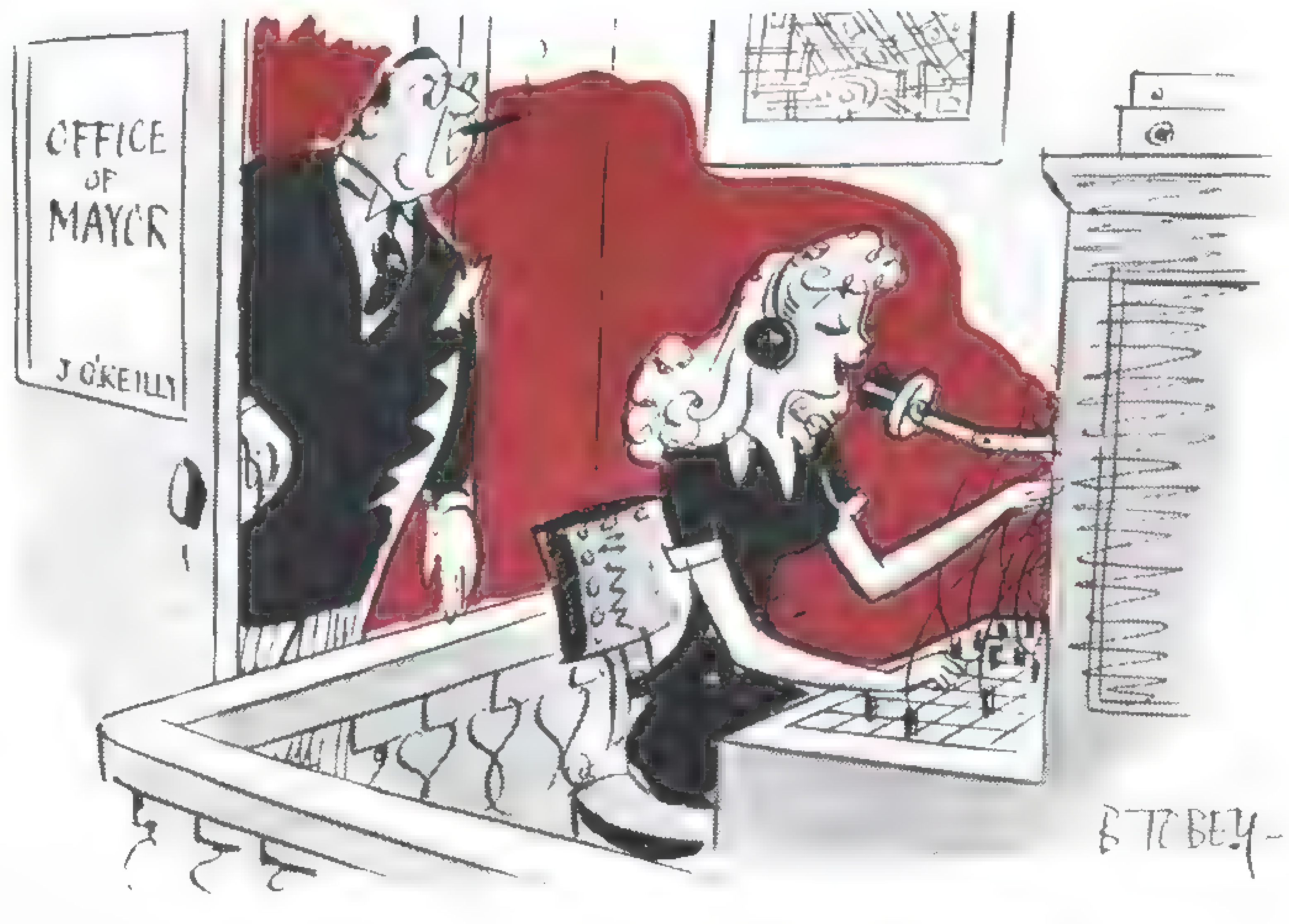

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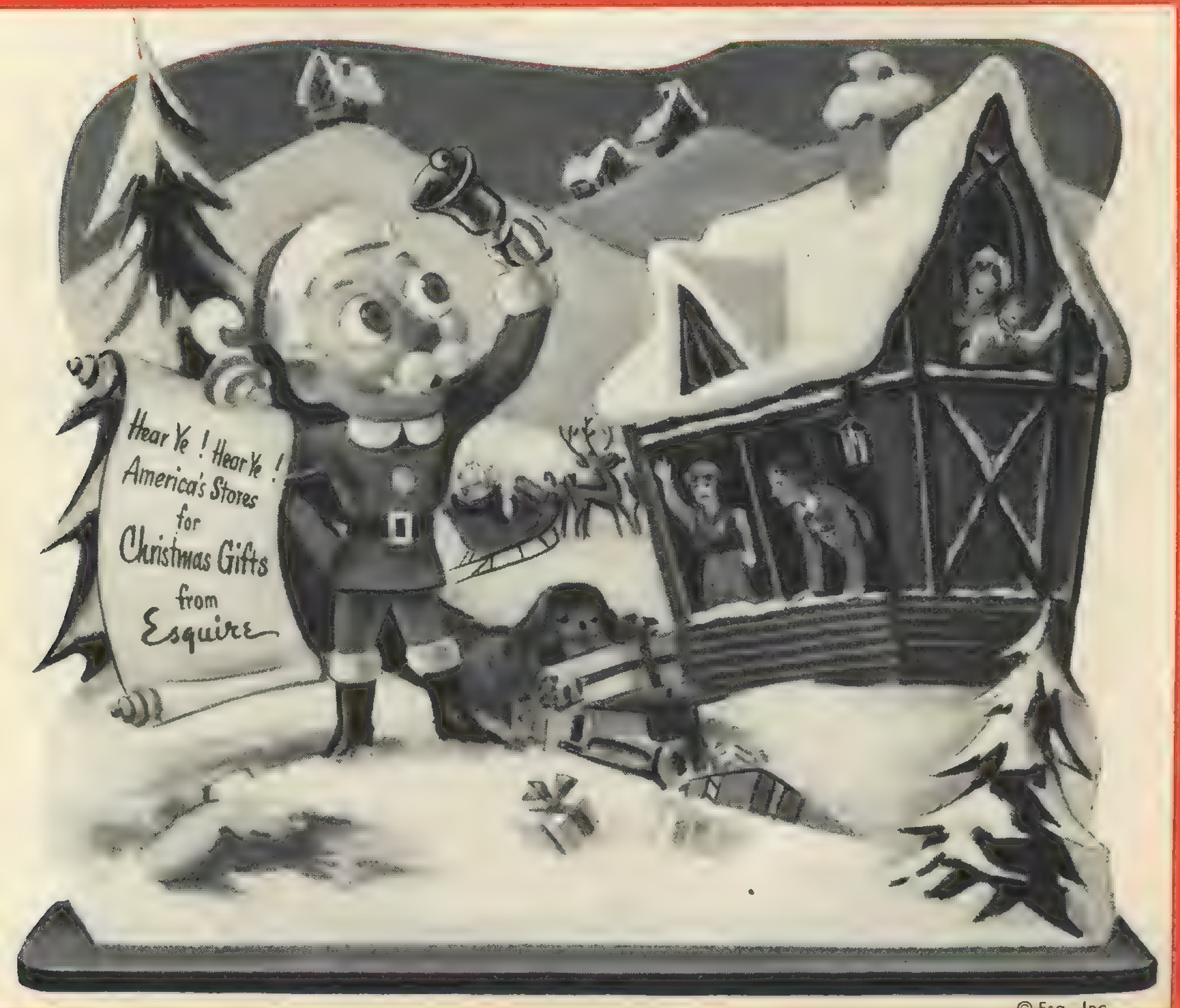

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Bewildering, isn't it, the bounty of yuletide treasures you've seen in these pages? Let the treasure map below simplify your search to virtually a Guided Tour—with cheerful, cherubic Esky your guide. Look for him in the windows of America's finest stores. You'll find the nearest one to you listed here. For where you find Esky . . . *that's* where you uncover Christmas ideas from the gift guide of the nation.

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Wembley* Wears... and Wears ...and Wears

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CRUSH IT!... TWIST IT!... KNOT IT!... NOT A WRINKLE!

Wembley MADE OF IMPORTED Priestley's NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Load of Respect

Continued from page 186

is waiting for Angie to send the Dancer an eel.

Now, in the Neighborhood when a guy opens a bundle and finds an eel in it he knows that somebody is not wishing him any long life and he had better stand up to the guy or take a trip for his health.

But Angie doesn't send the Dancer the eel. A week goes by and the territory is holding its breath, waiting for the eel, but it never comes. Two weeks and then three weeks and nobody can figure it because Angie has got plenty of respect in the alky business and nobody figures there is any yellow-gut about him.

Then everybody is talking about a new angle—they've got it figured that Angie is waiting for June fifteenth, which was the day John the Dancer was supposed to have married Carlotta.

Well, after a lot of time has gone by, the fifteenth of June arrives and in the Neighborhood all the kids are playing close to their own stoops and their mothers are looking out the window.

The wedding would have been set for noon and the closer it gets to noon the quieter the Neighborhood gets. And it seems that this wait has also been working on John the Dancer.

Just at noon a guy turns the corner off the Avenue and into the street where Angie lives. It's Johnny and he is all by himself. And what's more, he has the whole street to himself, there isn't a kid in sight and nobody looking out of windows.

He walks on down toward Angie's house and then he leaves the sidewalk and steps into the middle of the street and keeps walking, whistling something out of *Rigoletto.* He has his hands in his pockets and he is watching both sides of the street and in front of him and in back of him, but John the Dancer has respect. And he hasn't brought any of his own friends with him.

All this while Angie is sitting in a *pizzeria* on the ground floor of the house where he lives. He's had his dinner and he's gone down to the *pizzeria* to get a *pizza* with anchovies. He is facing the door, digging into the pie when he sees John the Dancer outside.

Angie looks up at him and says, "Hello, John," and that's all he says because he takes a big bite of *pizza* and you can't talk around the cheese and anchovies.

Johnny stands looking at him and then he says, "Hello, Angelo," and walks on. He makes it to the end of the block and then he turns a corner and gets into his car where he has four or five guys waiting for him and they drive off.

Well, when Angie finishes his *pizza* he calls over the old guy that runs the place to pay him and the old guy says, "What *pizza*? You didn't have no *pizza*. You never been here before."

Now, Angie has been in and out of there for twenty years. But the old guy won't take his money on account of Angie has dropped every bit of respect he ever had.

Angie puts on his hat and then he goes over and sticks a folded-up dollar in the old guy's apron pocket and the old guy watches him walk out, shaking his head, because Angie is from the Neighborhood and now everybody will hear it, all the way to Brooklyn.

Well, you can see from this how tough it gets for Angie to keep living in the Neighborhood. But he stays and everybody is wishing he would move out because nobody quite gets up the heart to throw it at him that he let a guy run out on his sister.

People are trying to forget Angie and the whole business and John the Dancer has got all the respect there is because of the way he walks down the street that day.

It is now nearly two months since Carlotta's engagement is broken off and Angie's brother Nick has lost respect because he is the next brother and he hasn't sent John the Dancer the eel.

And then one day Angie shows up home and he is in pretty bad shape. He has three bullet holes in him and he is bleeding out of all three of them. But John the Dancer is in even worse shape.

This night club he owns has an entrance down a flight of steps into a basement and at the bottom of these steps John the Dancer is lying. He only has one bullet-hole but it is through the heart.

"*Now, how do they feel?*"

That is when Angie gets all the respect in the world. He has called the Dancer and not only that but he gets away, and nobody on the block where the blasting was going on tumbles to anything—it's an hour before anybody finds the Dancer's body.

Now, you can't go blasting away in the middle of a block, even during Prosperity, without people getting curious and looking out of windows and maybe seeing the guy who's been doing the blasting making his getaway. But there is where Angie not only shows that he has the heart but also that he is a brain guy. What Angie has been waiting three months for is nothing but the Fourth of July. ⌗

Continued from page 110

Wembley*

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Smart for Christmas-Giving

$1.50

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At Better Stores Everywhere

Wembley *Wears...and Wears...and Wears*

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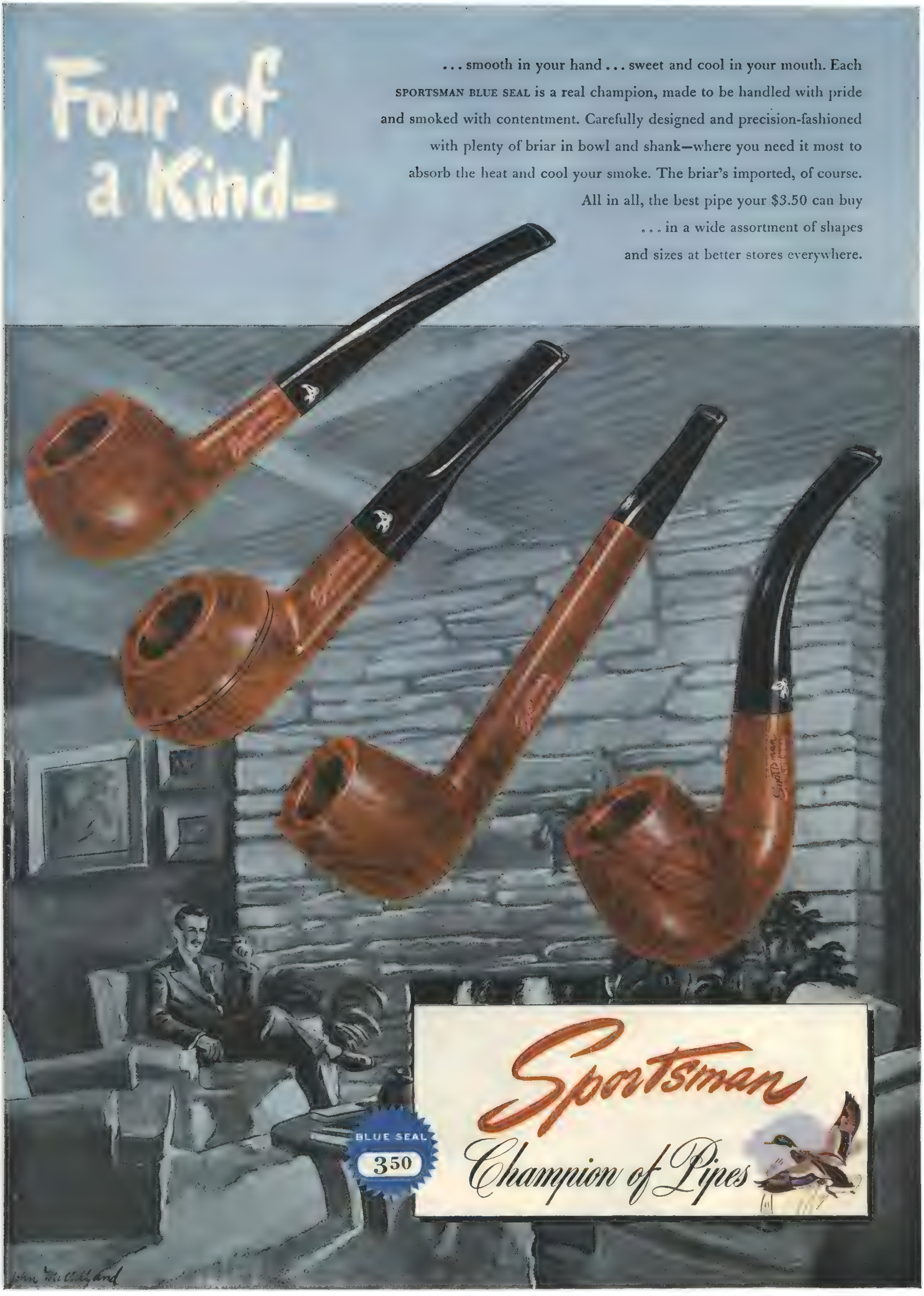
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Champion of Pipes
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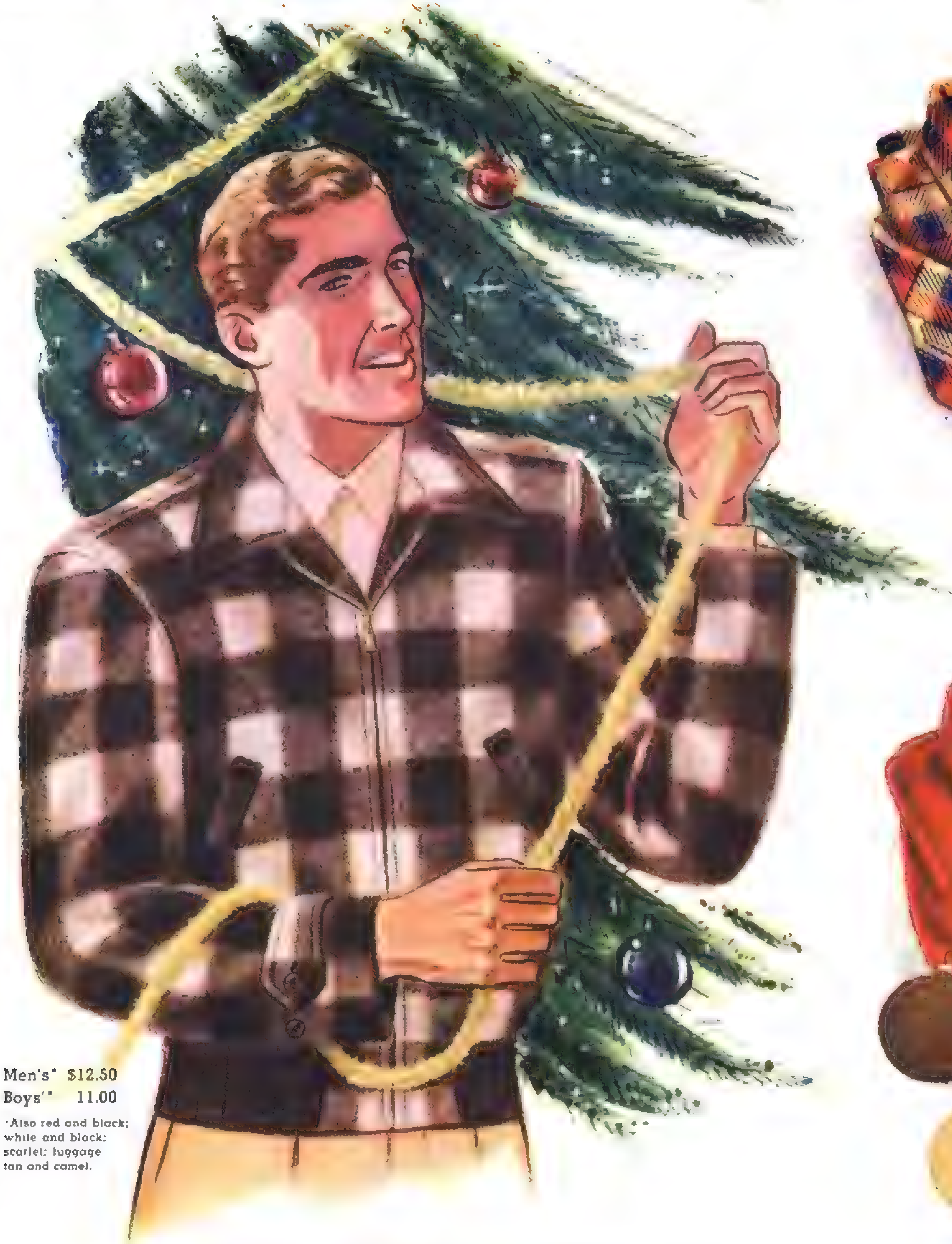
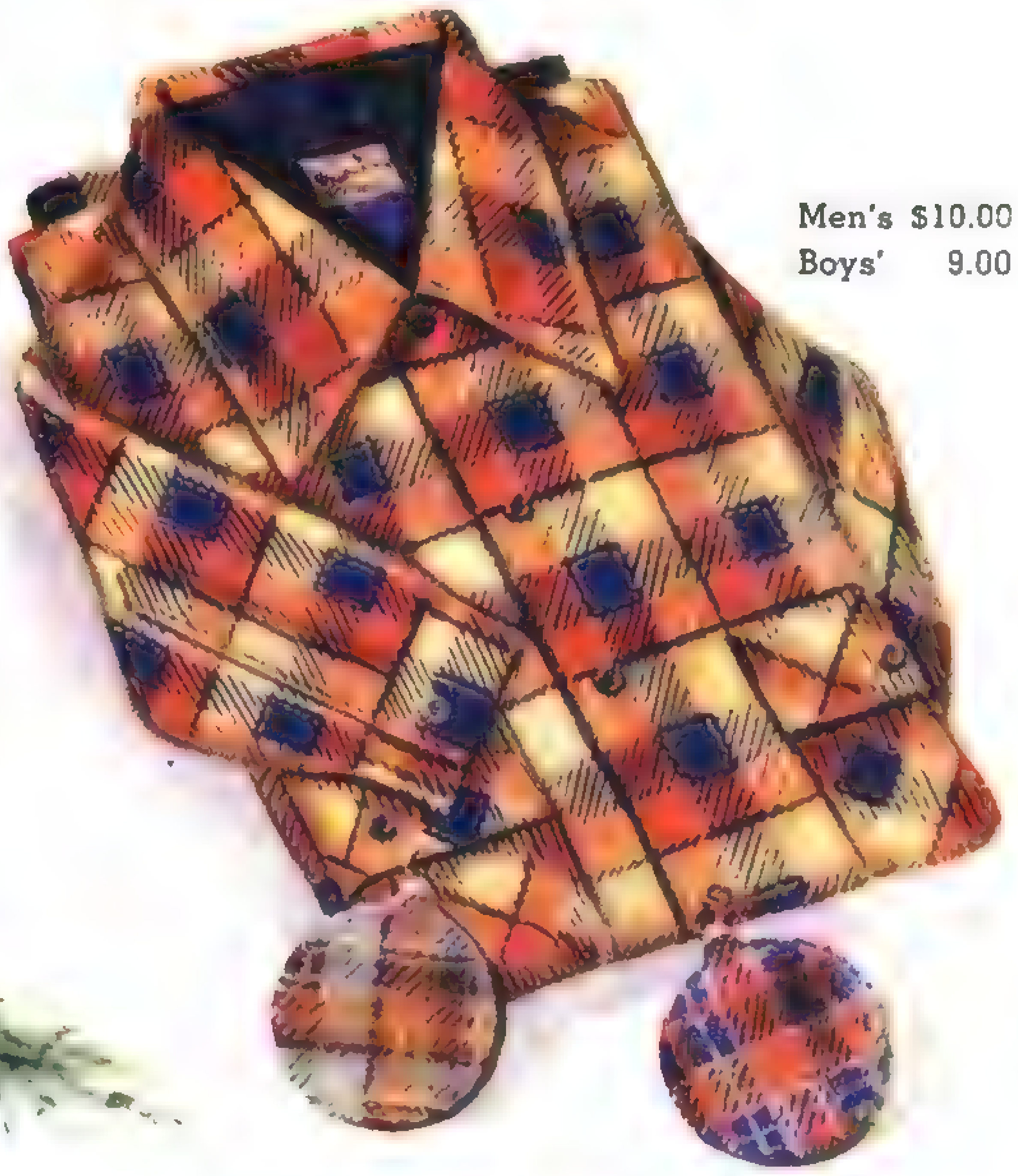
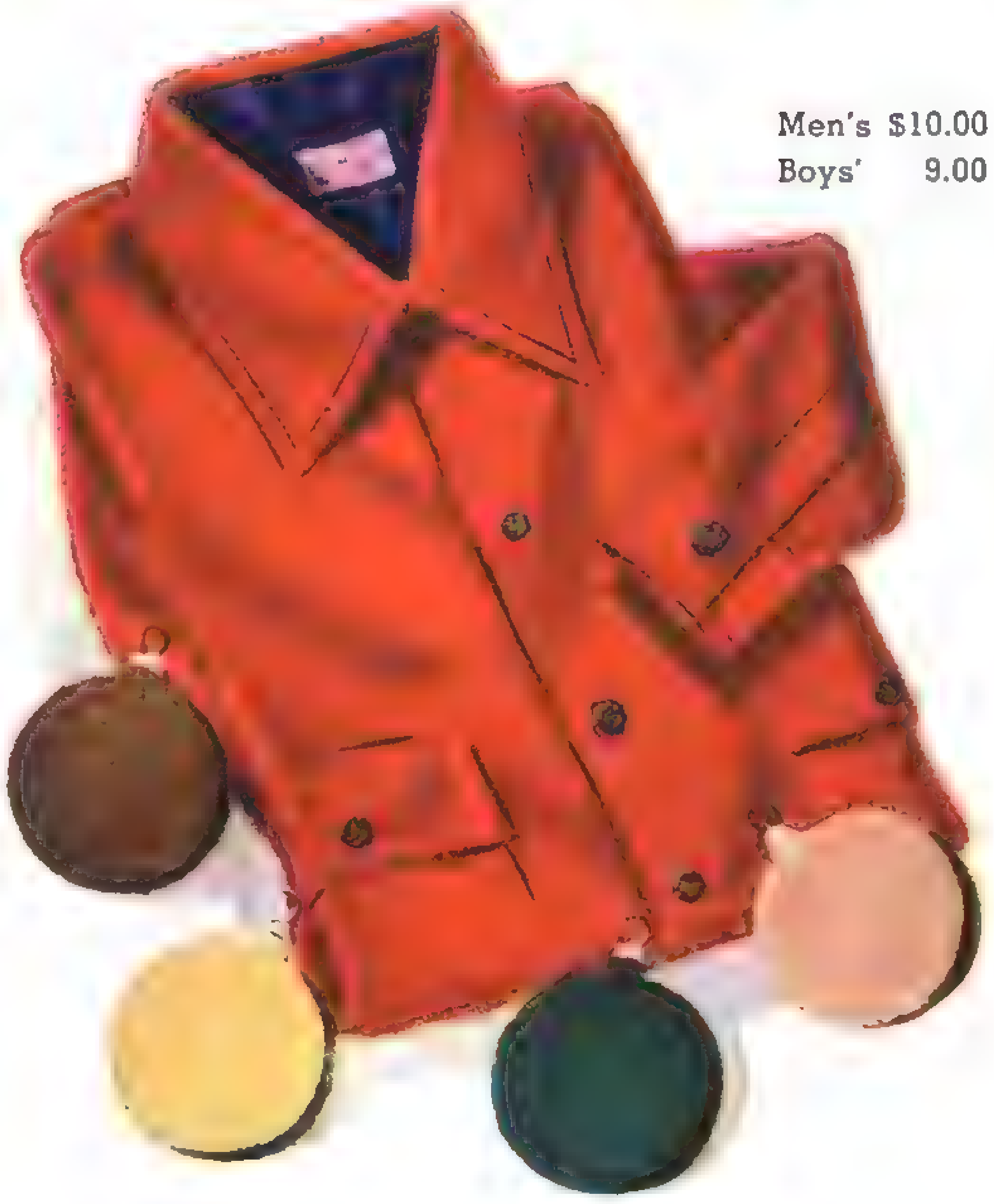


Men's* $12.50
Boys'* 11.00

*Also red and black; white and black; scarlet; luggage tan and camel.



Men's $10.00
Boys' 9.00



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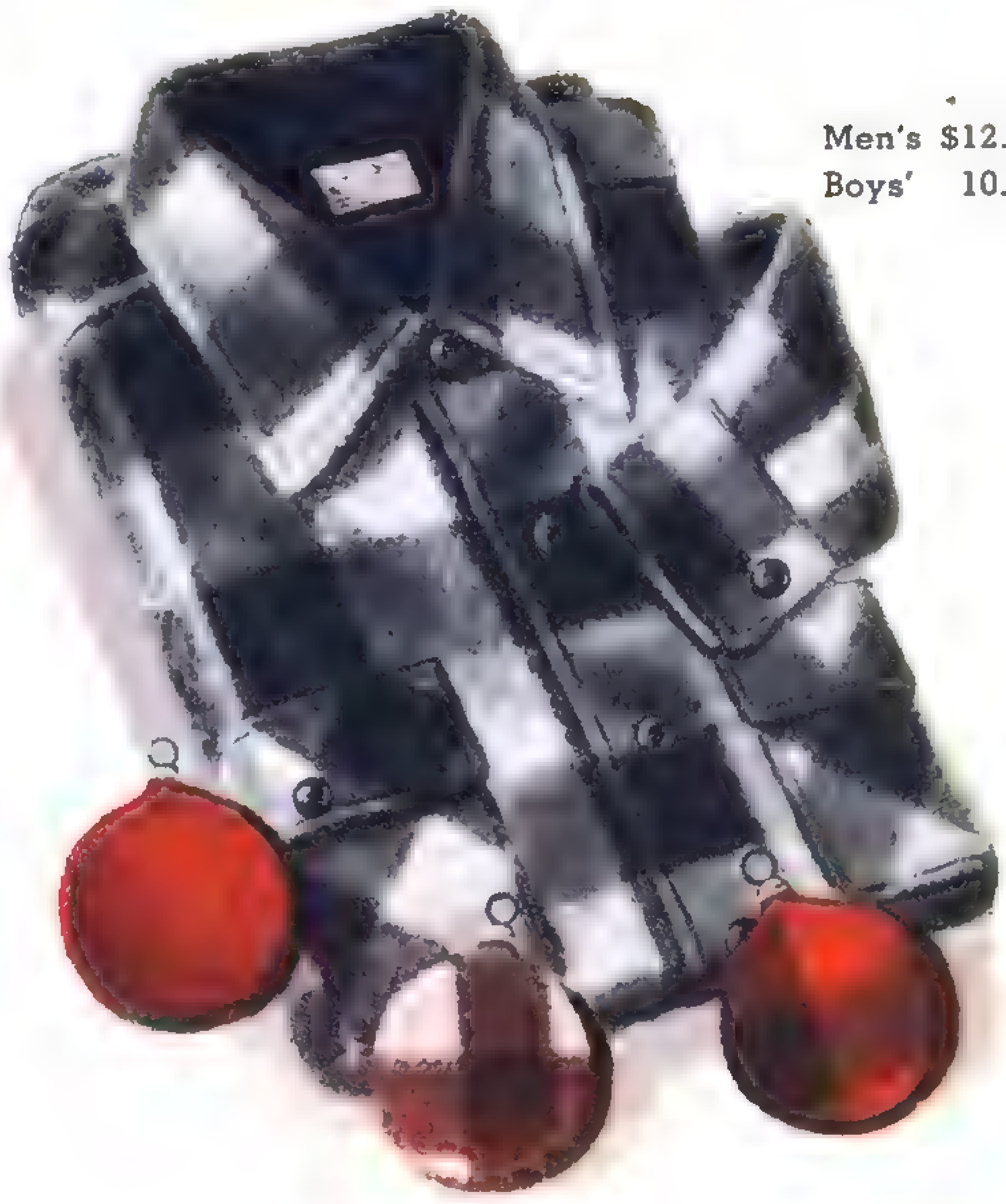

Men's $12.00
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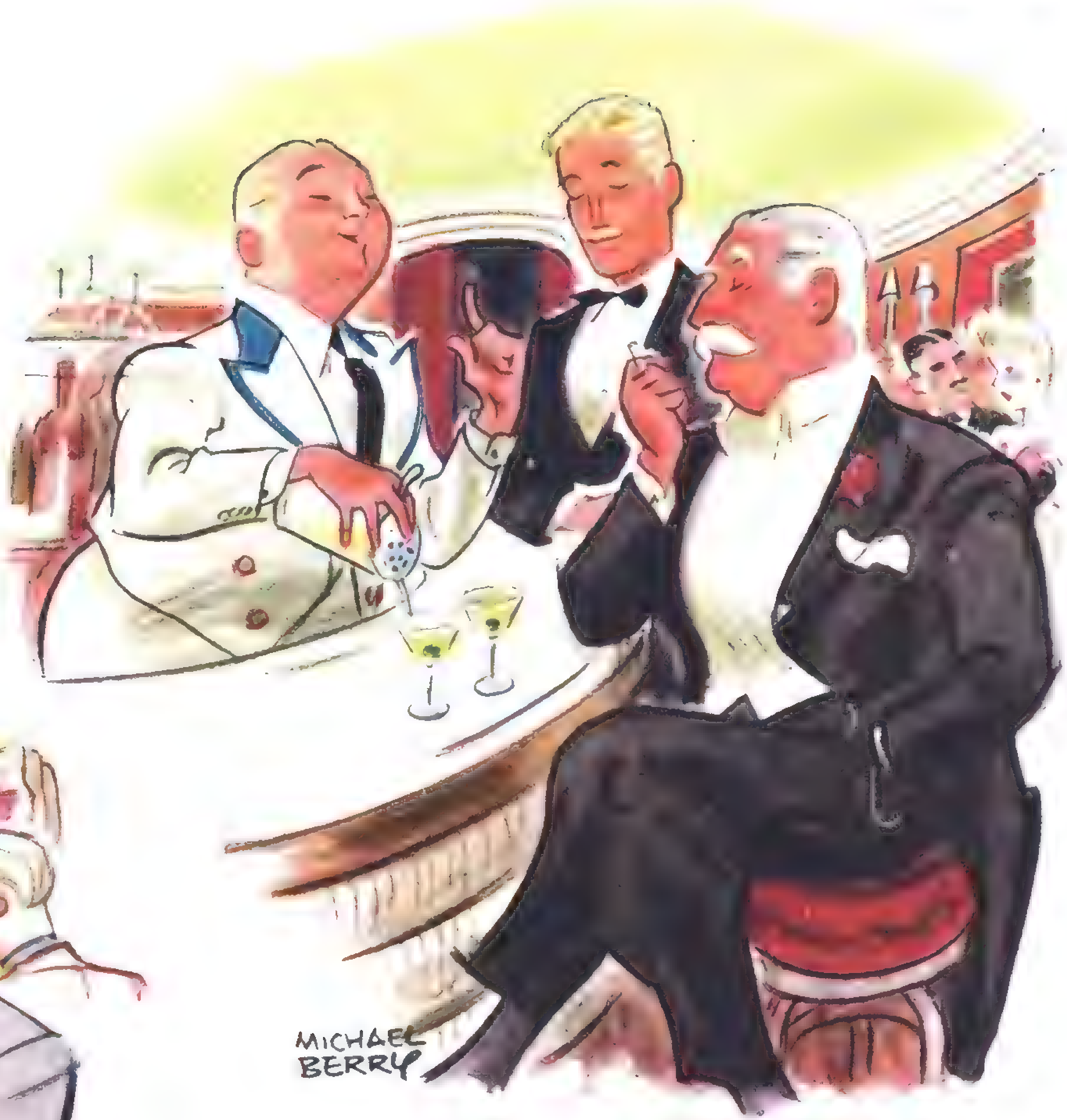
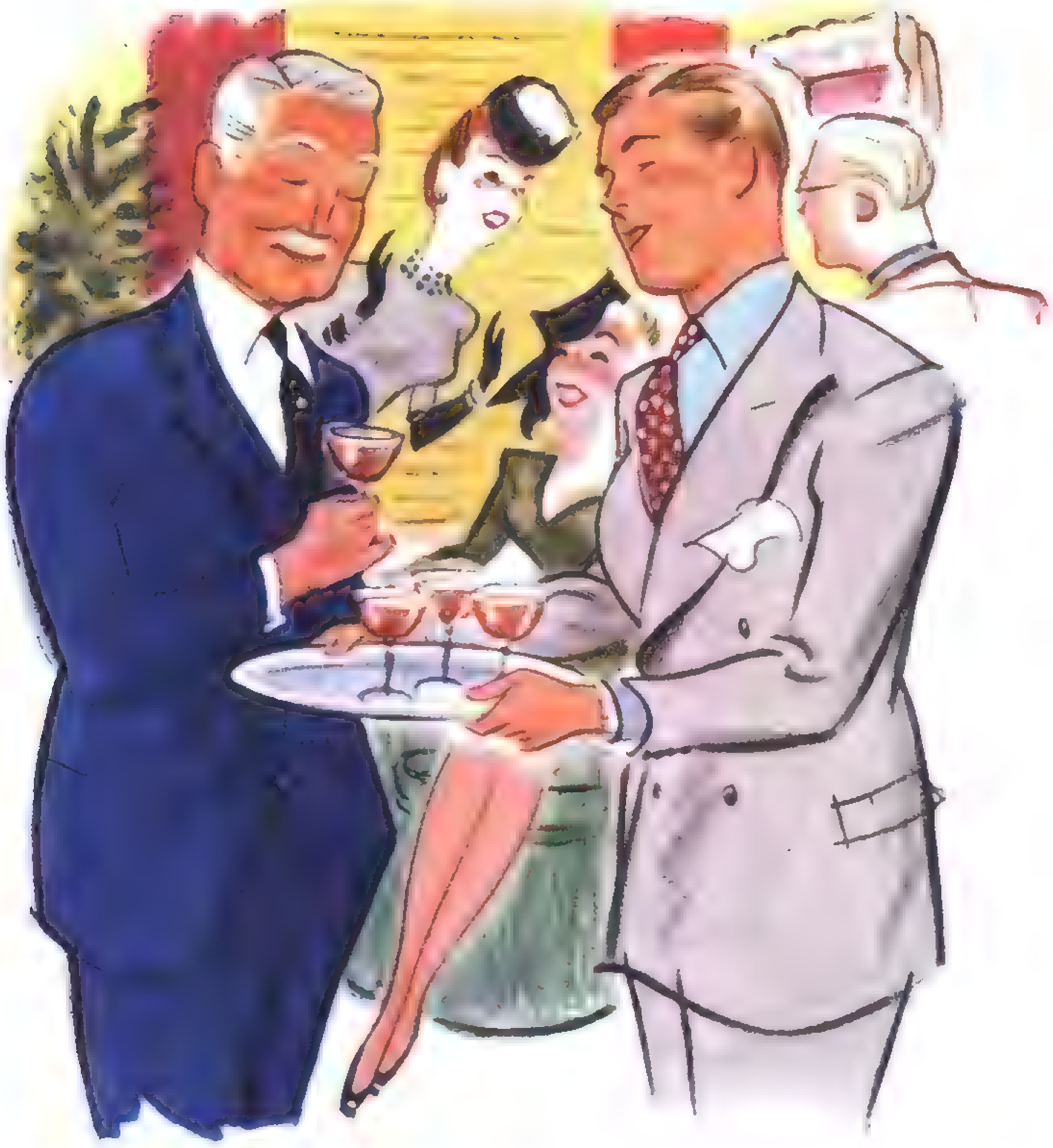
Woolmaster
Outerwear

it's a secret...



Visitors to New York's famous T.... Club ask Emile why his Dry Martinis taste so much better than those they mix at home. Emile lets them in on the secret. Advises using Martini & Rossi EXTRA DRY *Vermouth.*



Bob is famous for miles around for his Manhattan Cocktails. Likes to make his friends think he has a special secret. P. S. He has. He uses Martini & Rossi REGULAR *Vermouth.*

IMPORTED

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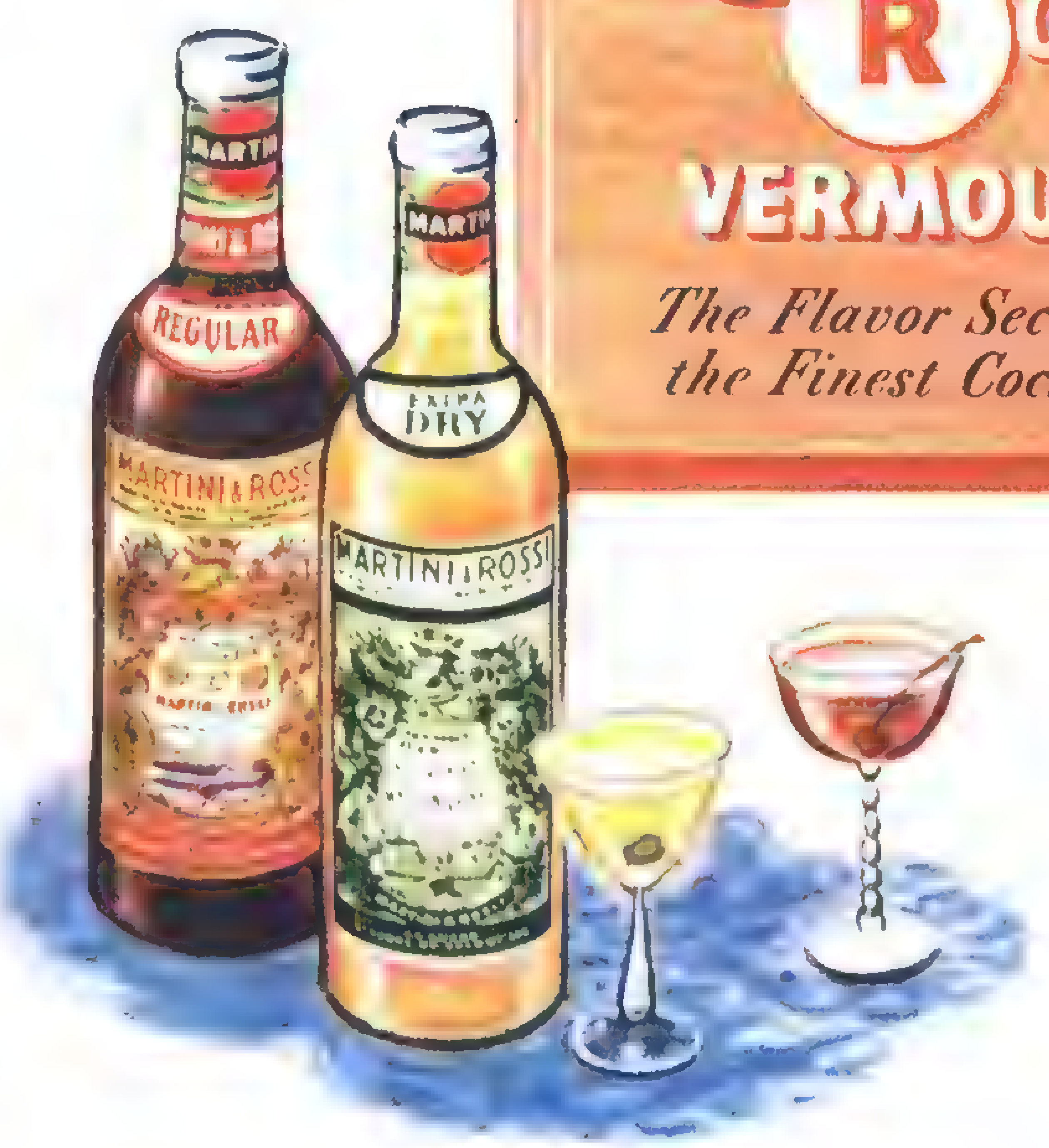
VERMOUTH
The Flavor Secret of the Finest Cocktails



Martini & Rossi Vermouth is the secret of the world's finest cocktails . . . because its secret formula has never been successfully duplicated.

REGULAR for Manhattan Cocktails
EXTRA DRY for Dry Martinis

W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City, Sole Distributors for U. S. A.

Ma Lends a Helping Hand

Continued from page 150

wide at the hole in the ceiling like she can hardly believe it. "Harry will have a fit," she half-whispers.

But when he gets home that night and Julia shows him the hole in the ceiling, he don't have a fit. I see a little shiver go through him, but he only says, "Well, what has to be done, has to be done."

The next few weeks the house is very busy with two men insulating and two more fixing the ceilings. A carpenter is also putting new front steps on, as the old steps creak something terrible. I weigh a little over two hundred pounds and I tell Harry that it's dangerous for me to walk up and down such rotting steps, they can cave in. So I am quite pleased to be steering Julia and Harry in the right direction to make the house safe, sound and healthy to live in.

Then one night after supper, I am sitting in the parlor reading the newspaper while Harry and Julia are in the kitchen cleaning up. I hear loud voices.

Julia is saying, "If you used up the money we have saved to pay for the new steps and the insulation and the ceilings, that's too bad. I won't let you take the money out of the bank to buy an oil burner."

"But we got to have the oil burner, honey," Harry says. "That furnace is no good and I'm not going to let you heave coal while I'm away all day on the bus."

"We are not going to use our savings to buy an oil burner," Julia says firm.

"Look, honey," Harry says in a pleading way, "let's buy the oil burner now. In a few months I will get the raise that Mr. Moore has been promising me and I can start putting the money back."

I put my newspaper down. Harry is certainly showing himself to be very reckless. I got to guide him right, and besides, it's my duty to keep Julia and he from having arguments. I go into the kitchen.

They are both standing by the sink, Harry with a dish towel and a plate and Julia with her hands on her hips, looking at him with her chin sticking way out, just like her father used to when he was mad.

"Now, children," I say, "it ain't right of you to quarrel over money matters. There's always a way to fix things up." I say this in a calm voice, but inside me I am thinking that Harry has chewed off more than he can swallow, as the saying goes.

Both of them start talking at once, each explaining their idea.

"Wait a minute, children," I say. "Keeping up a house ain't easy, Harry, but to take money out of the bank is wrong. You never know when you will have a baby or get sick or something. Now I don't want to mix in, Harry, but you should go to Mr. Moore and ask for a raise right away. With the extra money, you can start saving up for an oil burner."

Harry pulls at his ear. Julia says, "Ma is right, Harry. You speak to Mr. Moore tomorrow."

All the next day I feel very satisfied that I am leading them on the right way. Without my advice, they will surely get into trouble by eating up their money in the savings bank, and so I tell that to Julia. I also remind her that it's a man's job to be a good provider, and she had better come down to earth and see that a man is only a man, which ain't such a wonderful thing, even if it is her Harry. Julia listens to what I say and although she don't answer, I think I plant a seed of understanding in her, that if Harry takes on the obligations of marriage, he has to live up to them.

When Harry gets home to supper, he sits down on a kitchen chair. He twirls his bus driver's cap in his hands and looks at it, saying nothing. Julia stands over him and I am right by her.

"Well," Harry says looking glum, "I guess I'll be getting more money."

Julia throws her arms around his neck and practically chokes him. "That's swell, honey," she says and takes his chin in her hand and holds it up. "What are you so sad about? You should be thrilled."

"Yeah," he says, "only it ain't a raise. Mr. Moore says the company is running on a heavy deficit and a raise is out for six months at least. But he lets me have some early morning overtime beginning at six-thirty and also three nights a week, four hours a night."

Julia lets go of his chin. "Oh, Harry, you will be working so hard, you won't have time to breathe. I'll hardly see you."

"Well," he says, raising his eyebrows at me, "the both of you said no money out of the bank for the oil burner, and if the raise ain't coming through, it has to be overtime, that's all." He goes to the bathroom to wash up.

Julia is on the edge of tears. I put my arm around her shoulder. Harry has a nerve to blame her and I for all this, just because he ain't no go-getter.

"That's married life, Julia," I tell her, "you got to expect bumps. If Harry can't seem to manage things right, you just have to take the bitter with the sweet."

She turns and is in my arms, saying, "Oh, Ma," and I realize how much a girl needs her mother, single or married, old or young.

So Harry starts his new schedule and it's the beginning of a life of misery for Julia. When they go to a movie on one of his early nights, he falls fast asleep and she figures it's cruel to keep him up when he should be home in bed. So they stop going out nights and Julia is no better off than a widow, except that she has to wait up for Harry and have his supper ready like a slaving wife.

But Julia feels sorry not for herself and I, with the both of us left

Continued on page 194

Chesterton
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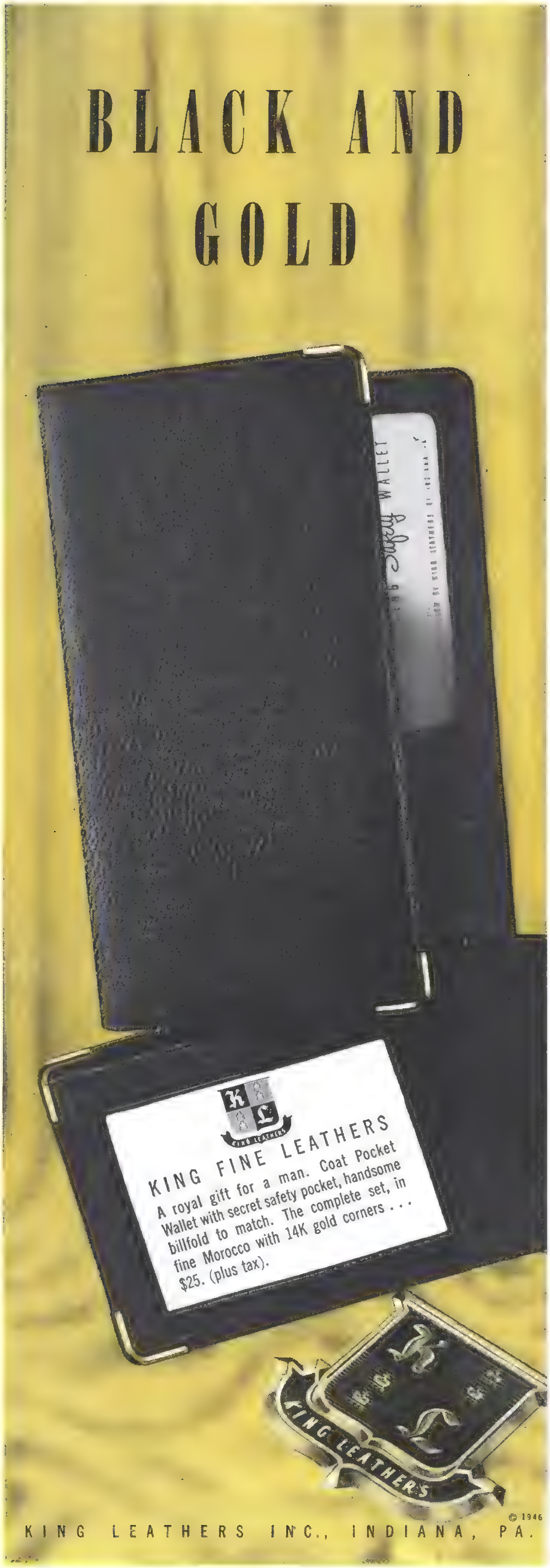
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Ma Lends a Helping Hand

Continued from page 193

alone without a man in the house, but for Harry. Sure he goes to work three mornings a week at six and three nights a week he don't get home until eleven, but he's a man, ain't he? It's his job, ain't it? Honest, it makes me mad, and I don't mind telling her, gentle, of course, as I don't want to start no trouble.

My Julia is a good daughter. She never gives me back talk. I try to make her realize she ain't having no bed of flowers, as the saying goes. I understand she don't want to believe anything bad about Harry, but I know she will find out for herself.

And that begins to happen very soon. One night that Harry is home early I am standing by the kitchen stove getting warm as it's already the middle of November. It seems to me that we should be starting the furnace up by now and not wait until it's below zero.

So while Julia and Harry are washing and wiping dishes, I say, "My goodness, but it's turned chilly. Don't you think we ought to start the furnace, Harry, till you get the money for the oil burner?"

Harry puts down the dish towel and gives me a nasty look, as if it's my fault the house is cold. He goes down to the cellar and I hear him shoveling coal.

Two hours later the house is just barely warm. I sit in the parlor, wearing a heavy sweater. That furnace is terrible. I can understand why Harry is so anxious to get an oil burner.

Next morning I wake up from the noise of shoveling coal and I see my radium clock on the night table says five-thirty. I go back to sleep, glad at least that Julia don't get up to feed him breakfast on his early mornings.

All morning long the house is cold. At lunchtime I tell Julia that we got to do something about this as the house ain't fit to live in with that kind of a furnace.

"I'll see what I can do, Ma," says Julia, and she goes down to the cellar. I follow her.

The cellar is a mess. The furnace looks like it will fall apart. I stand at the bottom step and watch her go to the coal bin. She picks up the shovel and heaves coal into the furnace. Julia who weighs only ninety pounds. I am boiling inside to watch my child struggling this way. I didn't bring her up to shovel coal. If only I don't have my rheumatism I could help her, but as it is I am helpless. I turn and go back upstairs.

Later while Julia is washing up I tell her that she is too frail a girl to shovel coal, it is up to her husband to take better care of her.

While her back is turned to me as she washes up at the sink, she says, "But, Ma, we have to keep the furnace going until Harry gets the oil burner."

"That may be," I say, "only how do you think a mother feels to see her child heaving coal? Do you expect me to feel good about it? Did Joe ever make Maude shovel coal? Harry has to manage better than that, Julia, that's all I can say."

"Please don't fret, Ma," says Julia. "Everything will be all right."

But it ain't. Day after day and week after week Julia has to go down to the cellar as much as three times a day to heave coal in the furnace. She gets exhausted. She gets cranky at me. But I take it from her, at no time do I show her that I am anything but sorry for her and the hardships she is having on account of Harry. But I don't win her over to my way of thinking. Harry does that himself by showing his real true color.

A week before Christmas on a Saturday morning, I get a phone call while Julia is in the bathtub. It's my other daughter, Maude, who says that tomorrow being Julia's birthday, she and Joe and a few of their crowd will drop over in the afternoon and give her a surprise party, not to say anything, but to make sure that Julia will be home. I tell Maude that's wonderful, thinking that Julia can stand some cheering up.

In the morning, I come into the kitchen at eight o'clock. Julia sits at the table alone.

"Happy birthday, dear," I say and give her my present of three hand-embroidered handkerchiefs. I kiss her and she smiles and thanks me, saying the handkerchiefs are beautiful.

"Where's Harry?" I ask her.

"Oh," she says, "he left at six this morning as usual, I guess."

I am dumbstruck. "You guess," I say. "What do you mean you guess? Didn't he wake you up? Didn't he even wish you a happy birthday or give you a present?"

"Why, no, Ma. You know that Harry never wakes me up when he leaves at six in the morning."

"But on your birthday, Julia—he should of taken the day off. This ain't no way for him to act. When a husband forgets his wife's birthday, that's a serious thing, especially a newlywed."

Julia drums nervous on the table with her finger tips. She is frowning. "Oh, he didn't forget, Ma. He'll fix it to get the day off and he'll be here soon, wait and see."

I wait but I don't see. All morning long, every few minutes, Julia looks out of the window hoping that Harry is coming. But she is wasting her time. Of course he don't show up.

At two o'clock Maude and Joe come in with Bill and Mae Higglebee and Mike and Irene Stout who Harry and Julia used to go bowling with all the time. They come in singing *Happy Birthday* and give Julia presents and the girls kiss her and poor Julia tries hard to smile. Then Mike says, "Hey, where's Harry?"

"Oh, he had to work," says my brave little girl, blushing.

"Yes," I say, trying to cover up

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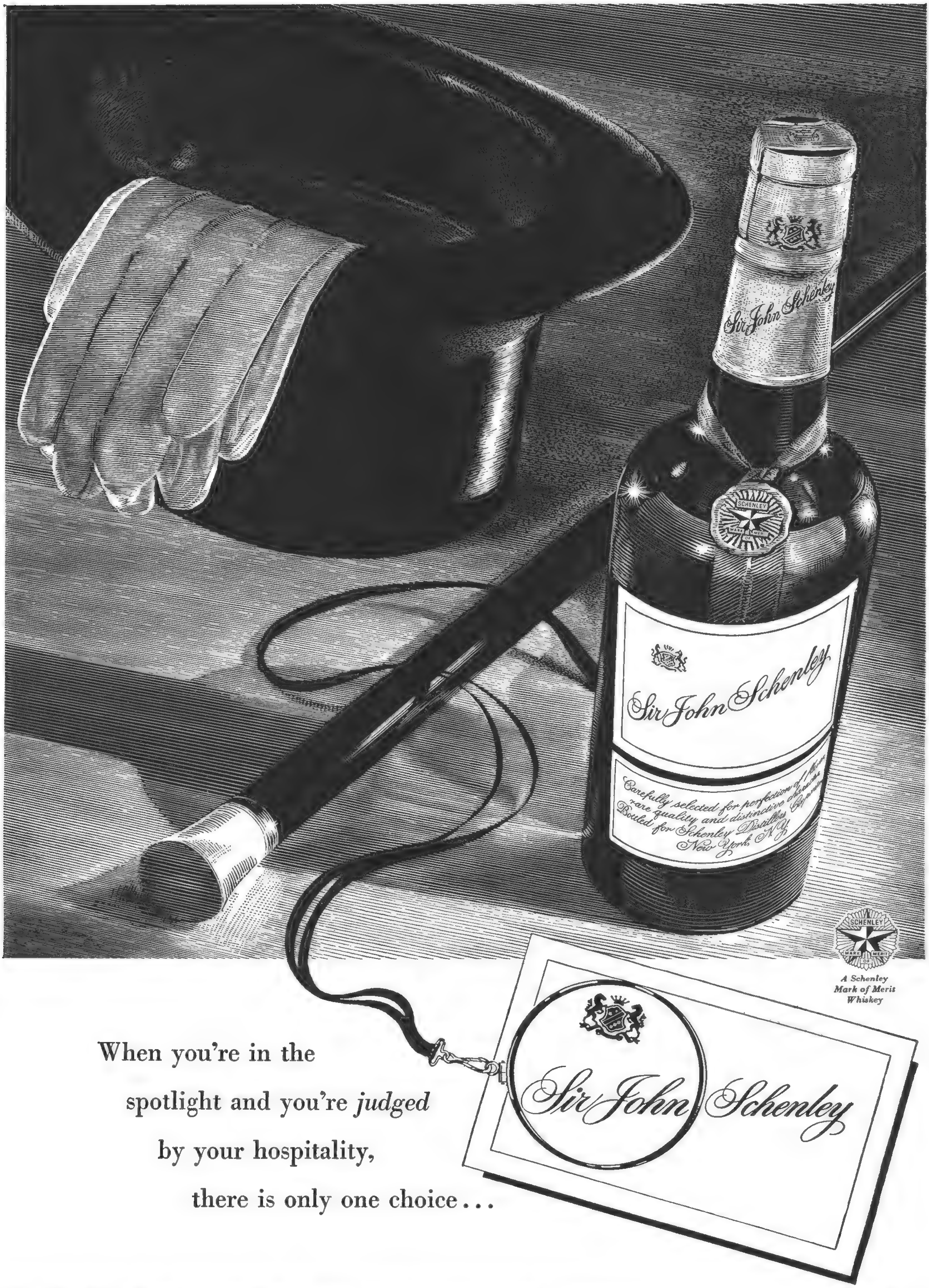
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TODAY... the direct descendants of those who knew and enjoyed fine things in the past, proudly give Gold Filled jewelry. They appreciate that Gold Filled . . . made the "Old Sheffield" way . . . has a solid karat gold surface that retains its beauty for years. They know that Gold Filled jewelry is really *fine* jewelry moderately priced. And they can always tell Gold Filled by the markings in the metal . . . markings of quality which must conform to U. S. Government Standards.

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Look for and buy only Gold Filled jewelry, pens, pencils, watch cases, and eyeglass frames.

Ma Lends a Helping Hand

Continued from page 194

for her, "but he will probably be home soon, I'm sure."

We all go in the parlor and Joe puts on the radio and they dance. Next the boys go out to buy ice cream and Bill gets a case of beer out of his car and we sit drinking beer and eating ice cream and everybody is having a good time except Julia.

All afternoon she keeps going over to the window and my heart is really bleeding for her. Mike, who is a sort of a comedian, keeps on giving her the needles, saying things like, "I'll bet Harry has a date with a redhead." Julia forces smiles at such talk, but everybody knows how she is really feeling.

At five-thirty Maude looks at her watch and says, "Oh, my goodness, it's time to go, Joe. I promised my sitter that we would be home by five-thirty."

That starts it for everybody and in a few minutes they are piling out of the door with Mae, who is a sort of a cat, saying, "It was swell to see you, Julia. Give my regards to Harry when you see him."

When they are gone Julia lets out a sob and runs into her bedroom. I follow her. She is stretched out across her bed, crying like her poor heart will break. I try to cheer her up.

"In marriage there are many ups and downs, Julia. Even if you are having all downs and no ups you mustn't go to pieces like this."

"He's a brute and a beast," sobs Julia. "I hate him."

I got no answer for that.

She cries and complains some more, getting angrier at Harry.

A little after six o'clock, Harry comes in the front door, goes down the hall and into the kitchen. Only I am there, not Julia who is still in her bedroom, but not crying any more.

With a happy look on his face, like there is nothing wrong, he says, "Where's Julia?"

I don't answer him right off. I stare at him, and if looks could kill, as the saying goes, he would of been dead. I walk right up to him and I am thinking about using all the strength of my two hundred pounds to give him a good one across his face. But I hold myself back and say, "Julia is in her room where she has been crying her eyes out. Do you know what today is? It's Julia's birthday. Did you remember it? No. Do you care? No. All you know is to ride around on your bus and think of yourself and come home at all hours and want her to feed you. What do you care if she works her fingers to the bone for you and breaks her neck heaving coal in the furnace?"

Just then Julia comes in with her hands on her hips and she stamps over to him and says, "You're mean and selfish and hateful and I'm sorry I ever married you and my mother is right."

Harry is pale, very pale. He stands there and looks not at Julia, but at me. By the look in his eyes I am sure that he is going to strike me. I back up near the pantry. He keeps coming at me.

"Julia," I shriek, "he's going to strike me, the brute."

But Julia saves me. She rushes over, and for all her ninety pounds she grabs him by the coat collar and yanks him back.

"Get out of here," she screeches.

Harry goes limp and he looks at her with a look of great tragedy. He passes his hand across his forehead. He walks out of the kitchen to the hall, takes his bus driver's cap off of a hook and with his head down he slowly goes to the door and out of the house.

Julia stands there in the middle of the kitchen without moving. She is staring down the hall at the door that Harry just closes behind him.

Watching her, I know it is time for me to give her encouragement. "You did perfectly right," I say. "I hope that he never comes back."

Julia takes her eyes from the door and looks at me, a scared, popeyed look. She wets her lips with her tongue and says in a half-cry, "Ooh, no, Ma."

She pushes past me, runs to the door, opens it and yells, "Harry, Harry, come back here."

I run to the door, standing behind her. Harry is already down the street. He stops and turns.

Then I notice that right in front of the house, right by the street lamp, there is a big truck with a sign on the side, Elite Oil Burner Company. Three men are lugging an oil burner around the side of the house.

The pain at my temples is worse than the worst rheumatism pains I ever have. The chill that goes up and down my back is worse than the coldest day we ever have in the house. I am afraid I am going to faint.

Harry is leaping back up the steps two at a time. He stands in front of Julia and she looks like she is going to melt. Harry points to the oil burner that the men are lugging around to the cellar door.

"There's your birthday present, Julia," he says shyly.

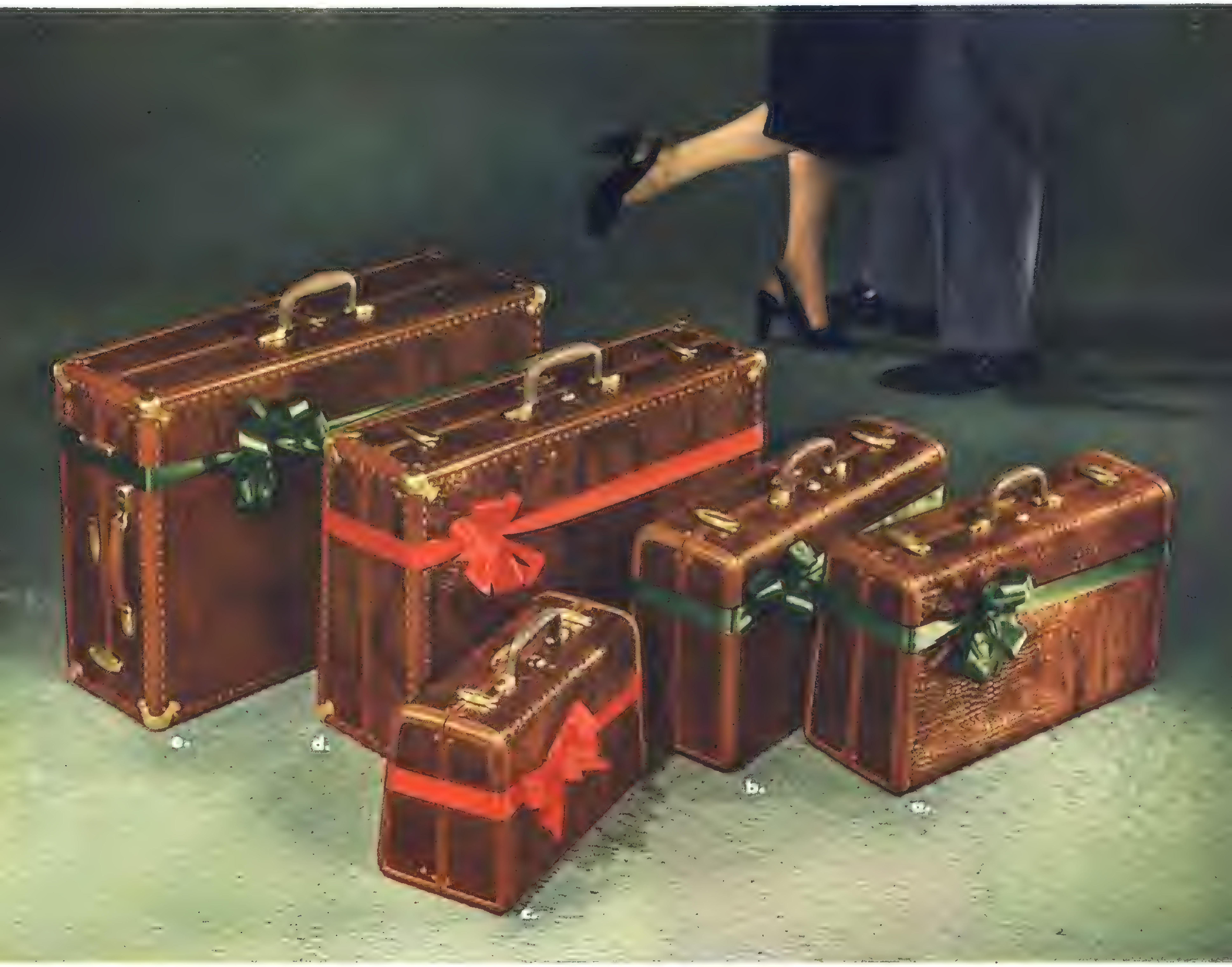
Julia has her arms around him and she is kissing him all over his face. After a minute Harry pulls away from her. He reaches into his pocket and brings out an envelope and hands it to me.

"I'm a few days early, Ma," he says, "but here is your Christmas present."

I open the envelope and take out what's in it. It's a one-way ticket to Seattle, Washington, where my sister, Millie, lives . . .

I have been out here in Seattle a month now. My sister Millie has got an awful case of sciatica and I am doing all of her housework, just like I was a servant. I even have to shovel coal in the furnace. Millie don't even bother to answer me when I tell her she really ought to buy an oil burner.

Continued from page 150



give the thrill of fine luggage...

in matched sets of Samsonite! Nothing could be more thrilling on Christmas morning—than the gift of fine luggage! *These* magnificent matched sets are Samsonite (featuring the beautiful new streamline locks)... so good-looking, so sturdy, so well-fitted, and such wonderful values! Samsonite is America's most popular luggage—and Samsonite's output is so immense that prices are rock-bottom. Imagine, two beautiful pieces for less than you'd expect to pay for one! This Christmas—make it a match—make it Samsonite!

- **a.** Men's Overnight Case $16.50
- **b.** Ladies' O'Nite $16.50
- **c.** Vanity O'Nite $16.50
- **d.** Armor Bound Pullman $27.50
- **e.** Armor Bound Hand Wardrobe $34.50*

Samsonite Men's Two Suiter $24

Samsonite Ladies' Wardrobe $24

Strong enough to stand on

Samsonite STREAMLITE LUGGAGE

Denver SHWAYDER BROS., Inc. Detroit

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*Superline Samsonite. Standard Samsonite prices slightly less. All prices subject to existing taxes.

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NATURALLY FERMENTED
GRAND VIN MOUSSEUX
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Chauvenet Red Cap

Serve Ice Cold
F. Chauvenet

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BOTTLED BY LEGRANDE CO., B.W. 17, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF F. CHAUVENET, S.A. ALSO PRODUCERS OF CHAUVENET RED FLAG AND WHITE FLAG

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: *Williams Importers* A DIVISION OF
R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC., 610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

FIRST CLOTH OF KINGS...
BROCADED SATIN
FIRST AMONG TIES OF
BROCADED SATIN...BERN ROYAL...
First for Christmas and All Important Events

Bern Royal

Beautiful is the word. Ties in luxurious, brocaded satin. Richly faced. Original, warm-colored designs characterized by distinctive restraint. Bern Royal ties a perfect knot and drapes flawlessly. Superbly cut and superbly tailored. $2.50. Other Superba ties $1 to $5. At fine stores everywhere.

FASHION IS *FIRST*
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CRAVATS

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HICKOK

TWO GIFTS IN ONE...

FOR THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

"Good Will for Men of Good Taste"

Look at the record . . . and you'll see why, this year as always, a Hickok gift is sure to make his Christmas merry. Each is packed in a handsome gift-box. KoiNife and Key Chain, $5 each. Bachelor Button Blue Belt and Initial Buckle, set, $6. Arrow Extension Tie Bar, $2.50. Sculptured Initial Tie Bar, $2.50. Initial Wallet, $5. Pigskin Belt, Initial Buckle, set, $3.50. Crocodile Belt, Initial Buckle, set, $12.50. Nugget Knots Tie Bar and Cuff Links, set, $6.

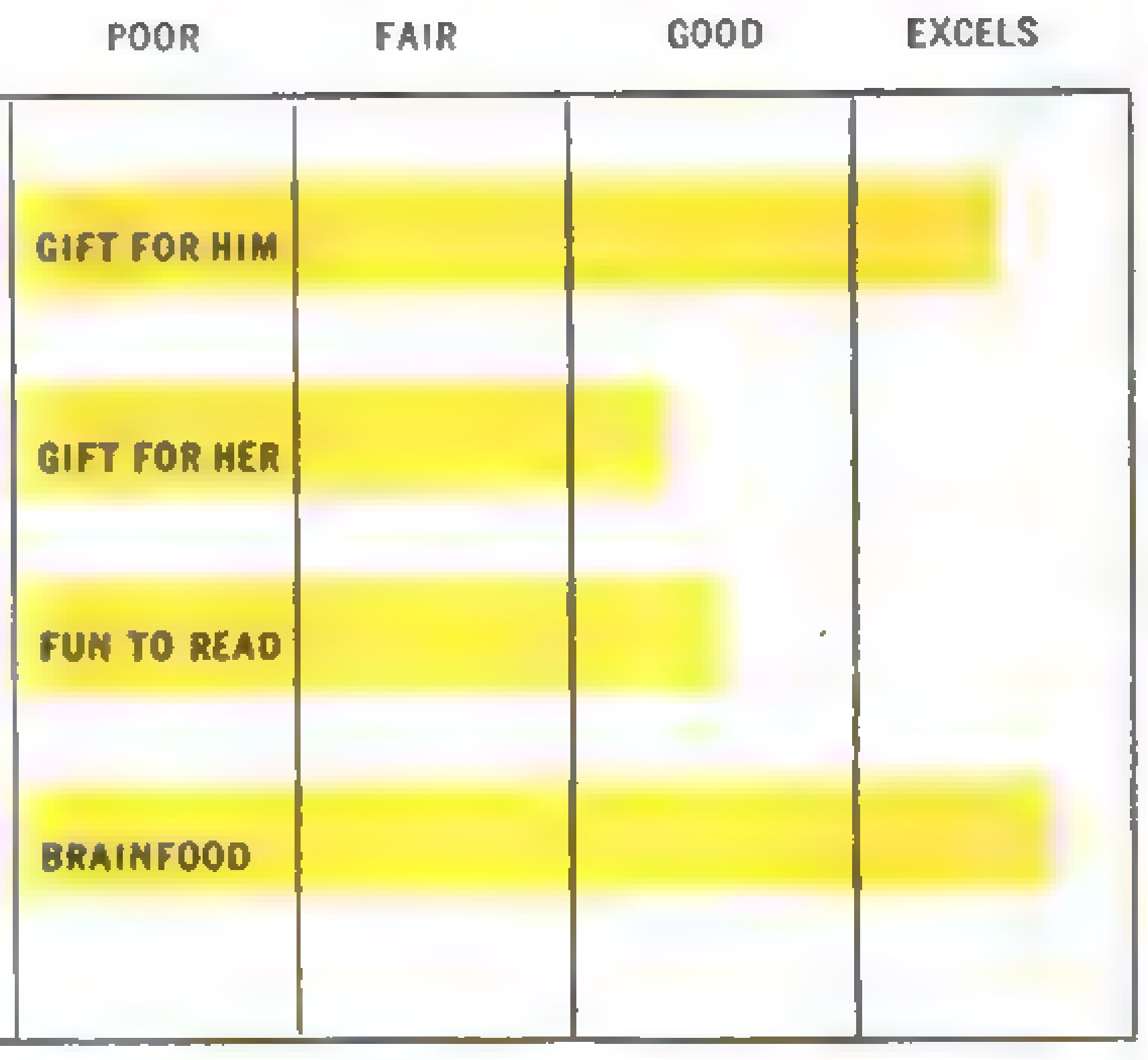
Plus Federal tax on jewelry.

Book Briefs

The latest collected works of five prominent authors make tasteful gifts, insure hours of good reading

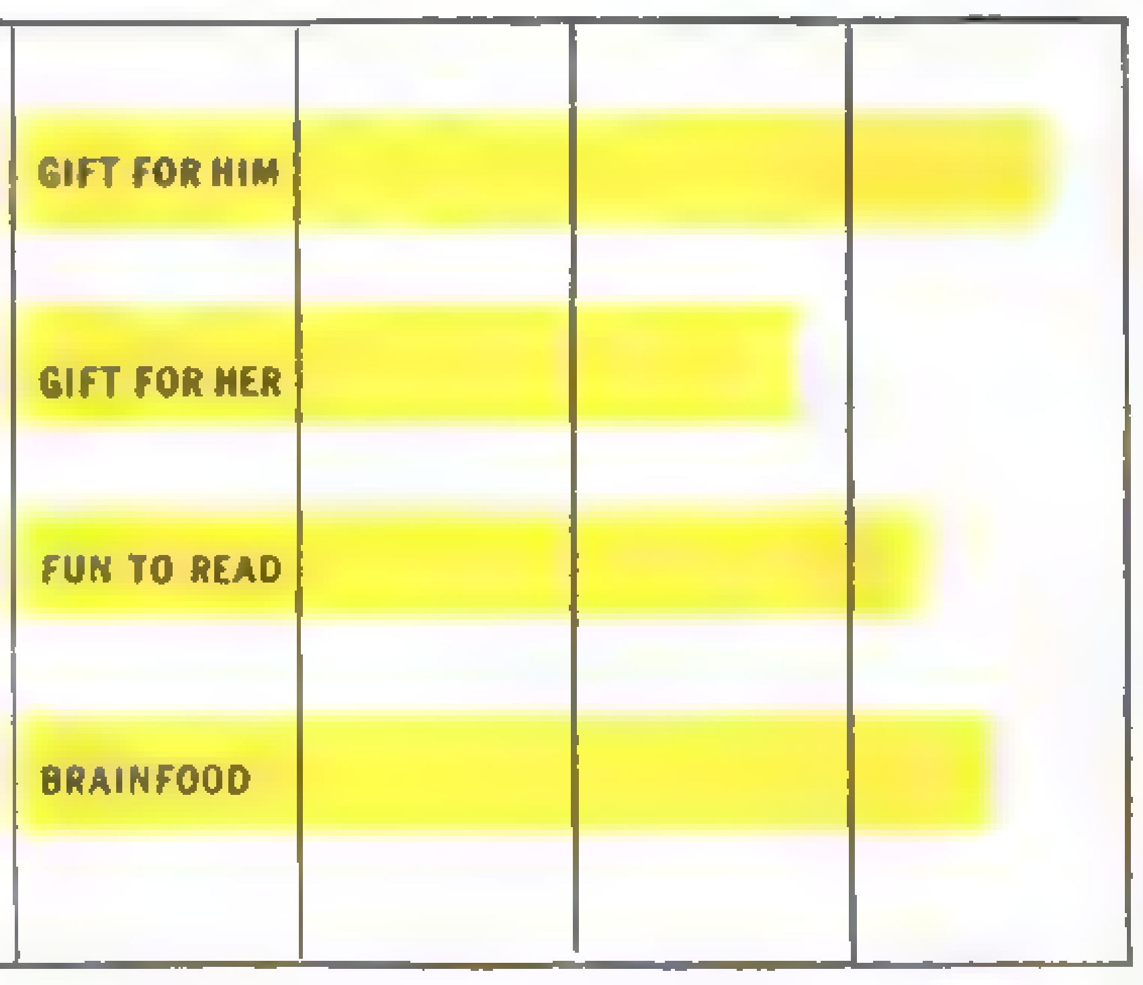
The Portable Faulkner
by William Faulkner
(*Viking*, $2.00)

Comprehensive volume includes eleven short stories and complete episodes from six of Faulkner's novels. Edited by Malcolm Cowley, who also wrote the thorough and careful introduction.



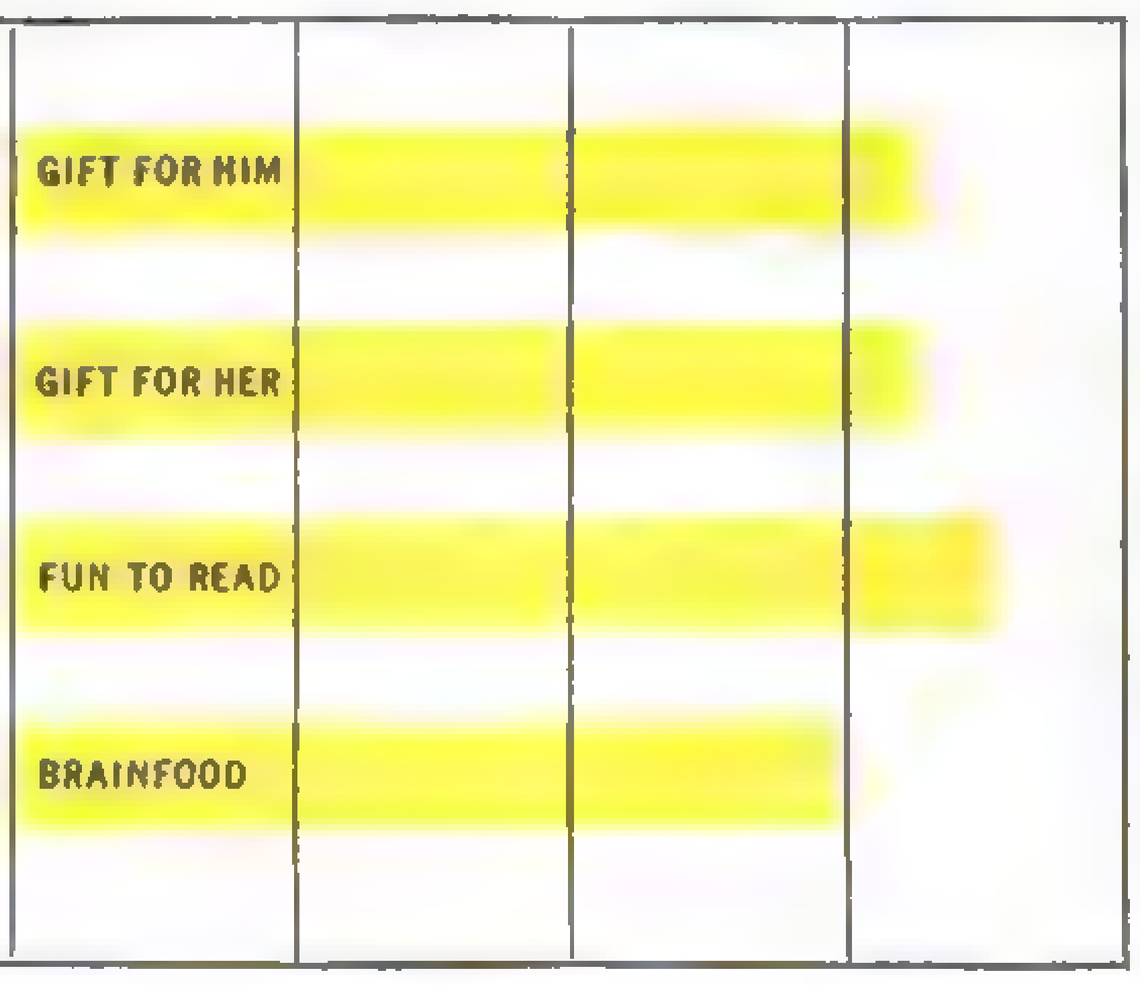
Hellbox
by John O'Hara
(*Random House*, $2.50)

Second collection of short stories by O'Hara contains twenty-six stories, including the bitterly satirical *Life Among These Unforgettable Characters*. Most of the tales are very brief. No introduction.



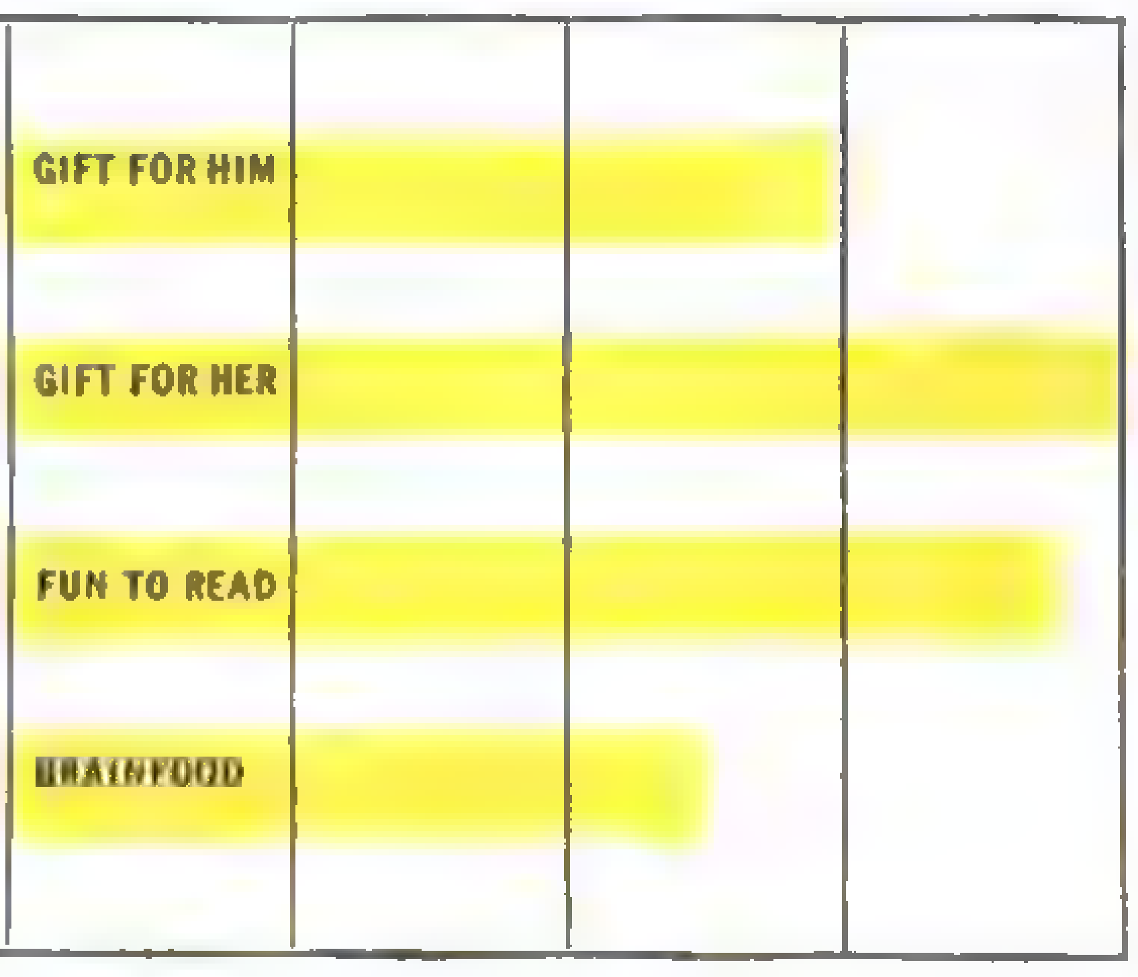
The Portable Fitzgerald
by F. Scott Fitzgerald
(*Viking*, $2.00)

Two complete novels, *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night*, are reprinted in this book, along with nine short stories. Dorothy Parker made the selections and John O'Hara wrote the introduction.



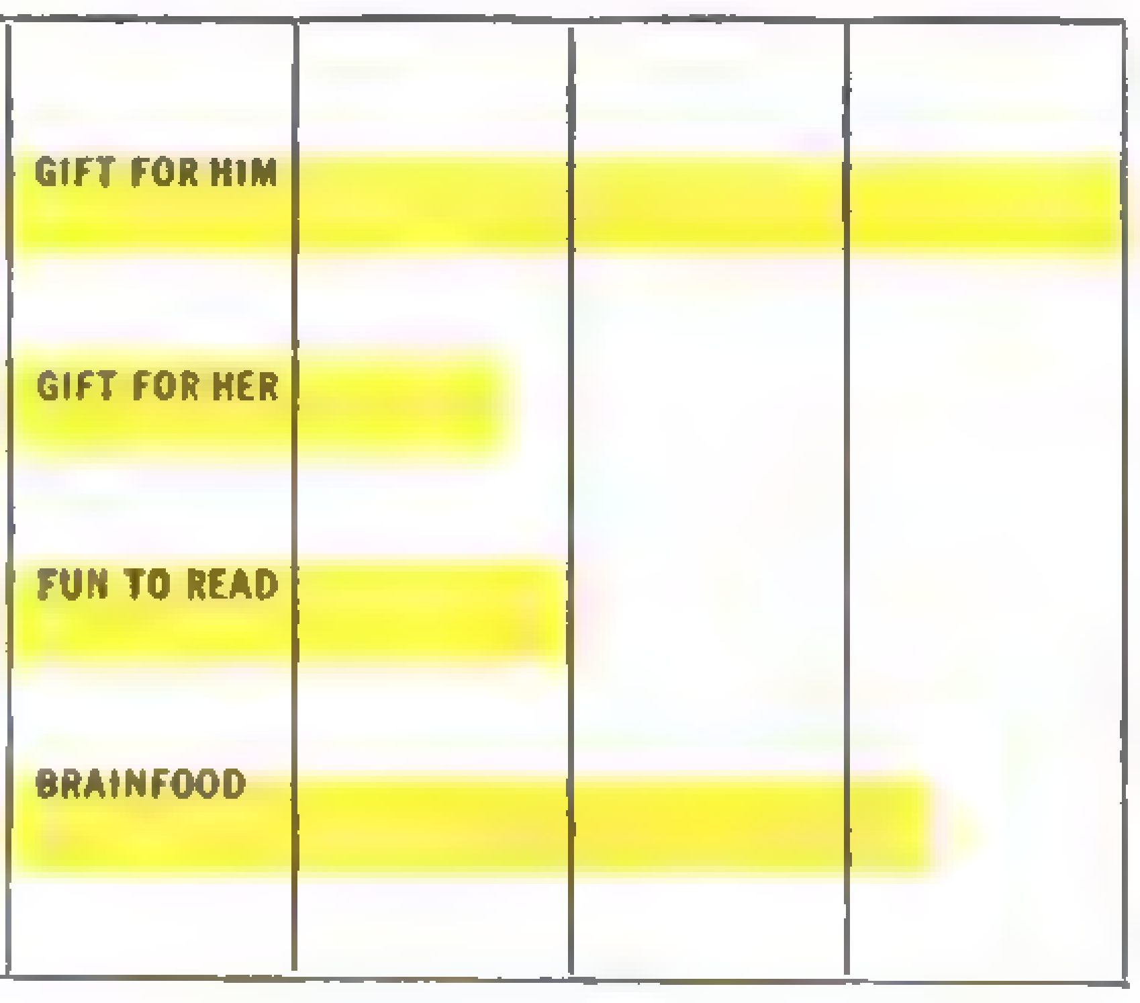
Creatures of Circumstance
by Somerset Maugham
(*Doubleday*, $2.50)

Fifteen stories make up Maugham's newest collection. Backgrounds include London, America, France and the Orient. Collection is prefaced with an introduction by the author.



Neon Wilderness
by Nelson Algren
(*Doubleday*, $2.50)

Twenty-four tough and realistic stories, most of them about the slum areas of Chicago. No introduction or commentary. Four of the stories deal with incidents of World War II.



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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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Old Smuggler Scotch Whisky is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple . . . and is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour. Blended and bottled in Dumbarton, Scotland.

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How about a Christmas present for yourself?

THE GRAD: The basic 3-button sack coat tailored of Zephyroy . . . the pliant corduroy, Full-lined . . . . . . about $18.75
With it, a worsted covert slack in harmonized shades . . . about $11.95
And the Seven Seas shirt in Sanforset, vat-dyed rayon . . . about $4.95
or the washable suede at . . . about $3.50

Seven Seas
ensembled sportswear

Whom do you have to live with 24 hours a day? *Yourself!* And who's your best friend? *You are!* So save a bit from your Christmas budget and give yourself a treat . . . three pieces of Seven Seas sportswear *ready-ensembled* for perfect blending. Designed and tailored with Seven Seas 55 years of skilled experience, this trio gives you everything you need for a well-groomed leisure appearance. See it today at any shop that displays the famous Seven Seas name in its windows.

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FINE SLACKS SINCE 1894

Two on the Aisle

Theatre fans with total recall rate three bends and an encore

by **BILL BURTON**

When you take this brief course in second guesses for first-nighters, you won't find that your memories of Maude Adams as Peter Pan will help very much. But even some of the more recent sock-and-buskin queries are going to seem far away, unless you've been lunching at the Players.

Twenty-one right: free tickets to *Blossom Time* next time it comes your way—maybe. Fifteen right: you can carry a spear at the Met next time they play *Aïda*—tell them we sent you. Ten right: standing room for the one millionth performance of *Oklahoma!* Onstage:

1. They get a ringside table at the Stork Club now, but do you remember the show that took them off the lunch counter at Walgreen's?
a. Spencer Tracy
b. Julie Haydon
c. Burgess Meredith
d. Judy Holliday

2. The following gentlemen all had a go at the Melancholy Dane, but one Hamlet left the critics cold as Denmark in December:
a. John Gielgud
b. Leslie Howard
c. Maurice Evans
d. John Barrymore

3. Your favorite bar may not look like Act 1, Scene 1, of anything to you, but can you name four plays which have taken place entirely in bars?

4. This one's off line 1, page 1 of *Sucker Traps For Theatre Quizzes.* Who sang *Ol' Man River* in the original *Show Boat* cast?

5. If your name's Anderson, you've an above-average chance of succeeding in the theatre. Can you name four Andersons currently active?

6. The saying "it runs in the family" is as true in the theatre as anyplace. Can you name four famous two-generation combos?

7. Traditionally, actors lie in unmarked graves in potter's field, but at least a few have managed to get theatres named in their memory. Can you name three?

8. War is traditionally a man's business, but in what three plays did the only men in sight look like camp followers?

9. Perish the thought, but can you name three ladies who've undressed on the stage—and not in burlesque either?

10. Second to the late Vidkun Quisling, George Kaufman has collaborated with more people than anybody—but in a nice way. If you want to know how it is working with George, you could ask at least seven people.

11. Following are four of the most tuneful of all musicals, and four of the most tuneful of composers. Can you match up men and shows?
a. *Of Thee I Sing*
b. *Sally*
c. *Anything Goes*
d. *As Thousands Cheer*
e. Cole Porter
f. Jerome Kern
g. Irving Berlin
h. George Gershwin

12. There's a lot of talk about women taking over men's jobs. In the theatre, this is old stuff. Can you name four women who weren't content to wear the skirts on the stage?

13. Every so often somebody replaces the old sock and buskin with modern dress. Can you name four examples?

14. What famous comedian played Billy the Page Boy in William Gillette's *Sherlock Holmes?*

15. Not that it's necessarily anything personal, but what girl has had many a part in what boy's play?
a. Ina Claire
b. Lynn Fontanne
c. Betty Field
d. Robert Sherwood
e. Elmer Rice
f. S. N. Behrman

16. The following people never appear onstage, but without them our prettiest peacocks would look like plucked chickens. What's their racket?
a. Dazian's b. Maharam's c. I. Miller.

17. Some playwrights are never satisfied—they want the double feature to sneak into the theatre, too. Can you name four who wrote a play within a play?

18. Everybody has one play in him (they say). Can you name 4 guys who got rid of it and were never heard of again in the theatre?

19. A playwright is not necessarily clairvoyant, but here are a couple of guys who were. In their play, they predicted the atomic bomb sixteen years before it was perfected. Their play was?

20. Whenever the following songs are sung, people all sit around and say, "This kid is okay, but do you remember . . .?"
a. *Ten Cents a Dance* b. *Am I Blue* c. *Stormy Weather* d. *Limehouse Blues.*

21. The gentlemen below are the second or number-two members of some famous comedy teams. Can you remember the first or number-one man?
a. McCullough b. Sully c. Woolsey
d. Eugene

Turn to page 212 for answers to *Two on the Aisle.*

She'll love you for it...

because you've selected her favorite French

Parfum by Corday

L'Ardente Nuit
CORDAY
PARIS

L'ARDENTE NUIT makes ladies purr
Quicker than a costly fur.

FAME
CORDAY
PARIS
CORDAY

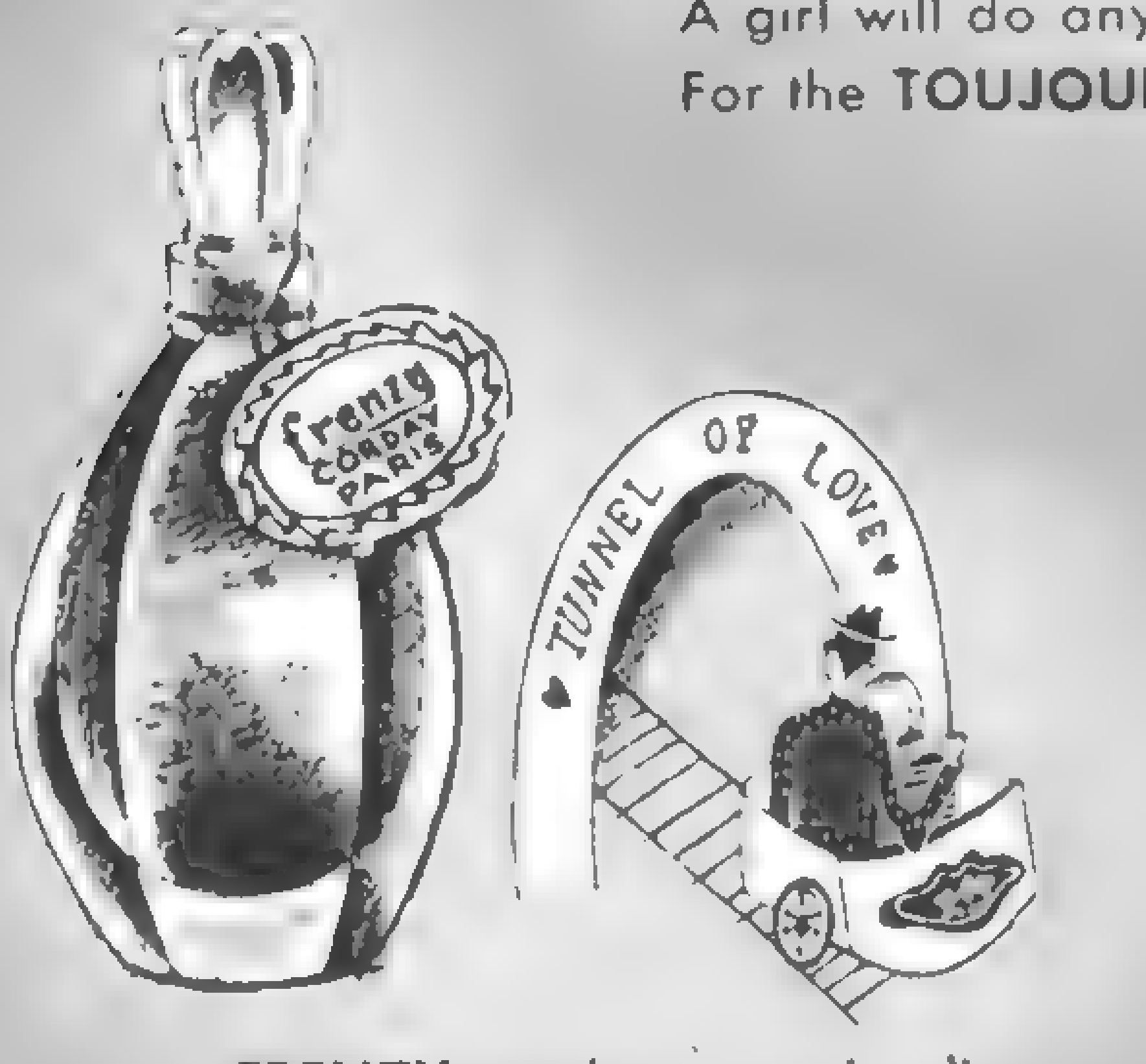
Girls, like birds, are easy to tame;
So forego salt, and substitute **FAME**.

CORDAY
Toujours Moi
PARIS

A girl will do anything for you (nearly)
For the **TOUJOURS MOI** she loves so dearly.

JET
CORDAY
PARIS

In the doghouse? No need to fret...
You'll soon be out, if you give her **JET**.


Frenzy
CORDAY
PARIS
TUNNEL OF LOVE

FRENZY, as the name implies,
Leads to l'amour 'twixt girls and guys.

TZIGANE
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Gypsy songs are quite a lure,
But send **TZIGANE,** just to be sure.

Parfums $5. to $125. (plus tax)

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Want to be treated like a king?
POSSESSION beats a diamond ring!

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Changeable filter reduces nicotine, tars, flakes, juices; improves tobacco aroma; cools and cleanses the smoke. Change filter when discolored. Box of 25 refills with each pipe.

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IMPORTED BRIAR ROOT

DEMUTH GOLD DOT
Handcrafted pipes with rare natural grain in virgin color. 14K gold band. 25 shapes. With pipe bag and gift box.
$10

DEMUTH ARISTOCRAT
Beautiful light mahogany finish. Shur-lock mouthpiece insures tight fit. 25 shapes. In handsome gift box.
$5

DEMUTH STERLING
Smooth or etched surfaces. Mounted with sterling silver tops and bands. 23 shapes. In attractive gift box.
$5

ROYAL DEMUTH
Smooth or etched mahogany, walnut or exciting unique Antique etched finish. 42 shapes. Handsome gift box.
$3.50

WRITE FOR
NEW 1948 STYLE BOOKLET.
WM. DEMUTH & CO., INC., NEW YORK 22

Christmas Is Still Christmas

Continued from page 95

is not supposed to speak ill because that befell him which comes to every man, and the wicked ghost which animated him through his lifetime departed its casing.

While Bilbo was alive I wrote of my disgust for the man, and this, I believe, gives me a lien to continue the subject, for against the dubious wisdom of the Greek philosopher quoted by Diogenes I must counter with an equally popular one by Shakespeare: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." This whitewashing and sanctifying of the dead to which unfortunately we are prone removes a possible deterrent of imitators of the lives of the wicked. There is already a fellow groping for the murky, stinking torch of intolerance, bigotry and hatred that Theodore Bilbo carried aloft for so long to light him on his miserable journey, namely another of his kind, John Rankin. As long as there is profit and office to be had out of iniquitous demagoguery there will always be practitioners thereof. But we must not fall into the error of making life easier for them by the promise of a halo when nature shall have rid us of one of their number.

The truth that must be faced by any honest man is that in life the late Senator Bilbo served neither his God nor his country nor his State nor his constituents. I see him as the opposite of the three wise little monkeys, three apes rolled into one who saw, heard and spoke only evil. By his presence, he lowered the dignity of the Senate of the United States; by his example he, one small man though he was, diminished the prestige of our government.

The scandal of such rogues and our tolerance of them is that they are conscious and volitional mischief-makers. They are reasoning animals well aware of the difference between black and white and good and evil. Their choice of malevolence is guided by an unscrupulous intelligence such as animated the brain of the late Governor Gene Talmadge of Georgia for whom, now that death has ended his capacity for political villainy and improbity, I have likewise no words of praise. And since bigotry paid him so well in office and material goods and his henchmen awarded him such a quasi-royal funeral, who shall blame his son for following so quickly in his footsteps?

The unwitting evildoer, product of environment or our lax society, is to be forgiven, but the witting ones like Bilbo and Talmadge, I think not. Man is struggling laboriously out of the darkness into the light of tolerance and understanding. The way is upward against the downward pull of such corrupt characters as was Theodore Bilbo. They are the arch enemies of the rather satisfying and beautiful theory that God made man in His image—at least a vast proportion of our population holds to this and is comforted by it. It is not sufficient to resist them while they live. Dead, they must be fought as valiantly, persistently and bravely, for behind them they leave the air poisoned by their venal and rotten philosophies all ready to be insufflated by the next ready shyster sniffing with greedy proboscis for the exhilarating scent of easy profit.

To hold a Bilbo less blameworthy because of the many who followed him on his chosen road to hell is pure sophistry. Men will follow a good leader as quickly as an evil one. For centuries millions upon millions of humans have been trying to follow the leadership of Christ, of Buddha, of Mohammed and Confucius. They have been making a mess of it, but at least they have been trying. Whatever you may think of the late President Roosevelt's politicking, grant me that he was a good man, subject to human frailties, but animated with noble ideas. For every Kraut who followed Adolf Hitler downwards into the pit, there were two Americans who willingly followed *their* commander-in-chief and went forward to fight for decent principles enunciated by him and many other fair-minded liberal and illustrious Americans who had preceded him.

If the world is a better place to live in since Adolf Hitler, in a last fit of cowardice, immolated himself, so the air of the United States breathes more sweetly since the passing of Theodore Bilbo, and these things should not be whispered behind the palms of hands, but brought into the sunlight and spoken freely. Men, even wicked ones, have from time to time been glorified by a noble death, but, if you please, not one such as Bilbo who at the end turned coward of the unknown he approached and muttered an apology to a Negro editor, and for the last time misused the name of God.

He was a scoundrel, a warped, malevolent gnome with a brightly evil mind. His passing is our country's gain.

Here endeth the experiment.

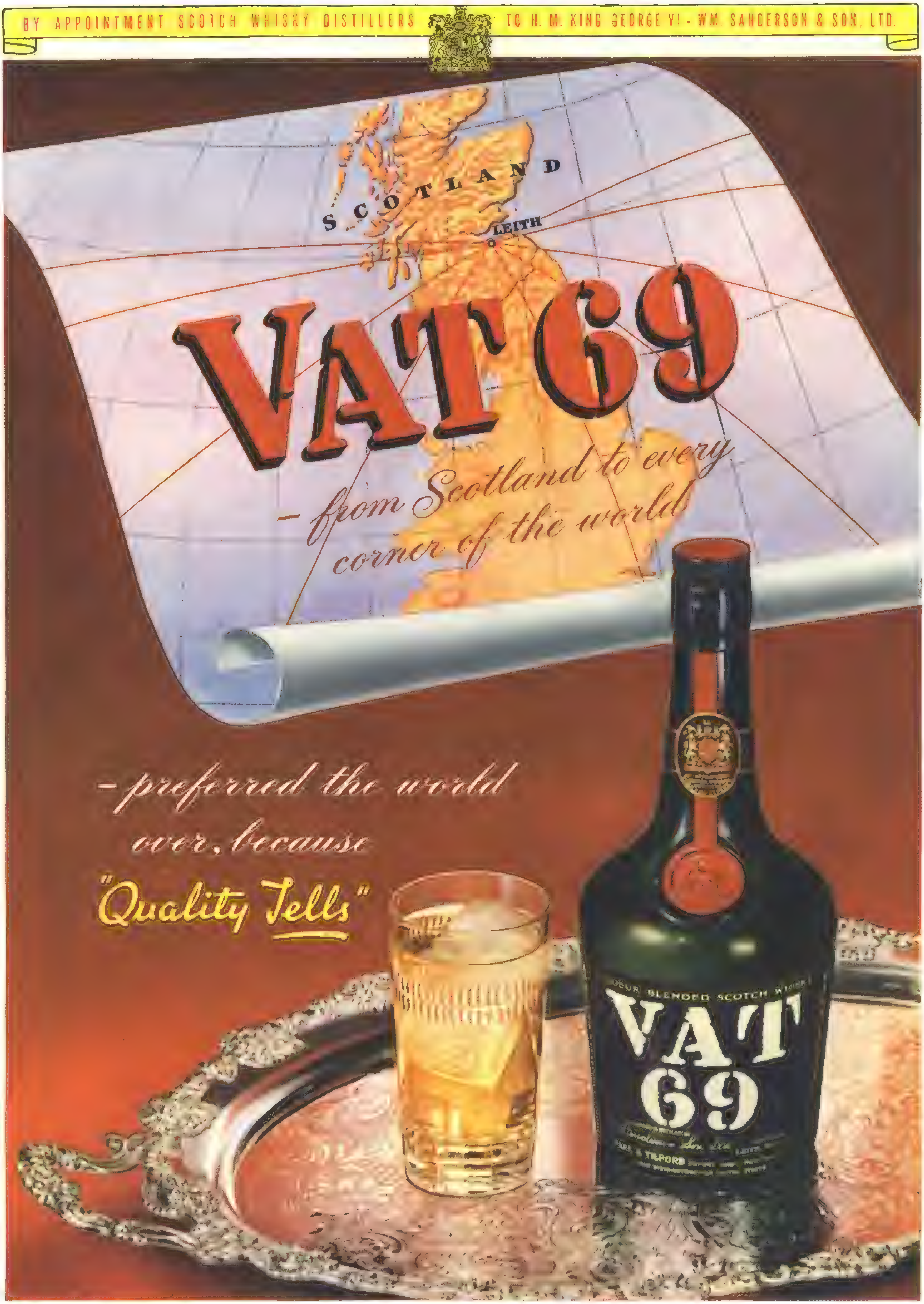
Slow Strangulation

If you would really like me to put the finger on one of the chief ills besetting this sad and feverish world, I will hold that we are slowly but surely strangling ourselves to death with documents, paper work and international red tape until the lifeblood, the good sense and the oxygen of humor is squeezed out of every simple transaction. It is notorious that when the bureaucrat and the civil servant come in at the door, all lightness and sense of humor depart precipitately via the window. Also the whole useless business must waste a sackful of somebody's money—most likely yours and mine.

In evidence I offer an experience

Continued on page 209

BY APPOINTMENT SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI · WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.


SCOTLAND
LEITH
VAT 69
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PARK & TILFORD

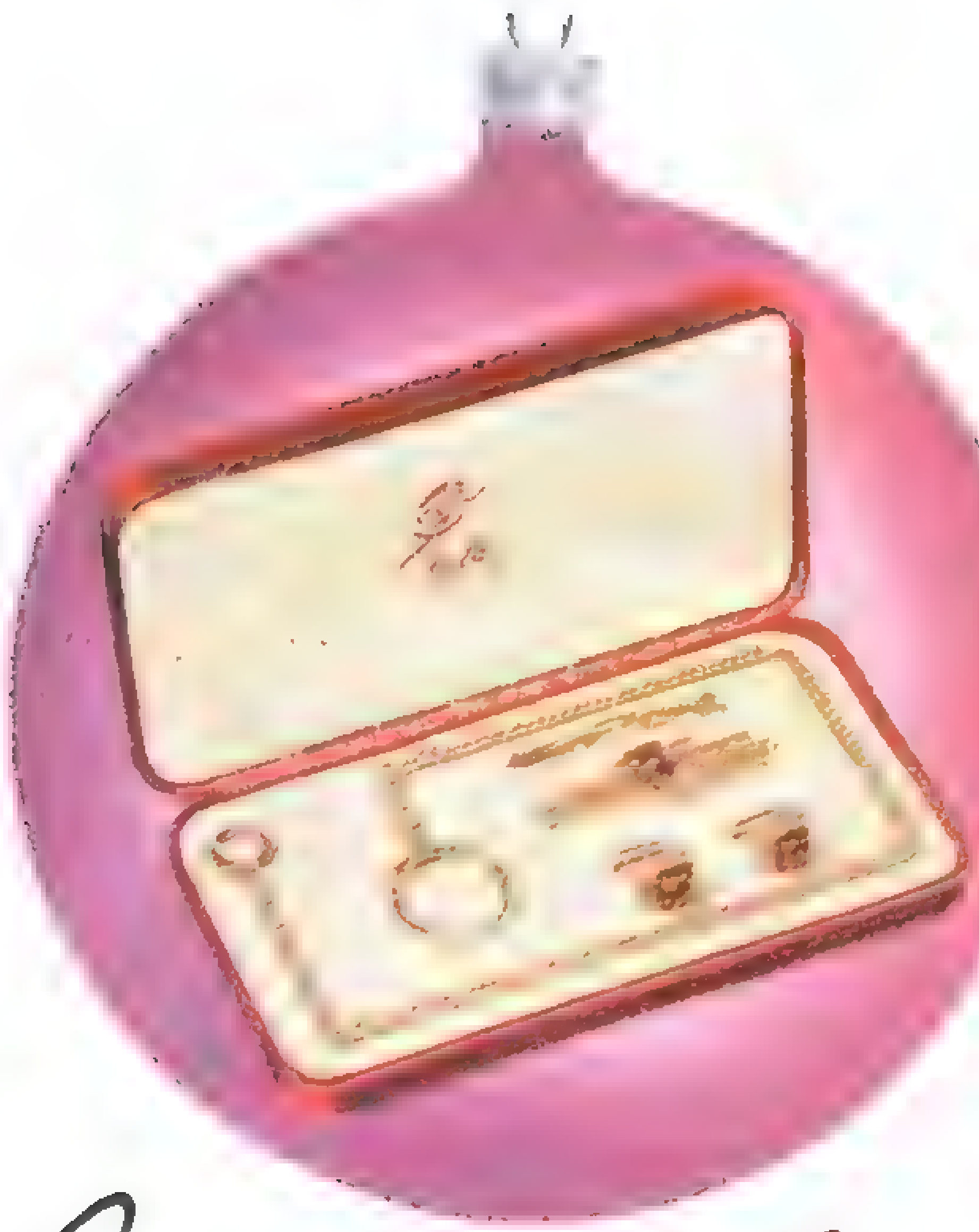
VAT 69

– from Scotland to every corner of the world

– preferred the world over, because

"Quality Tells"

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF



HADLEY Four Piece Set with Garnet Stones, in deluxe gift box, only $12.00*.

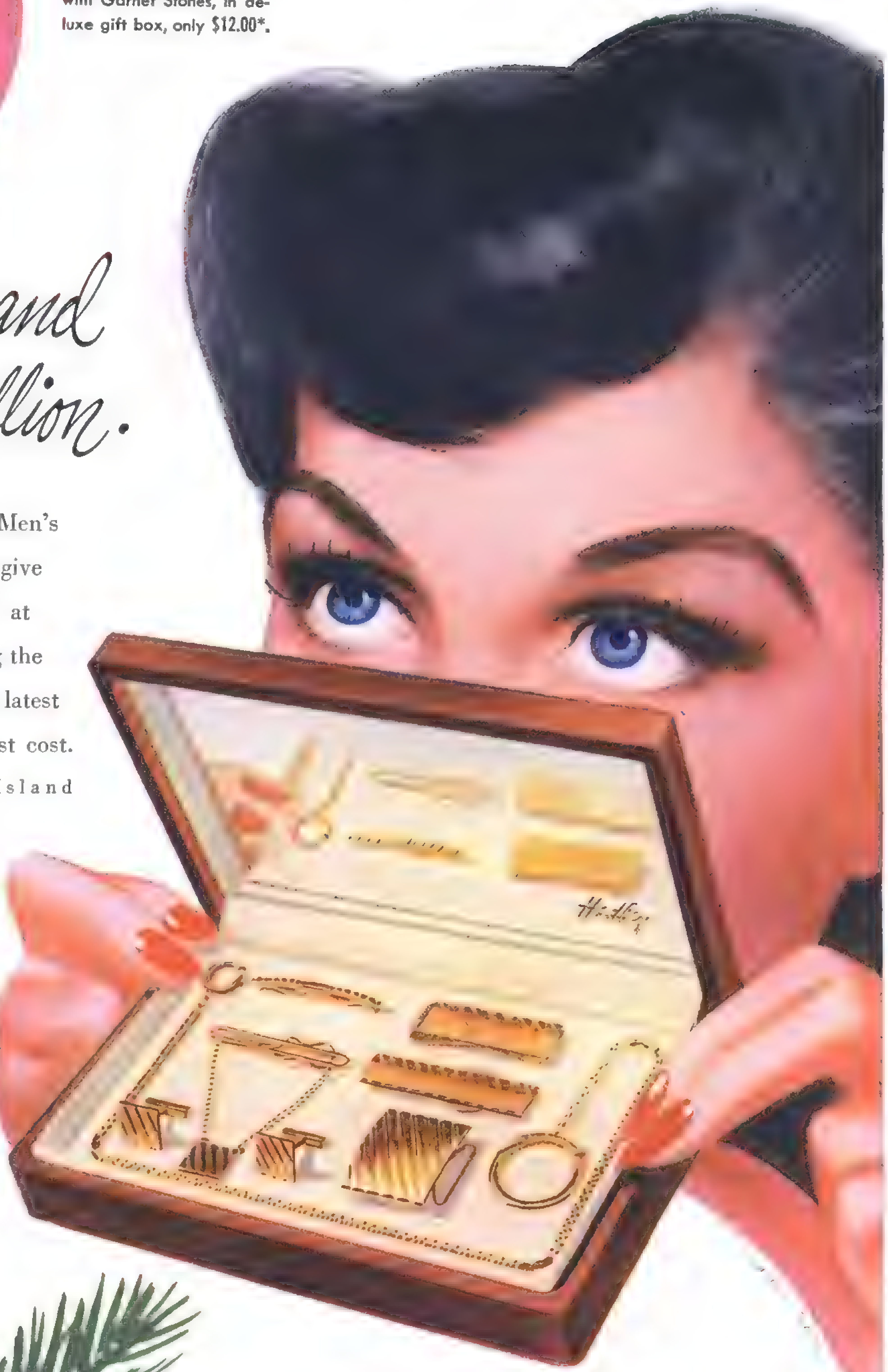
The Gift in a Thousand for the Man in a Million.

WHEN YOU SELECT Hadley Men's Jewelry, you are selecting true jewelry. Whether you give or receive Hadley Men's Jewelry at Christmas — or at any time during the year — you are sure of receiving the finest craftsmanship, the finest workmanship, the latest and most up-to-date designs, at a surprisingly modest cost.

The Hadley Company, Providence, Rhode Island

Hadley

MEN'S JEWELRY



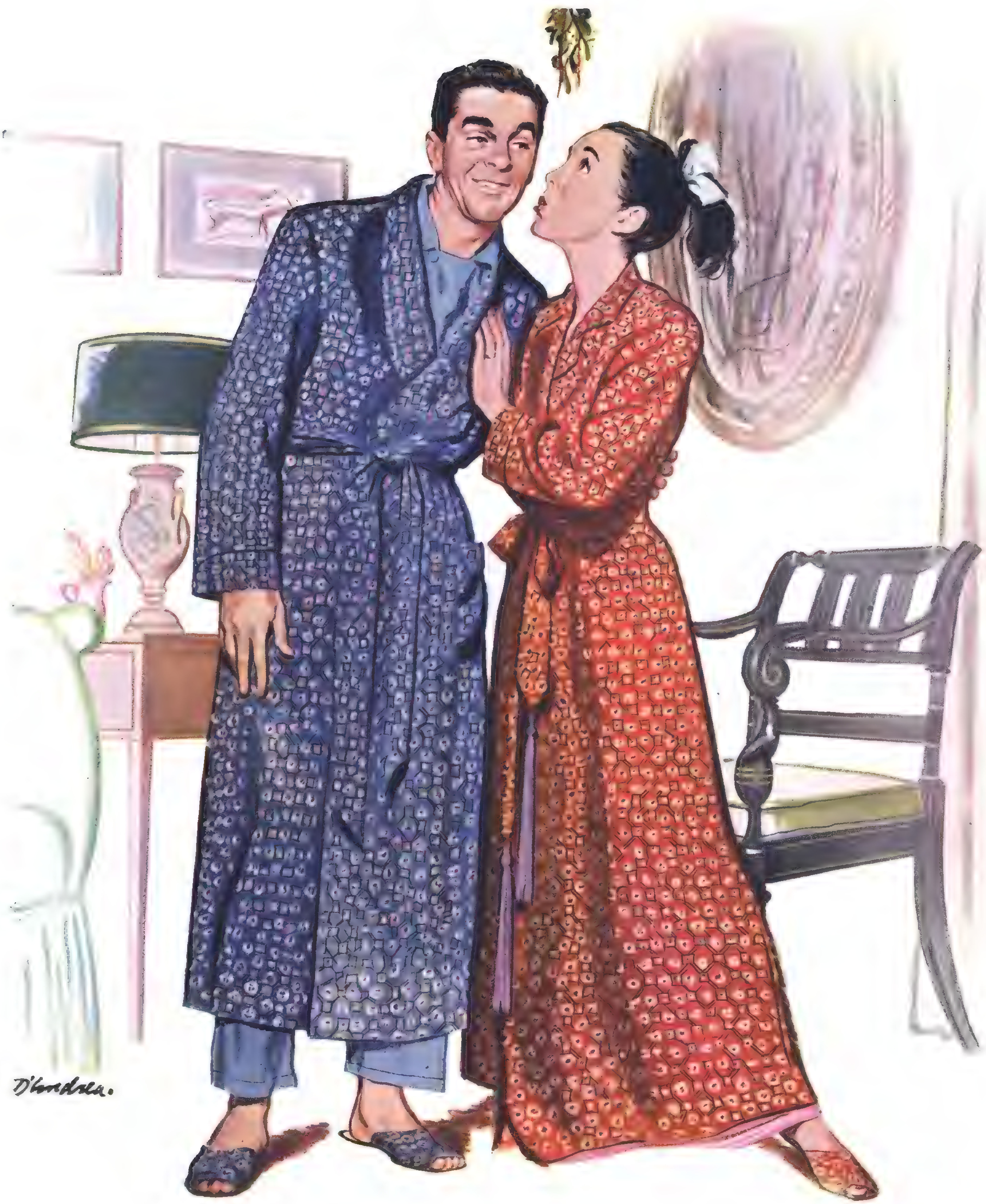
HADLEY Treasure Chest — A complete wardrobe of style-matched men's jewelry in simulated leather hinged box with mirror. With pad removed, the box becomes a smart dresser set. Complete, only $20.00*.

Scores of other fine gift sets —

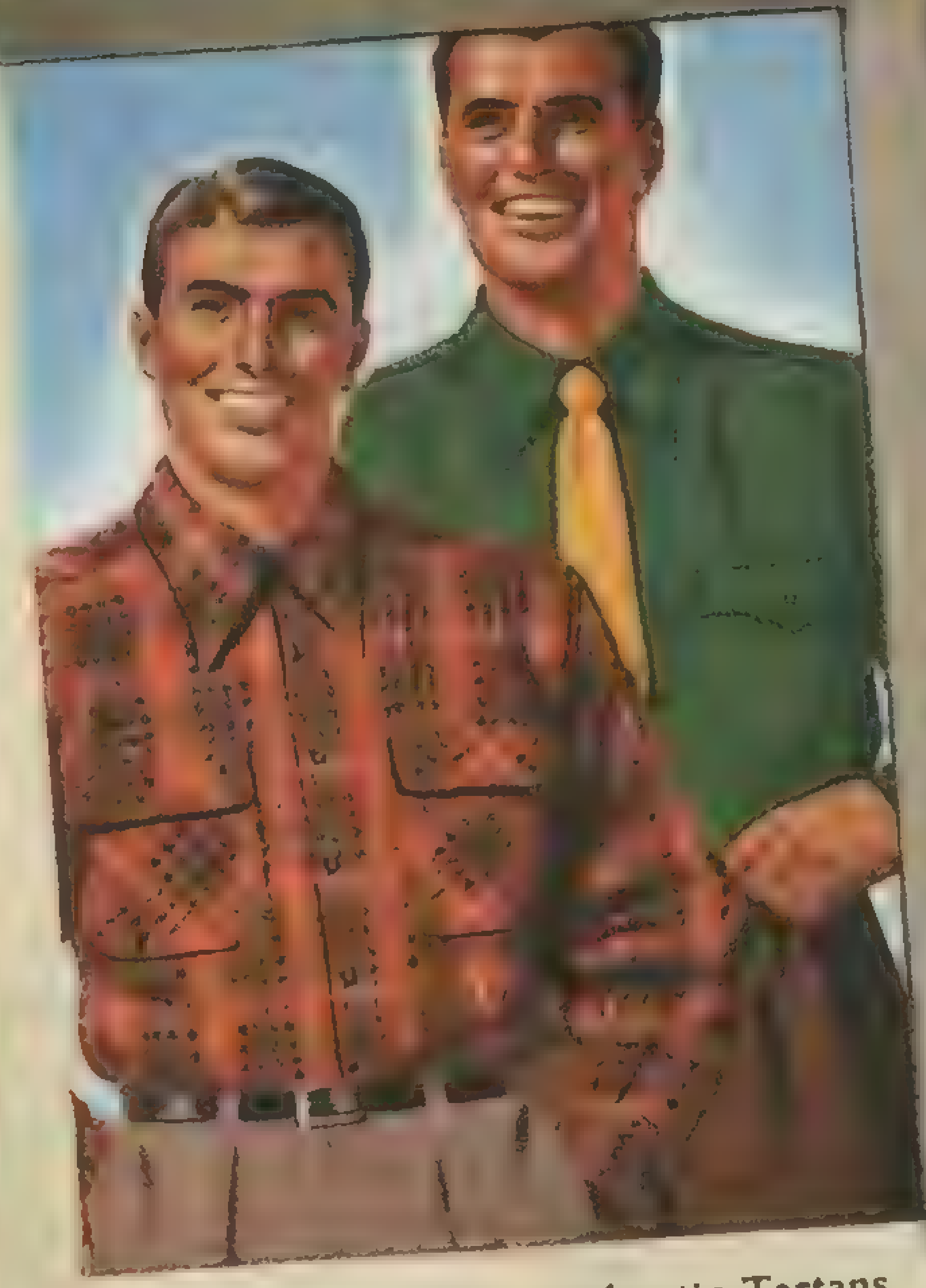
AT YOUR JEWELERS ONLY, where fine jewelry is sold.

**Plus tax*

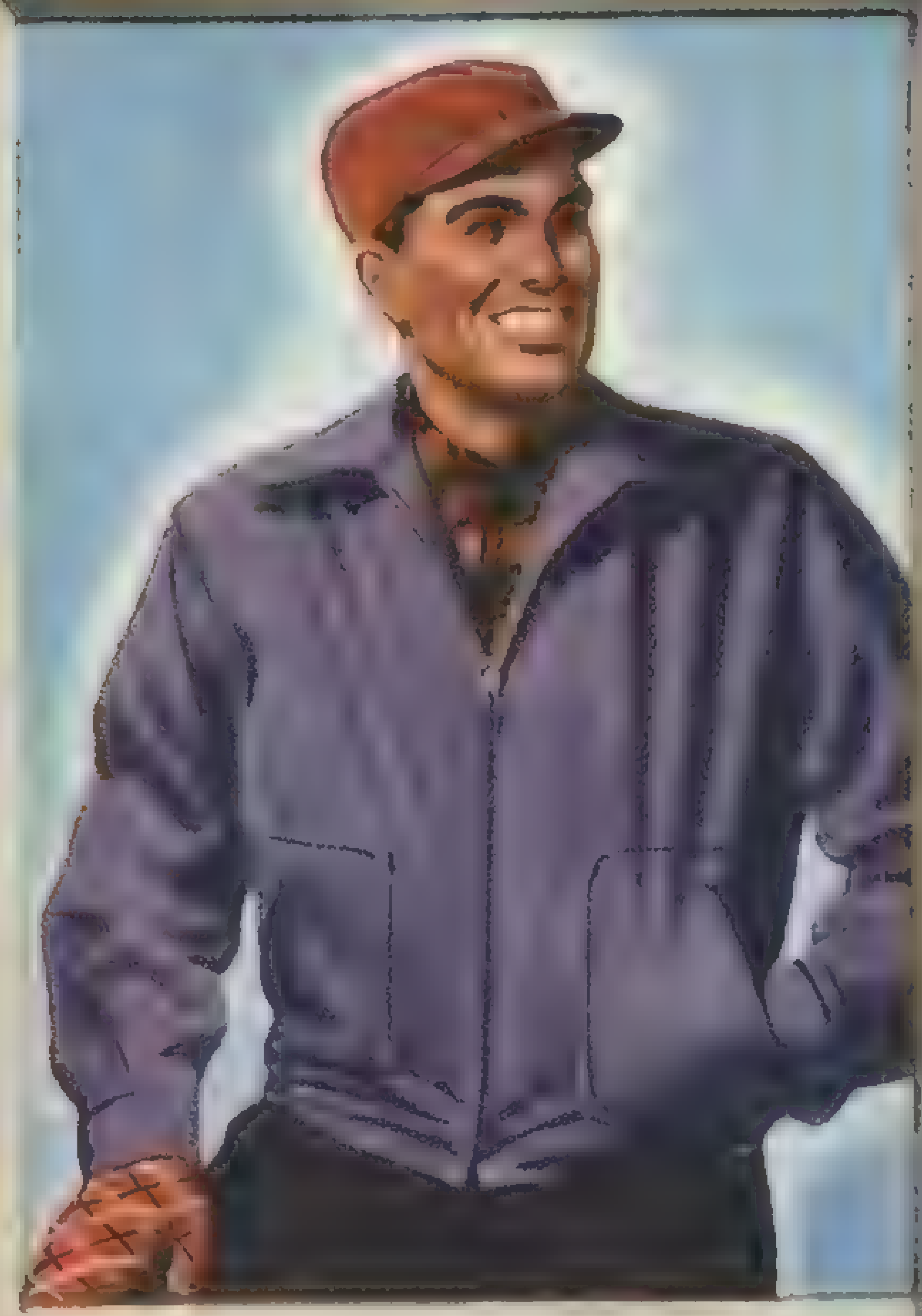
HADLEY Two Piece Set — Collar Holder and Cravat Chain — popular design. In new "Skyline" box, only $3.00*.



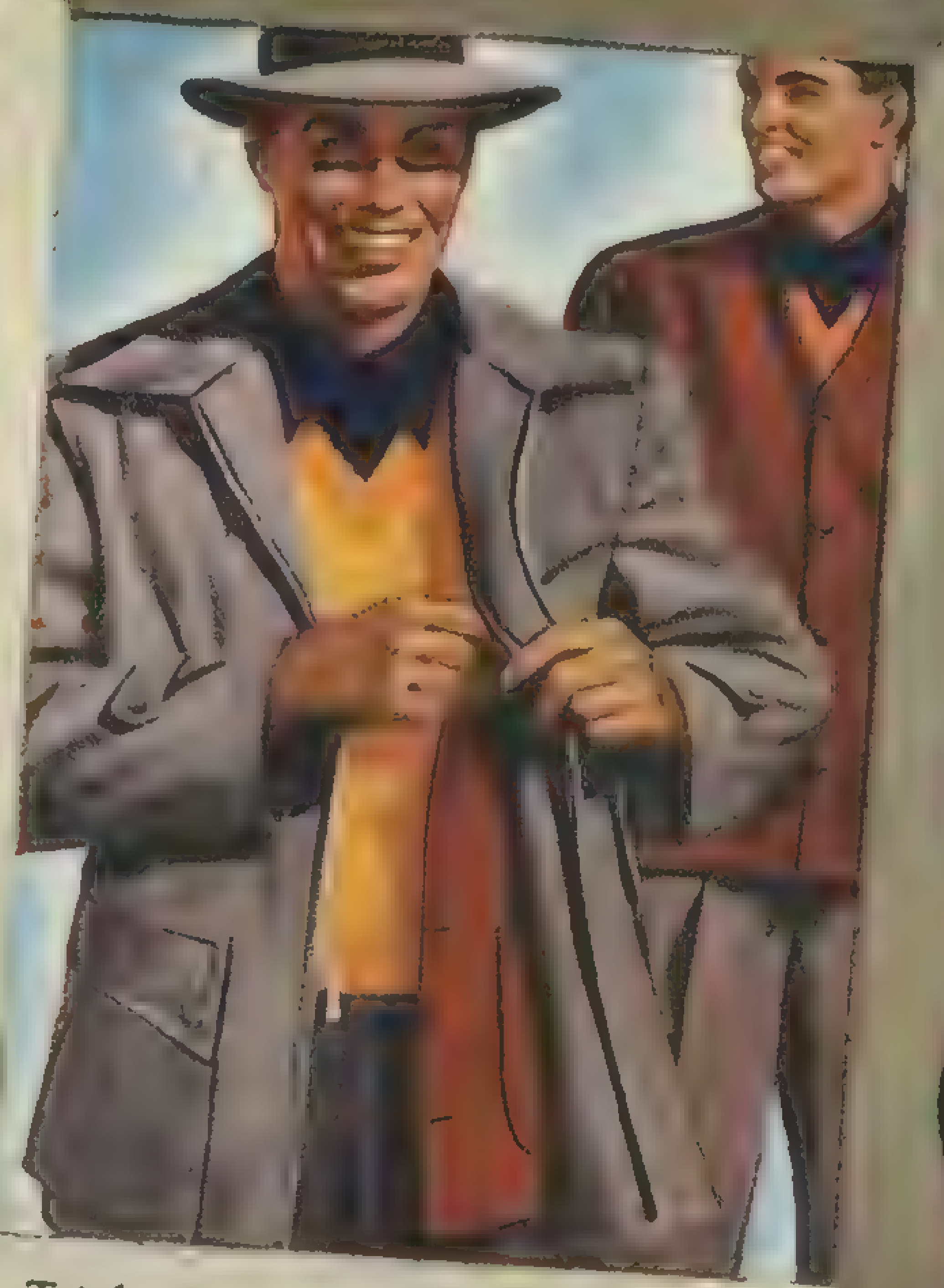
Something utterly new in robes—for her as well as for him—hand tailored by Rabhor, with slippers to match. Robe and slippers about $15.00 at better stores throughout the country—Safir Plan Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, is responsible—ask for Gelding Robes by Rabhor.



Clan Tartan Shirts. Authentic Tartans, loomed exclusively for McGregor. $10
Clan Lands Shirt. Tartan inspired solids. $10



Drizzler Jacket. America's favorite! Norane durable water-repellent, windproof. Ameritex fabric $10



Triple-Threat Jacket. Sensational 3-in-1 jacket! Water-repellent, wind-proof. Zip-out lining is 100% pure wool collarless jacket . $25

McGREGOR*

SPORTSWEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

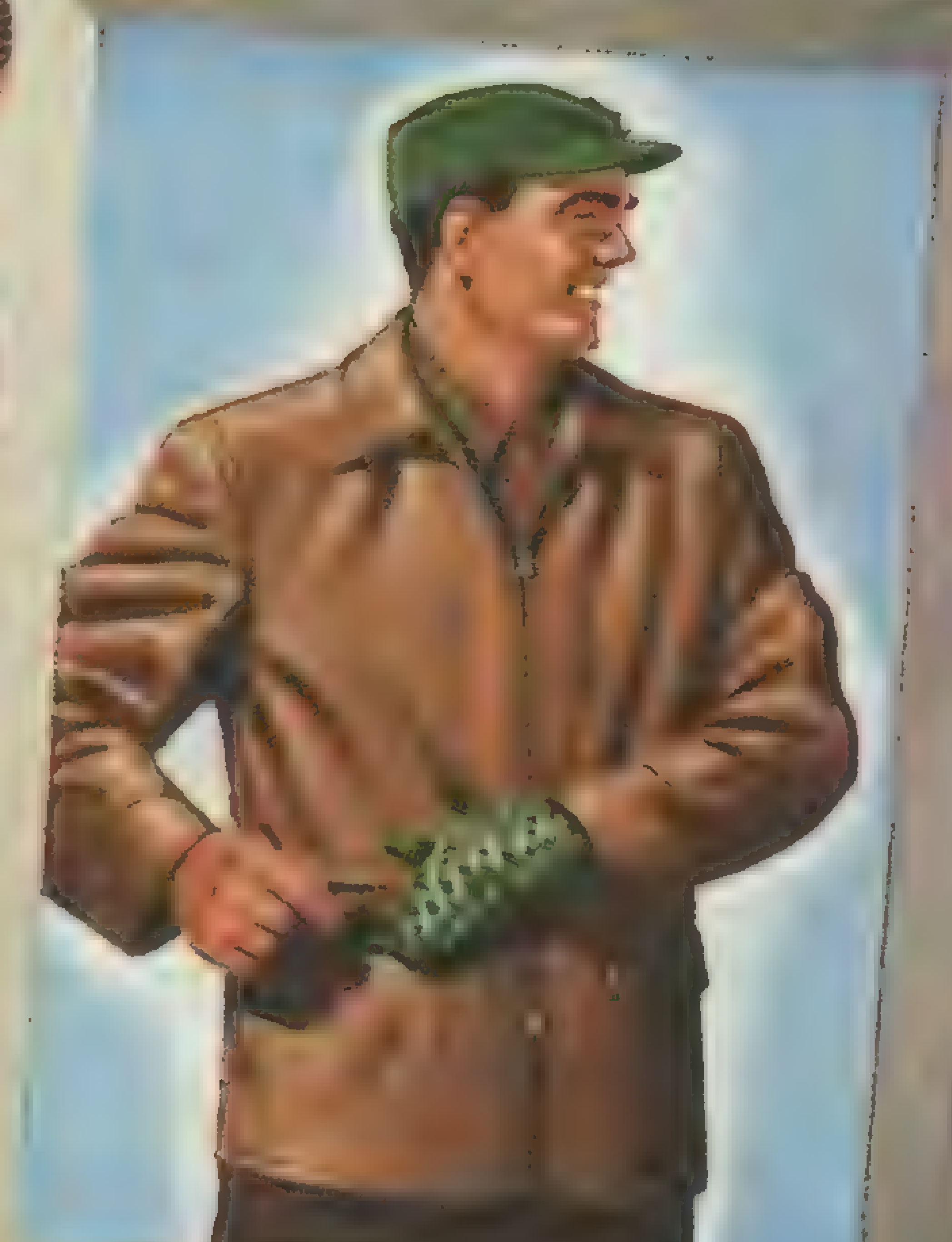
Gallery of Gifts

Featuring Presents of Mind...and of Heart

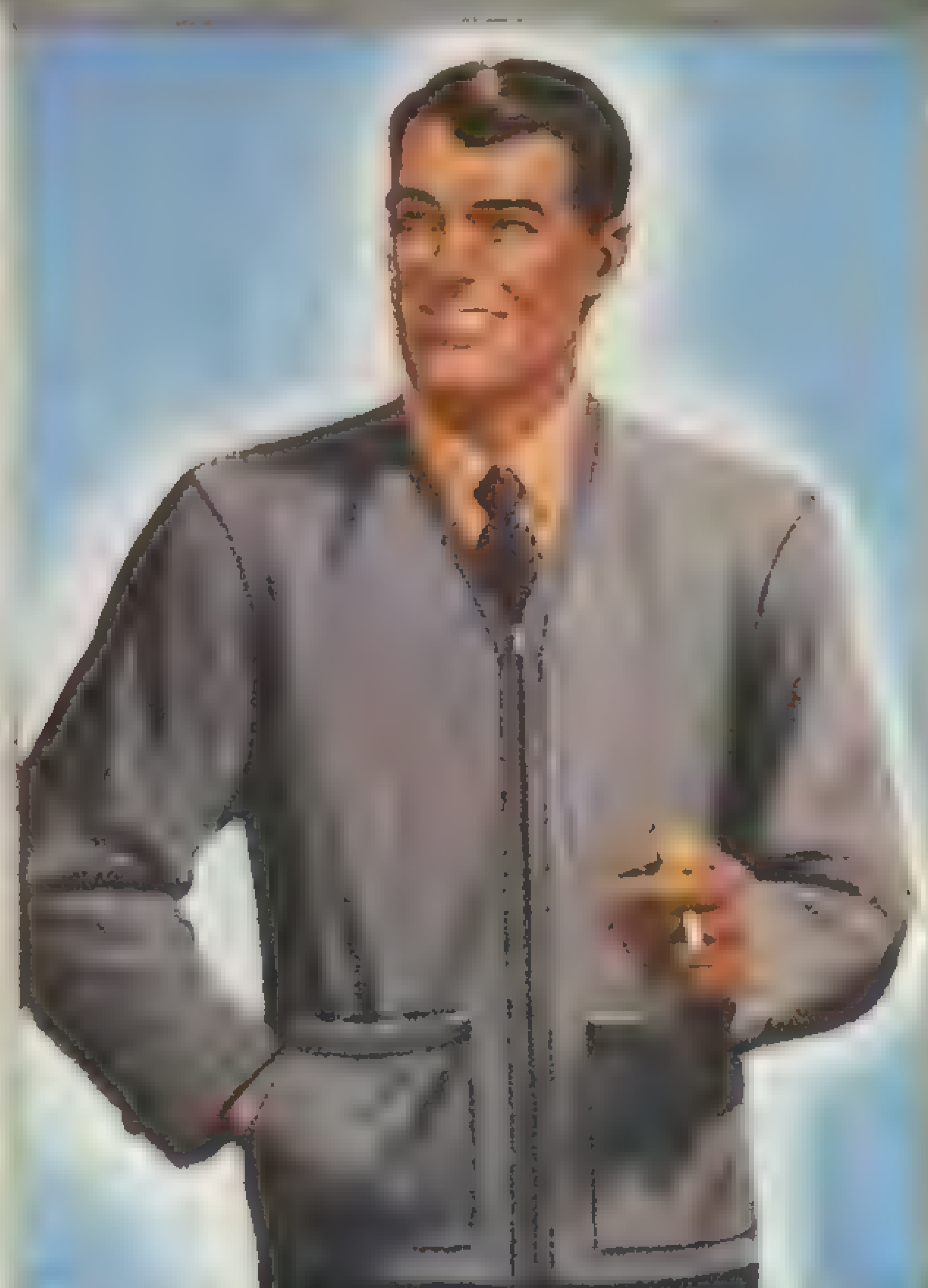
For Christmas, sportswear by world-famous McGregor... brilliant, luxurious, colorful. To be given with a thought to happiness... a fond feeling for the men you know. *Also available in sizes for boys. At better stores everywhere or write*

*TRADEMARK

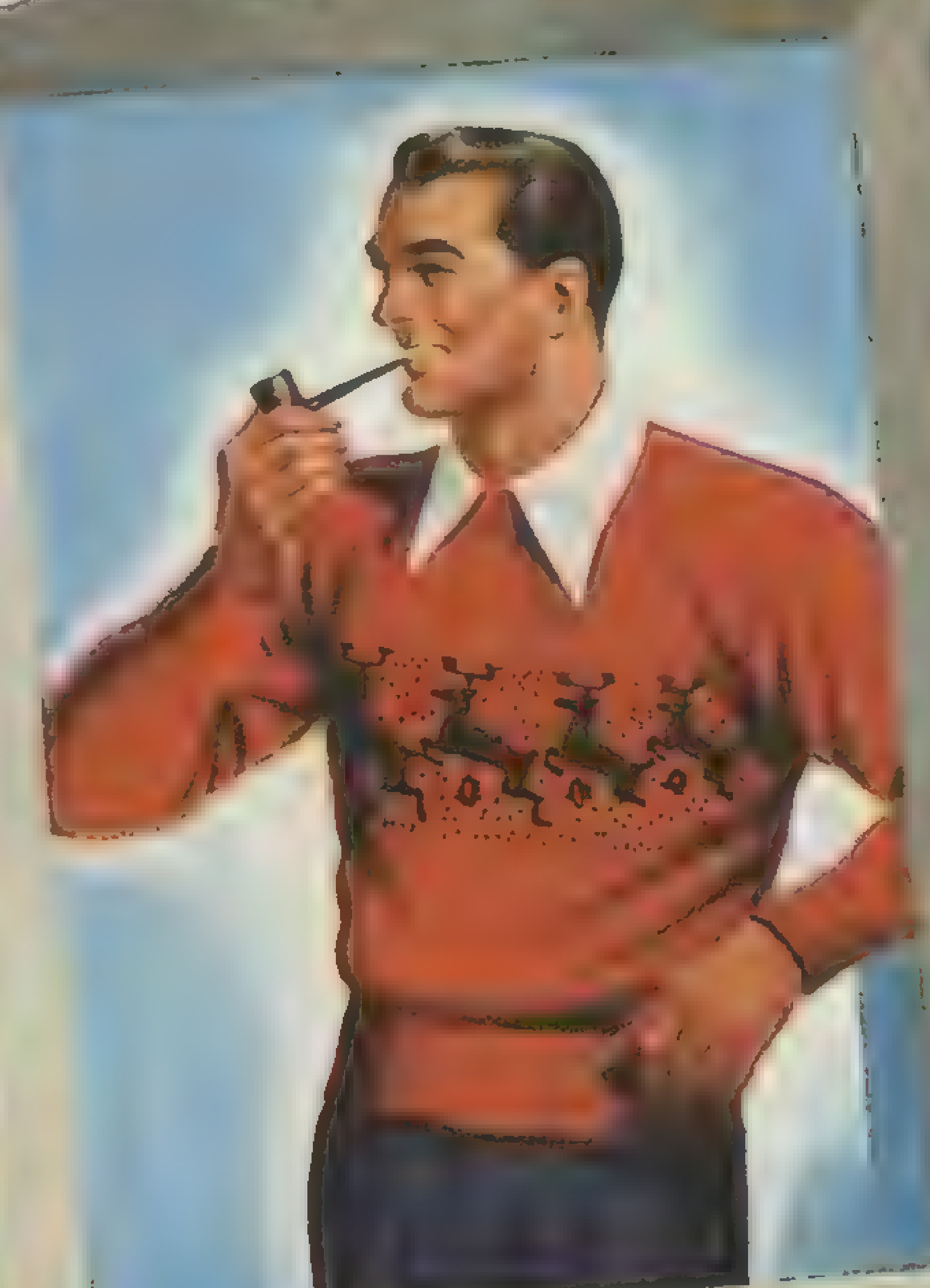
MADE IN U.S.A.



Country Cape Leather Jacket. Genuine top-grade capeskin. Patented humidor pocket for tobacco $29.95



Quinlock Sweater. 4 outside pockets —inside pencil pocket. 100% pure wool. Locked-in stitch can't stretch . . $7.50



Leaping Deer Sweater. Jacquard pattern inspired by M.G.M.'s "The Yearling". Warm, 100% pure wool $10

DAVID D. DONIGER AND CO., INC. • 303 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Christmas Is Still Christmas

Continued from page 204

of last summer in England when, having acquired the assistance of a young lady of Irish extraction in the household duties, and wishing to provide her with suitable garments to carry out her labors and which are unobtainable here, we wrote to a friend in New York to step into the nearest *bon marché*, pick up a couple of overalls, house dresses and aprons, and air mail them over to us.

Here is a simple and uncomplicated proposition, or at least so it would seem on the face of it. Great Britain and the United States are not at war, the air and sea lanes are open. We are a friendly, supposedly reasonable people and former allies, speaking the same language. We all want to get along with one another, exchange goods and do business. Well, I will now give you an idea of the fat chance anyone has of accomplishing either.

There arrived eventually at my Devon address, a communication from British European Airways announcing their pleasure in advising the arrival of an air freight consignment as per enclosed documents.

"In order," said they, "that we may effect customs clearance will you please complete the enclosed forms and return together with *invoices in duplicate & import license and your delivery instructions.*"

Accompanying this letter, in itself made formidable with reference, serial and order numbers, were no less than seven documents, no two of which any normal, average human being could possibly fill out correctly, much less understand what in the hell they are all about.

I found myself in possession of something called an Air Waybill, a Shipper's Export Declaration, a Packing List, in duplicate, a sheet entitled Standing Authority to Agent and Declaration as to Purchase Tax Registration, another one headed melodically Goods Liable to any Duty Ad Valorem, and a final whizzer captioned Purchase Tax—Imported Goods.

Aha, you will say, don't kid us, Gallico. You have gone into the import business and are dealing in motorcars, secondhand bridges, used-tire factories and assorted machinery. What do you expect?

Nothing of the kind. So help me, all that happened was that the girl friend of the Missus stepped into Bloomingdale's, shelled out $36.61 (marked down from $36.75) for a couple of Mother Hubbards with pinafores to match, which same she ordered air mailed to us according to our instructions, and that was our sole descent into the tortuous byways of international trade.

Did I ever get them? Don't be silly. Nobody could possibly comply with the balderish inscribed on the documents or make any sense whatsoever out of the gibberish in which they are written. Compared to them, an American income tax form is light holiday reading. And besides which, I had no desire to spend a couple of years in pokey for the sake of a couple of kitchen kimonos. You think I am kidding? Then listen to the preamble of the little stinker known as Form C105, or Goods Liable to Any Duty Ad Valorem. It sayeth:

"*Special note*: Importers are advised in their own interests to read carefully this form and notes thereto before giving their certificate. [Sufferer's note: What certificate?] Under Section 168 of the Customs Consolidation Act, 1876, as amended by Section 16 of the Finance (No. 2) Act, 1915, any person making or subscribing or causing to be made or subscribed any false declaration in any matter relating to the Customs is liable to a Penalty of £500 (2000 Smackers), or two years imprisonment with or without hard labour for each offence."

There it is, brothers. Every time you blow one on Form C105, it's two grand, or two years. Now, having read Form C105, I defy anyone to make head or tail of it, and not to kick one somewhere along the line. The thing is loaded to the muzzle. There is a pitfall in every paragraph. Here, let me give you one small sample, namely note 4.

"Any importer whose business is wholly or partly under the same control as that of the consignor whether by common directorate, shareholding or otherwise whose relations with the consignors are not solely those of buyer and seller is regarded as associated with the consignor and must not sign Certificate A. The nature of the association should be briefly stated in paragraph I of Certificate B."

Muff that one and it's two years on the rock pile. I didn't want any trouble with anyone. All I wanted was a modest trousseau for Miss Kitty Kelly who wields the skillet and makes with the vacuum when I am trying to write. How the hell do I know what my relations are with Bloomingdale Brothers? I once met Al Bloomingdale at the Stork Club, had a drink with him and passed the time of day. It was pleasant enough, but not worth my spending a couple of years in a British chain gang making small ones out of large ones if, in accordance with Note 4, I must now be regarded as associated with the consignor. Form C105 is like that, filled with threats from top to bottom.

But these are just my personal woes and having nothing to do with the colossal sums spent in printing these cryptograms or clueless crossword puzzles, the expense of the lead for the type, the charges for paper and the salaries of the myriad officials needed to interpret them and chivvy the luckless importer to his doom. Here is a whole universe built around and dedicated to the idea

Continued on page 210

Gifts that sure have an edge...

ShurEdge hollow-ground, stain-proof chrome-vanadium steel knives feature the exclusive new Perma-Sharp process that makes knives keener, *keeps them keener longer*; lustrous Pakkawood handles resist acids and heat.

Unusual, practical gift ideas: in Santa's belt, Gourmet Carver, "the knife that sharpens itself," 22.50 (available also at 10.00 and 15.00); left, 6 pc. Steak Set, 17.50; right, knife "wardrobe," 18.00. At better cutlery and gift departments.

Robeson Cutlery Company, Inc., Perry, N. Y., makers of ShurEdge, finest household cutlery for over three generations.

Shur edge

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Christmas Is Still Christmas

Continued from page 209

of making things tough for someone whose intent is nothing more vicious than to buy something in one country and send it to another country where they ain't got any. For $36.61 somebody is spending a half million bucks a year to tie the purchaser into knots.

But do I mean to imply that this form of torture is strictly a British patent? Not at all, for it is just as bad when you try to work it in reverse. Last year I made a few small purchases of so-called antique furniture in England and ordered them sent to me to the United States. My first notification of the arrival of these goods came from some party of whom I had never heard before and certainly to whom I had never been officially introduced, some Joe in the office of a customs broker who sent me an appalling amount of documents to fill out and sign, affidavits to swear to and with the usual request for further sheets of papyrus that I did not have in my possession and likewise did not have a ghost of a show of ever acquiring, such as consular invoices and monographs on the history of the items from the time of their manufacture until the present day.

The customs brokers' Joe was a nice guy and a pleasant fellow, but who asked him to intrude himself into my life and my business? What was a total stranger doing in a transaction between a British shipper and me? Well, nobody asked him, but if he *hadn't* appeared I never would have got my goods or only at a completely disproportionate expenditure of time and energy, because only a professional and an expert can disentangle himself from the red tape and paper requirements with which we a free people have surrounded ourselves by law with regard to customs duties and import regulations.

One look at the double-talk written on *our* documents and you go nuts. So complicated have we made buying and selling across the ocean that an entire industry or business, customs brokerage, has had to come into being to interpret the laws, codes, acts and decrees that we have wished on ourselves, and cope with the paper work necessary to get an article off the pier and delivered to your home.

The whole world is slowly strangling itself to death with paper. The average Englishman is buried under forms; hundreds of thousands of man hours of work are lost while he laboriously fills them out in triplicate. Europe and South America have placed their faith in papers instead of human beings. You cannot cross a border anywhere without dozens of papers. In large areas of Europe a man doesn't exist officially without a large sheaf of papers that says he does. You remember the old quotation which, as long as I have taken the trouble to look it up, you might as well know is from a poem, *To Althea, from Prison*, by Richard Lovelace, 1618-1658, "Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage." Never a truer word, chums. Today it is paper that keeps millions of people imprisoned within their own borders, even within their city limits. The entire British nation is jailed by paper. And if our bureaucrats had their way, we would be in the same fix. They came close to nailing us during the war.

And to think that they cut down trees wherewith to make paper on which to print the forms to harry the human race . . .

Dog Versus Cat

I AM willing, for the fun of it, to enter in upon a refined controversy with you, my well-loved readers and clients, as to the comparative merits of the dog versus the cat as a household pet.

Dog, say you. Cat, say I. Okay, let's go.

I propose my thesis and name my pet not from any one-sided, narrow and biased viewpoint, for in my day I have been a victim and a lover of both.

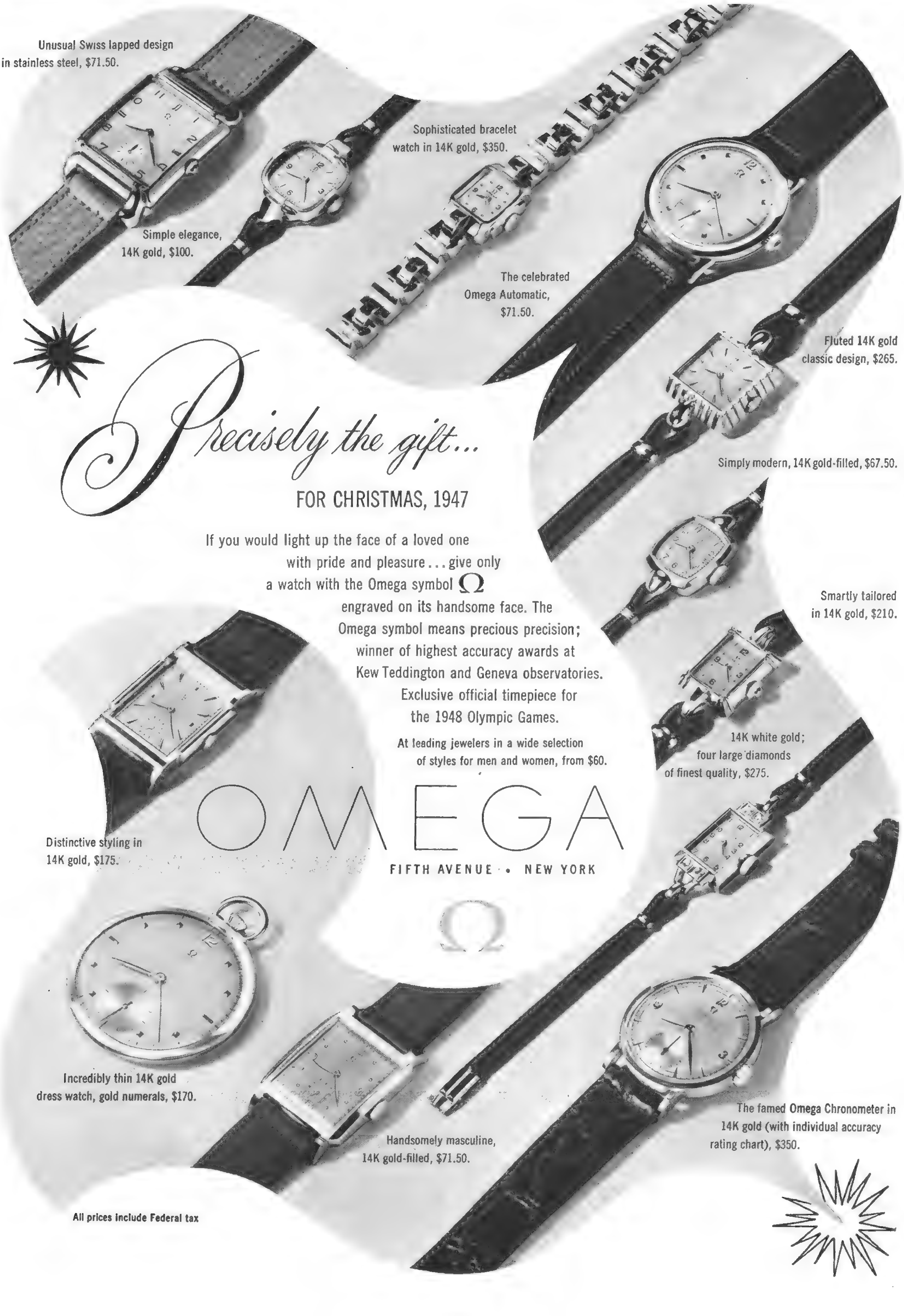
In my time I have been the proprietor as well as the wage earner for the following makes of both species: fox terrier, Boston bull, great Dane, smooth-haired dachshund, wire-haired dachshund, long-haired dachshund, Airedale, Sealyham, red setter, white pit bull terrier, collie, German shepherd (or Cop-Dog) and Dalmatian; black, calico and ginger cats, short-haired Ukrainian greys, long-haired Persians and Angoras, countless tigers or tabbies, and a Siameser.

This, you will admit, is fair-to-middling sampling and gives me leave to speak. I still say cats. For pleasure, comfort, love, warmth, loyalty and reward, give me puss over Towser. Aha! I can feel your dander rising. The battle may then be fairly joined.

In decency to both parties, I would like to advance the proposition that the dog is more the young man's pet, the companion of the active and juicy fellow. But when the fiftieth meridian has been passed and the ship starts on its slide downhill the somnolent virtues of the feline are more appreciated. The cat is a restful animal. Your dog is one wriggling, demanding mass of hysteria.

Where once I loved the vigor and insatiable activity of the pooch, now I am soothed and delighted by the quiet, soft-footed dignity of kitty. Your dog is always wriggling or snuffling, trying to climb into your lap or lick your face, agitating his rear end, scratching, whining, barking, thumping the floor noisily with his elbow in pursuit of an errant itch, following you about, panting and whiffling, sounding alarms in the night, more often false and wholly imaginary; his toenails scratch on the floor, his bulk pre-empts your fa-

Continued on page 212



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Christmas Is Still Christmas

Continued from page 210

vorite chair, when he is in he wants to get out and when he is out he wants to come in. If something moves he chases it, and if something is left unguarded, he swipes it and either chews the hell out of it, or if it is edible swallows it. There is just too damned much going on with a dog around. He snores like a drunken charwoman; he cannot keep himself clean and he reeks unless shampooed regularly, he must be fed and exercised regularly and coaxed or bribed to eliminate unless you want to hang around while he takes his own sweet time about parting with what he's got.

None of these are unbearable vices, particularly, as I say, when you are young and enamored of the salivary flattery he bestows on you, but the cat I hold has none of them whatsoever. Kitty never assaults your nerves unless he or she is minded to lead up to brawl with the neighbor's fur piece, and this is nothing that cannot be discouraged by a well-aimed brickbat, or a glass of water judiciously tossed out of the window.

Every movement of the cat flows with soothing line and calm dignity, and moreover your puss comes and goes with definite purpose. When she gets up and moves off she has an idea, sees it through to some kind of satisfactory conclusion and returns to rest again. She sleeps in attitudes that are of themselves sleep-inducing to the humans with whom she lives, her gait is noiseless and considered; when she speaks it is not to shatter the eardrums, or jangle the nerves, but in a soft, sweet and meaningful language with not a tone wasted and every request or statement a modest or reliable one. She has even mastered the enchanting trick of soundless talk in which, looking up into your face, her lips part but no noise whatsoever comes forth. There is no politer or more endearing way of saying, "How-do-you-do-I-am-glad-to-see-you."

The love of a cat is a quiet nestling in the lap, a single rasp of a tiny, rough tongue and a warming purr, a vibration more often felt than heard. She does not slobber over you, or leap upon your chest and knock you silly. Her feeding is dainty, her toilet even more so. If perforce left alone for a couple of days she doesn't get morose or panicky, but goes out through the cellar window and rustles up a meal for herself. Kitty also has a nice sense of propriety and responsibility and every so often comes up with the rent in the form of a mouse she has captured and which she is willing to share with you. I do not deny the heroic sacrifices dogs have been known to make in an effort to save their mistresses or masters in time of danger, but this calls for a special occasion to which the dog may rise. The cat meets her obligations regularly.

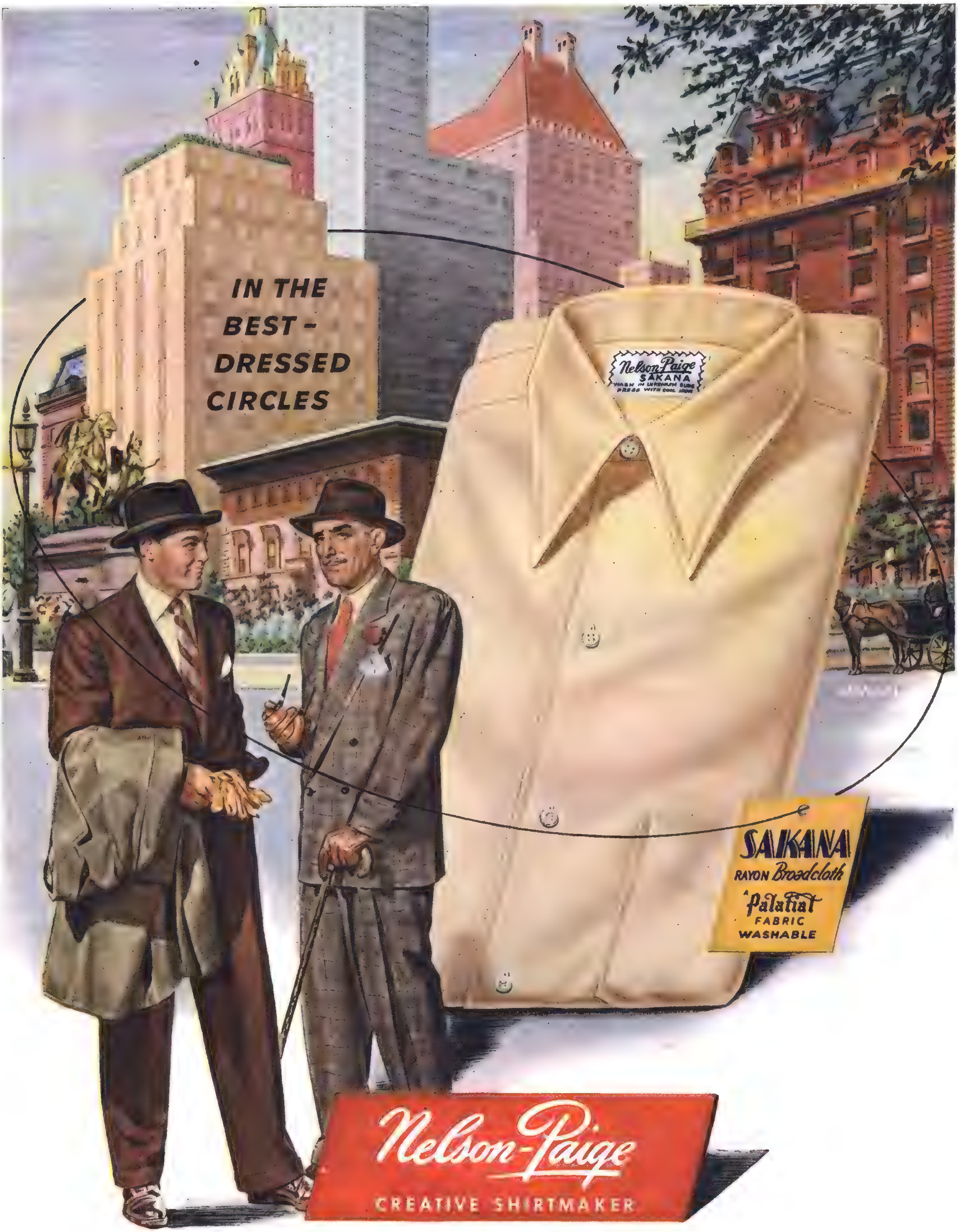
If now we are to debate this subject, I must ask to rule out that oldie about the cat's coldness, indifference and lack of obedience, for if you are the kind of a fellow who prefers a slave to a friend, or a lolling sycophant to a free and independent spirit, we are not going to get on anyway. I grant the many virtues of the dog but claim that his hysterical manifestation of affection is not a good point for argument. When a cat jumps up onto your lap, does a couple of turns and settles down, it is because she genuinely likes you and wants to be there.

I am prepared to reopen this discussion when I have heard from you. In the meantime I rest my case. Here, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty . . . #

Continued from page 95

Answers to "Two on the Aisle" Quiz on Page 202

1. a. *The Last Mile*
   b. *Autumn Crocus*
   c. *She Loves Me Not*
   d. *Kiss Them for Me*
2. b.
3. *The Time of Your Life, Happy Birthday, The Iceman Cometh, Idiot's Delight*
4. Jules Bledsoe
5. Maxwell Anderson, Judith Anderson, John Murray Anderson, Mary Anderson
6. William and Alice Brady, James and Eugene O'Neill, the Barrymores, the Adlers
7. Maxine Elliot, Richard Mansfield, Barrymore
8. *Trojan Women, Lysistrata, Cry Havoc*
9. Margaret Sullavan in *The Voice of the Turtle*, Betty Field in *Dream Girl*, and Mary Martin in *Leave It to Me.*
10. Ring Lardner, Marc Connelly, Moss Hart, Alexander Woollcott, Katherine Dayton, Edna Ferber, Morrie Ryskind
11. c-e, b-f, d-g, a-h
12. Sarah Bernhardt in *Hamlet*, Maude Adams in *Peter Pan*, Eva le Gallienne in *Peter Pan* and *Hamlet*, Marguerite Clark in *The Prince and The Pauper*
13. Orson Welles' *Julius Caesar*, Katherine Cornell's *Antigone*, Basil Sidney's *Hamlet*, Billy Rose's *Carmen*
14. Charlie Chaplin
15. a-f, b-d, c-e
16. a and b, theatrical fabrics
    c. shoes
17. Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine*, and George Kelly's *The Torch Bearers*
18. Robert Sheriff's *Journey's End*, Hatcher Hughes' *Hell Bent for Heaven*, Laurence Stallings' (with Maxwell Anderson) *What Price Glory*, and Anne Nichols' *Abie's Irish Rose*
19. Browne and Nichols' *Wings Over Europe*
20. a. Ruth Etting
    b. Libby Holman
    c. Ethel Waters
    d. Gertrude Lawrence
21. a. Clark
    b. Block
    c. Wheeler
    d. Willy (Howard)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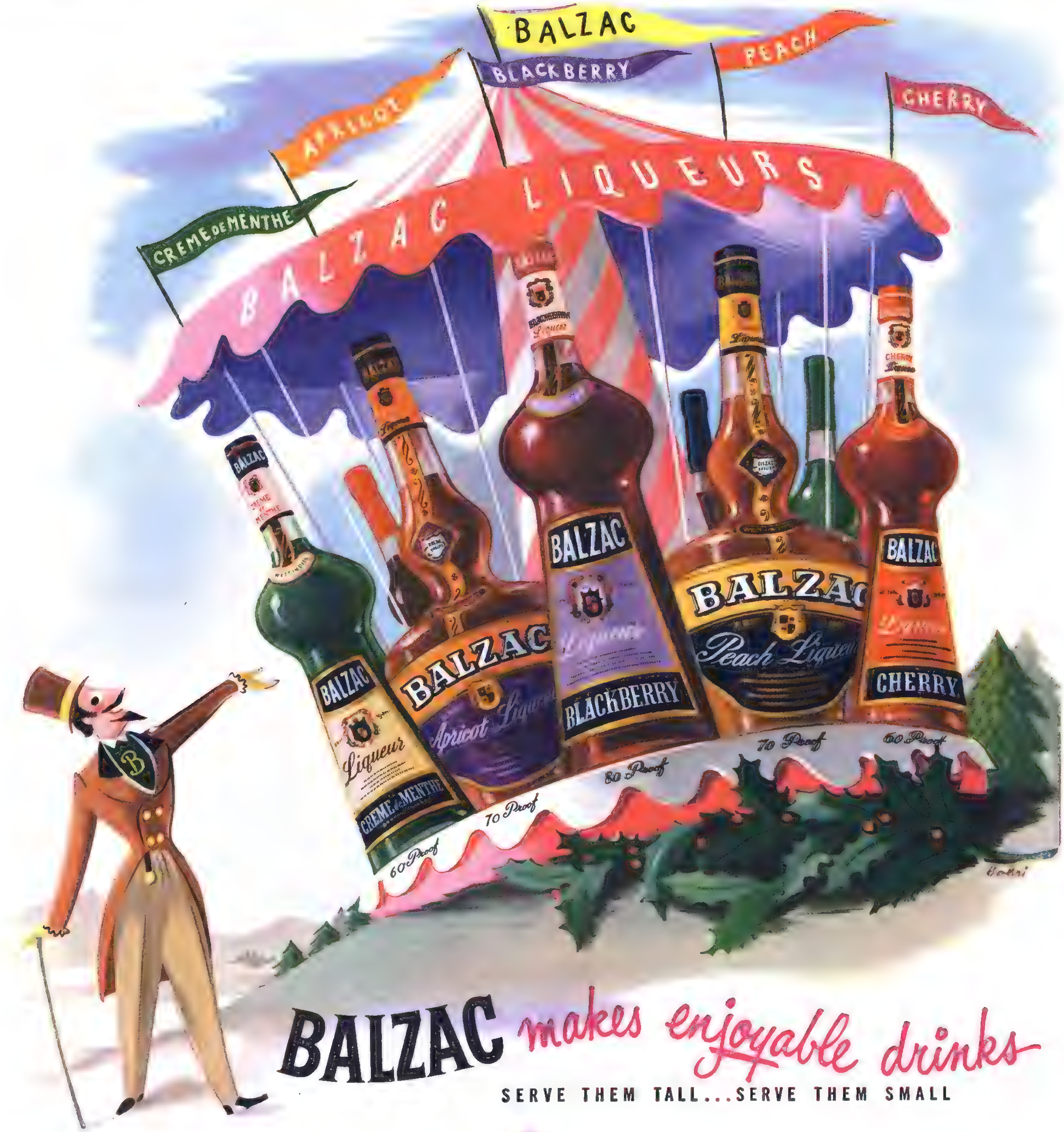
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BALZAC Apricot Liqueur 70 Proof
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BALZAC Peach Liqueur 70 Proof
BALZAC Liqueur CHERRY 60 Proof
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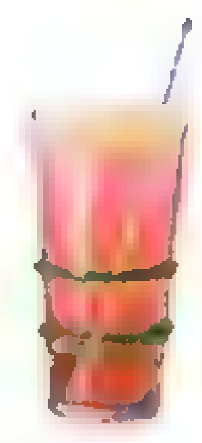
BALZAC BLAZER—Pour equal layers of grenadine, Balzac Creme de Menthe (green), Balzac Triple Sec (80 proof), and Balzac Blackberry. On serving, set top layer afire.



BALZAC PINK SINGAPORE—½ Balzac Cherry Liqueur, ½ gin. Juice of ½ lemon. 3 dashes orange bitters. Stir with ice; add soda. Add a twist of lemon peel.

BALZAC APRICOT TODDY—Dissolve ½ lump sugar with hot water. Add jigger of Balzac Apricot Liqueur. Fill glass with boiling water. Add a slice of lemon. Stir.

BALZAC EMERALD FIZZ—⅓ Balzac Creme de Menthe (green); ⅔ gin. White of one egg. Juice of ½ orange and ½ lemon. Shake with cracked ice. Strain into glass.

BALZAC PEACH FRAPPE—Fill a cocktail glass with finely cracked or shaved ice. Add one jigger Balzac Peach Liqueur (or other Balzac Liqueur). Serve with straws.

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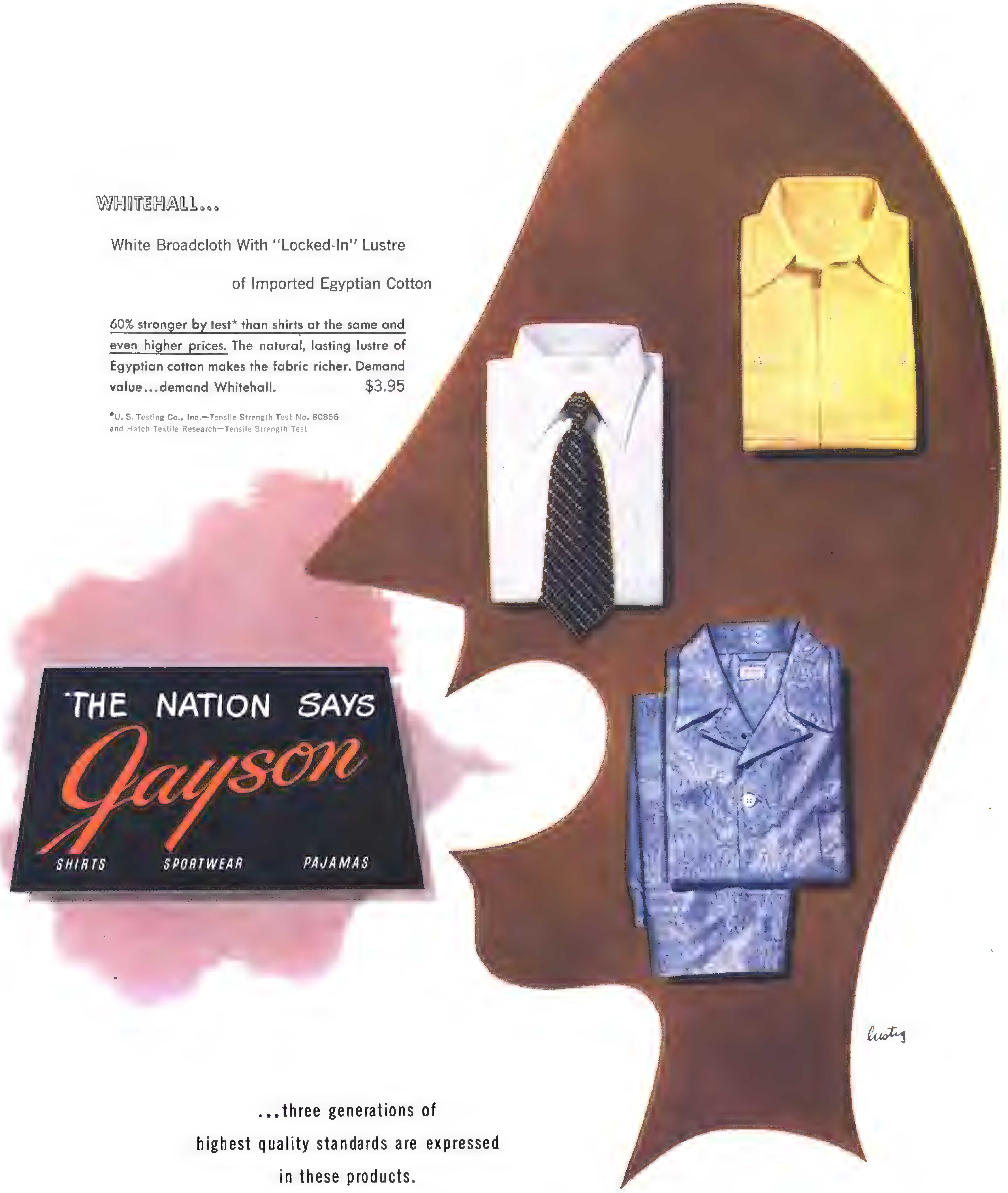

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Clothes to Cheat the Cold

Continued from page 172

age man's suit—works beautifully. Army scientists experimented for months with a Copper Man, which represented the human body, covering it with various fabrics at various distances. They found out that clothing about a quarter of an inch away from the skin is warmest. Loose clothing, fairly tightly closed at ankles and wrists, helps keep warm. But it shouldn't be fastened too tightly, because that retards circulation, keeps heat away from hands and feet. Actually, one of the warmest garments you can wear beneath your outer clothing is a fish net, with a large mesh. The gaping holes keep the clothes away from the body, insuring a layer of trapped air. Norwegian fishermen wore the nets for years before scientists showed why they are efficient.

A wind that is moving at six miles an hour can almost double the amount of heat you lose through the average woolen fabric. For really cold weather, an outer windbreaker covering works best, over several layers of lighter clothing. The more layers, the more air trapped next to your body.

Sourdoughs and scientific experts on Arctic living alike warn against the danger of perspiration. Moreover, in damp cold weather the moisture from the outer air seeps through clothing, settles on the skin and takes away body heat. A coat hung in a damp room overnight may lose a quarter of its ability to keep you warm. Still, there must be some slight interchange between the air surrounding the body and the air outside the clothes. For this reason, experts usually recommend a fabric that resists moisture, rather than one that is completely moistureproof.

During the war, green troops in Alaska sometimes wore too many clothes, which is as bad as wearing too few. The perspiration inside shoes and sleeping bags turned to ice, and frostbite resulted.

The properly dressed man in ten-below-zero weather is covered by as many layers as an onion. Next to the skin is a suit of heavy woolen underwear. The legs are protected first by a pair of heavy woolen pants, covered by windbreaker trousers. The upper part of the body stays reasonably warm beneath (listed from inside out) a heavy woolen shirt, a sweater, if needed, a pile-lined jacket with close-fitting knitted collar, and a pile parka with fur hood. A heavy windbreaker outer liner of the parka is worn over it. Inside the parka's hood is a woolen cap with earflaps. Incidentally, Army tests last year showed the standard parka needed a deeper hood, to protect more of the face. This clothing, weighing some twenty pounds, doesn't include what is worn on the feet or hands, or a mask that may cover the face.

Fur is often worn because the hairs trap air, which serves to keep the body warm. But if the damsels who parade in mink and chinchilla were serious about wearing fur to keep warm, they would wear the fur side on the inside. During World War II our Army found a fur substitute in pile fabrics, in which cotton and mohair is woven into a cotton back. In cold weather, an inner-pile garment is worn with the hairs inside. The outer-pile garment has the hairs on the outside. Weight for weight, Army experts found wool worked better than fur, even though woolen garments needed to be covered by lightweight windbreakers. Garments insulated with materials like Fiberglas and kapok are also worn successfully. The tangled fibers of these materials trap air effectively.

The hands are a separate problem. For one reason, they get cold in an awful hurry; for the other, they have to be kept in a condition to work, to manipulate objects. While at work, the hands may be tucked inside as many as three pairs of gloves. As a result, jobs simple in warmer climates take far longer in the cold. One cameraman found that a pair of nylon gloves inside heavy woolen ones worked well during the brief periods he had his hands out for picture making. One maker of sporting garments has applied theory to practice and developed hunting jackets with sheeplined cuffs, which can be pulled down over the hands to serve as a muff.

At thirty below, troops in the far north wore one pair of heavy woolen socks next to the skin, two pairs of heavy woolen ski socks, one pair of felt socks or boots, and two pairs of felt innersoles inside canvas and deerskin mukluks. The outer foot covering has to be comfortably loose, to allow free circulation. If you want to keep your feet warm at a football game, don't try stuffing two pairs of socks inside a pair of shoes designed to accommodate only one pair. It might be better to wear loose slippers inside overshoes, which would not constrict the blood circulation, yet allow you to wear more than one pair of socks.

Canadian Mounties discard leather boots when the temperature falls to ten above, for moosehide moccasins. When the thermometer hits zero, they switch to soft fur mukluks, over one pair of socks. Pine needles are looked upon as fine insulating material inside the mukluks. Other experts figure that in really cold below-zero weather, your footgear should be an inch thick and waterproof.

For all the discomfort, life in the Antarctic and Arctic has some compensations. If a man doesn't bring the germs of a cold, influenza, or pneumonia with him, chances are he can avoid these diseases in circumstances that mean illness in warmer climates. ⧺

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The Full and Complete Course

Continued from page 158

Fred and gives him a sheet of paper on which fifty cocktail recipes are listed. This is his textbook.

"Now my dear friend," Dempsey tells him. "I got your money. Now is where your trouble comes in. We will keep you right here behind the stick until you are a qualified mechanic."

The stick is the bar in the language of the trade and a mechanic is a bartender who knows his business. Dempsey feels there is no reason why there should not be a school for bartenders in a city whose classified telephone directory lists schools for acrobats, embalmers and corset fitters.

He admits that the public generally does not seem to feel the same way. "They think a guy is born behind the stick," he says. He blames the old-time bartenders for this. When you say bartender, he points out, most people think of a man in a white apron with handlebar mustaches who keeps brass knuckles behind the cash register.

"Today," Dempsey tells his students, "a bartender is strictly an employee and should never lift a hand to a customer."

A modern bartender is expected to know fifty combinations. Dempsey teaches his students seventy to ninety, including such exotic concoctions as a Mamie Taylor, a Ward Eight, a Lone Tree or a Blue Blazer.

Dempsey and Fred do not on the whole, however, approve of fancy drinks, and Fred tells the students their first day what to do when someone asks for a drink they have never heard of.

"When a girl asks for a Pink Fedora or something like that," Fred tells them, "give her a drink with plenty of grenadine. The girls like to see colors. If a guy wants a drink you have never heard of say, 'Yes, sir, how do you want it. I make it three ways, one two and three.' If he says number two then you know he doesn't know. Give him maybe a Paradise. Next time he comes in he orders it again. You give him a Saratoga. He says this here drink tastes different than last time. You say, 'Yes, sir, that was number two. This is number one.' "

The first thing a student learns at International is how to chop ice, for the proper use of ice is the key to mixing drinks that cost the house little. Fred tells his classes a cocktail should normally contain about two-thirds water.

"Don't be afraid to give a man ice," he tells them. "Figure on your ice. If you figure short on ingredients stir your drink more. That melts the ice and the boss'll say, 'There is a bartender.' "

Fred sometimes shows them a Gin Daisy to illustrate his point. A Gin Daisy is made by packing a champagne glass with shaved ice, pouring in a jigger of gin and floating a few drops of grenadine. Lemon and orange peel and a maraschino cherry go on top.

"Now, gentlemen," Fred says, "I haven't hardly any liquor at all in that. It's all ice. It's how it's served that creates the price. Now the price is made by the boss in the place you work and if he is not a jerk he can get $1.50 for this drink that is mostly ice."

After the student has learned to chop ice, Fred shows him his station, which is the part of the bar where he will work, and his workbench. The workbench is a copper shelf under the bar where he keeps his mixing tools: strainer, ice scoop, mixing spoon, muddler, knife, ice tongs, opener, jigger, corkscrew and squeezer. It also holds the ice, bar rye, gin, dry and sweet vermouths, soda, ginger ale and bitters. There is a plate for fruit, known as the garbage.

The first drink a student learns how to make is a dry Martini, which is the most popular mixed drink at most bars, then a sweet Martini, a Manhattan, an Orange Blossom and a Bronx. The Martinis and the Manhattan are drinks which are stirred, and the Orange Blossom and Bronx, which do not contain wines or cordials, are shaken. Next a student learns the Dempsey method of shaking.

The shaker is fitted onto the mixing glass at a slight angle. The bartender holds it in his left hand with two fingers on the base and the mixing glass and the shaker with his right hand, with his right thumb over the base of the mixing glass to hold it in place.

When the drink has been shaken sufficiently to mix the ingredients and melt some of the ice, the shaker is hit a sharp blow with the heel of the right hand. This loosens the mixing glass so it can be removed from the shaker without hitting the shaker against the bar.

"If you hit the shaker against the bar," Fred says, "you can chip glass into the drink and then you are in a jam which is due to negligence and the customer can sue you for all you have got. Any guy that hits the shaker against the bar is just a beer jerk."

The students practice on each other. There are usually ten or twelve in a class, most of them former servicemen who, in looking around for a job they think they will like, have seen Dempsey's ads.

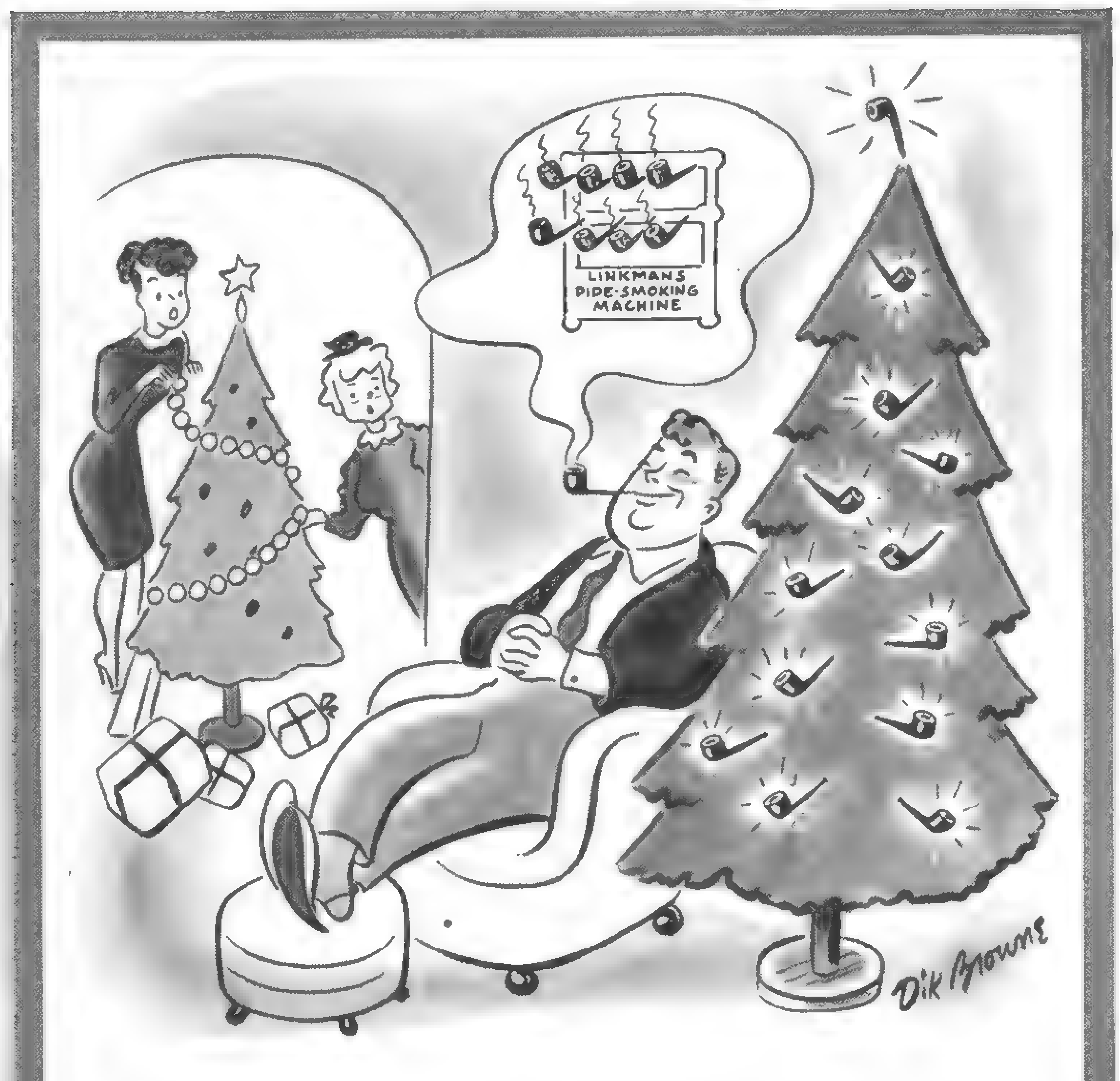
A bartender's pay is good and most of them feel that it is an interesting life. A bartender makes between $60 and $90 a week straight salary and at certain night clubs can make as much as $20 a night in tips. But there are 11,000 bartenders in New York City and a student is not always able to get a job the day he leaves International. Dempsey is hurt when prospective students want to know if completion of his course will guarantee them employment.

"My dear friend," he says, "if I could do that the Woolworth Building wouldn't hold this school."

Most people learn how to mix all the drinks in from three to six weeks but Dempsey feels there

Continued on page 220

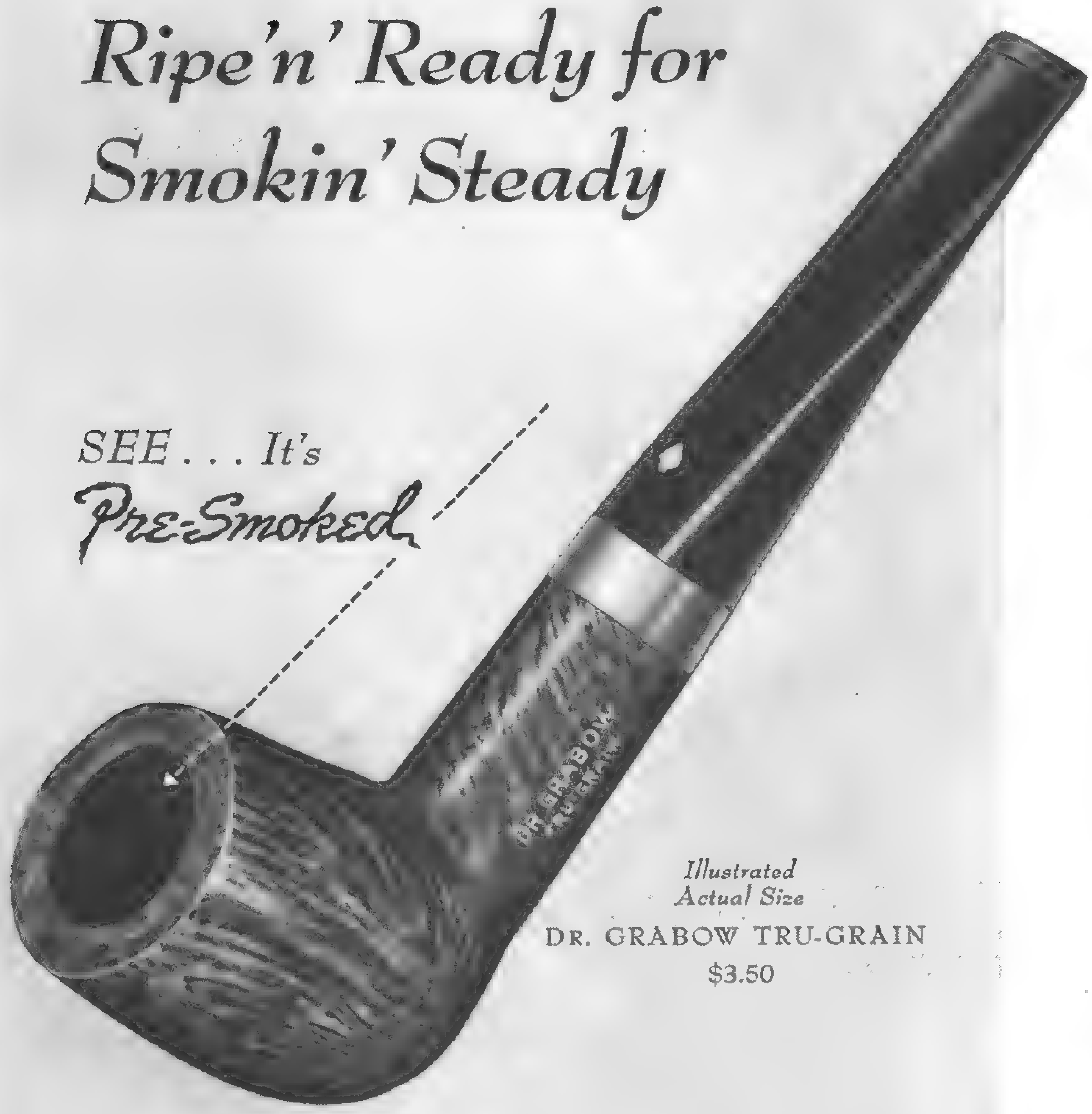
Great Values
. . . Great Gifts



"That's his own personal tree, because he only wants Dr. Grabow Pre-Smoked pipes this Christmas."

DR. GRABOW
Pre-Smoked PIPES

Ripe 'n' Ready for Smokin' Steady



SEE . . . It's *Pre-Smoked*

Illustrated Actual Size
DR. GRABOW TRU-GRAIN
$3.50

SELECT GRAIN . . $5.00	TRU-GRAIN . . $3.50
SUPREME . . $2.00	DE LUXE . . $1.50

ALL MADE FROM GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

No Breaking In
No Bite
No Bitter Taste

The only correct way to break in a new pipe is to smoke it. Every Dr. Grabow is Pre-Smoked at the factory . . . actually under fire . . . with fine tobacco (Edgeworth) on Linkman's exclusive pipe smoking machine . . . duplicating the slow, deliberate puffing of an experienced smoker. Here is the most important advancement in pipe smoking history . . . ripe and ready for smoking steady.

Ask your dealer for Dr. Grabow Pre-Smoked Pipes . . . all equipped with patented aluminum filters.

Fashioned by Linkman
DR. GRABOW PIPE COMPANY, INC.
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YEARS 8 OLD
Grant's
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
William Grant & Sons Ld
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CONTENTS 4/5 OF A QUART
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INCORPORATED, BROOKLYN-NEW YORK
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS for U.S.A
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Grant's

America's Largest-Selling 8 and 12 YEAR OLD Scotch Whiskies*

FAMOUS LORE OF SCOTLAND

The artistry of Scotch glassware, like the art of Scotch distilling, goes back to the 15th century. Both have been world-famous ever since.

* Every drop of GRANT'S is either 8 or 12 years old. Wm. Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. 86 Proof

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS IMPORT DIVISION
Austin Nichols & Co. Inc. Brooklyn-New York

The Full and Complete Course

Continued from page 218

are other things they should know.

"Don't forget on the Outside," he will say to a student, "if you like the job be on the up and up with the boss. Once you make a little movement—you know what I mean, take a little something—then you can't work good any more. You got a guilty conscience. Try to go through life the nice way. The boss on the Outside today knows what is going on. He has spotters checking on you and they can't run fast enough to him.

"Remember names," Dempsey tells him, "give the customer plenty of honey. Have these here cocktails taste the same whether it is today or yesterday and you are going to have a good following and at the end of the day what we all love—that little box behind the bar—is going to be full of dimes and quarters."

Dempsey tells the students that they should not start a conversation, but if the customer wants to talk, "the bartender should be able to converse with him on an intelligent plane."

Sometimes a customer who is already drunk will come into a bar and want to argue. As Dempsey says, "It happens in the ways of life.

"Some noisy jerk comes in with half a bag on, ignore him. Be busy. Don't talk to him. Argument creates ill feeling."

Dempsey does not consider it legitimate to slip the noisy jerk a mickey. A standard mickey is a white powder available in drugstores that will make a man meek as a lamb. Dempsey does not think it is a very nice thing for a bartender to do to a customer.

"Anyway," he says, "you gotta know someone to get it."

Women who have had a few too many drinks make Dempsey a good deal more nervous than men who usually only want to fight. Women are likely to try to pour their drinks down the bartender's neck or to disrobe. Dempsey tells his students to refer all cases of women who undress at the bar to the management.

Dempsey usually concludes a lecture by reminding the students that a bartender is primarily an actor. "As I tell you gentlemen every day," he says, "showmanship is everything on the Outside. Create an atmosphere. Keep moving at all times. People like to see an active man. Even if you don't know what to do, throw them a bluff. The idea my dear friends is to get out there and act."

While Dempsey is telling the students how to make the customers happy, Fred is making sure they know how to make drinks.

A medium-sized man with sparse, greying hair and rimless glasses, Fred looks like one of the regulars at the 49th Street Lindy's. Occasionally he talks about the old days and is inclined to think things were better then. "Today," he says, "in this time and age we work fast. We use synthetics. Some Broadway joints they don't care if you come back. They use synthetics to put a head on beer."

This does not keep Fred from liking his job, even though it means that he has to be behind the bar at eight o'clock every morning, a time of day he seldom was out of bed back when he worked for Mr. Rector. After he has filled the bottles behind the bar that seem to be getting low, he is ready for the first class.

When the students have taken their stations, Fred starts off with a lecture and demonstration.

"Now this morning, gentlemen," he will say, "I am going to make a Clover Club. Now I am going to use real grenadine to show the effect. With grenadine, milk or cream, we pour it over the ice, and this ice we do not use any more. Other ice we use again."

Fred pours the ingredients into the mixing glass, and hands it to one of the students. "Give it a good shake," he says. "You gotta get the water out of that ice, boy.

"Use your tongue," he tells the students, "it pays dividends at the end of the day. Now this next drink I will show you, you may never get, but it has happened and it has made men what they are today."

If Dempsey happens to be listening when Fred finishes his demonstration, he is likely to walk over to one of the students and slap him on the back. "I guess you got a good lecture today," he will say, poking the student in the ribs. "Make a Sidecar."

This is the test. When Dempsey feels that a student is ready for the Outside, he sends him behind the bar to make several different cocktails in quick succession. If the student mixes and serves them satisfactorily, Dempsey tells him that he has graduated and sends him over to a hotel or night club where there is an opening.

It is great pleasure to Dempsey to go into a bar and find one of his students working behind the stick. He watches them shake and when they do not hit the shaker against the bar he beams.

His only serious competition now are bartender schools in Florida and California run by former students of International, and The Bartender School, Inc., three blocks north, managed by John Fitzgerald until his death last year.

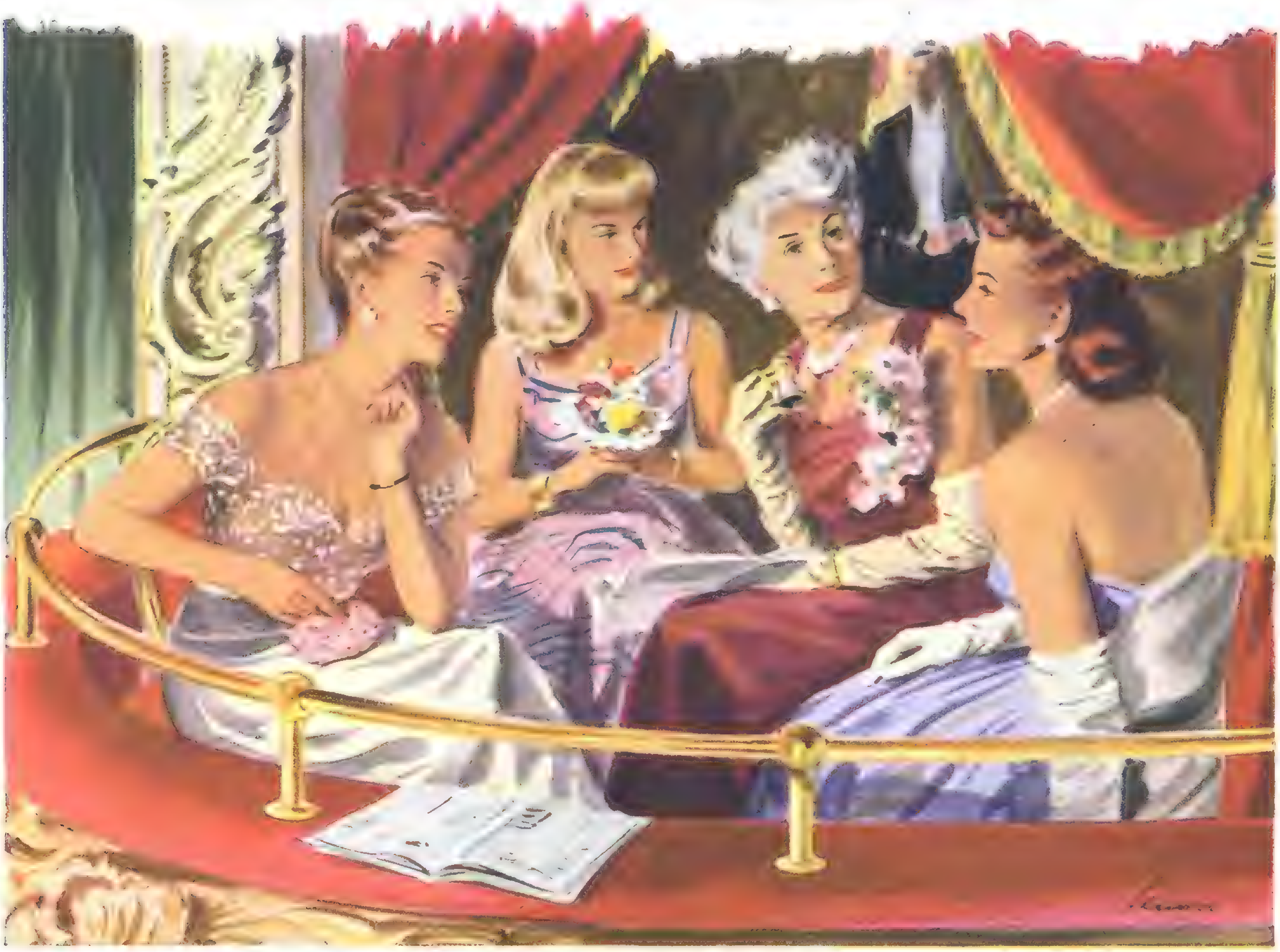
Dempsey thinks Fitzgerald's was the first and most famous bartender school and some people still come into Dempsey's office under the impression they are in a branch of Fitzgerald's school.

"My dear friend," Dempsey says to these people, "at my dear friend Fitz' you would not get better. I am a man who makes it a rule if you can't say anything good about a competitor keep your mouth shut. My mouth is shut. So let those boys who are running Fitz' place get a little business. My dear friend I can get along on one steak a day." #

Continued from page 158

How many women are there in your life?

(They all agree on one thing: There's no gift in the world they'd rather have than a beautiful Hamilton Watch)



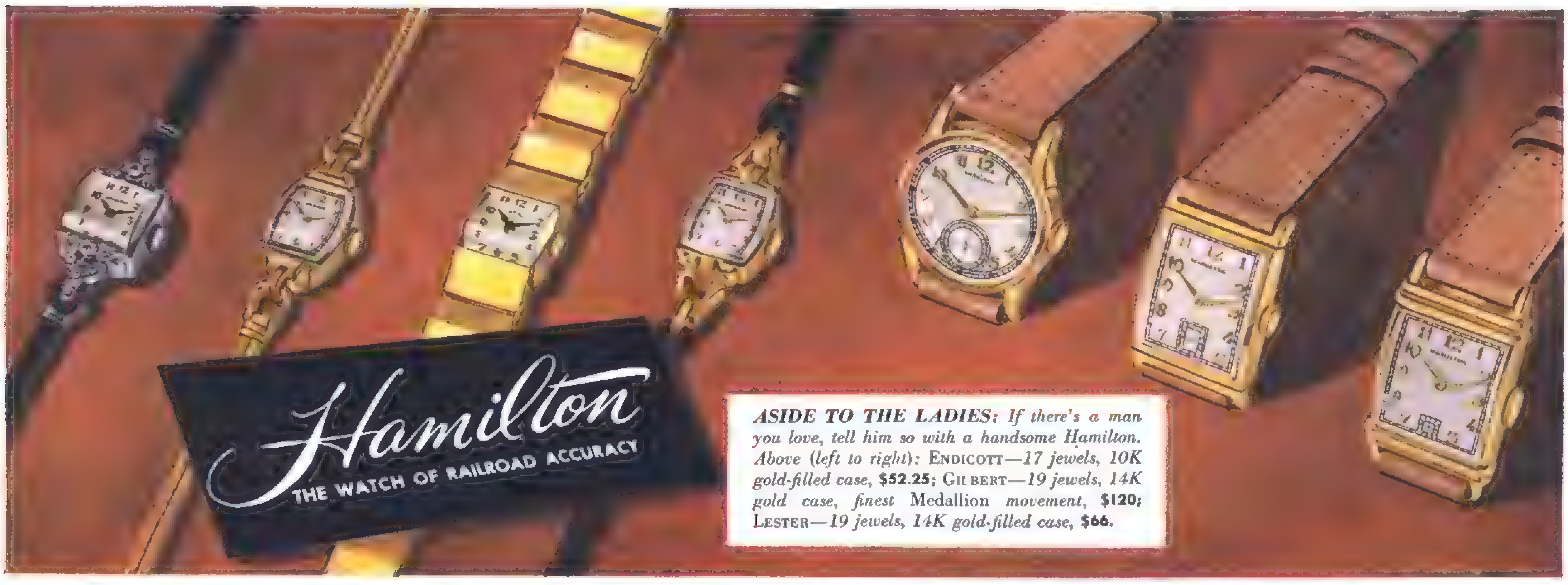
The girl that you married. Do you love your wife even more today than when you married her? And do you still get all mixed up when you try to tell her so? Thrill her on her anniversary with an exquisite Hamilton Watch. "Diamond set" Hamiltons, such as the one illustrated directly below, are priced from **$120** to **$5,000.**

The girl you're so proud of. Must you wait in the stag line to dance with your own daughter? Show her how proud you are with the most thoughtful gift you could give her—a lovely Hamilton like the Olga (second from left below)—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold-filled case and double-strand bracelet . . . **$59.50.**

The girl who's still your best girl. Does she grow younger every birthday? On her *next* birthday remember your mother with the watch that's made by America's only manufacturer of fine watches exclusively. Below (third from left) is the FL-12—17 jewels, 14K gold case and bracelet, finest *Medallion* movement . . . **$275.**

The girl you grew up with. Has she always been such a good pal that you've never minded her being a sister instead of a brother? This Christmas give her a slim and stunning Hamilton like the Frances (fourth from left below)—17 jewels, 14K gold case, with Hamilton's finest *Medallion* movement . . . **$100.**

The watches below were picked to suggest Hamilton's variety of styles and prices. See your jeweler for other appropriate Hamilton gift watches from **$52.25** *up. Prices include Fed. Tax.*

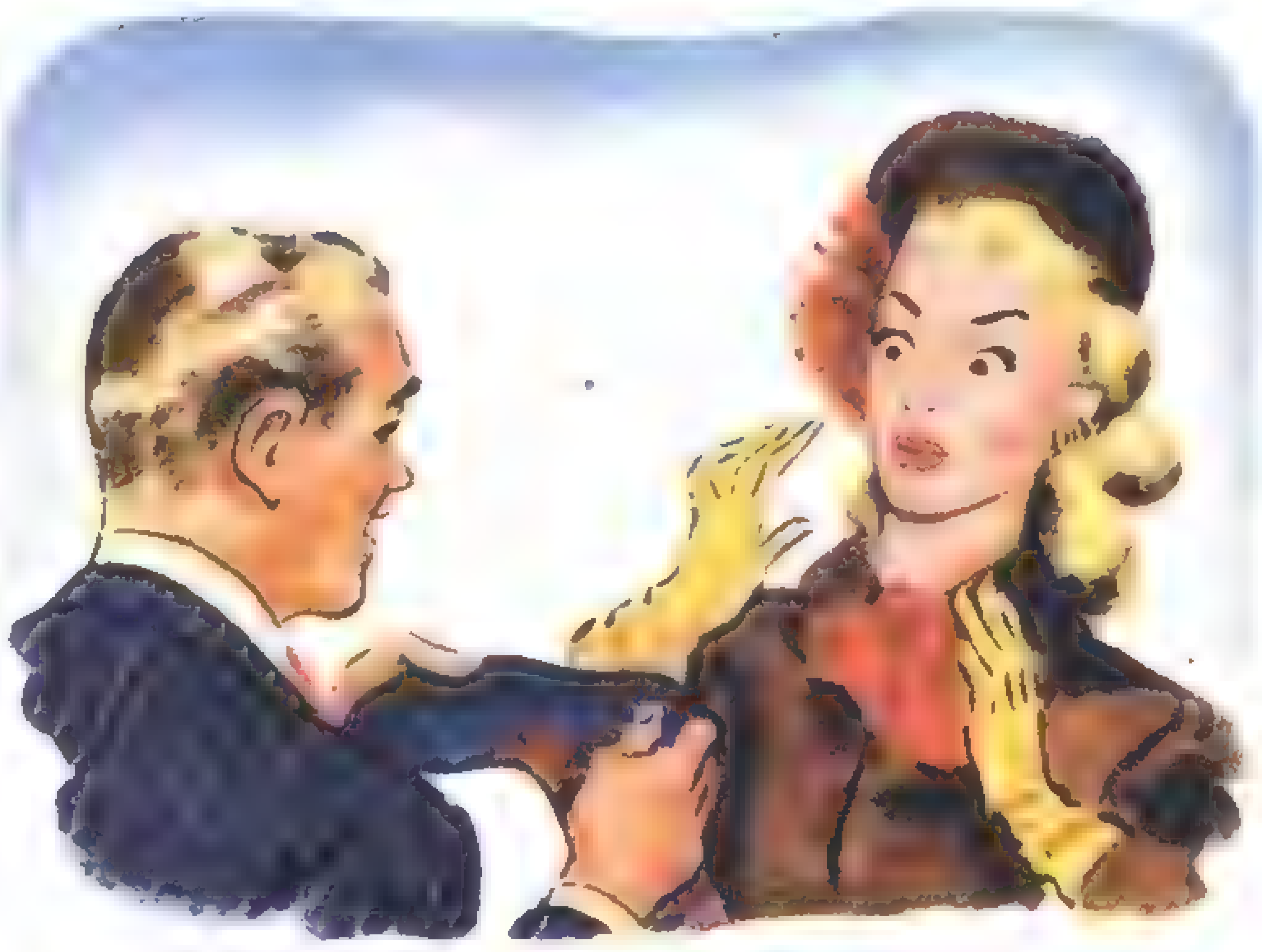

Hamilton
THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

ASIDE TO THE LADIES: If there's a man you love, tell him so with a handsome Hamilton. Above (left to right): Endicott*—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled case,* **$52.25**; Gilbert*—19 jewels, 14K gold case, finest* Medallion *movement,* **$120;** Lester*—19 jewels, 14K gold-filled case,* **$66.**

The finest hairspring ever developed! It's the exclusive *Hamilton Elinvar Extra*—anti-magnetic, rust-resisting, true at all temperatures. First used in Hamilton Railroad Watches, then in Hamilton war timepieces, it now assures greatest accuracy in every Hamilton made. Send for FREE catalog and revealing booklet, "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Company, Dept. H-7, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Why Westminsters Wear:

1. "This Westminster Sock top has 1395 feet of *sturdy* yarn per pair, woven into 132,000 interlocking stitches, then *knitted* to the leg. That guards against garter-bite . . . and assures Westminster's l-o-n-g-e-r wear and snug fit."

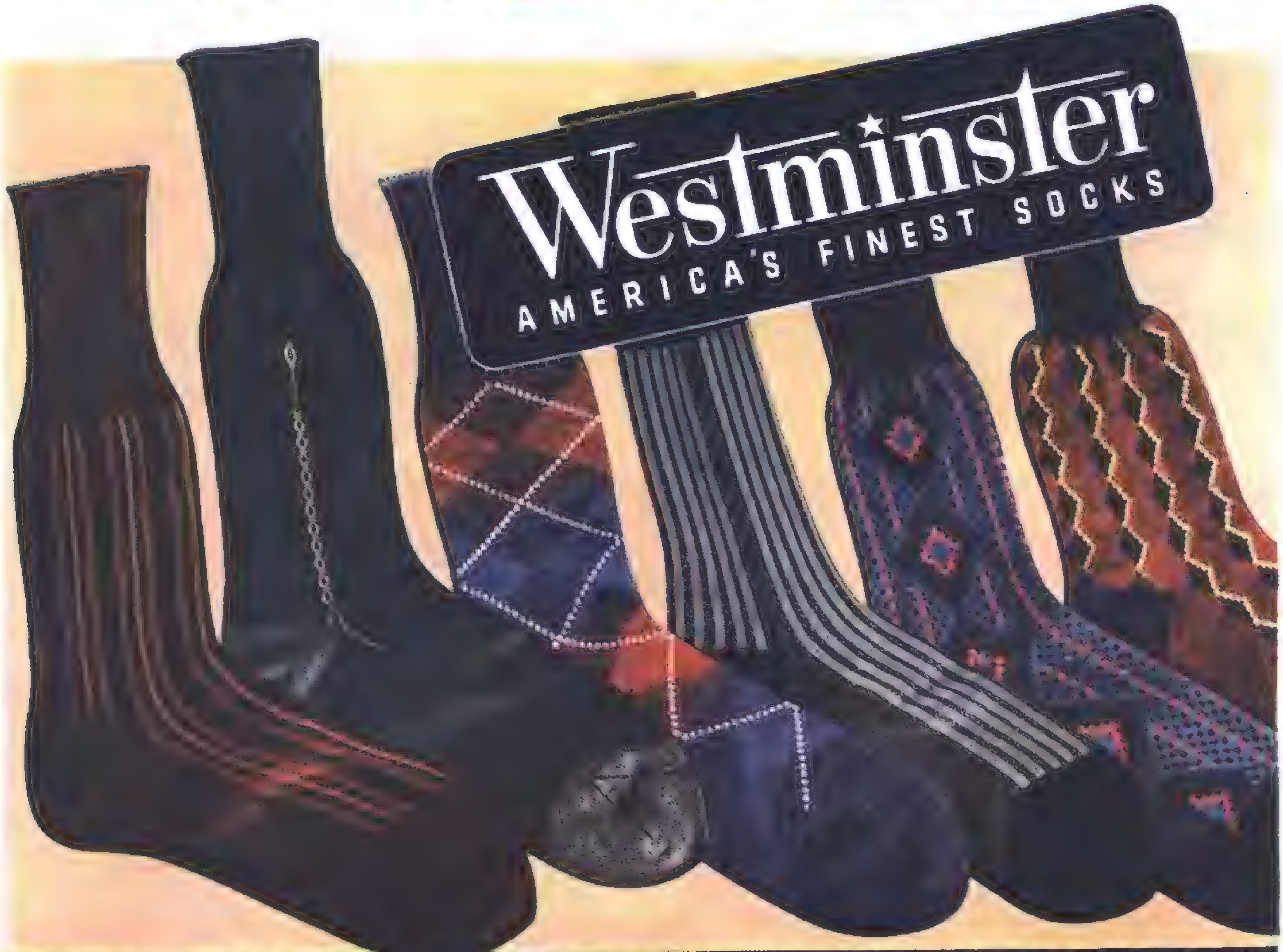


2. "For long life and cushioned tread, Westminster Socks are reinforced in the foot with 654 feet of yarn, 2½ times heavier than the leg yarn. Westminster Socks are accurately sized for proper fit as long as you wear them."

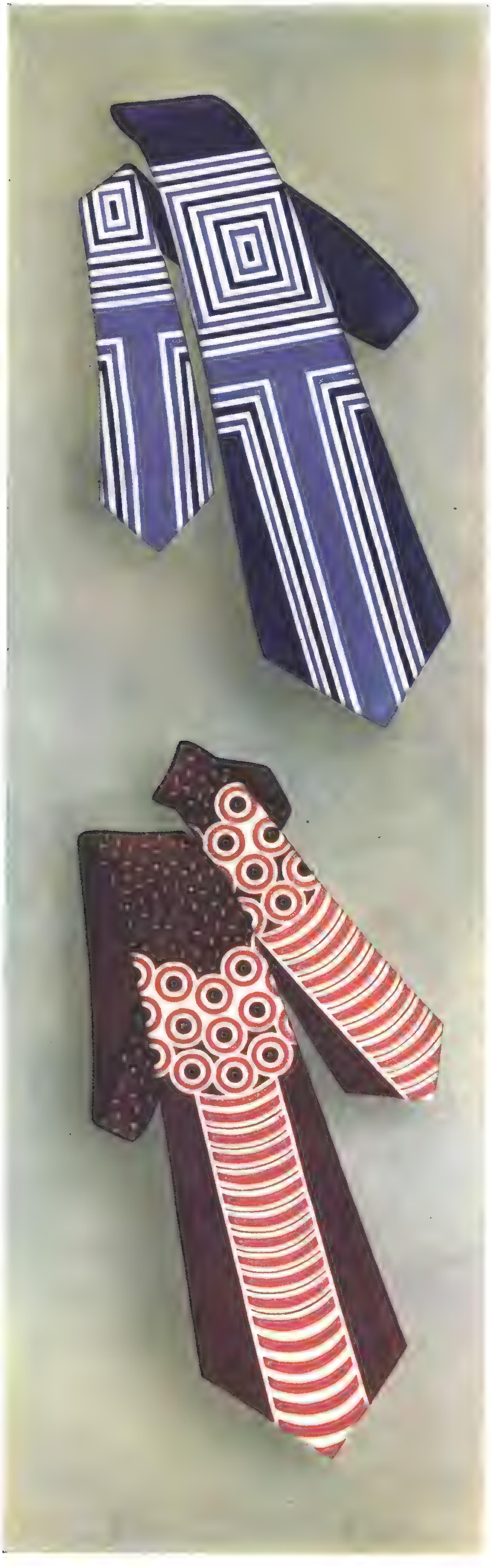
3. "Westminster puts extra strength at heel and toe, using four plies of yarn, each 3½ times as heavy as used in the leg. Into each pair goes 1575 feet of toe-and-heel yarn for long wear and springy comfort."

Darling! Only the finest for you Nan

4. "The best-dressed feet under the Christmas dinner table will wear Westminster Socks. Stores are now displaying winter styles in colors you like. Whether you give them or get them, be glad they're Westminster."

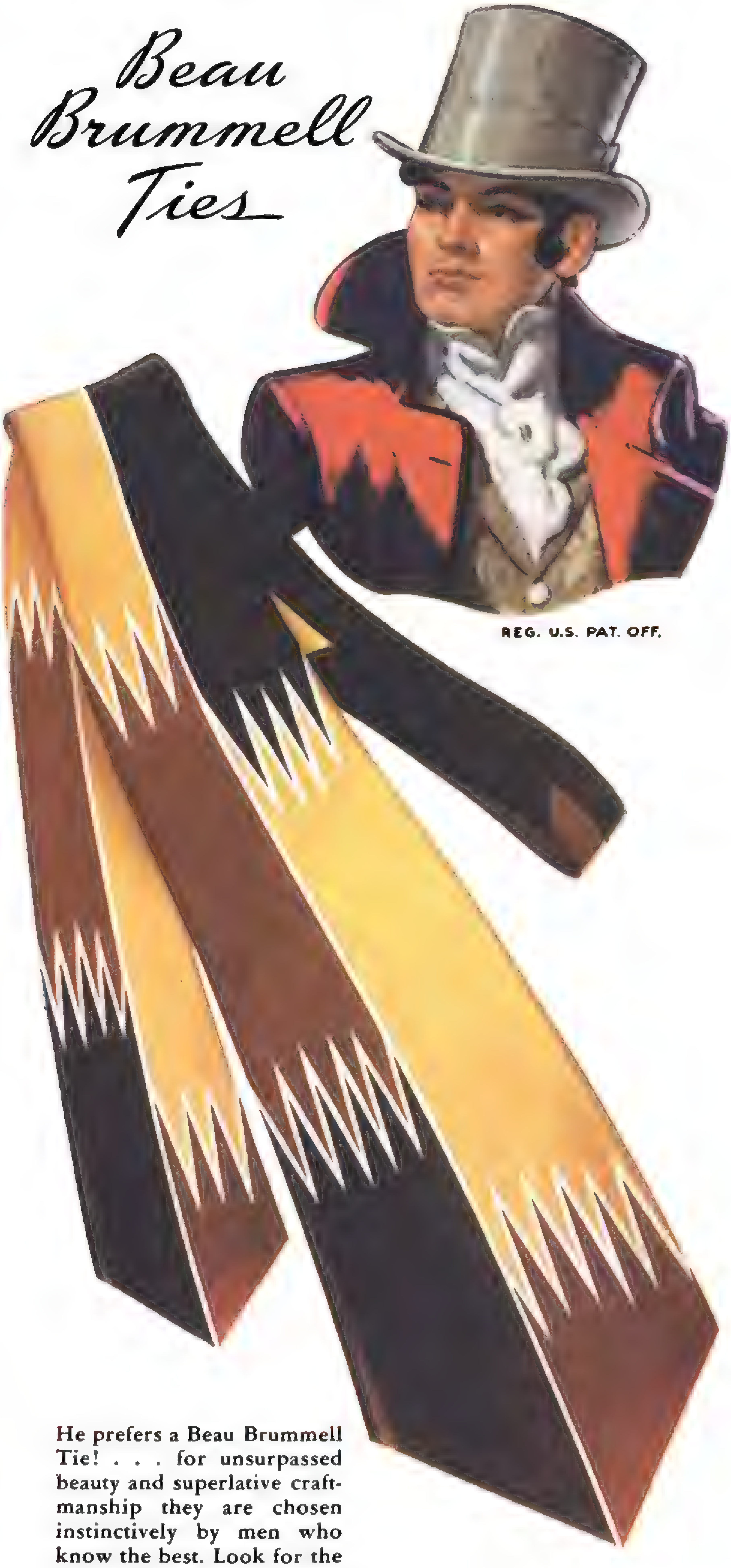


SEE THE NEW WESTMINSTER STYLES AT LEADING STORES NOW



His favorite . . .

Beau Brummell Ties



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

He prefers a Beau Brummell Tie! . . . for unsurpassed beauty and superlative craftmanship they are chosen instinctively by men who know the best. Look for the famous Beau Brummell name when you buy fine neckwear . . . one to five dollars.

Beau Brummell *Ties*, INC.
CINCINNATI 6

5.00
2.75
2.50
10.00
2.50
6.00
3.00
2.25
1.25

Strongest!

THE BUXTON* STITCHLESS

ONE PIECE OF LEATHER NOW SUPER-LOCKED!

SLIMMER! TRIMMER! The one-piece design is streamlined. Won't buckle or bulge even when crammed . . . always folds flat.

STRONGER! New, improved interlock! One piece of finest leather is now super-locked to hold more firmly than ever before.

GUARANTEED! If any Buxton Stitchless gives out in normal use before the fine leather itself wears out, we'll replace it free!

Safest!

THE BUXTON KEY-TAINER*

THE ONLY KEY CASE WITH THESE 3 FEATURES!

REMOVABLE LOCKED LOOPS! Unbroken steel loops are locked in slots. Keys cannot slip or twist off!

AUTOMATIC LATCH! Pull it to release any loop and key instantly. Snap back to lock keys in.

SWIVEL ACTION! Loops rotate in slots, so key case cannot get in the way when keys are turned.

All prices subject to 20% tax

BUXTON, INCORPORATED ★ SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, AND NEW YORK CITY

Handsomest! BUXTON MATCHED SETS

*Trade Mark of Buxton, Inc., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

I'm Just Leaving

Continued from page 97

Christmas in country." He snorted. "Now, goddam it, we won't be able to answer the telephone. Go on. Could you and the Missus have dinner and go to a show with us on the twenty-sixth? We'll do the town afterward, but red. And if Ginger has any shopping on her mind, Margot would love to tag along. Faithfully." He shook his head abruptly. "Ginger! God, how my wife hates that old witch. Get four seats for anything that has girls in it. Down front—that rheumy wolf's eyes aren't what they used to be. And reserve me a room at Bellevue." He got up. "I'm going upstairs to tell Perry Frothingham he needn't expect me in on the twenty-seventh."

He caught a quizzical look in Miss Dean's eyes, but went stalking into the corridor. He ignored the elevators for the stairs, and as he went up them two at a time he cursed the advertising business with a familiar fervor. At the nineteenth floor he gave the fire door a yank and walked through.

Bill Walters, the art director, was passing with a carton of ice cubes, his pompadour already ruffled to a sandy halo, his round face flushed a holiday red. "Hi-yah, Joe," he shouted. "Thanks for the contribution, what's left of it. We took the girls to lunch and Gloria fell under the table."

Gloria was his secretary, a willing but notoriously bad drinker, and Andrews found himself laughing. "Before the soup?"

"Along about the mashed potatoes."

"That's par for Gloria."

"She's in my office now. Crying for you. She says you haven't kissed her this year." Walters laughed happily. "Come on down, Van Johnson. Let's tilt a couple."

The Van Johnson did it. Andrews reached inside his coat and touched his wallet and said: "Later, Bill. I've got to see the Old Man first." He eased his arm out of Walter's grip and did a sharp right turn. "Be seeing you."

Frothingham's corner office was pine-paneled, with monk's-cloth curtains, fine old scatter rugs, leather chairs, and an array of gay hunting prints. It had the nickname of The Stable, since the prints attested the owner's passion for horses and he himself usually resembled a British-shod, British-blanketed hunter. He dropped his fine russet boots from his desk as Andrews went in and rose up in a suit of friendly red-and-yellow checks.

"Joe! Where have you been?" He was a great bulky man, with a long equine nose and a jaw that asked for a checkrein. "I been sitting here for hours. I been waiting for you. Miss Hendricks! Miss Hendricks!" An alert young woman put her head in his door. "Come make us a drink."

Andrews tried an apologetic, "Now wait a minute," but Miss Hendricks was already at the portable bar, so he settled for "Make mine light, Miss H." and turned to his employer.

"My college roommate called me for lunch and I couldn't duck him. Sorry you got stuck with Perkins."

Frothingham threw his head back and neighed with laughter. "Forget it. I'll bet your ears were red. The little squirt talked about you for an hour and a half. Andrews this. Andrews that. Andrews the other thing." He accepted a tall glass from his secretary and waved it expansively. "Down the hatch!"

It was a command, so Andrews said, "Your health," and drank bottoms up. He coughed once, thinking that Miss H. would never get rich running a saloon.

"Fill 'em up, Miss Hendricks," roared Frothingham, and when she had, he shooed her out and shut his paneled door. He put a heavy hand on Andrews' shoulder and said: "Son, you got that wizened old woodpecker eating out of your hand. He's switching the Perkins Ink account to us, and you're going to handle it." He picked up his glass. "That hatch!" They drank and he walked behind his desk. He reached in his middle drawer and brought his huge hand out closed to a fist. "You think Perkins doesn't love you? Look—a Christmas present." The hand opened dramatically.

Andrews looked and said: "God, another pen."

"A gold one this time—writes under water too." Frothingham giggled. "Sometimes I think the old ibis was born in a submarine."

Andrews knew that laughter was indicated, but he was surprised when it came out of his throat robust and easy. He was more surprised when his employer pulled an envelope out of the drawer and thrust it at him.

"Here, son. I don't believe in bonuses. Pay people what they're worth, that's my system. But you got something coming to you for Perkins Ink." He shouted again: "Miss Hendricks!" And then: "Well, go on—look at it, son. Tell me it isn't enough."

Andrews unhooked a finger from his new drink and tore open the envelope flap and looked in: EXACTLY TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED AND 00/100 DOLLARS. He looked up dazedly and got an impression of a grinful of teeth and squinted eyes. The familiar roar made his eardrums quiver.

"Hatch!"

The glasses went up, then down, and Andrews heard himself say, "Why you pennypinching parsimonious old goat you! You've gone nuts."

Perry Frothingham collapsed into his chair with laughter and addressed Miss Hendricks: "Listen to him. That's what I like. He doesn't give a damn. Get hold of Swanson. Get hold of McIntosh. Get Walters. Get 'em in here. I want 'em to look at a real man. A man who brings money in. But

Continued on page 226

BEST DRESSED CIRCLE
BEN
HUBSTAY

you're in the best dressed circle with

City Club Shoes

costly hand operations cost you no more

Quality plus 48 time-taking, hand operations! The result? Rich-looking, fine-fitting shoes, moderately priced. Also, City Club Juniors for boys. Ask your shoe dealer or write us.

Also CLASTON SHOES at Lower Prices

City Club

DISTINCTIVE SHOES FOR MEN

PETERS, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKERS, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

GIFT CERTIFICATE ENCLOSED

Now, For the First Time...

You can give him

THE JACKET HE REALLY WANTS

It's not only smart to give him a Bantamac Gift Certificate in a colorful gold gift package that even includes a useful rooster desk thermometer . . . it's downright thoughtful.

Now he can take the certificate to his favorite store and select the jacket he *really* wants . . . in style, in weight, in color and in size.

And he will use the thermometer to keep posted on when to wear the jacket of his choice . . . and to remind him that it's *always* Bantamac weather.

There's a Bantamac for every purpose . . . smoothly tailored in fine fabrics . . . all weather-repellent . . . from $8.95 to $20.00. At leading stores everywhere.

BANTAMAC

FIRST IN WEATHERPROOF JACKETS

MARCUS BREIER SONS, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

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I'm Just Leaving

Continued from page 225

first make us another drink."

They had that one, and one with McIntosh, and one with Swanson, and two with Walters, who spirited Andrews away to his office at the far side of the building on the pretext of showing him a piece of art. The art was Gloria, who had forgotten everything from the mashed potatoes on except a passion for Mr. Andrews. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Merry, merry, merry Christmas, Mr. Andrews."

He kissed her back, roundly and soundly, and all the girls squealed. He caught one of them and kissed her, then another, and another. The room was full of screams and appreciative giggles, and he might have gone on kissing file clerks and stenographers indefinitely, except that the fifth mouth belonged to Miss Dean and above it her eyes were appraising.

He licked his lips and grinned at her. "Maggie."

"Hello," she said. "When does the concert start?"

Walters yelled, "Attaboy, Joe—let's have some music," and people began screaming for their favorite songs, but Andrews only stared at Miss Dean blankly.

"What time is it?"

She held out the watch. "Five o'clock."

He said, "Already?" and took her arm. "Come on." He pushed her through the crowd. "I've got to call my wife." The next office was empty and she got his number. He took the telephone: "Hello, Margot. Are you all set?" Bill Walters' voice boomed over the partition in a deep bass *Silent Night*. "Yeah—I'm still at the office. It's pretty gay. But I'm just leaving. I've got something to tell you. No, it's good. Damn good. Sure, I'll hurry. I told you—I'm just leaving. S'long."

He hung up and turned to Miss Dean. "Here. Take a look." He pulled the crumpled envelope from his coat pocket and handed it to her. "We got the Ink account and the Old Moose came through."

She took the check out, read it, smoothed the creases, and folded it once across. "Shall I mail it to the bank?"

He sensed a lack of enthusiasm in her voice and said: "Not yet. I want my wife to see it. She won't believe it either. Perry must be going mad."

She said quietly, "I wish he'd go a little madder."

"Now wait, Maggie." He retrieved the check and put it in his wallet. "Part of this is yours. I wouldn't forget my Maggie."

She shook her head. "No thanks, Mr. Andrews. I couldn't accept it. But Mr. Frothingham might do something about salaries."

Andrews felt unexplainably aggrieved and it showed in his voice: "You know I've talked to him about you, Maggie. After the first of the year, he . . ."

She said sharply: "It's not just me. The billing clerks. The file girls. And the typists. How does he expect them to live on what he pays in this sweatshop?"

He looked at her as if she'd bitten him. "Yeah. I know. But he always says they live at home and . . ."

"They *have* to live at home or go on the streets."

"Okay, Maggie, okay." He swallowed carefully. "He's an s.o.b. I'll talk to him about it. I'll see what I can do."

Suddenly her eyes were soft. She touched his coat sleeve and said: "I'm sorry, Mr. Andrews. Really I am. I didn't mean to spoil your Christmas."

He laughed with relief and caught her arm again. "Hell, Maggie—that's all right. But don't scare me that way. Come on—we'll have a little drink."

"But, Mr. Andrews . . ."

"Just one little drink—then I sell out."

They had the drink and he tried to leave, but somehow there was another drink in his hand and Bill Walters was plaguing him to barbershop *On the Banks of the Wabash* and he said that was a hell of a Christmas carol and so they all sang *Noël, Noël* and after that one of Bill's artist friends came in

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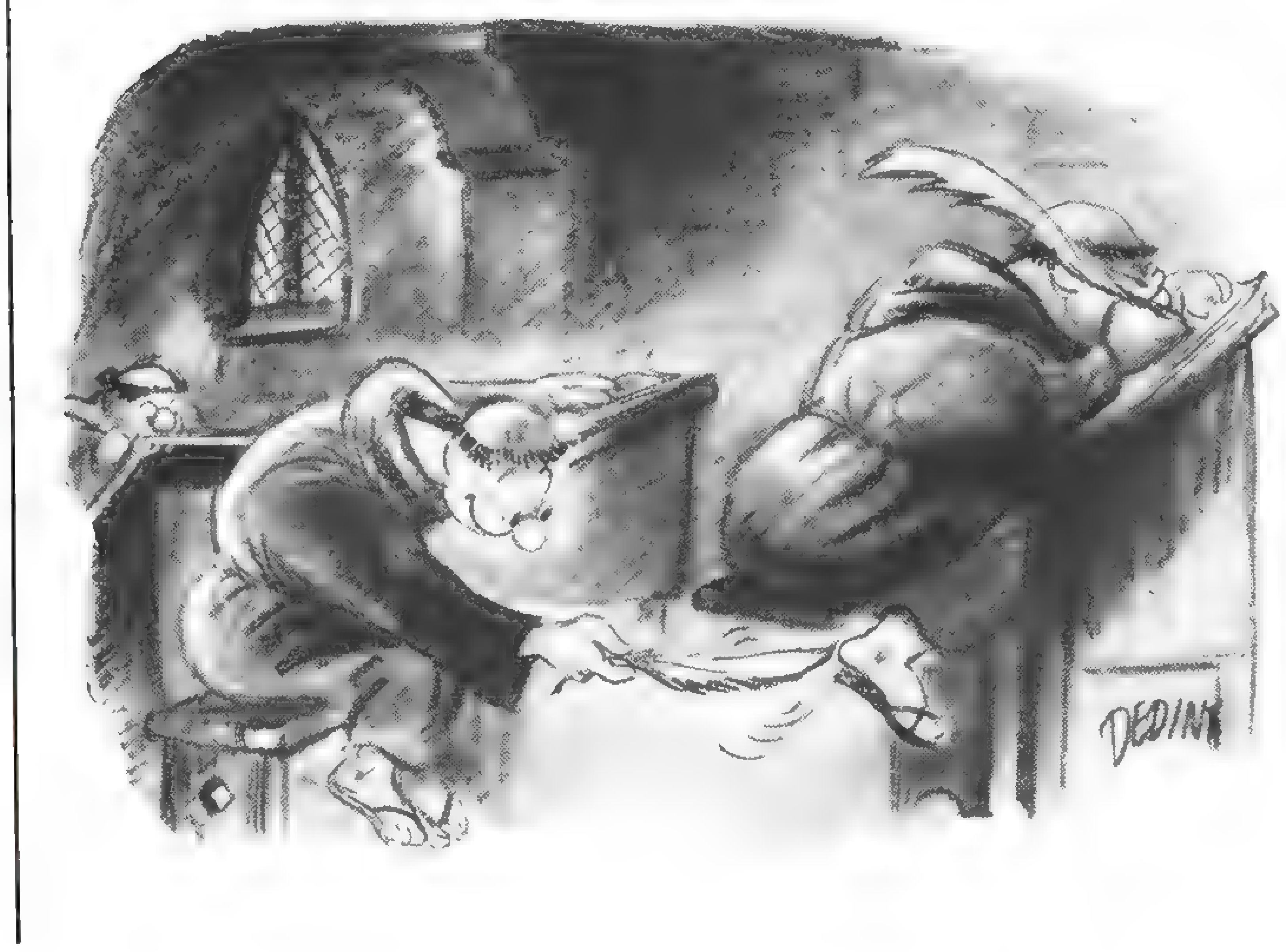

ESKY Speaks His Mind On Christmas Giving

"In my book," said ESKY, with a Santa Claus twinkle in his eye, "Christmas gifts must have a certain flair and personality—they must be smart and distinctive," he explained, "different, but in good taste."

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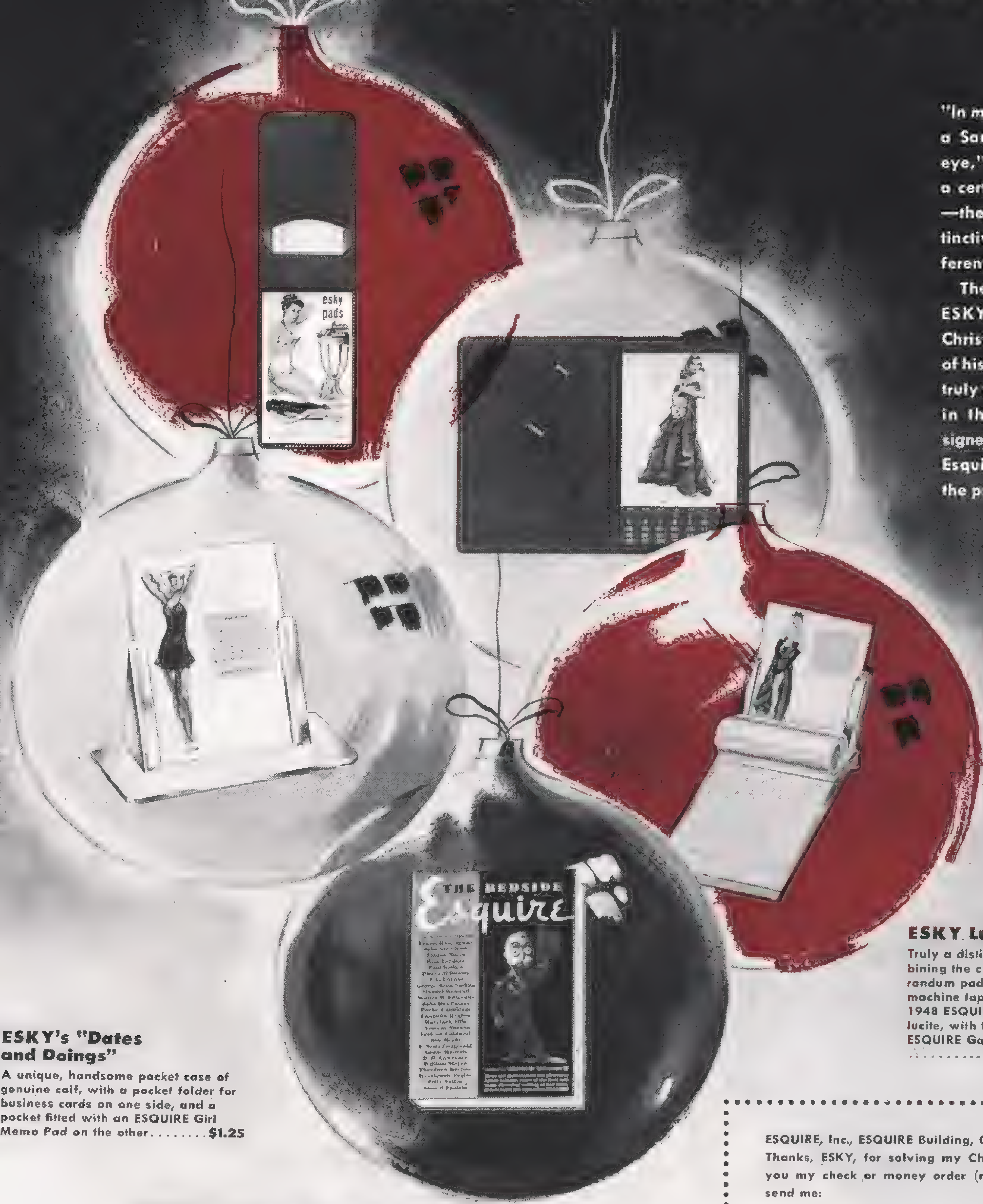

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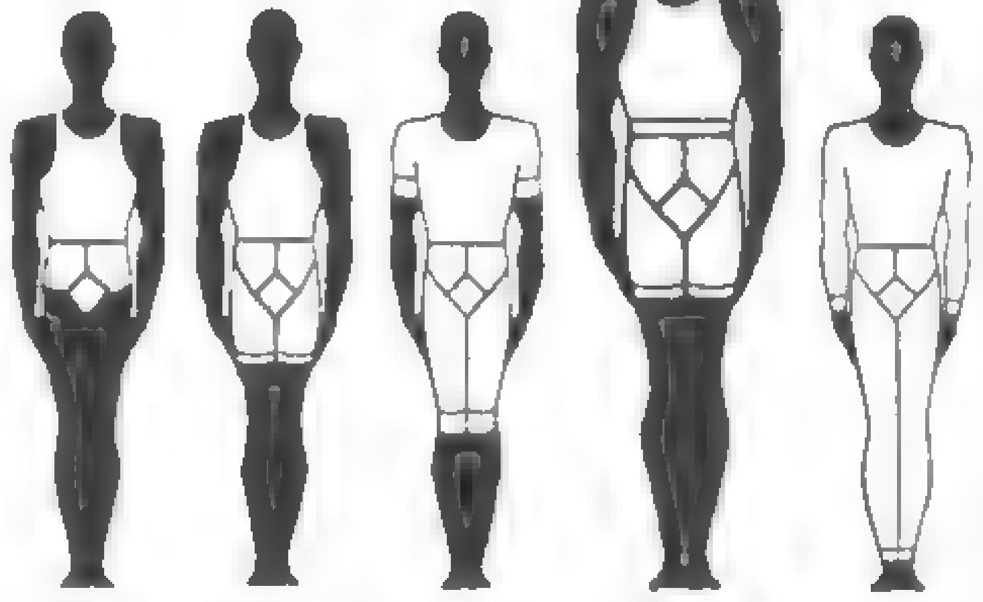

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I'm Just Leaving

Continued from page 226

with a bottle of slivovitz and they got in an argument as to whether or not it was made from prunes and when that bottle was gone they put in a call to Manny Schwartz, their West Coast man, and waited around for it to go through and Manny was high as a kite already for all the three hours difference in time and kept complaining about a bunch of drunken guys keeping him from his drinking, and everyone was laughing fit to be tied when Andrews felt a tug at his sleeve and there was Miss Dean.

He said, "Maggie darling, where you been?"

She said, "It's six-thirty. You'll be late for dinner."

He patted her shoulder: "Thanks, keed. Get me my wife, will you, like a good girl?" When she got the number he found he was trying to talk into the wrong end of the telephone and Margot wanted to know what was so funny. "Nothing, darling," he laughed. "Not one little thing. Only I wanted you to know I got tied up. You know how it is. But I'm leaving now. I'm just leaving."

He had a last drink and took Maggie's arm and they left and went out to the elevators. Most of the operators had gone home, but Andrews was being patient about waiting when Frothingham came down the hall humming happily to himself.

He slapped Andrews on the back and said: "Merry Christmas, Joe boy. And a Merry Christmas to your pretty Margot."

Joel said, "The same to you and Mrs. Frothingham."

Frothingham beamed on Maggie and said, "A Merry Christmas to you, too, Miss—uh—Miss . . ."

"Dean," Andrews said, and then it came back to him. He looked into the spiked eyes and asked: "Perry, why do you have to be such a goddam stinker?"

His employer stood back. "Who—me?"

"Yes—you." Andrews shook his head sorrowfully. "A lousy low-lived stinker. Running a sweatshop. Making whores out of nice little girls. Perry, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Maggie tried to lead him away, but Frothingham pushed her aside angrily. "What the hell are you talking about, you drunken bum?"

"Who's drunk—you're drunk yourself. You're always drunk." Andrews stepped forward. "Salaries. That's what I'm talking about and you know it. Why don't you pay your people a living wage? Go on—why don't you—you skinflint!"

Frothingham pulled out a cigar and bit it off. "Twenty-five hundred bucks and he calls me a skinflint!"

Andrews shrugged: "Oh, that! I'll show you what I think of that." He snatched out his wallet and looked through it for the check. When he did not find it, he pulled out the envelope of tickets and tore them into bits. He threw them on the floor and said, "That's what I think of you and your twenty-five hundred."

Frothingham stared down. "My God! I ought to fire you."

Andrews reached out a hand and shoved his employer tentatively. "I ought to punch you in the nose."

The elevator door opened then and Frothingham backed in, shouting, "You're done, Andrews. Don't let me see that flat face of yours around here any more. You're all washed up with . . ." The door shut.

Miss Dean sighed and said, "Oh, Mr. Andrews!"

He looked at her frowning. "Maggie, would you say I had a flat face?" And before she could answer, "I told you I'd tell him, didn't I? Well I told him. Didn't I?" He took her arm firmly and started back up the hall. "Come on—I want to tell Bill I got canned."

There was no stopping him and Miss Dean didn't try. When they reached Walters' office the crowd had thinned to the professional drinkers; Andrews quieted them with a sweeping gesture and made his announcement.

Walters laughed delightedly: "Fired again. Hell, that calls for a drink."

For a moment Andrews was inclined to feel that Walters was taking his dismissal lightly, but then he saw the funny side of it and began to laugh himself: "Sure, a drink. The joint's a sweatshop. A firetrap. Come on, guys, let's get the hell out. Come on down to the Marguery—I'll buy a drink." He took Miss Dean's arm again and marched off, singing, "Andrewsdoesn'tworkhereanymore."

He found friends at the Marguery, old drinking companions determined to launch the Yule log on a high tide, and more of them in the bar at Sherry's. When Walters led the way across Park Avenue to the Waldorf, Miss Dean tried to reason with her boss, but it was no good. She stayed at his elbow, and somehow managed to dissuade him from calling good old Wilbur Perkins down for a quick one. The two men accused her of being snobbish, and they all went to the Ambassador, and then started working across town. The New Weston bar was crowded, and so was the bar at the St. Regis. All the bars were crowded, full of loud talk and smoke, and the crisp cold air in between them was hardly enough to blow away the fumes, and the first thing Andrews knew he was sitting at a table somewhere, looking down at a half-eaten steak and a half-empty glass, and all around him people were laughing.

He blinked his eyes and Miss Dean came into focus and he asked her: "What's the joke? What did I do?"

She looked tired, but her voice

was reassuring: "It's all right. Gloria just fell under the table again."

He grinned and said: "Bill'll take her home. Always does." Then a bell rang in the fog and he said, "Home. God. What's time?"

"Eight o'clock."

"God." He sat very still, pulling his senses together. He tried moving a foot and it answered. He got to his feet, fought for balance, and said, "Call m'wife."

No one at the table noticed their exit as Miss Dean led him to a telephone booth and gave him a nickel from her purse. He dropped it twice and she picked it up. Finally he got his number.

"Margot? Joel. On m'way. Just leaving."

There was a cab at the curb and she got him in, but the driver said bitterly: "Look, lady, I just come out. If he gets sick . . ."

"He never gets sick." Miss Dean pushed a bill through the partition and gave Andrews' street number. "Drive once around the park first."

The man was unconvinced until he looked at the figure on the bill. Then he said reluctantly, "Okay—for ten bucks."

Andrews sat rigidly straight on the seat, swaying perceptibly on the turns, breathing in great gulps through his mouth. When the cab curved at 110th Street to come back down the west drive, the fresh air took hold and he shivered once, sneezed, and relaxed against the seat back. He got a handkerchief out of his hip pocket laboriously, blew his nose, and turned to Miss Dean.

"God," he said, fairly distinctly. "I was drunk."

She laughed gently. "A little."

He contemplated that for a moment and then said: "Good old Maggie. Always takes care of me. Don't you, Maggie?"

"I try, Mr. Andrews."

"Call me Joe," he said.

"All right, Joe."

"That's it—call me Joe. *Mister* Andrews—it's silly. You're my girl. You take care of me."

"Not very good care this time."

"It's all right." He reached over and took her hand. "Everything's all right. Where are we?"

"In the park."

"Fine—in the park." He turned and looked at her judicially. "You're pretty. Kiss me."

"Oh, no." She laughed nervously, and nodded at the driver. "He'll see."

He considered this, and said: "The hell with him. Kiss me."

She pulled her hand away: "Please, Mr. Andrews!"

"Call me Joe," he said, and hooked the hand around her shoulders. "Kiss me."

"No, Joe." She tried to shrug away. "I don't want to."

"Nuts," he said, and pulled her under his shoulder. He pried her chin up with his free hand, put his mouth on hers and rested there. After awhile he raised his head and said, "You taste good." He fumbled at the catch of her coat and when she thrust his hand away he laughed. "Good old Maggie—don't do that." He kissed her again and she sat very still. "Good old Maggie."

When the cab stopped he looked up angrily at the driver. "What's the idea?"

The man turned with elaborate irony. "Your destination, sir."

Miss Dean said, "We're home," and slipped quickly out to the sidewalk. "Come on, Mr. Andrews."

He said, "Home," and inched his way out of the cab door. He stared at the marquee for a moment, shook his head unbelievingly, and reached in his pocket for change.

Miss Dean said, "It's all paid, Mr. Andrews," and when the doorman hurried out, she shook her head quickly. He held the door open and they walked slowly through.

She led Andrews to the back of the elevator and turned him to face her. She wiped his mouth with her handkerchief, opened his overcoat, straightened his tie, and brushed a smudge of powder from his collar. She lit a cigarette, put it in his mouth, and inspected him again carefully. Just before the car stopped she reached out and took the white carnation from his buttonhole and dropped it on the elevator floor.

At 24B she watched while he hunted for his keys. He was fumbling noisily with the lock when the door opened. He dropped the keys and looked up.

"Margot!" he shouted. "Darling! Merry Christmas!"

She had on the leaf-green dressing gown. "Merry Christmas to you, Joel," she said lightly, and stepped aside as he lurched past her into the foyer. She smiled at Miss Dean and said, "Won't you come in?"

Andrews spun around unsteadily. "Maggie!" he cried, "good old Maggie. Nice of you to stop by. Come on in. We're just fixing a drink."

Miss Dean bent down for the keys and straightened up to Mrs. Andrews:

"I—you're sure . . ."

Mrs. Andrews drew her inside and shut the door. Her husband was having trouble with the geography of the foyer and they waited while he tacked his way into the living room. Mrs. Andrews took Miss Dean's coat and laid it carefully across a Hepplewhite side chair.

"Poor dear, he's bad this time, isn't he," she said. "I certainly hope that he wasn't too much trouble for you."

Miss Dean fluffed her hair and said quickly, "Oh, not at all."

"Would you like a brandy? A cup of coffee?"

"Nothing, thanks. I'll just stay a minute."

In the living room Joel Andrews called out: "You two! What're you gabbing about? Women—always gabbing."

They went in and he was slumped in a chair, the cigarette hanging from his lip, ashes strewn

Continued on page 230

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I'm Just Leaving

Continued from page 229

on his vest. His overcoat lay on the floor beside him. His wife took the cigarette from his mouth and put it out in the ash tray, picked up the coat and went out to the foyer with it. When she came back she sat down beside Miss Dean on the sofa and smiled pleasantly.

"I take it the office party was quite a success," she said. "Poor Joel. He always says he won't stay."

Miss Dean said: "I know. But this time it wasn't his fault. Today Mr. Frothingham . . ."

"Frothingham!" Andrews came out of nowhere with a shout. "Good old Perry! A prince. You know what he did, Margot? He gave me—" He began to search his pockets. "He gave me—" He straightened up and stared glassily about the room. "I've been robbed. Someone stole my wallet."

Miss Dean reached quickly in her purse and took it over to him: "I'm sorry, Mr. Andrews. You gave it to me to keep and I forgot to give it back."

He accepted it grudgingly, scowling up at her: "Goddam it, Maggie, how often have I told you—in business you can't afford to forget. It's a secretary's job to remember."

His wife went over to him and took the wallet. "What was it, dear?"

"A check," he growled. "A Christmas check."

She found it, still neatly folded, read it and made an elaborate exclamation. "Why, Joel! How generous of him."

"Twenty-five hundred!" he grunted complacently, and then straightened up in the chair. "And that reminds me." He started through his pockets again. "Your present. Now let me see . . ."

Miss Dean turned away toward the foyer. "It must be in your overcoat," she said, but when she came back her purse was open. She handed him a small box. "The left-hand pocket."

He said, "Yeah—I remember," and handed it to his wife. She stood in front of him, smiling down at it. "Go on," he said. "Open it."

She did and said, "Oh, Joel! A cocktail watch. With rubies. You're insane—I'll never wear it—but I love it." She leaned down and kissed him swiftly. "Oh, Joel—you're so sweet." She held the box out to Miss Dean. "Isn't it darling?"

Miss Dean said: "I hope it fits," and bit her lower lip.

Mrs. Andrews laughed gently: "It's all right, my dear. I know my Joel. I hope you liked yours."

"Oh, it's lovely!" Miss Dean looked up and her smile was radiant. "You're so kind—both of you."

"Presents—presents—all you girls think about is presents," Andrews growled, and lay back in his chair. "You—Margot. What about dinner? We'll be late for the show."

She looked down at him for a moment, and put her hand to her forehead: "Joel, darling, would you mind too much if we just stayed home this evening? My head aches."

He scowled at her. "A hell of a note." He pushed himself up on his feet and stood like a statue in the middle of the room. "A guy makes plans. Gets tickets. A hell of a note." He nodded moodily to himself. "Okay—if that's the way you feel about it. I'm going to bed."

He stood there solid as stone while Miss Dean caught up her purse and hurried out to the foyer, while his wife followed after. He was still standing there when his secretary said: "He tried to get home—he really did," and while his wife said gently: "It's quite all right—I didn't really expect him."

The two women laughed and he muttered: "A hell of a thing for a man's wife to say," and took a step toward the bathroom. The last words he heard seemed much too gay.

"Merry Christmas, Miss Dean."

"Merry Christmas, Mrs. Andrews." ⵌ

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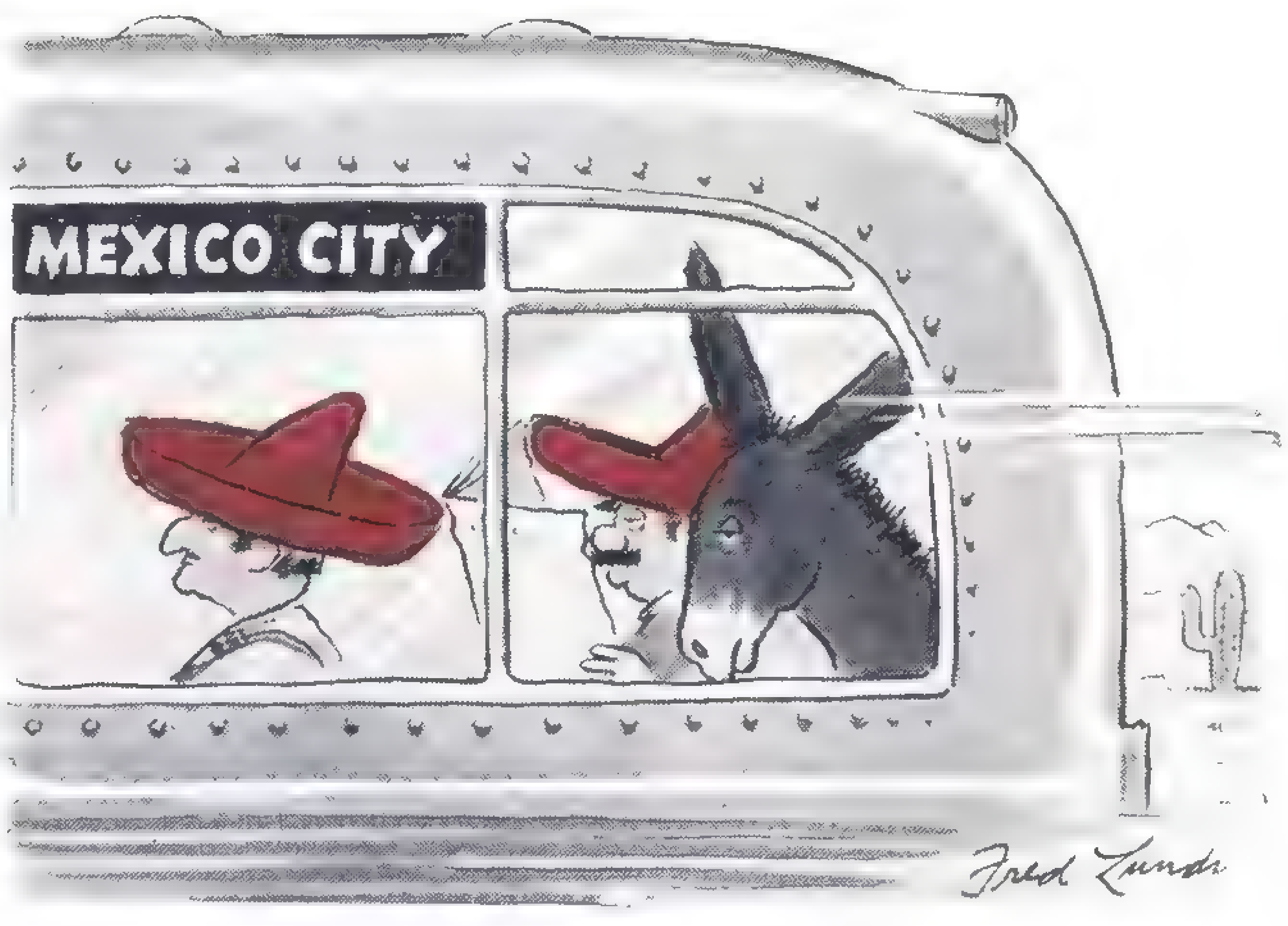

The Smart Guy

The blonde waitress in the all-night café figured this stranger all wrong

by **FREDERIC WHEELER**

The B & O empty rattled noisily near the end of the train as she hit the yard limits, slowing for a stop. The man inside had the door open. He could see the signal targets shining down the tracks near the tower. Lantern lights swung with a man's pace along the tracks. That would be the railroad cops. Time now. He dropped off, stumbled, then headed down the track bank.

This was Railroad Avenue. Down the block a red neon sign, its "T" of "EATS" dark, flickered through the smoke.

He opened the door. Men in blue denims and peaked caps were drinking coffee and talking. A blonde behind the counter was filling thermos bottles with coffee. She looked up as he entered, came over and stood in front of him.

"Coffee!" he said.

"Sugar 'n' cream?" she asked. He nodded. Three blasts of a train whistle echoed from the tracks and the men in denims left with lunch pails under their arms. Eleven-twenty. That would be The Chieftain.

A young fellow hunched over his coffee at the other end of the counter. The blonde lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply.

"Lemme have another coffee," the man said.

She dropped the cup before him. Her mouth was set; her eyes were deep-circled and tired. She stood there waiting. Finally, she demanded, "Five cents!"

He tossed a nickel on the counter. "What's your hurry?" he asked.

She picked up the nickel, turned away, rang up ".05" and went back to her cigarette.

"Hey, blondie!" he called to her. "Do you have any apple pie?"

"Yeah." She stood there smoking and looking past him.

"Do I hafta get it myself?"

She shrugged and returned with the pie. "You didn't say you wanted any."

He smiled at her. "You love your work, doncha?" he said.

"I get along!"

"That's what I like about you, honey. Personality."

Sliding the dime off the counter, she walked scornfully away.

"Soon as I come in I seen you," he continued. "I says to myself, she's sure got personality! You oughta be a debutante or a movie star maybe. You got too much class for this dump. Smooth talker, big smile for the customer!"

That did it! When she came into view, her eyes blazed. "You through?" she asked.

He smiled and said, "I was thinkin' that I might have a . . ."

"You had enough! Go play wiseacre some other place. I don't like you and I don't need your money. Now get out!"

"Now, cool off, honey! You can't toss a guy out just because . . ."

"Are you gonna get out?"

"No, honey, I ain't gonna get out," he answered.

"Okay. Maybe the cops'll help you!" She started for the door. A stool squeaked at the other end of the counter.

"Don't call no cops, lady!"

She turned slowly to face the young fellow who had been hunched over his coffee. He was standing now with a gun in his hand. The blonde was near the door and she reached toward the handle.

"Leave the door alone, lady!" he said. She stopped reaching.

"Now get back of the counter like you was. And you," he indicated the man at the counter, "sit quiet." The blonde went back of the counter. Finally, the kid edged toward her.

"Gimme the bills from the cash register!" He was watching the man while he kept the gun on the blonde. She turned around slowly. "Come on, quit stallin'!"

She rang up "NO SALE," turned and dropped a five and two ones on the counter.

He looked at the crumpled bills. "Okay, sister, the rest of it!"

"There ain't no more!" she said.

"I been here two hours. You took in more'n that," he said.

"I cashed two checks. Look for yourself. There's just silver."

He edged around toward the money tray, watching them as he moved. From the other end of the counter the man studied him.

"Seven bucks! That's a lousy take, kid," he said.

The kid wheeled. "Who asked you?" he snarled.

"I did a year for takin' nine bucks in Montana."

"Who cares?" he answered and turned to the blonde. "Okay, lady, stop playin' games. Where is it?"

The kid was nervous now and shaky. The man at the counter watched him closely. He doesn't like what he's doing and it's taking too long to do it, he thought.

"Look around if you don't believe her," the man said. The kid shuffled through the dishes and boxes under the counter.

"First job, kid?" the man asked. "You're makin' too much noise. The dicks'll hear you and call the cops! Cops hate young punks who stick up joints!"

That did it! The kid turned and lunged at the man, swinging for

Continued on page 232

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The Smart Guy

Continued from page 231

his head with the gun. He ducked and, grabbing the kid's arm, jerked him over the counter, hitting him hard across the back of the neck as he fell. The kid collapsed and the gun clattered beside him. The man picked it up and slipped it into his pocket.

The blonde came from behind the counter, sat down on a stool, and smiled at the man next to her. "Thanks," she said.

"Forget it," he answered. "Throw some water on him!"

When the water hit his face his eyes fluttered, then opened and he looked up at the pair.

"Get up, kid," the man said.

He made no move. "Come on, get up! I won't hurtcha!"

Slowly the boy got to his feet and sat on one of the stools. The man told him what had happened.

"What'd ya stick ya nose in for?" the kid asked.

"Because you're just a crazy kid. If I hadn't clipped you, you'd of gone out of here and pulled another job. First thing you know, you're doin' time. It ain't fun, kid."

"So what?" he said.

"So, don't hang a number onto your name. You think holdin' up joints is the easy way. But it's the hard way, kid."

"You're a pretty smart guy, ain't ya!" the kid said with sarcasm.

"I ain't smart, kid; I'm dumb. I know where I made my mistakes. One of 'em was stickin' up a coffee joint in Montana. Nine bucks, like I told you. Just like tonight. Only nobody clipped me, see? Nobody wised me up. Ever been pushed around just because you're a punk? That's the kinda lesson they give a bum who sticks up a joint for a lousy nine bucks. No preachin'. They rough you up and stick you away to cool for a year."

The kid was listening now.

"You got plenty of time to think then, kid. First you're mad as hell. Then you begin to cool off. You put yourself in their shoes and you know their way is right and your way is all wrong. There's no percentage. Sooner or later they always catch up with you." He looked at the kid.

"You follow me, kid?" he asked.

"Go on," the kid said.

"Well, like I said," the man continued, "you figure out there's no percentage. So one day your time is up and you look for a job. That's where the rub comes."

The kid was listening closely.

"Some guy's all ready to sign you up. Then he checks and spots that ole number. No soap! You begin to slip a little. Then you remember how you was thinkin' back in the pen. Finally you get a break. You're okay now, but what time you wasted."

"Where's my gun?" the kid asked.

"I got it," the man answered.

"Lemme have it."

"No, you got no guts without that gun. You're better off without them kinda guts. Why don't you smarten up, kid? Stop thinkin' stickin' up joints is big time. Now wise up and get outa here!"

The kid stood up, looked at the man and then at the blonde. All of a sudden he turned and ran out, slamming the door hard.

The blonde just sat there. "That was a nice thing you done for the kid," she said after a while. "But why'd you do it? Most guys'd call the cops. I would."

"Sure," he answered. "When a guy goes wrong, the first thing anybody does is call the cops and then the guy's in stir. He was just a crazy kid. I know how it woulda been with him . . . I been through it."

Two men in denims came in and the blonde filled their thermos bottles and sold them a couple of nickel pies and they left.

"Lucky they didn't come in a few minutes ago," he remarked when the door closed behind them.

"Nobody comes in here much now. They're all in the yards makin' up 96 for Sacramento. Guess that's why the kid waited so long. He was waitin' for you to leave. Funny, I was waitin' for you to leave too, remember? I had you all figured out as just another wise guy."

"I just felt sorry for the kid. Like I wish some guy had felt sorry for me one time."

"Anyway, I'm glad you didn't leave," she said. "You want some pie and coffee . . . on the house?"

He said, "Sure!" and she went down to the pie rack.

The smoke was drifting heavily along the street now as the big 2-4-2s boiled up pressure for the run over the Divide. The loud smack of gondolas being coupled and the buck-buck-buck-buckle that clatters back through the train from car to car could be heard from the make-up yards.

"You know, you was lucky tonight," he said to the blonde when she came back.

"How come?" she asked.

"Cashin' them checks."

"I didn't cash no checks," she said. "I never cash checks. Been stuck too many times."

"But seven bucks! You said . . ."

"Sure, I told him I cashed the checks. I never keep much in the register. I was stuck up before. I learned." She reached under the counter and brought up a cracked sugar bowl. "He didn't look far enough. If he . . ."

Before she had time to finish he had the kid's gun out. With his other hand he grabbed the bowl. Her eyes went wide and then she swung at him across the counter. He hit her a short little jab. She went down and he leaned over and saw she was out cold.

As he went out the door he could hear No. 96 churn-churn-churning. She'd be pulling out in a few minutes. He headed for the tracks at the west end of the yards, feeling kind of sorry he had had to clip the blonde. ⁂

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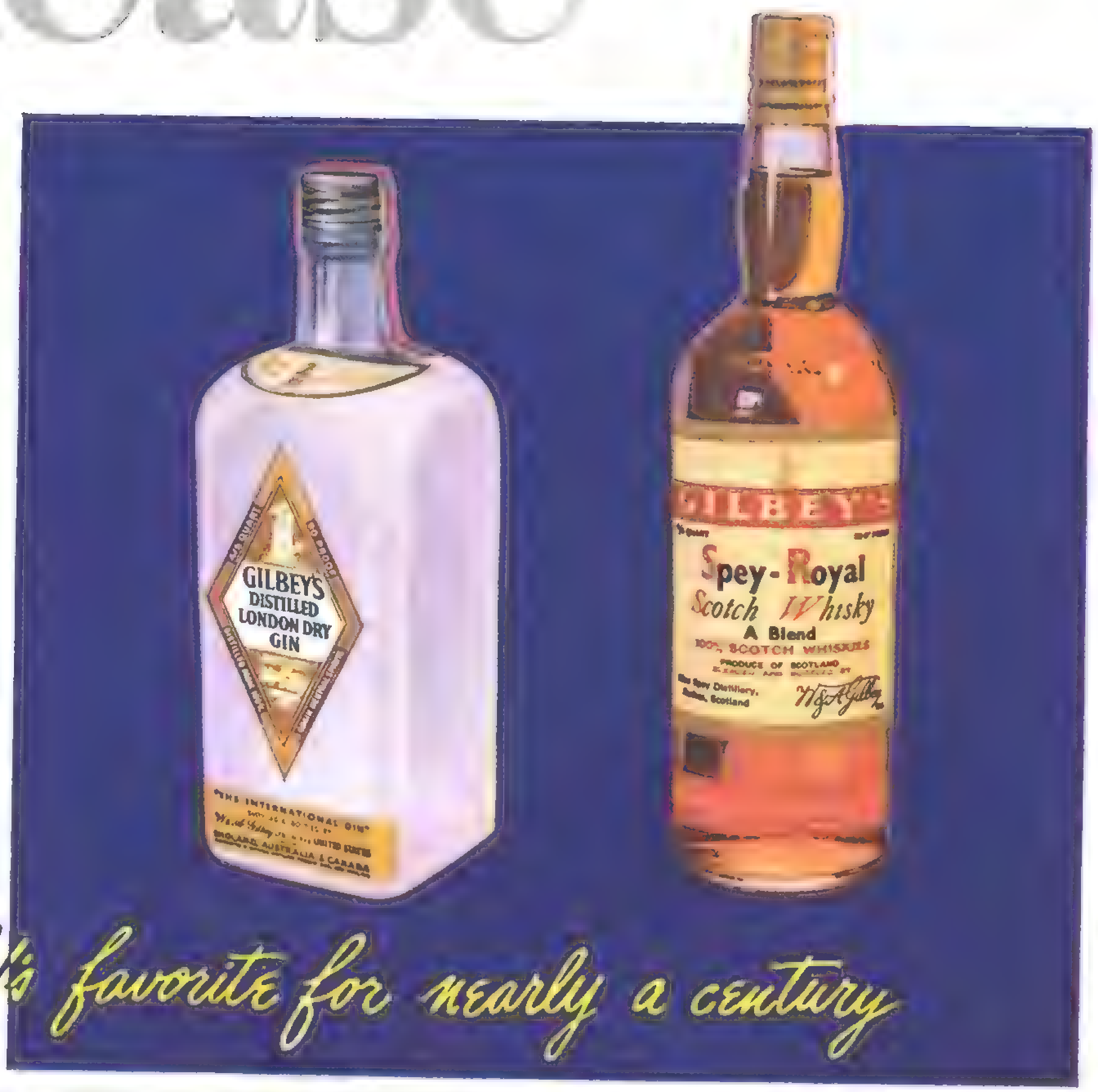
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Alice Faye and Phil Harris, stars of NBC's Sunday night Fitch Bandwagon, (7:30 P.M., E.S.T.) and daughter Phyllis are photographed by "Baby Alice" in the patio of their Encino home with a Whittaker Micro 16 camera

Christmas Shopping made simple

by Alice Faye

Every woman with children knows what a chore Christmas shopping is. The children and family come first, which leaves little time to think, let alone shop, for friends and relatives.

The other day when we were posing this picture for our family Christmas card, I got an inspiration which I'm passing along to you.

Baby Alice was so amused by Phil's Santa Claus outfit that she wanted to make a snapshot of her Santa Claus Daddy with our Micro 16. Then it came to me how simple and gracious it would be to give a number of our friends one of these amazing cameras for Christmas.

I pass this shopping tip to you with the thought it may help solve your Christmas gift problem too.

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a Merry Christmas and Many Happy Pictures

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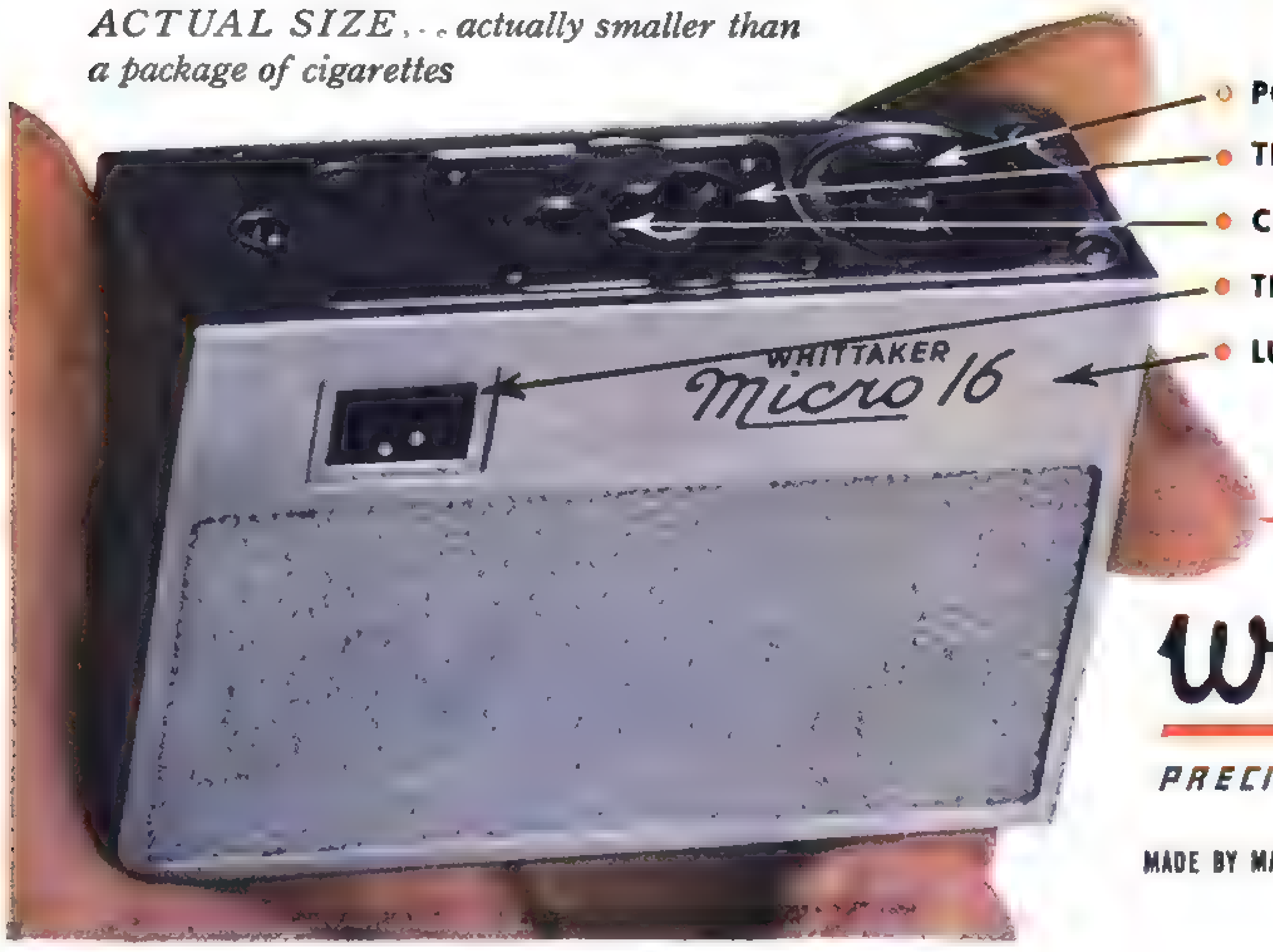

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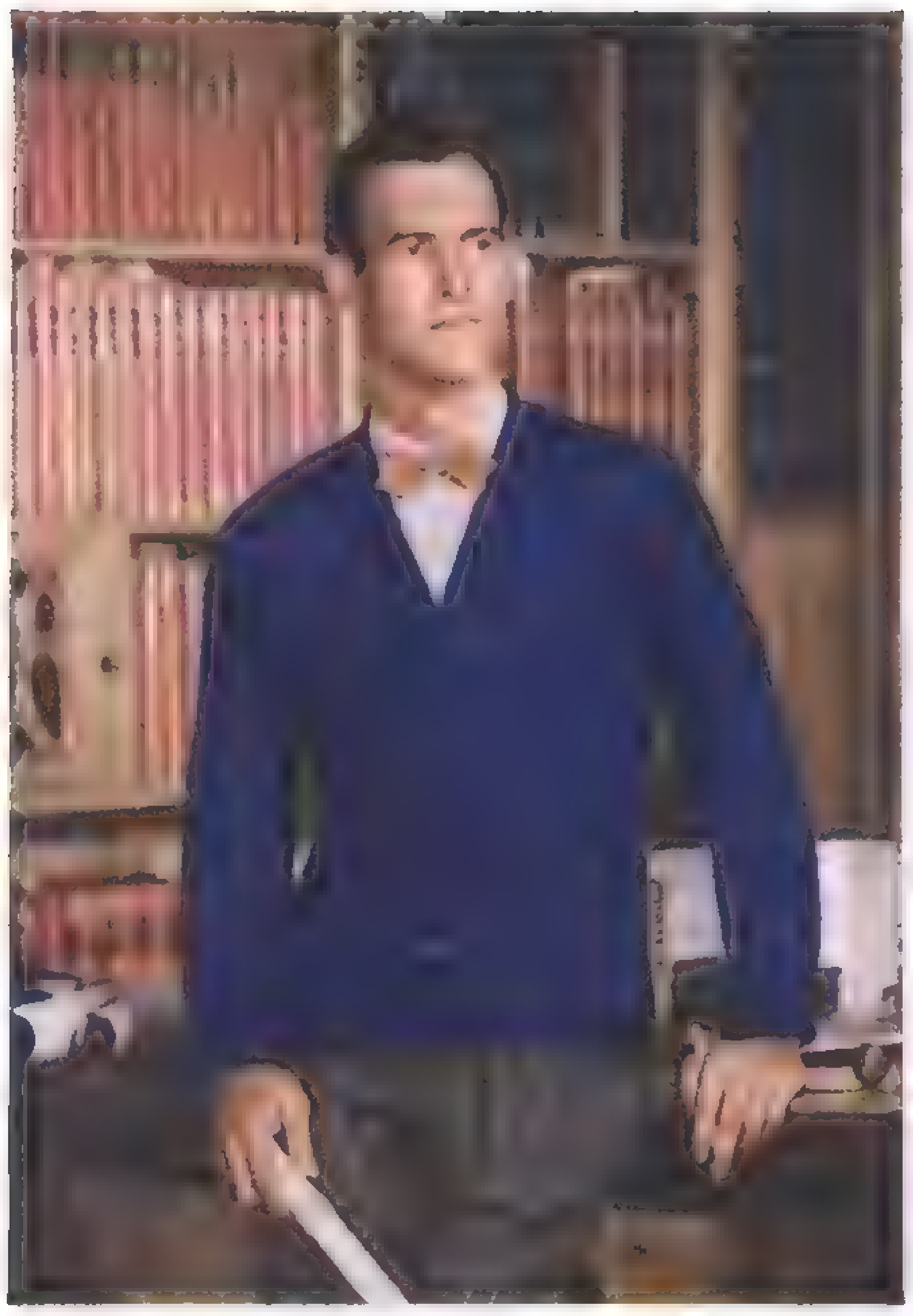

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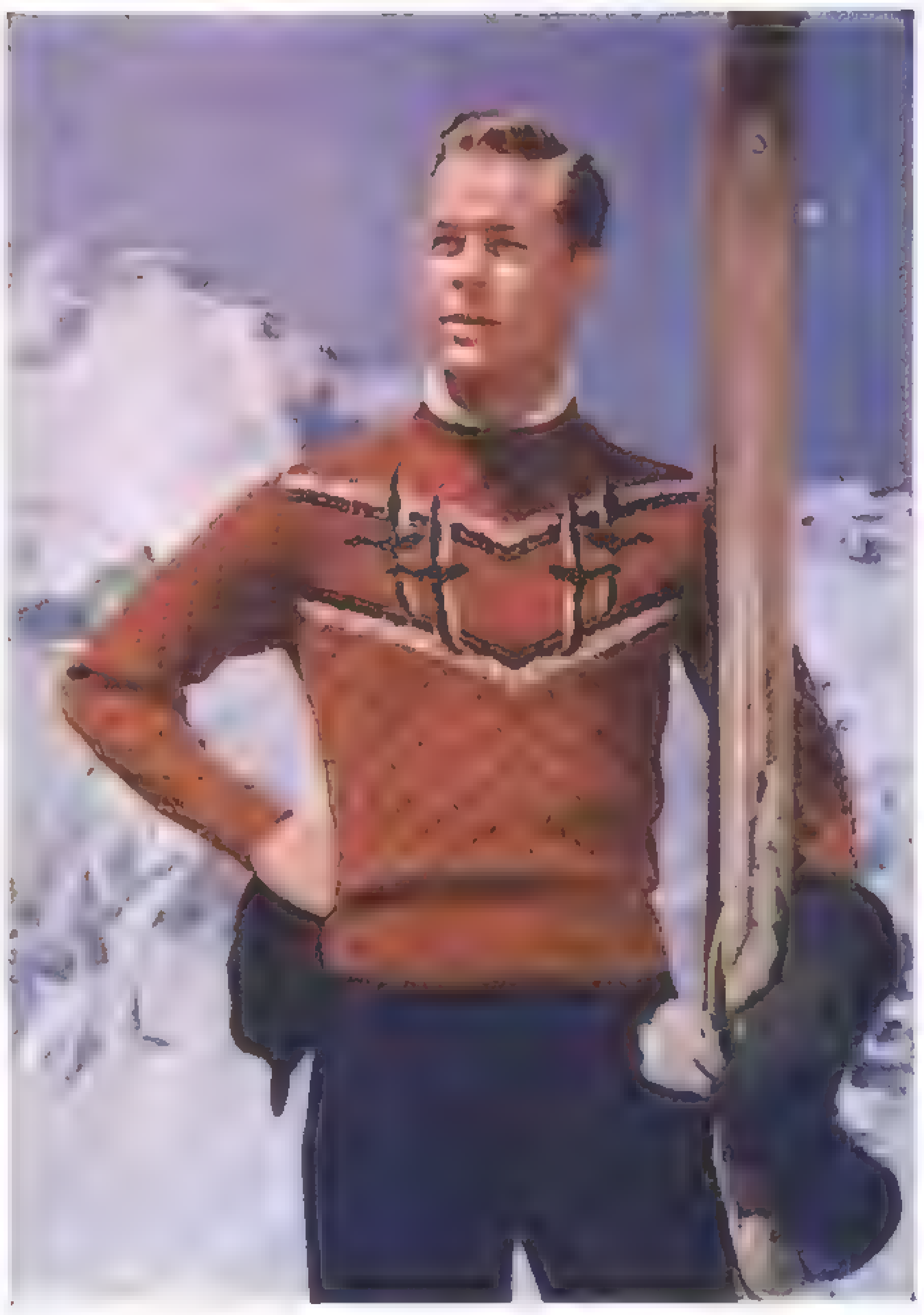

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The Man with Flounder's Eyes

Each detail of the murder was airtight, including the suspect

by **J. E. S. NASH**

THE iron skillet on the galley stove the old man had fried his eggs in was the handiest object Chillum could find. Through the entryway he saw his father strain, bending to pole a net full of heavy wriggling silver from the drawn-up pound net in the semigloom aft. The old man's hip boots crunched on the deck. He bent down.

"Alewives," Chillum heard the old man complain, "more alewives and herring in the Sound and not the run of shad we used to . . ."

The old man halted, glancing up, his blue eyes wide, as Chillum swung with all his strength. The skillet crackled against the side of his skull, like the noise of a stomper cramming ice into a case of fish.

The old man lay immobile, not breathing. Chillum noted with surprise his own stillness. He didn't shiver or tremble as he thought he would. Nor did he when he grabbed the old man, lifted him over the gunwale, and dropped him into the water.

Chillum checked his watch. The sun would rise soon, but he was on time. Everything had been timed perfectly. Little details now needed cleaning up. The coffee cup he'd used he washed and dried and hooked over the galley shelf. He scoured the skillet, making sure there were no hairs on it. Then he set it on the range again, dropped in some lard, heated it and broke an egg into it. When the egg fried, he flipped it overboard and watched it sink as he'd seen the old man sink for once and forever. He crunched the shell and flung it over, too, leaving the old man's egg-stained platter, knife and fork, and two broken shells on the table.

At first glance it would appear an accident. The old man, fishing alone, slipped, banged his head, plunged overboard and drowned. When they found the body, that would seem so. But there was something even better. Jim Hershey, the State Fisheries man, would find the abandoned boat. Everyone in Carval knew the long feud between Captain Chillum and Hershey. Roe River, for one thing. The captain purred away from the dock long before dawn, playing a cat-and-mouse game with Hershey, sneaking up the restricted river to tend his hidden traps. By the time Hershey made his midmorning patrol, the old man would be fishing on the Sound, two miles from Roe River entrance, quiet and pleased.

Chillum grinned. Hershey, not getting an answer, would board the deserted *Juno*. He'd be forced to report his findings. Later, when the old man's body floated up, Hershey would be in a tight squeeze explaining the crushed skull. Carval could easily imagine the fight, and Hershey, an outsider, a neb-nose into fishermen's affairs, would be an enjoyable sight on the end of a rope.

Chillum studied the old man's catch by night, part of it already sorted. The herring flipped unhappily in one bin and roe and buck shad in two others. The alewives had been thrown over the side. A great mass of fish boiled in the pocket of the net abeam. Chillum had to hurry. He seized the pole and lifted out more fish, plopping them onto the deck. He flung the shad and herring over to his own boat, tied alongside. He'd need some fish in his boat if, when he arrived at Bell Point where the other boats worked now, someone approached him or called for a report on his luck at dawn.

Rose and grey tints appeared in the eastern sky. Chillum quickly untied his line, took a last look at the *Juno* and surrounding waters, leaped over and started his engine. The old man was down under those waters to stay.

Now it was a race with time. Chillum had to reach the point before old Matt Conway and the other fishermen. For three weeks he'd risen earlier than anyone in the village, except when his father sneaked to Roe River, and he'd hurried to the fishing ground to be on hand to greet the other and hold up a few fish to show them off.

Chillum's boat rolled gently along on the Roe River swell, and a few minutes later he opened wide, cutting north over the Sound's whitecaps back of Gull Island so no one in Carval could see him come from the south. He was first at the fishing ground, miles from Roe River. The others arrived, their motors idling, just as the sun chased the April chill. Chillum tended the small net the old man had philanthropically turned over to him. He shouted "Sleepyhead!" at Conway's boat and held up two large shad.

"Not anymore, little fishes," Chillum scowled intensely as he threw them back into the bin. "This is my last day." He sneered at the fish. The captain had $60,000 salted away in the Carval bank. All of it was Chillum's now. "Wanted me to spend my life fishing," he muttered. "Sent me to college, let me see how wonderful the world is, and then wanted me to stay in this God-forsaken Sound country. I hate all fish."

Chillum kicked at the shad bin,

Continued on page 238

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The Man with Flounder's Eyes

Continued from page 237

his sense of satisfaction great. When he'd come home to ask the old man for $10,000 to pay his card and dice debts, with enough over for a fling in the city, the old man clamped down on his pipe stem and sternly refused. "When you're a real fisherman," the captain said, "you can have all my property. I want my son to know the big fun in catching 'em, for sport if not for gain. I made my money fishing and packing, and now I just fish for devilment. There's an education for you in fish. Like the flounder's eyes. Know how he got 'em? Wanted to race a shad once—and I tell you a shad's mighty swift, could make sixty miles an hour, and the shad took him on. 'May both my eyes be on one side of my face if I lose,' the flounder said. So, since you know what a flounder looks like, you'll know . . ."

"Nonsense," Chillum snapped, walking away.

Later, realizing obstinacy wouldn't budge the old man, Chillum asked for a boat. He began fishing, playing the dutiful and loving son and building up for the time he would trail the old man at night to Roe River, visit unsuspectedly aboard, and do the job. Now it was done. No one would know his pepped-up engine could make the long run from Roe River to Bell Point so fast, and Chillum was within sight of the other fishermen all morning. When noon approached and they turned homeward fully laden, Chillum piloted his boat in line.

Chillum was surprised to see Hershey busily inspecting catches at the icehouse wharf. He'd expected to find him surrounded by the wharf crew, waiting to tell the son how he'd come upon the old man's boat, and . . .

Hershey came over and said, "Hi," gazing at Chillum's bins. "Wanted to remind you and the rest to go easy on virgin roe."

"Take a look," Chillum said blankly. "I'm no lubber. All these have black bands—two and three-time spawners." Hershey stepped aboard, looking at the fish. Chillum watched for a trick. He was sure Hershey had found the boat and knew something was wrong. "Virgin roe," Chillum said, "have no bands. Anybody could . . ."

"Fishing with your old man today?" Hershey asked abruptly.

Chillum grew taut. "No," he said. Hershey hoisted a shad. "Well, anyway, you were in Roe River," Hershey declared.

"You're insane," Chillum snapped, looking about to see if anyone was listening. "I wasn't near there. Everyone knows I was at Bell Point."

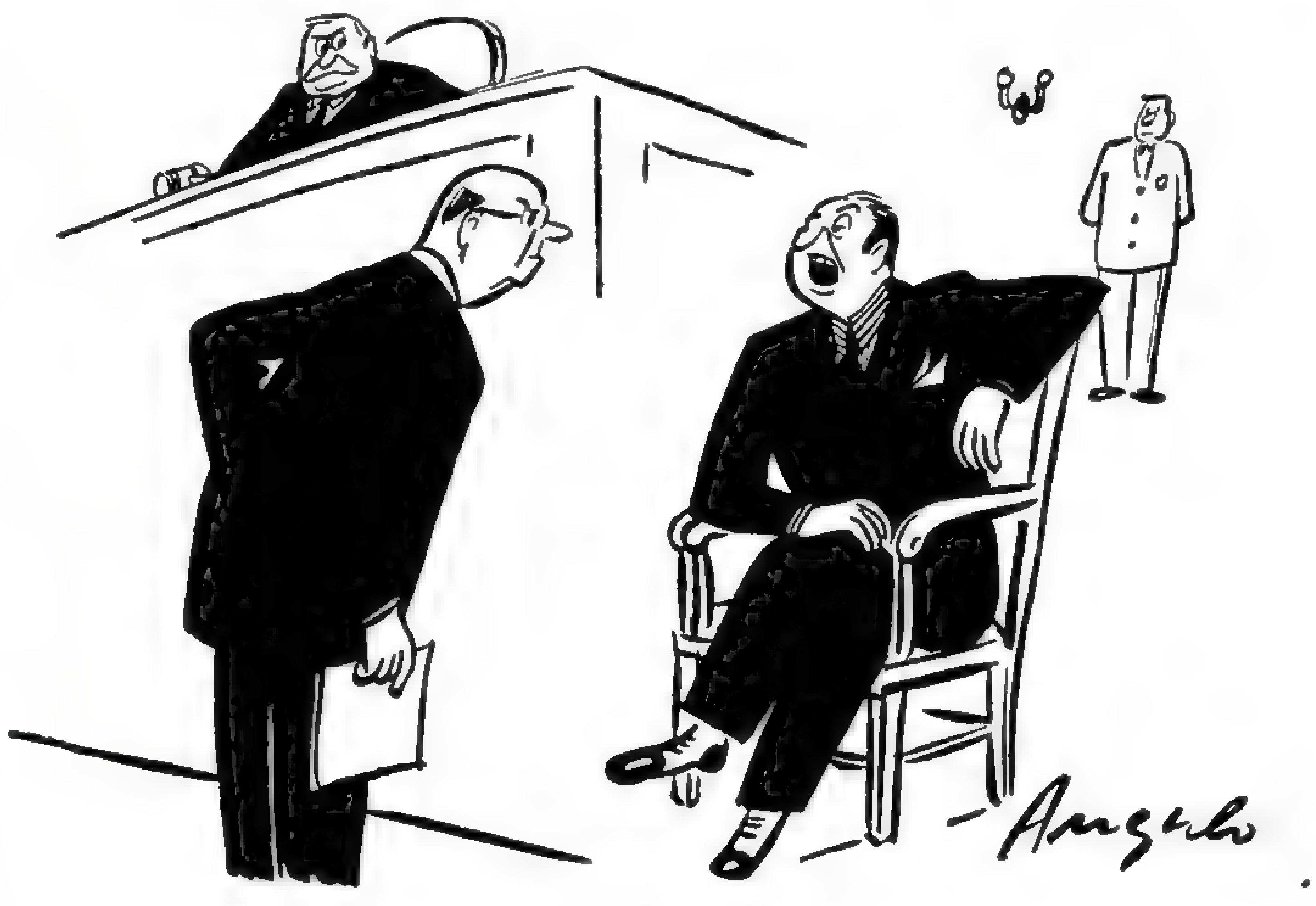
Hershey knitted his brows and dug into the shad bin. Now and then he picked up one. "Roe River," he said, identifying them after close search. "Look yourself, you'll see. Scale markings, just like human fingerprints, and almost as minutely different. One shad might not return to its home spawning ground, back with its tribe, but I've counted eight, eight shad from Roe River. So you were there."

Chillum's eyes swept Hershey. He felt for his knife lanyard. Hershey was being wise. This was his trick. Chillum grasped the knife handle. Hershey's face was down. He was grinning. "I wouldn't stir up much fuss for you fishing restricted waters," Hershey said. "You're young and maybe a lesson will—"

Chillum lunged and buried the knife in Hershey's stomach, ripped it loose and jammed it in again and again. "He killed my father!" Chillum shrieked.

The wharf crew and fishermen ran to Chillum's boat. Matt Conway and three others leaped aboard and pulled him off Hershey, dead on the fish bins. Chillum was unafraid. No one else would think of tracing the fish. No one really liked Hershey. The local court would be easy to convince . . .

"Your father dead?" Matt Conway asked. "We didn't know it! If something happened to the captain," Matt added, "Hershey wouldn't know about it either. He's been on the wharf all day. His boat's been broken down." #



"Go ahead, crack my alibi—I got plenty others"

Grist from De Mille Is Chaff to a Critic

Continued from page 118

tually run away with *The King of Kings*. De Mille got rid of them in the prologue and then settled down to a devout delineation of the last days of the Man of Nazareth. The majority of the secular critics dealt unkindly with the film—largely because each of them had his own private (and highly controversial) concept of the personality of Jesus. It was a typical example of De Mille's getting panned for failure to do something he never set out to do.

It was his purpose to dramatize the story of the Man of Galilee in terms that would appeal to the great mass of communicants of the organized religions. He succeeded admirably. *The King of Kings* was one of the finest pictures ever shot. Though it was made twenty years ago, it still is in active exhibition in many parts of the world.

It is significant that De Mille should have scored his best artistic triumphs in depicting Joan, Moses and Jesus. In each case the emotional moments of the picture were closely identified with the evangelizing of an intellectual concept. For De Mille has always been more concerned with ideas than with the behavior of the average human being.

His Leftist critics may be distressed to learn that *The Godless Girl*, his ten-reel discussion of atheism, was a big success in the Soviet Union. The resourceful Russians simply left off the last reel (in which the girl got religion) and found that De Mille had supplied them with enough atheism to last a generation.

De Mille's smash box-office hits of the silent era, *Why Change Your Wife?*, *The Golden Bed*, etc., were all lavish spectacles advancing some social comment. These elaborate burlesques came very close to being Bernard Shaw parables told in glittering A.B.C.

With the coming of the talkies, De Mille needed a Shaw to write dialogue for them. But he couldn't find one. Hollywood has few writers who possess the knack of using characters as symbols. *Madame Satan* and *Four Frightened People* proved how ridiculous C. B.'s gaudy pictorial fables could be when played against the mundane platitudes of everyday conversation.

With his gift for visual social comment thus amputated, De Mille had only his command of spectacle to fall back upon. Late in life he began another career. His resulting hits were action dramas—the best of them Westerns—with dialogue consisting of "They went that way!" *North West Mounted Police* and *Union Pacific* were first-class thrillers, long on action and short on characterization.

The new De Mille pattern was similar to the Samuel French catalogue of high-school plays which advertised every part a good one. The public made the acquaintance of a wide variety of flat characters. *North West Mounted* had three heroes and two heroines.

These later films weren't profound. They weren't supposed to be. They were bang-up escapist entertainment that gave the audience a melodramatic and streamlined view of history. It was possible for a thoughtful man to come out of a De Mille movie at least half-educated—even if he had gone in fully educated. After spending two hours with Cecil's interpretation of the Custer Massacre, many a suburban scholar spent five weeks at the library trying to find out what really happened. And he often liked the De Mille version better—for it was swiftly paced and told with clean-cut dramatic clarity.

But I'm afraid his latest production, *The Unconquered*, will arouse little curiosity concerning the early history of Pennsylvania. The story deals with Pittsburgh, or Fort Pitt as it was called then. In 1763 a group of Indians (not the Boston Braves) attacked the budding steel town. Its citizens defended themselves with all the fury of De Mille repulsing a dollar radio union assessment. The siege climaxed the so-called Pontiac Conspiracy, one of the largest

Continued on page 240

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Grist from De Mille Is Chaff to a Critic

Continued from page 239

Indian uprisings in American history.

Pontiac, an Ottawa chief, got the idea of a United Nations long before the era of striped pants. He united the Mohicans, Delawares, Senecas, Chippewas, Ottawas and Wyandottes to outlaw British aggression west of the Alleghenies. These redskins, in their efforts to keep the redcoats out of the Middle West, attacked and captured Fort Miami, near where Fort Wayne was later built, Sandusky, and other cities of the Gus Sun Circuit. They wound up with the Wyandottes pushed back to Kansas City, and with the other allies shoved all over the place.

In spite of all his qualifications, Pontiac landed on the cutting-room floor when *The Unconquered* was edited. It was found that Paramount could show the conspiracy five times a day (instead of four) if they shortened the show by editing the head man out. But the results are a little like *Macbeth* with Mac left out.

De Mille's scenarists take so long getting to the scene of the action that it's a wonder the other Indians didn't go home to bed. These far-ranging scribes open their picture in London, with a clever twist—played by Paulette Goddard. This time, instead of being jail bait, Paulette is a jailbird. In the first few feet we see her condemned to death in the Old Bailey, and for the moment she seems worried. But she soon cheers up when her sentence is commuted to slavery in America.

On the boat over she attracts the attention of a traveling salesman, in the tomahawk line. This drummer of disaster is played by Howard Da Silva. Hamlet once said that one could smile and smile and be a villain. But Howard never avails himself of the privilege. He sneers and sneers and it works out just as well.

Between sneers he tries to buy Paulette. She is just about to be wrapped up and handed to him when Gary Cooper starts outbidding him. Gary is a Virginia frontiersman with two great purposes in life. He wants to keep the Indians out of the Ohio Valley and keep Miss Goddard safe from Howard Da Silva. Of course, you know who wins the fair miss at the auction.

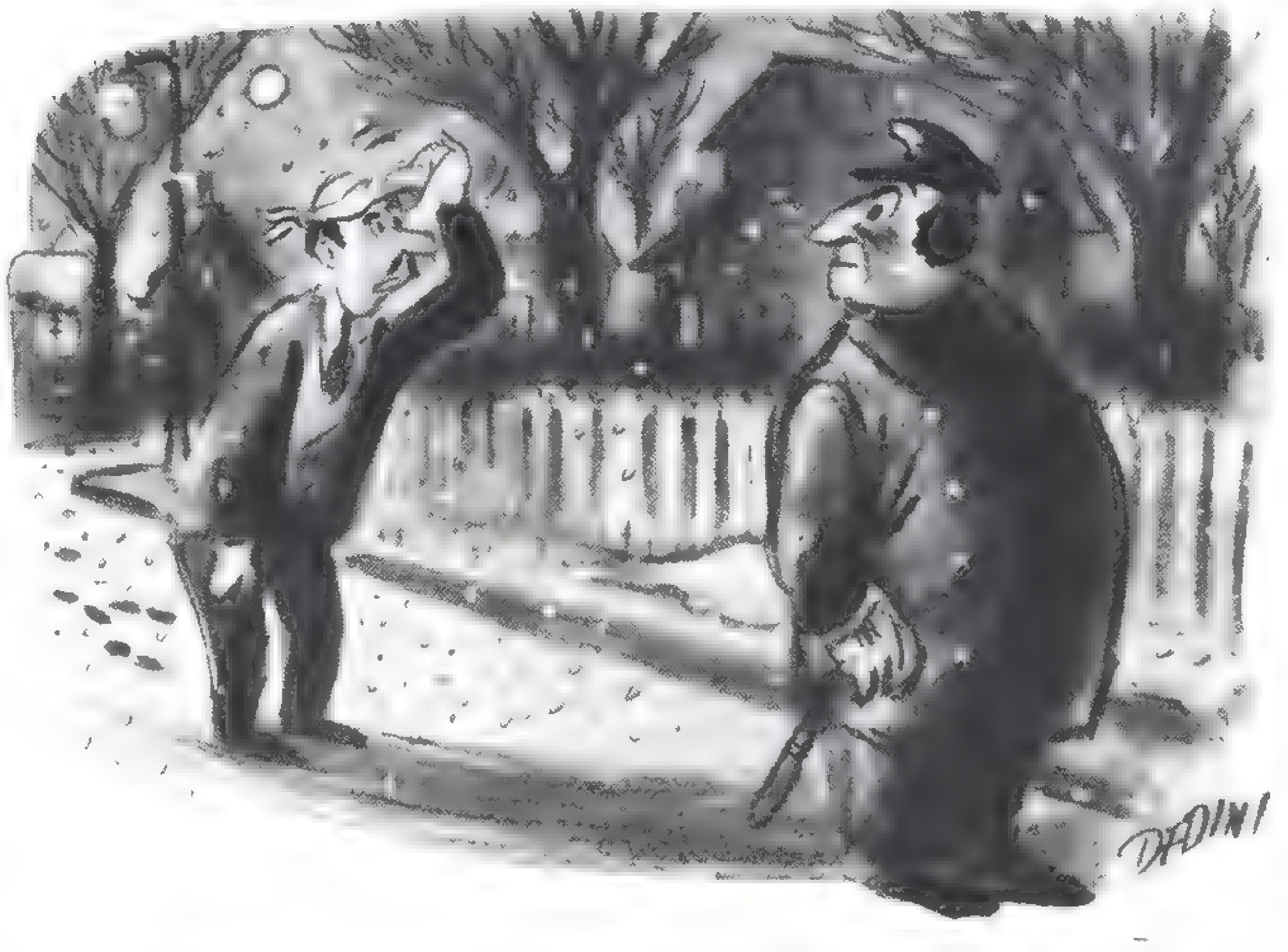
After Gary has paid for the lovely baggage and given her her freedom, Howard sneaks back and falsifies Paulette's bill of lading. He has her brought in by one of his holding companies; the pretty movable asset is taken to Fort Pitt, where Gary shows up and gets her back again. Da Silva files suit in the Fort's small-claims court and again she's in the villain's clutches. But not for long.

These rapid interchanges, in which Paulette is volleyed back and forth in brisk rallies that range all the way from the Great Lakes to the Monongahela River, can be better reported in the style of a sportscaster: "Cooper has her! No, it's Da Silva—No, Cooper! Da Silva—Cooper—Oh, boy! What a game this is! Look at that Da Silva's backhand! Oops, it didn't work! It's anybody's Goddard—Cooper's got her again—way out in the Indian territory! It's ten love! No, it's love all! It's a love game!"

As this emotional ping-pong continues, it soon becomes evident that the gentlemen are playing with a dead ball. For Paulette never seems to get very interested in what is happening to her. If *The Unconquered* had been named for its heroine, it would have been called *The Unconcerned.*

In one hair-raising sequence after another, she shows everything but fear. Rough frontiersmen bathe her in the old oaken bathtub. Savages attempt to barbecue her pretty briskets over a slow fire. Medicine men menace her tattered lingerie with huge talons that must have been taken from the drumsticks of a prehistoric Pennsylvania ostrich. Boris Karloff scowls at her in Technicolor war paint.

The aborigines place her scalp in danger, but fail to ruffle her plucked eyebrows. Miss Goddard meets all perils with an expression



"Have you seen anything of a party playing blindman's buff?"

that seems to say, "Fooey to you." There is something monumental and supercivilized in her detachment. She represents the triumph of an absent mind over matter. But, with her looks, who demands acting? I'd rather feast my eyes on Paulette simmering with boredom in a bonfire than see Dame May Whitty burning like a Yule log.

Mr. Cooper, on the other hand, takes matters almost too seriously. But then he has a lot to worry about. In addition to keeping his eye on Miss Goddard, the scenario writers make him involve himself in a lot of early American real-estate transactions with minor characters. Cooper is there when Mason draws the line with Dixon. And when George Washington starts double-crossing the Delawares. He sits out a rash of dull arguments over whether the land that really belongs to the Indians shall be claimed by Pennsylvania or Virginia. Both colonies reason that if they don't take it, Da Silva will. This gives the gypping of the redman a high moral purpose.

The scenarists send Cooper loping through a maze of subplots like an earnest bird dog obeying a scatterbrained master. Much is made of his being sent west with peace belts for the Indians, but before these belts can be delivered, he gets called back into the love story to take Miss Goddard to a dance. And, I suppose, any peaceful Indians near by have to be satisfied with suspenders.

The dance is given by the commandant of Fort Pitt and it's quite a flashy affair. Just when everyone is having a gay time, a disarranged Pioneer Mother wanders dramatically out on the dance floor, without having been either stopped or assisted by the officer of the day.

She carries the body of a child in her arms with its neck dangling as limply as that of Bob Cratchit's Christmas goose. As soon as the woman has said, "The Indians are coming!" it is revealed that the child is only wounded. The mother apparently carried her that way just to be picturesque.

If that was her purpose, it worked. Gary bustles about preparing to fight the marauders, but soon he's back trailing Goddard again. This time she's been captured by Da Silva's father-in-law, Big Chief Technicolor Puss (Mr. Karloff). The ensuing sequence is the only one in the picture that compares well with De Mille's past triumphs.

There is a fine James Fenimore Cooper flavor to the scene in which Cooper walks, unarmed, into the camp of the Senecas and uses a compass to bluff the savages into a belief in the white man's magic. Karloff and Cooper play this with a deft feeling of uneasy comedy and melodramatic suspense.

De Mille is one of the few directors who can make an eastern Indian look real. The braves who prowled east of the Mississippi are hard to photograph. They shaved their heads so that their russet skulls looked rather like the brown derbies on the sachems at Tammany Hall. Studios, not wanting to keep whole tribes of savages on the pay roll until their hair grows back out, try to reproduce the bald effect by crowning their warriors with rubber skullcaps. But these warlocks invariably look so much like shower caps that it is hard to tell whether the Last of the Mohicans is rushing to Braddock's Defeat or is being sent to the locker rooms after the seventh inning.

De Mille's braves look plenty scary as they pursue Cooper (who once more has Goddard in his possession) down the river. Gary steals a Seneca canoe and has the foresight to smash some of the remaining boats. I don't know why he didn't destroy all of them; but if he had, it would have ruined a darned good chase.

Our hero finally shakes off the pursuit by shooting the canoe over a waterfall, only slightly smaller than Niagara. He and Paulette escape death by springing to a tree that grows beside the cataract. This may sound more phony than it is. The records of Kit Carson and Dan'l Boone prove that the giants of the old days were capable of such exploits. And De Mille shoots the scene magnificently.

As the happy lovers struggle

Continued on page 242

HORROR TALES
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Grist from De Mille Is Chaff to a Critic

Continued from page 241

back to Fort Pitt, it becomes apparent that the country has been stricken by a fatal talking sickness. At times Gary seems less interested in saving Pittsburgh than in ad-libbing editorials for the *Sun-Telegraph.* Standing knee-deep in the grave of a massacred pioneer couple, he remarks at some length that the lot of the trail blazer is indeed discouraging and hard. We don't see the deceased, but we quickly recognize the dog that survives them. This pooch has been the screen property of Dagwood and Blondie Bumstead for many years.

Wandering on, the young people come upon Raymond Hatton, who is dying amid the litter of a ruined fort. At first Raymond is so feeble he has to attract their attention by tapping his toe on an abandoned drum, but presently he sits up and launches into a discourse that for detail and general loquacity could only be rivaled by Johnny Meyer explaining a Howard Hughes expense account to Congress.

Raymond has so many last words that the hero and heroine are very late in getting back to Fort Pitt, now under siege. The scenes of the Indian attack are magnificent. Using saplings as catapults, the redskins hurl fireballs into the garrison. Powder is exploded with flaming arrows and, with canoes employed as scaling ladders, the savages climb to the blazing muzzles of the fort's flaming ordnance. There is a thrilling flash of a British drummer imperturbably beating the alarm as his drumhead is ignited. Here De Mille could have ended his wild east show with a crashing splendor that would have topped many a wild Western.

But once again, the plots get in the way of each other—though they try to be polite about it. The Indians courteously interrupt their attack long enough to permit the besieged to subject Cooper to a long, dull court-martial. He is condemned but manages to escape to bring help back to the ungrateful garrison. He does this by returning with a hundred dead men—from the direction of Philadelphia.

From the look in your eyes I can see that this mortuary triumph needs a little explaining. The parade of the deceased did not happen in history. It is pure De Mille. Actually, the siege of Fort Pitt collapsed after the Indians were defeated by a rescuing force on near-by Bushy Run.

This pay-off was too tame for C. B. He has Cooper get to Bushy Run to find the would-be rescuers almost decimated. But where

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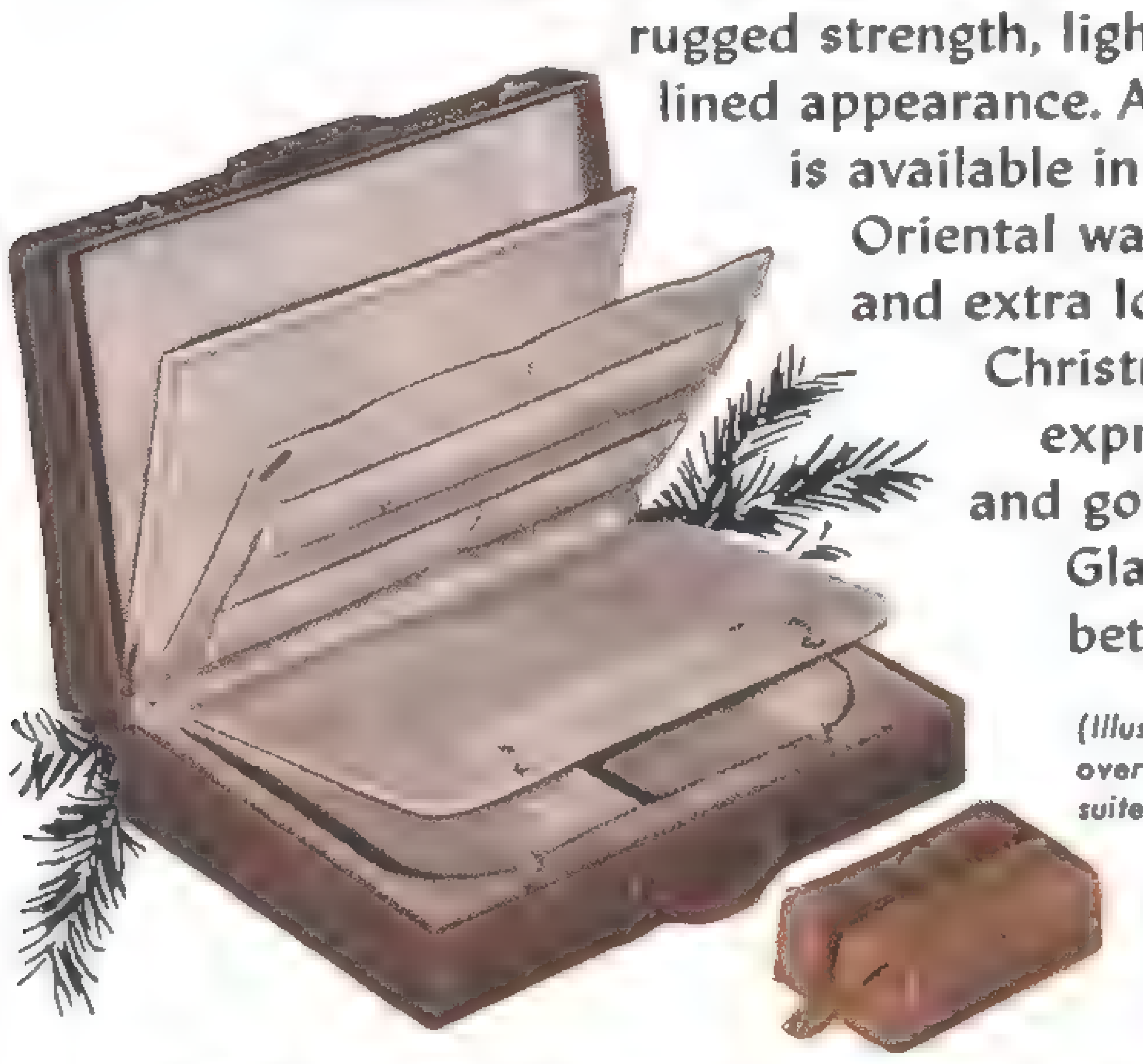

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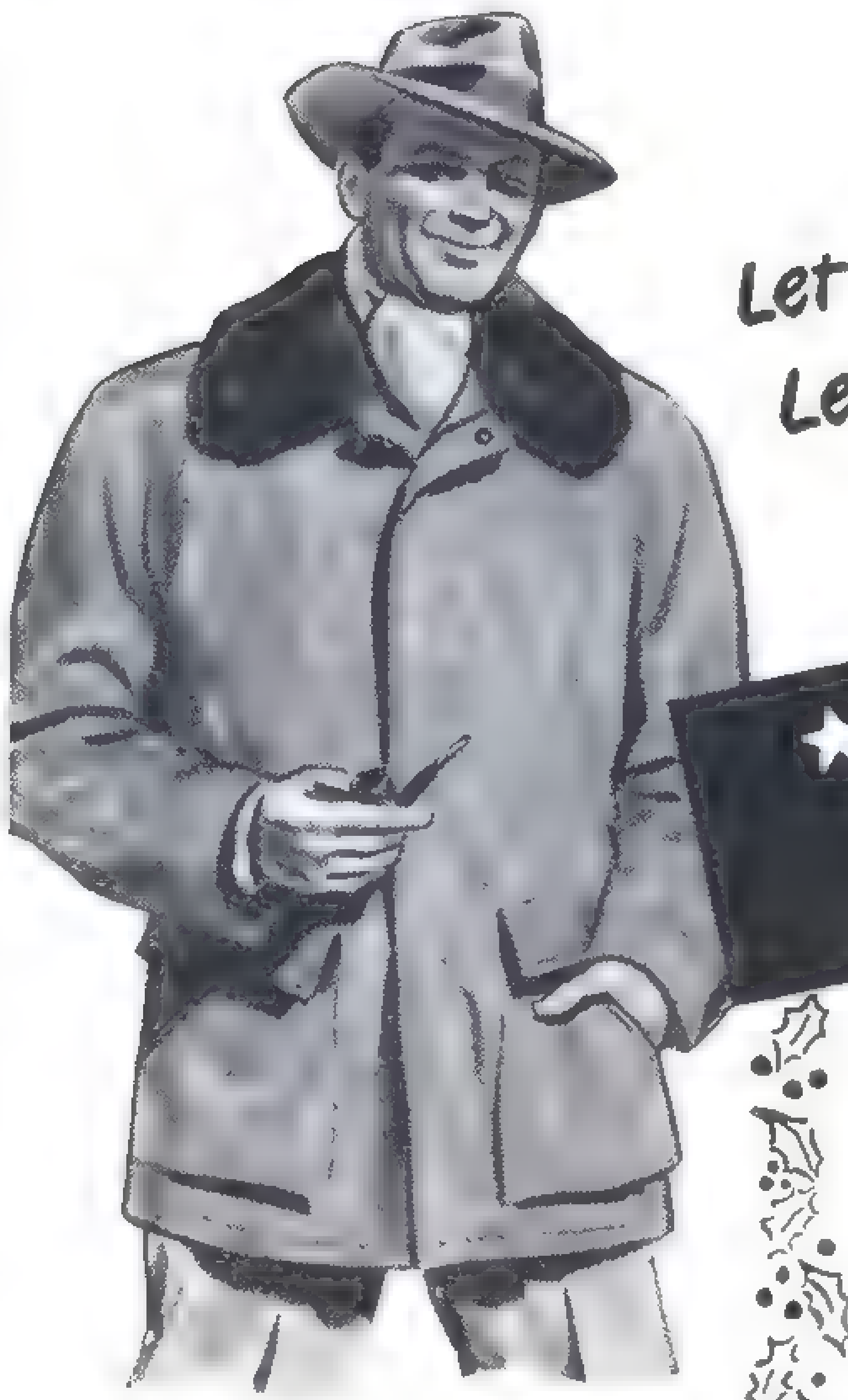

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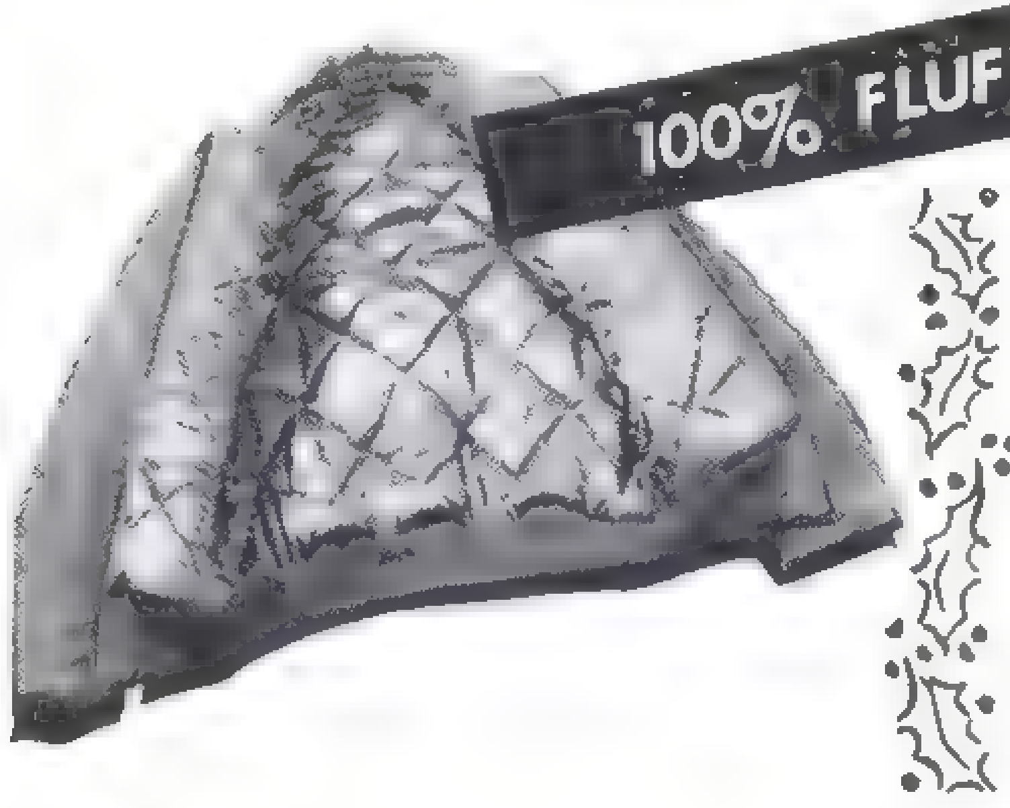

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there's a will there's a way. Gary props the kilted corpses of a hundred Highland soldiers up in wagons. Preceded by a group of bagpipers (living) he heads back to the Fort, leading the noisiest funeral procession in the long and astonishing history of the movies. The Indians forget how easy it is to ambush a wagon train and take to their heels, presumably scared away by the noise. Gary gets back into the Fort in time to keep Da Silva from carrying Paulette off to a fate worse than death in Boston.

The Unsuspected

MURDER wears an ugly face but not when Mike Curtiz takes a picture of it. Basically *The Unsuspected* is just one more whodunit with a killer resembling the late "Dear Alec" Woollcott. But by painstaking attention to characterization and brilliant camera work, Mike has transformed it into a glittering study of homicide that compares favorably with his prize-winning *Mildred Pierce*.

Mike's new cameraman, Woody Bredell, should be rated as one of the stars. In working out Curtiz' ingenious effects, he makes camera compositions speak more eloquently than dialogue. By concentrating dazzling light on a champagne glass, he lets you know it has been poisoned, though no word has been spoken. The photographic continuity with which he builds up a montage of criminal suspects should make Bredell the most sought-after lenser in the business. Bredell must have been born with a golden light meter in his mouth.

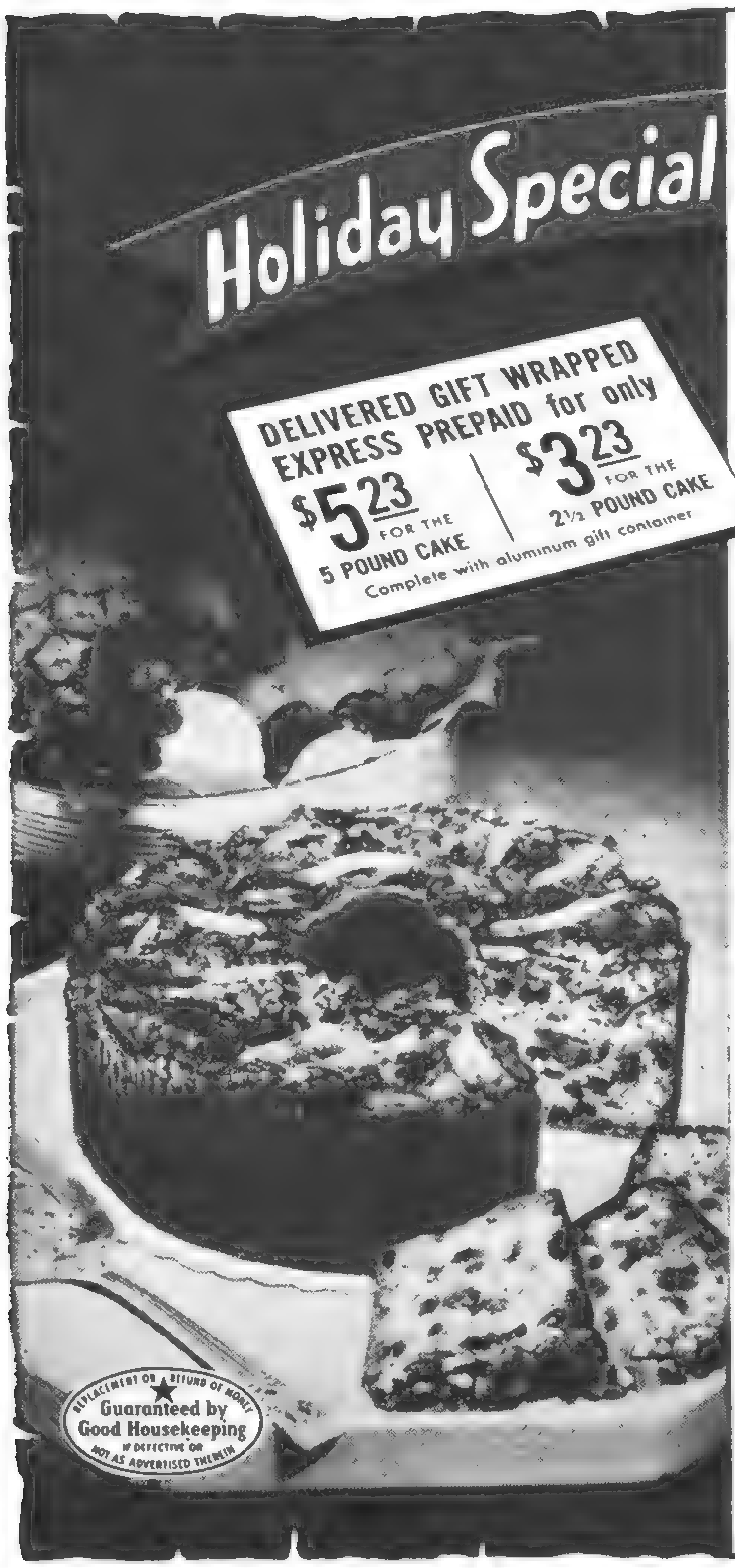
Claude Rains plays the literary ham whose ego drives him to murder. A less skillful director would have become fascinated by the *Man Who Came to Dinner* nifties with which the killer spiced his conversation in the Charlotte Armstrong book. But Mike, realizing that this is a plot story, doesn't disturb the audience's attention with secondary pyrotechnics.

However, he relieves the spectator's concentration with a trio of blondes who are suitable to every mood or occasion. Joan Caulfield is the sweet and trusting young heiress Rains tries to liquidate. Audrey Totter is brassy bright as the conniver who knows about the wages of Claude's sin—and is willing to take a percentage. Connie Bennett is the taffy-haired radio producer who eventually tunes in on Claude's sinister motives.

A happy wanderer in these realms of gold is Michael North, a new leading man, who arouses the interest of all the blondes before he penetrates the heart of the mystery.

Michael has an engaging personality and a stern but unfurrowed

Continued on page 244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Grist from De Mille Is Chaff to a Critic

Continued from page 243

face. He looks like a James Mason without indigestion.

Magic Town

Like so many small-town boys, Jimmy Stewart has at last turned into a city slicker. In Bob Riskin's entertaining *Magic Town* he almost ruins as thriving a little municipality as was ever incorporated on the R.K.O. back lot. But he still resembles *Frank, the Young Naturalist.* Before the final fade-out, he enjoys a change of heart and settles down to spend the remainder of his days with the square haircuts. Marries a local girl, in fact.

The local girl is Jane Wyman, who continues to be one of the most fetching shadows on the silver sheet. She suggests the rural districts without being too naïvely rustic. For some reason, Jane becomes heartbroken when she discovers that Jimmy is not an insurance salesman—but the successful operator of a public-opinion poll. I don't know how far you have to travel in the R.F.D. territory to find girls who feel this way. My ticket has never been punched that far.

Instead of coming to Jane's town to bedevil its citizens into financing their own deaths, Jimmy is there to worm out their opinions about progressive schools, etc. He has discovered that the collective reactions of these townspeople are identical with the views of the entire United States. It is to keep the citizens from becoming self-conscious that he assumed the insurance-agent disguise.

Mr. Riskin produces his own story with a great deal of fun, though I never was able to see why Jimmy felt so hangdog or Jane so indignant. He was harming no one. The real damage is done when Jane exposes his activities. As soon as the villagers discover that they are "typical," they turn into pontifical idiots. Pomposity renders their opinions valueless as they proceed to make fools of themselves. Thoughtful businessmen become posturing Babbitts and intelligent housewives are metamorphosed into ridiculous oracles.

A number of bright bit players contribute to this amusing mosaic of municipal madness. Among them is the screen's old dead-pan comedian, Ned Sparks, who returns to active immobility after too long an absence.

Desire Me

When you see *Desire Me,* forgive the actors, for they knew not what they did—even for a moment.

This yarn was taken from the

Continued on page 249

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Smart styling . . . exclusive patterns . . . sturdy, long-life construction. On sale at the better shops and luggage departments. Mendel-Drucker, Inc., Cincinnati 12, Ohio.

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Which of these Block Casuals would you like most for Christmas?

The secret of **BLOCK** *Sportswear* California Casualness

DO YOU BELONG TO THE STATION WAGON SET?

Enjoy the easy life in a Block Corduroy Cardigan. This California-made casual gives you an air of casual importance that sort of goes with hunting, fishing and station wagons—and all the nice things of life.

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If you wear business suits five days a week you'll really welcome the Block "Santa Barbara." It's an all wool flannel casual that teams well with slacks. Styled in California where folks really know how to relax.

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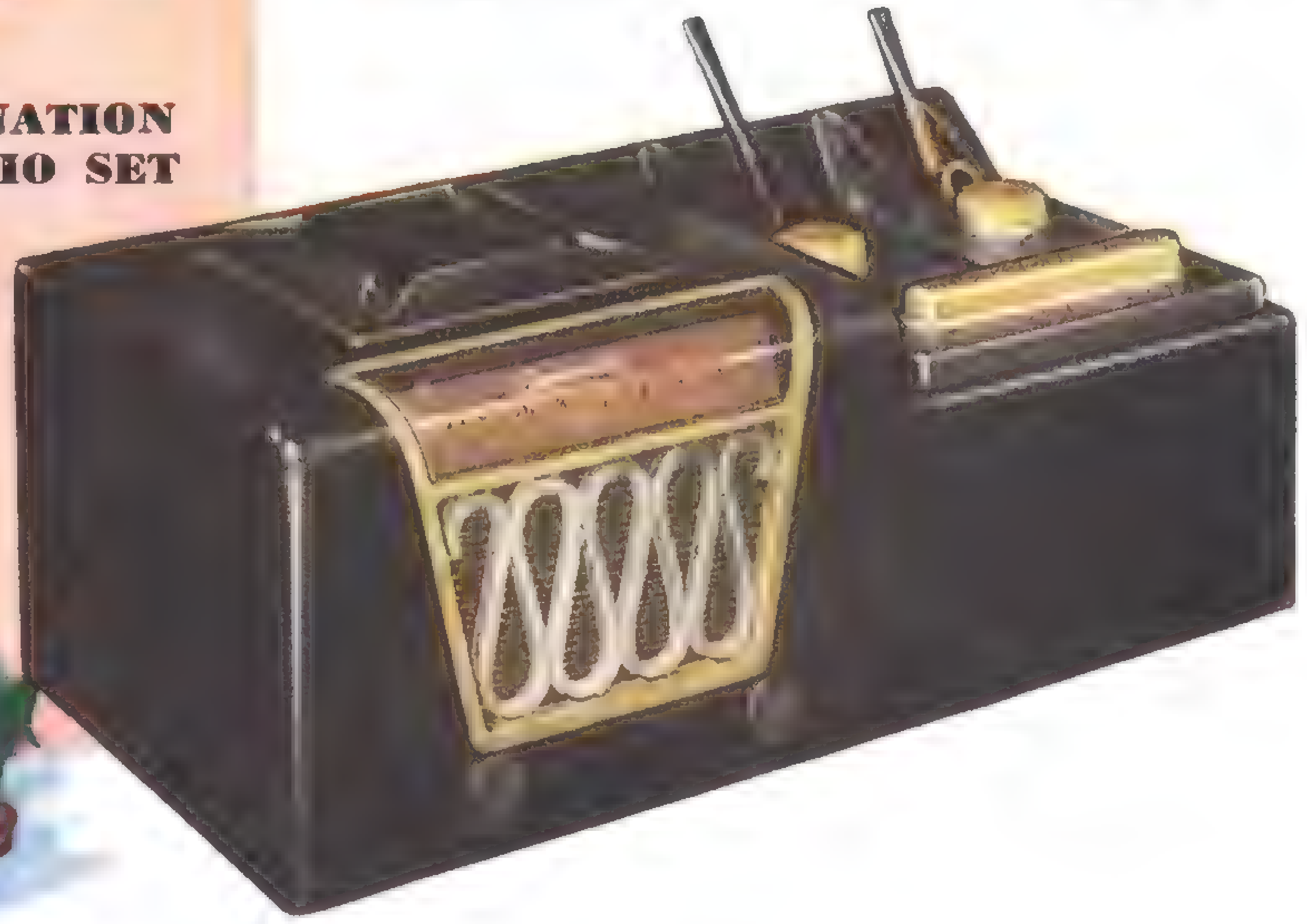
A magnificent musical instrument. Built in smoker set has 4-pipe rack, jumbo ash tray, and spacious humidors for cigars, cigarettes and tobacco. Cabinet is one piece, molded, jet mahogany plastic. **49.95**



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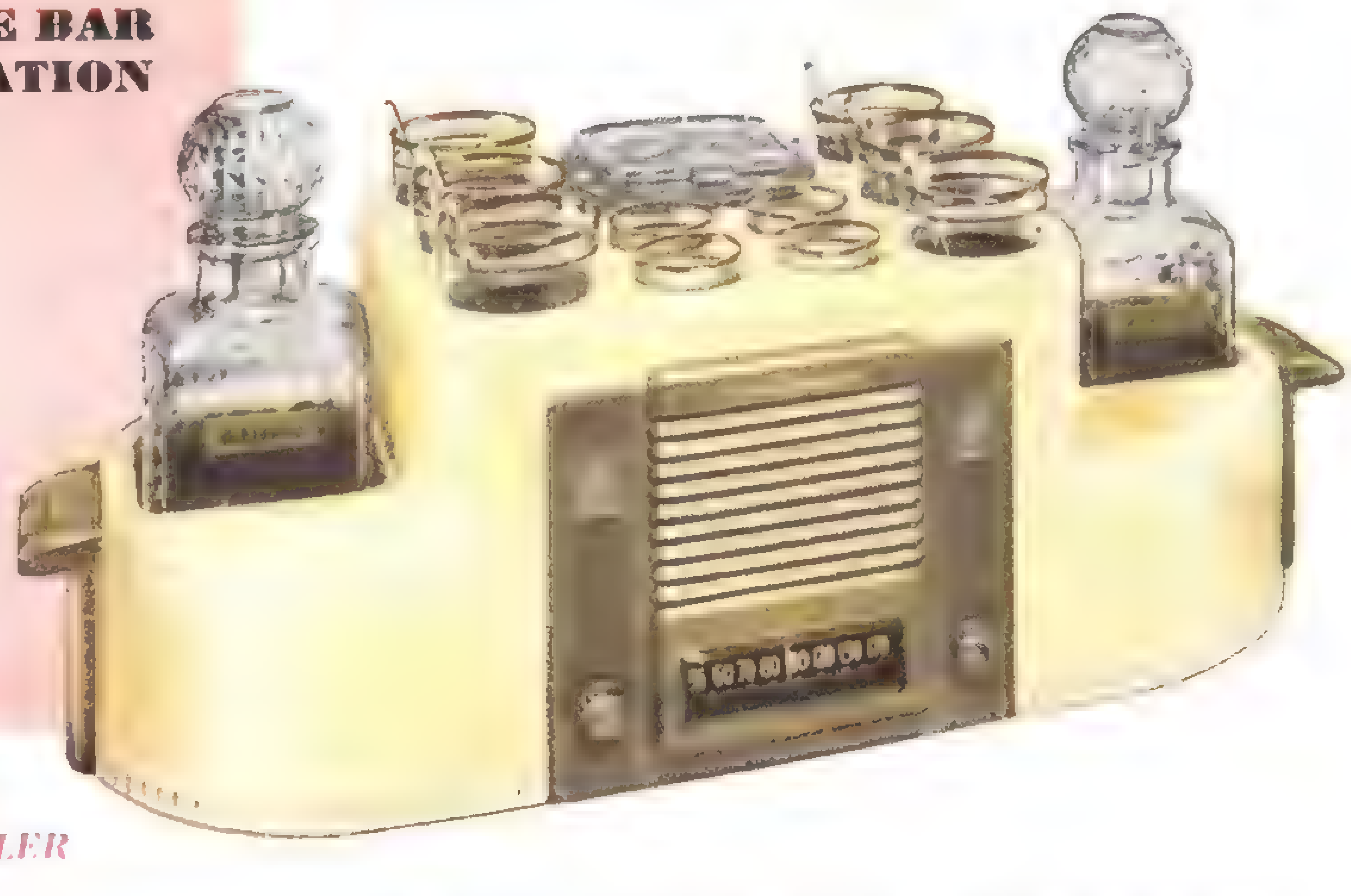

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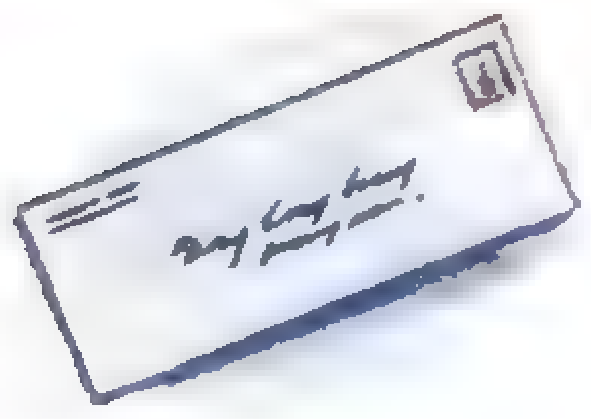

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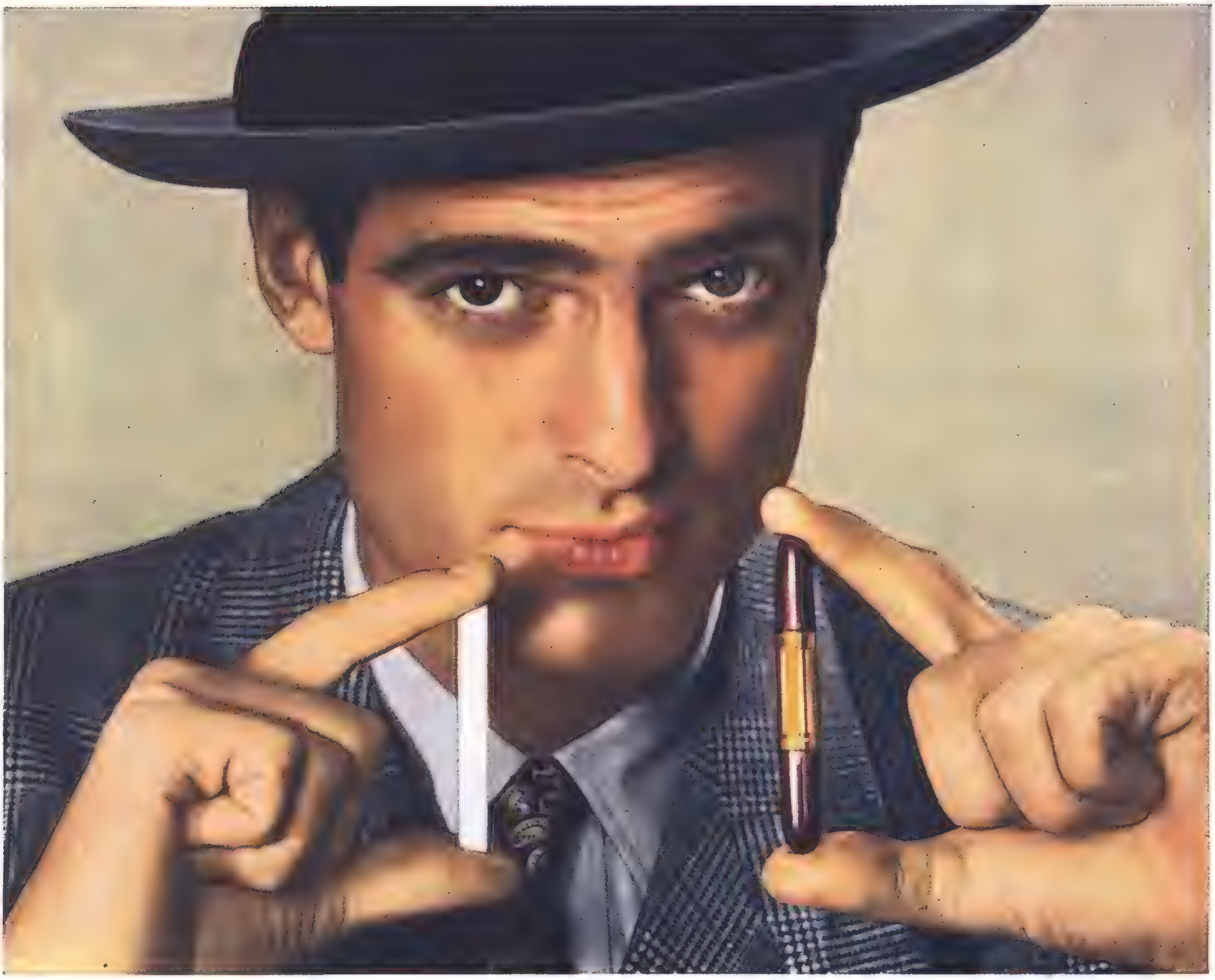

...yet it opens up to a full size pen!

This Kimberly Pockette is a new EVERSHARP writing wonder! When closed—it's little longer than a cigarette. Drop it in any pocket, in vest, coat, trousers. It won't leak—it can't. When opened it's a full size pen—with full ink supply. It *rolls* ink on *dry* . . . writes on and on and on . . . with the Magic Sphere Point so precision-fashioned that you can write *at any angle!*

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P. S. Buy two—so your wife won't "borrow" yours. Get her a Kimberly Pockette for her handbag . . . in feminine high-style colors.

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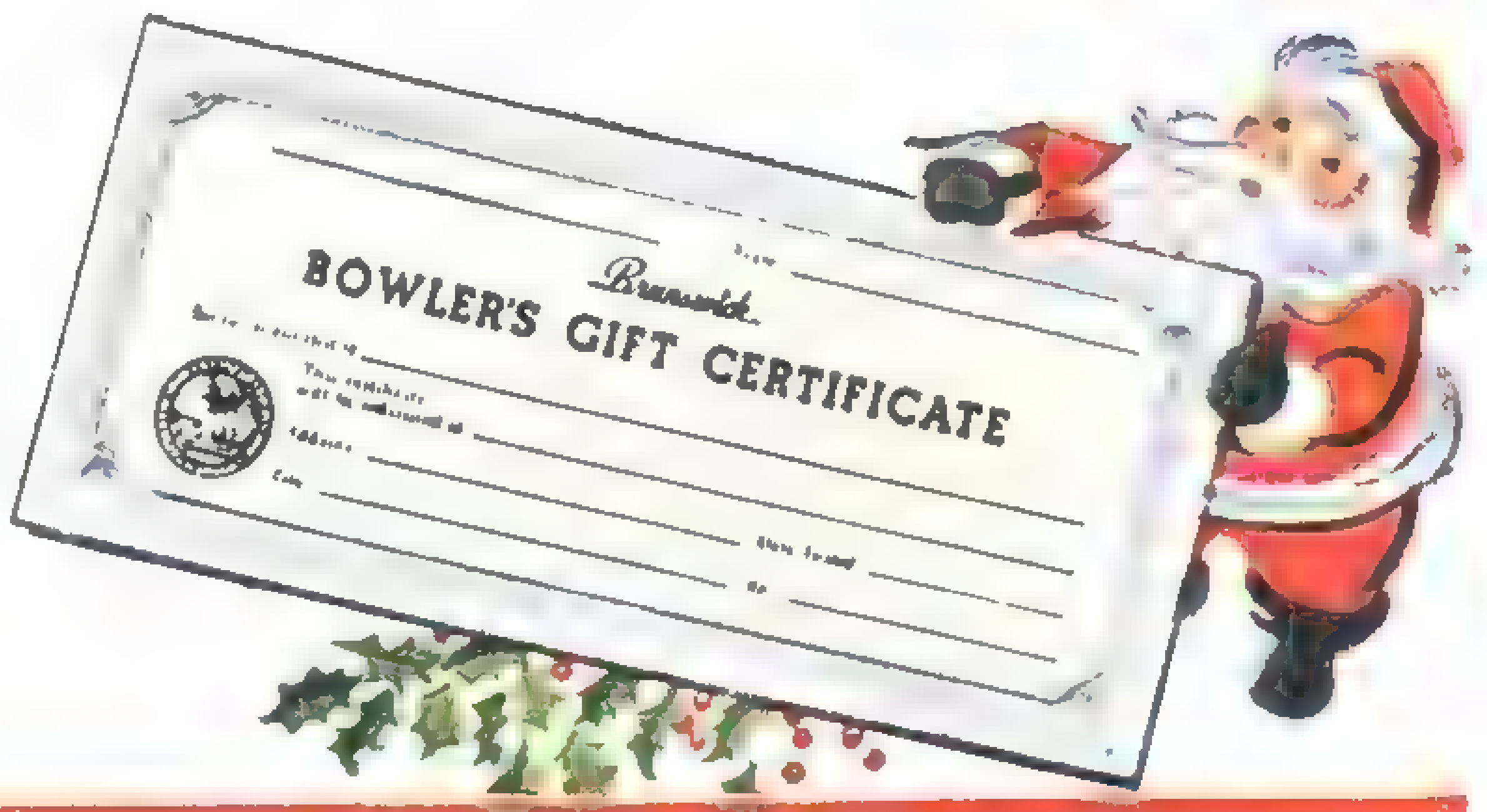

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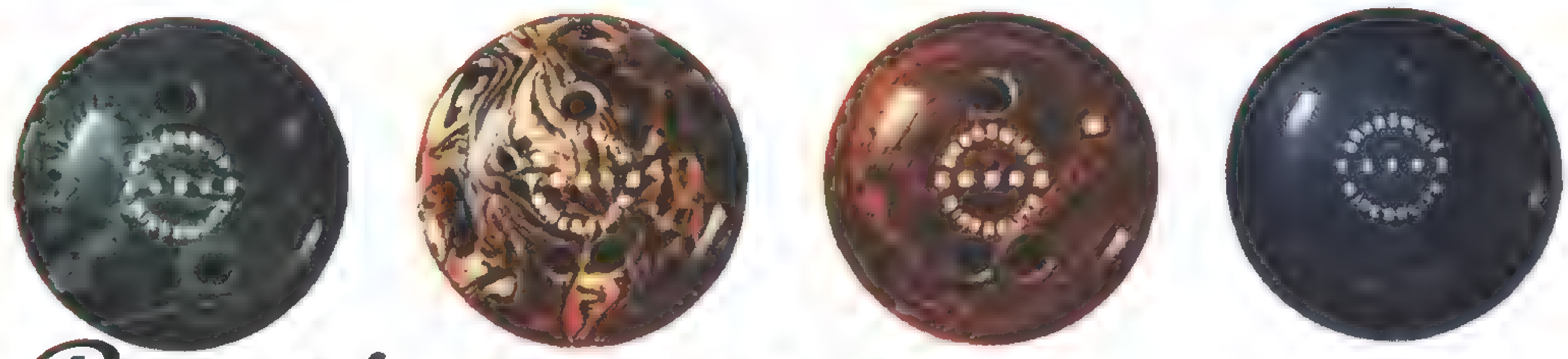

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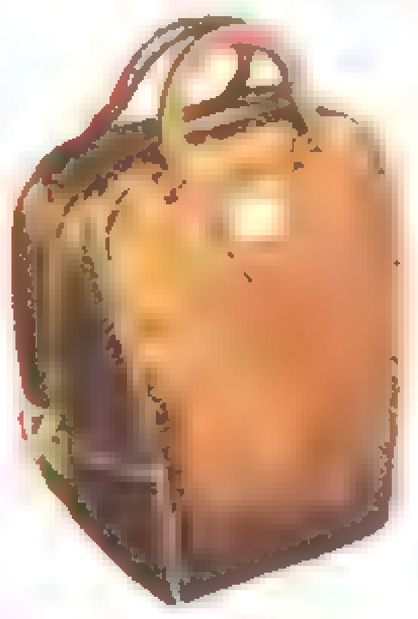

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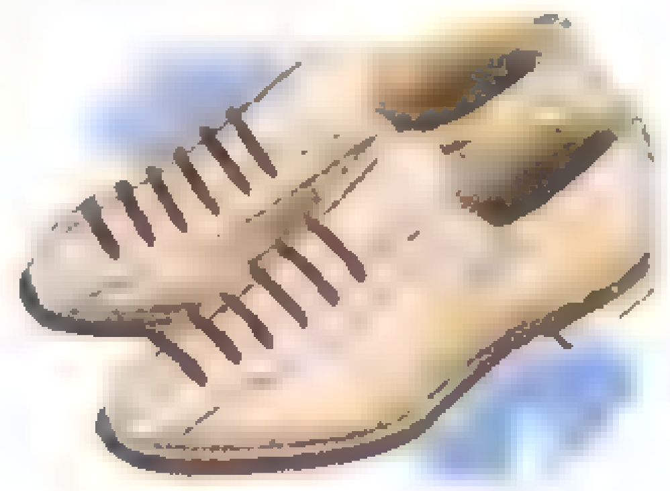

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Grist from De Mille Is Chaff to a Critic

Continued from page 244

German. There is nothing in the recent behavior of that nation that deserved such a favor. The original novel *Karl and Anna*, by Leonhard Frank, was dizzy with the ethical handsprings by which Teutons justify their moral behavior.

It told of two prisoners of war, Carl and Richard. Richard spent the four years of their incarceration describing his wife Anna in minute detail. Anna was one of that vast army of fictional heroines whose dress always "outlined her figure." Anna's dresses, the author pointed out repeatedly, were faded across the hips. He made it sound as though she'd spent her life seated backwards in a sunny window.

Naturally Carl fell in love with Anna. He escaped and went to live with her, telling her that he was her lost husband, Richard. Anna knew the interloper wasn't her husband, but she pretended to believe him—because it caused infidelity to seem so reasonable. Presently Carl began to halfway believe that he really *was* Richard, which helped his conscience.

When Richard eventually came home, Carl and Anna had to stop kidding themselves, but only for a short while. Still convinced that they were two other people, they went away together. The neighbors, outraged at their deception, threw snowballs at them.

Two of Hollywood's best directors batted their brains out trying to get these awkward amours onto celluloid. And neither permitted his name to be used on the credit list. Both were smart. The screen adaptors, following the old dictum of "Fix it, but don't change it," made a bad story worse.

Shifting the locale from Germany to the coast of Brittany, they try to present the husband (Robert Mitchum) as the hero. But the other man (engagingly portrayed by Richard Hart) has so much of the footage that audiences must regard him as the protagonist. Even when the scenarists attempt to stack the cards by having him be a coward and a crook, his yearning for peace and domesticity is sympathetic. The movie throws away the basic gimmick of the novel.

In the picture the interloper doesn't pretend to be the husband. He lies to the wife (Greer Garson) telling her that her husband is dead. This scene of their first meeting is unbelievable. The outsider goes on the make five minutes after announcing the husband's death. Even a cub wolf would know better than that.

Poor Miss Garson struggles to give an emotional performance

Continued on page 250

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **WORLD EVENTS** absorb him so much, yet he overlooks important *little* things. His hair's a sight! It's dull, unkempt and he's got loose dandruff, too . . . I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—it'll do him a world of good!"

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

SEE HOW MUCH better his hair looks now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—just a few drops a day—does the trick. Why don't *you* try it? Keeps the hair well-groomed, *natural*-looking. Loose dandruff is checked. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . is beneficial with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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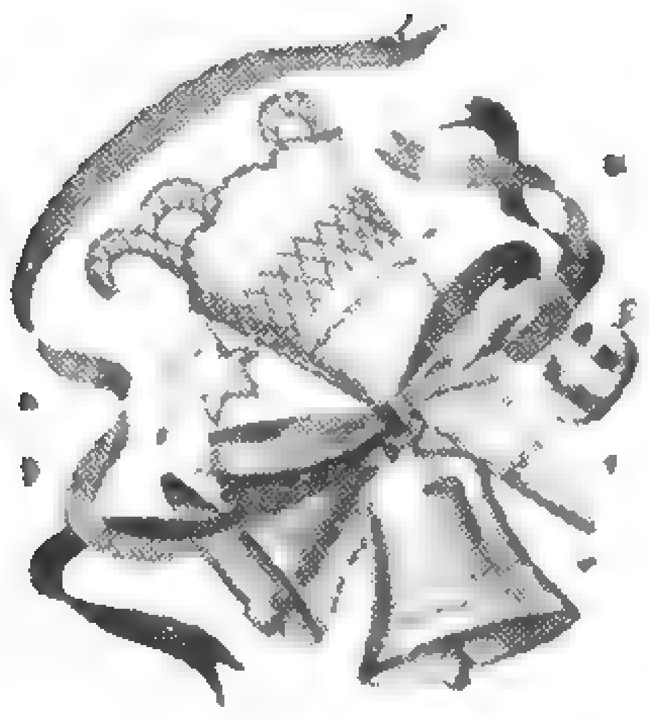

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NOT JUST DRY ...IT'S "DRY" DRY

–without the slightest trace of Sweetness!

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Grist from De Mille Is Chaff to a Critic

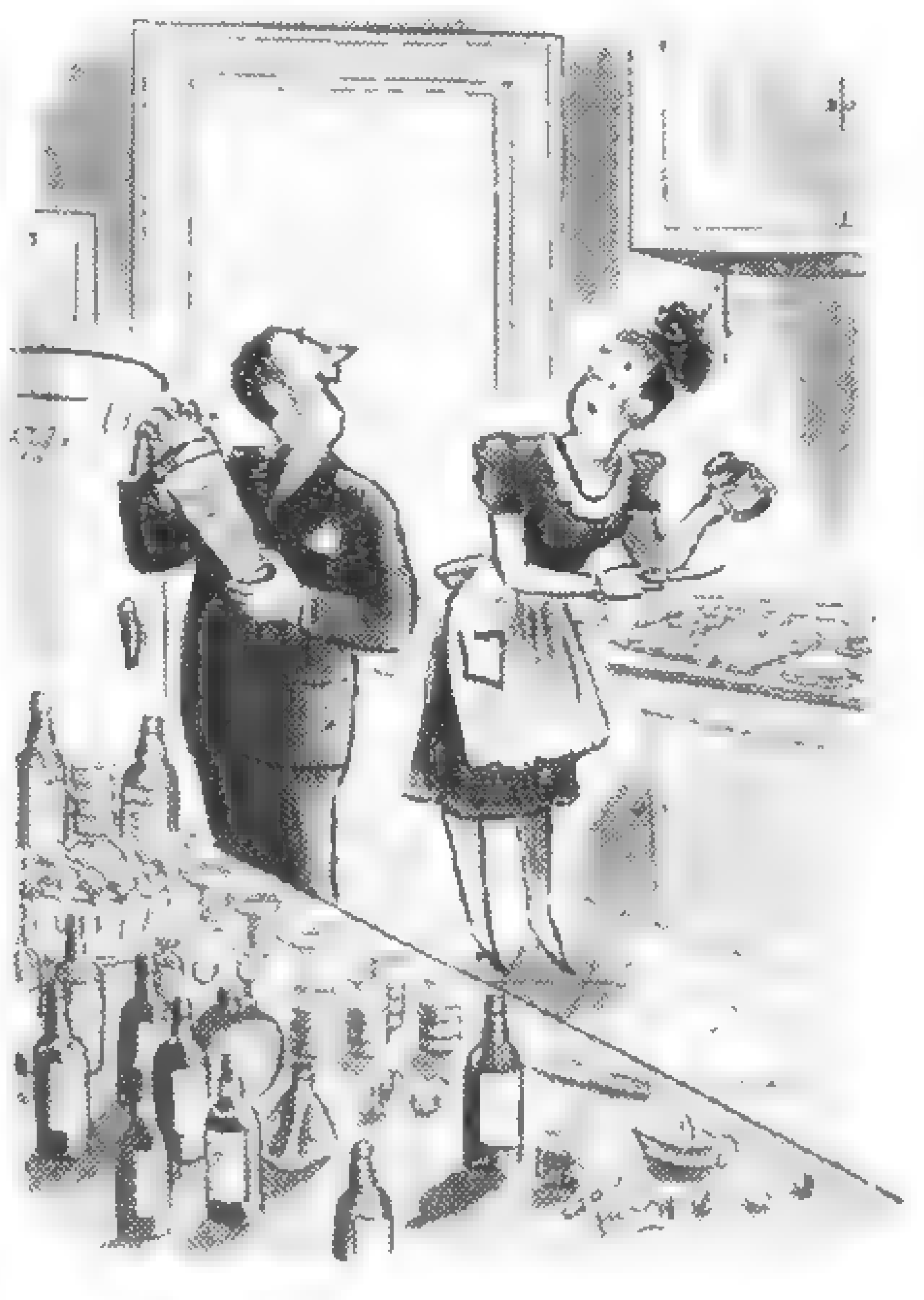
Continued from page 249

without ever quite knowing what emotion she is supposed to be giving out. The audience doesn't know either.

If the woman believes that her husband is dead, there is no reason why she shouldn't fall in love and marry again. But Greer is obliged to play these scenes with a badly motivated sense of guilt.

To confuse matters further, the Johnston Office insists that her relations with the visitor who shares her cottage shall be simon pure—almost Simple Simon pure. So it's impossible to guess what all the agonizing is about. When her husband comes home, Greer immediately falls on his neck, protesting that her love has never deviated. But her spouse, unsatisfied with the precautions of the Will Hays Code, decides to avenge himself upon his rival.

They meet and fight it out as a great mist settles over the seacoast. This fog is the clearest thing in the picture.



"What are you fixing all that food for? It's just going to be Ed and Janie and us"

The Gangster

This well-done little production comes close to achieving the status of a minor classic. It tells of the downfall of a small-time racketeer who preys on one of the boardwalk towns near New York.

Shubunka (Barry Sullivan) is a gutter-wise chiseler who has built up a list of fronts in the suburbs for his illicit gambling rackets. Suspicion so dominates his ferret-like nature that he must even be cagey with a show girl called Nancy (Belita) who is crazy about him.

The lonely guy's need for the girl's comfort and guidance becomes a sharp necessity when a powerful mob starts moving in on him. But he just can't trust anybody. Finally, worn out by his unpredictable accusations, Nancy

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Gold of Persia*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

goes over to his enemies and he dies in the gutter; where he started.

For its first three quarters, the film is a tense masterpiece of plausible understatement. The director, Gordon Wiles, puts distinction into every camera setup and maintains an ominous pace that accentuates the sensitive overtones of Daniel Fuchs' story.

Mr. Sullivan plays Shubunka with a disintegrating tautness that reminds one of a coiled spring—rusting in a junk yard. The former skating star Belita is appealing as the girl who never can find contentment in the gangster's love.

Their tragic story is amusingly counterpointed by Henry Morgan. He portrays an extremely jerky soda jerk, who pompously woos Fifi D'Orsay, owner of a neighboring corset store.

Most of the action occurs in an ice-cream parlor that serves as one of the gangster's fronts. Akim Tamiroff is excellent as the proprietor who is menaced by as hardhearted a group of screen badmen as ever snapped a hat brim.

But the last of the picture is marred by the author's arty inclination to sprinkle bitter almonds on everyone who comes into the soda fountain. With a Group Theater overarticulateness, the entire cast tends to line up and sing *Miserere* about man's inhumanity to man.

John Ireland is the worst offender. He plays an accountant who steals $1300 from his hard working brothers-in-law and subsequently loses it on the horses. For some mysterious reason, the film insists on regarding this prize schnook as a martyr. He rails endlessly at this fate of his own devising. Sorrow causes his sleeves to grow longer and the padding to shift to the back of his coat. Trick lighting makes his nose seem to extend toward you like the end of a double-nozzled hose.

It's too bad. Wiles and Fuchs might have produced a memorable film if they hadn't confused a penny-ante embezzler with Quasimodo playing Cyrano.

Love from a Stranger

QUEEN VICTORIA did so much to encourage gentlemanly behavior that it was perhaps inevitable her reign should be remembered as a period in which a number of well-behaved husbands sought to murder their wives.

In this gas-lit domestic drama Sylvia Sidney and John Hodiak recapture the days when grandma sat cozily by the fire knitting tiny garments and grandpa puttered around the basement digging graves. Both stars do a neat job. Miss Sidney rustles a pathetic bustle while Mr. Hodiak swings a mean cape. Richard Whorf's direction provides a courtly tone to homicide which is just right for James Geller's first production for Eagle-Lion. ⧻

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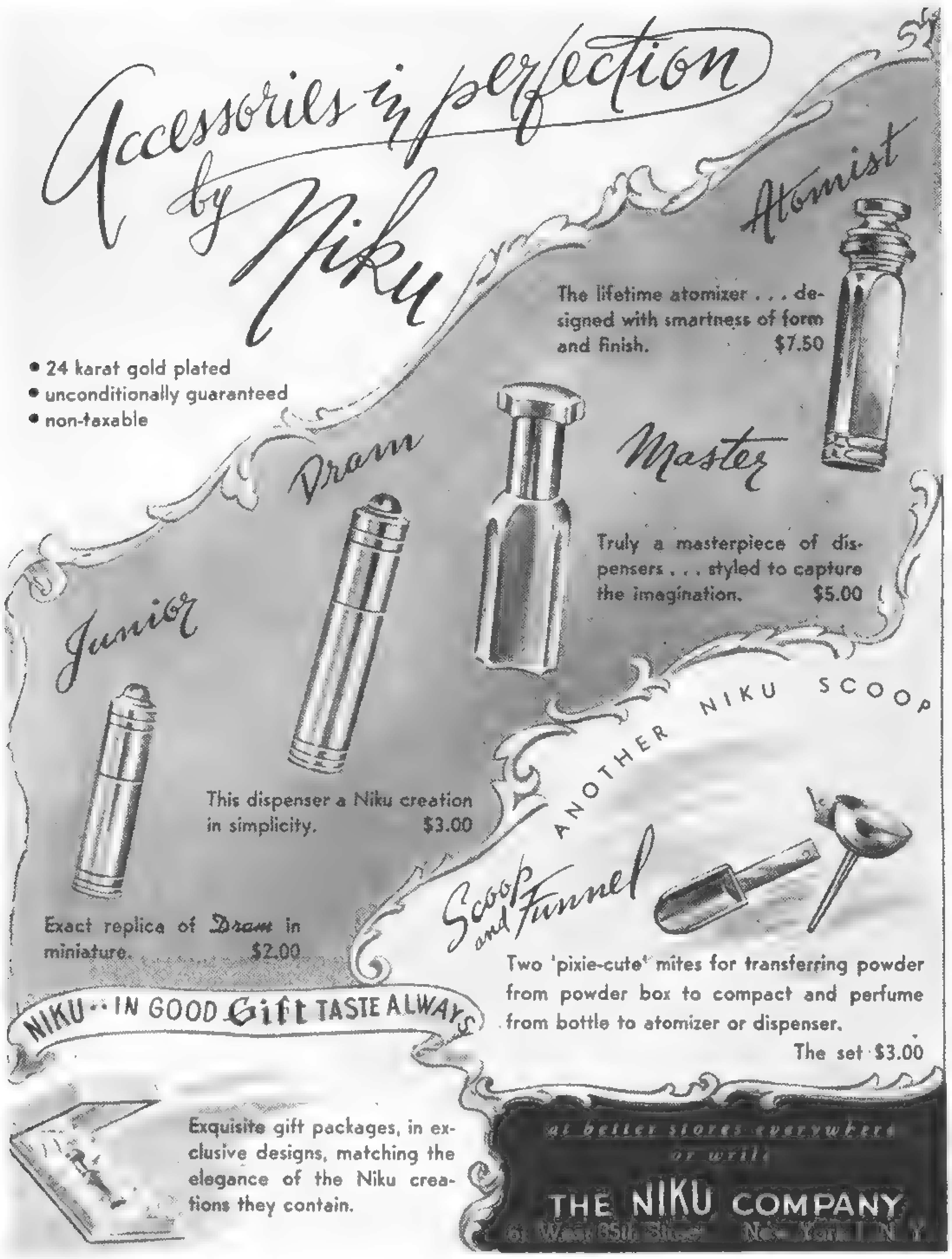

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WELCOME HOME

A friendly light at your door, a good meal on the table, and a mellow Dutch Masters to enjoy with your coffee! Simple pleasures, yes, but rich in their welcome when you come home at night.

DUTCH MASTERS

I'd Rather Just Find It

Continued from page 109

had confidence in Mr. Winterich's personal character. The blurbnik described *Another Day*, etc., as "amusing recollections, by a well-known man-about-books, of various jobs he held during the legendary pre-World War I period when a dollar bought a fair amount of the world's goods and a strike referred only to the swing of a baseball bat." Pearl Bergoff, a professional agent for strikebreakers, who recently died in bed, once said that the bloodiest strike in his experience occurred at McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, in 1909 right spang in the middle of that legendary period, in the Presidency of a man named Taft. There were eight killed and thirty-seven wounded. The Homestead strike in Pennsylvania, the great New England textile strikes and others made the labor disputes of today look tame and gentlemanly.

I had been afraid, from the moment when Mr. Winterich, a valued friend, revealed to me his intention of bringing out such a book, that it would be used as an instrument of propaganda for the character-building value of premature toil, and sure enough Harry Hansen, in reviewing *Another*, etc., for the *World-Telegram*, wrote: "Probably, if you were an American boy, you got busy at one job or another. Many of us carried papers, and I got my first whiff of printer's ink from the sheets fresh off the flatbed press, which made music for my ears." There is an implication in the Hansen sentences that if you didn't get busy you probably weren't an American boy, which is an injustice, because there is no law that says all American boys should be stupid. Huck Finn was as American as anybody who ever mistook the noise of a machine for music.

Mr. Winterich, however, is not responsible for the aberrations of blurbniks or reviewers. In the introductory chapter of his work he tacitly disclaims any interest in the character-building aspect of the tasks in which he reluctantly engaged the minimum amount of effort necessary to avert or at least postpone dismissal. He did it, he says, because he needed the money. "I could not have afforded to go to college if I had to go away from home," he writes, "nor could my father have afforded to send me. Going to college in one's own town and living at home is the worst way in the world to go to college, but it is better than not going at all . . . I would wish to avoid any nostalgia for 'the good old days,' though I certainly think that 'free enterprise' was much freer and far more enterprising in my boyhood than it is today,

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when those who shout loudest about it will bear closest watching."

At just about that point I began to perceive that *Another Day* was the pleasantest book I had read since the war, and as I went on I liked it better and better.

Mr. Winterich's first job, at twelve, was in a neighborhood grocery store where he discovered through an accident that a leading Methodist churchwoman was pinching eggs.

His second was selling a ten-cent "filter," more accurately a strainer, to attach to kitchen water taps. He was a pretty good salesman, but he was outclassed by a boy he brought into the business who thoughtfully carried along a supply of small green worms, which he would introduce into the sink while the prospective customer was not looking.' "What housewife could resist investing ten cents in a device that would keep those awful little green things from getting into the teakettle?"

The author does not insist on the character-building value of either experience.

The third job was in a haberdashery where the proprietor injured his pride by referring to him within the hearing of a snotty juvenile customer as a cashboy, when he felt himself a sort of junior executive. Young Winterich quit, without telling Mr. Green, the haberdasher, that he was through. This is one of the funniest stories in the book.

On another of the Winterich jobs, messenger for a manufacturing jeweler, he made the acquaintance of a colleague with whom he used to kill time along the Providence water front when they were supposed to be performing errands for their bosses. One day the other boy proudly showed him a wig which he was taking to a repair man for his boss. The boys began trying the wig on for laughs; it fell into the water, and while they stood looking down in horror, as if a human had fallen overboard, a cop eager to distinguish himself came along, saw what was

Continued on page 254

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Magnificent New Flex-Let 'De Luxe'
Miracle of beauty . . . so style-advanced it makes other bands look old-fashioned! Expands to the wrist. 1/20 12Kt. Gold Filled, all colors, $11.50 tax incl.

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Expansion band of outstanding value! Only $6.50 in stainless steel; $8.95 (tax incl.) in 1/20 12Kt. Gold Filled, yellow or pink.

*If your personal jeweler cannot supply you, write us for jeweler who can.
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I'd Rather Just Find It

Continued from page 253

apparently the top of a man's head in the water and jumped in. The cop rescued the wig and a bargeman had to rescue the cop.

This reminded me of a story told me by a thick-barreled man named John Michaels, Democratic leader of an outlying district in Queens in the legendary period of 1922, while he was buying needled beer for me under the mistaken impression that I was of voting age. Michaels had been a cop in the old tall-helmet days in New York when a sergeant was known as a roundsman. "I can think quick," Michaels said. "For instance, oncet when I was a cop I was asleep on the stringpiece of a pier. It was a hot day and I had a beat by the river and I had snuck away to this pier because I had a hang-over. I woke up, I don't know why, it must have been a warning from God, and I seen the roundsman at the head of the pier, walking towardst me. He must of looked for me on the beat and guessed where I was. I looked around me and there was a bum fast asleep on the stringpiece right by my head. So wit' instantaneous presence of mind I threw the bum into the water and jumps in after him. I won a couple cups for long-distance swimming, so it was no risk. I pulls the bum out before he has time to wake up good, and when I pumps the water out of him he says, 'thank you, thank you, officer, I must of rolled off while I was asleep.' The roundsman seen the rescue, and I got a Carnegie Lifesaving Medal."

Still another Winterich tale has to do with employment only in that it begins with the hero taken sick during the first day on a new job. It deals with his sojourn in the Providence hospital for contagious diseases, his innocent affection for a nurse named Speedy, a Bellevue graduate—he was by then 19—and the dreadful predicament which resulted from his trying on her ring, when he took her out on a date after his recovery. The ring wouldn't come off. Winterich had to put a bandage around the finger to conceal the ring from his kid sister at home; his stepmother became solicitous about his "cut," and he had all sorts of trouble to get out of the house with his secret undiscovered. At Brown the ring became an item of campus conversation. He wore it for a couple of days, not wishing to have it filed off, both for sentimental reasons and because he was in no financial position to replace it. Finally somebody whose identity he can't remember took it off for him by a complicated and painful method.

I like both Mr. Winterich and

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AND DEPARTMENT STORES

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Providence, Rhode Island, where I myself once traded days for dollars, although at a more seemly age (22-26) and in a slightly less remote era (1926-30). I obtained a more favorable rate of exchange than Mr. Winterich: my salary as a reporter on the Providence *Journal* entitled me to speak of Another Day, Another $6.67. I did not know him up there, however; he tells me that although for much of his life he was a newspaperman, and raised in Providence, he never worked for the *Journal*. When he first applied for a job there the city editor advised him to go out of town and get some small-city experience, so he went to Worcester, Massachusetts, where he eventually worked his way up to a salary of $18 a week, or Another Day, Another $3 (calculated on the basis of a six-day week).

Returning to Providence for a visit he called on the *Journal* city editor again and talked himself into an offer of $21. He went back to Worcester to resign so that he could accept this magnificent offer, but his Worcester boss offered him $25! Winterich's love of his home town was not proof against so fabulous a bribe; he accepted, and has not since been back to Providence, I believe, except as a week-end guest or sightseer. How he escaped from Worcester I do not know.

He and I now occupy separate cells in the same honeycomb of genius, *The New Yorker* office. He may be readily distinguished from any of the other members of the staff because he looks normal. He is a compact man who must be fifty-six by the internal evidence of his book, but does not look it. He has an upturned nose and a Phi Beta Kappa key. He is an authority on the collection of rare books, although he no longer collects them himself, but writes about them. His last collector's book, *A Primer of Book Collecting*, (Greenberg, another $3) appeared in 1946, and he is constantly getting letters from people who ask him what kind of books they should start collecting. He would do them a favor by

Continued on page 256

Famous Queens

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I'd Rather Just Find It

Continued from page 255

answering: "Books by John T. Winterich. I suggest that you begin with *Another Day, Another Dollar*."

Another good idea for collectors might be to start buying one copy of every book illustrated by Beatrice Tobias, whose line drawings complement Mr. Winterich's hilarious but literate prose. Miss Tobias illustrated John McNulty's *Third Avenue, New York* (Little, Brown, another $2.00) a wryly sentimental little book about saloon talkers that appeared about a year ago. I think she is wonderful. So is a character in McNulty's book called Grogan the Horseplayer.

This essay will go down in history as the God-rest-ye-merry, or goodwill-to-everybody, number of the book department and will eventually be cited by professors of American Literature as proof that Liebling was not impossible to please.

I cannot entirely repress a slight misgiving lest Mr. Winterich's book make honest toil seem too attractive, however. I would therefore remind the prospective reader that when a judge gives a guy ten years at hard labor, it is not with the thought that labor is a pleasure.

I much prefer to any of the methods of gaining a dollar recollected by Mr. Winterich the ambition of a colored sparring partner of the great named Bob Armstrong, who flourished around 1900. "My ambition," Armstrong told Ned Brown, the boxing writer, "is to wake up every morning and find a dollar under my pillow."

And I would recall to the world's attention the immortal words of my friend James A MacDonald, who under the name of Col. John R. Stingo practices journalism on the New York *Enquirer*.

"Never work a day," Col. Stingo said to me once, giving me his prescription for a long and happy life. "And never, never take an honest dollar." ⧺

Continued from page 109

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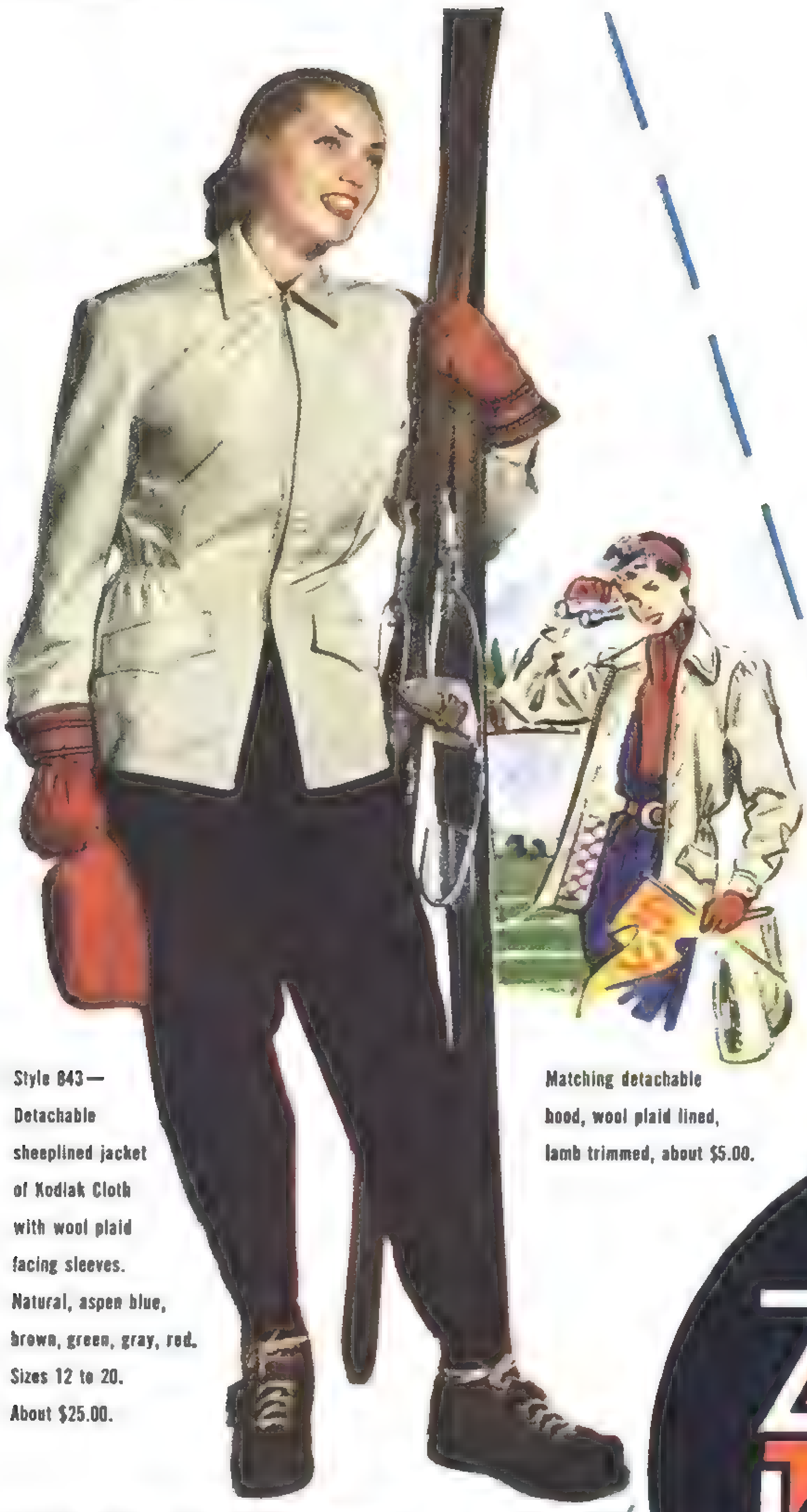

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Detachable
sheeplined jacket
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with wool plaid
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Natural, aspen blue,
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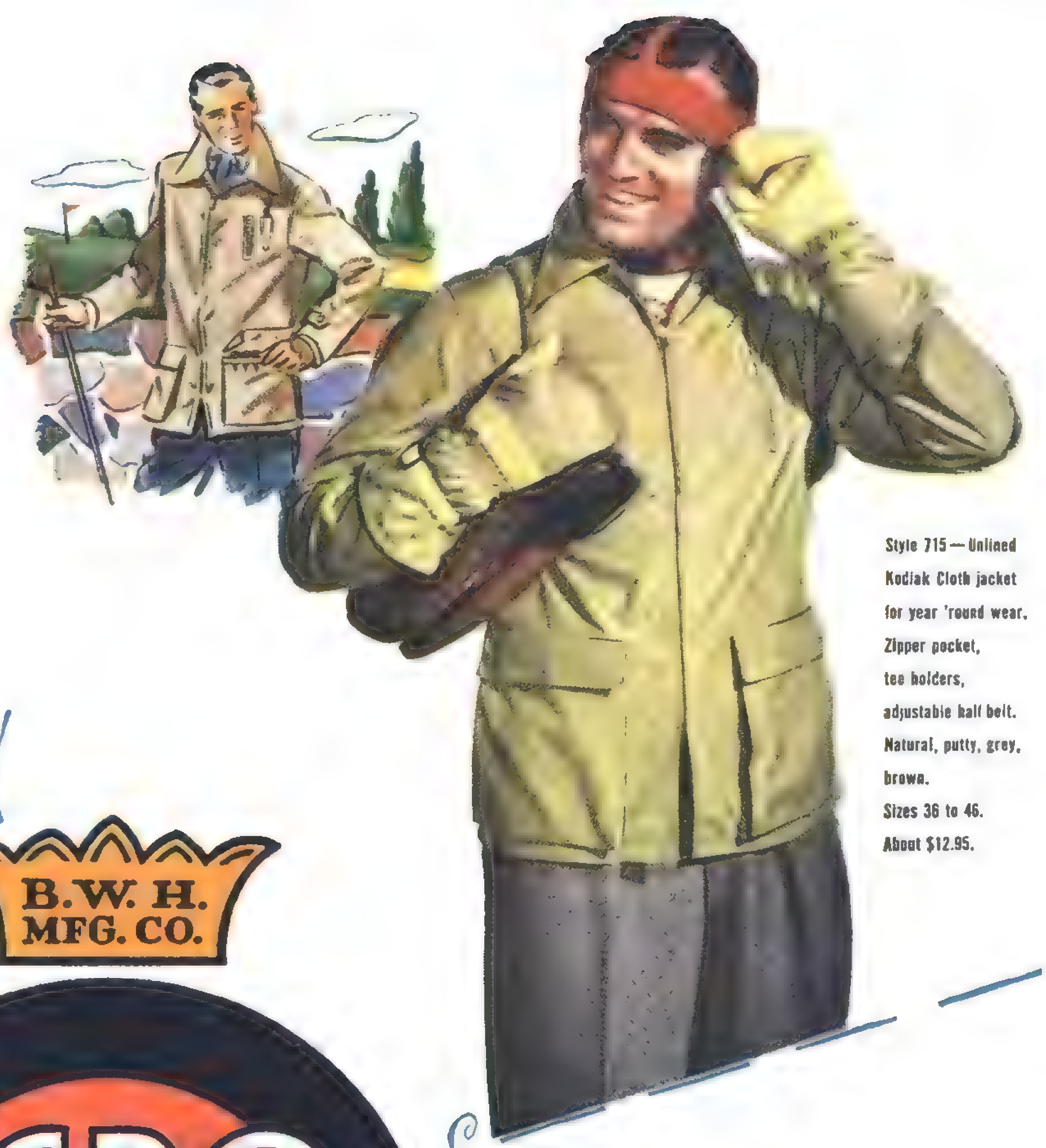

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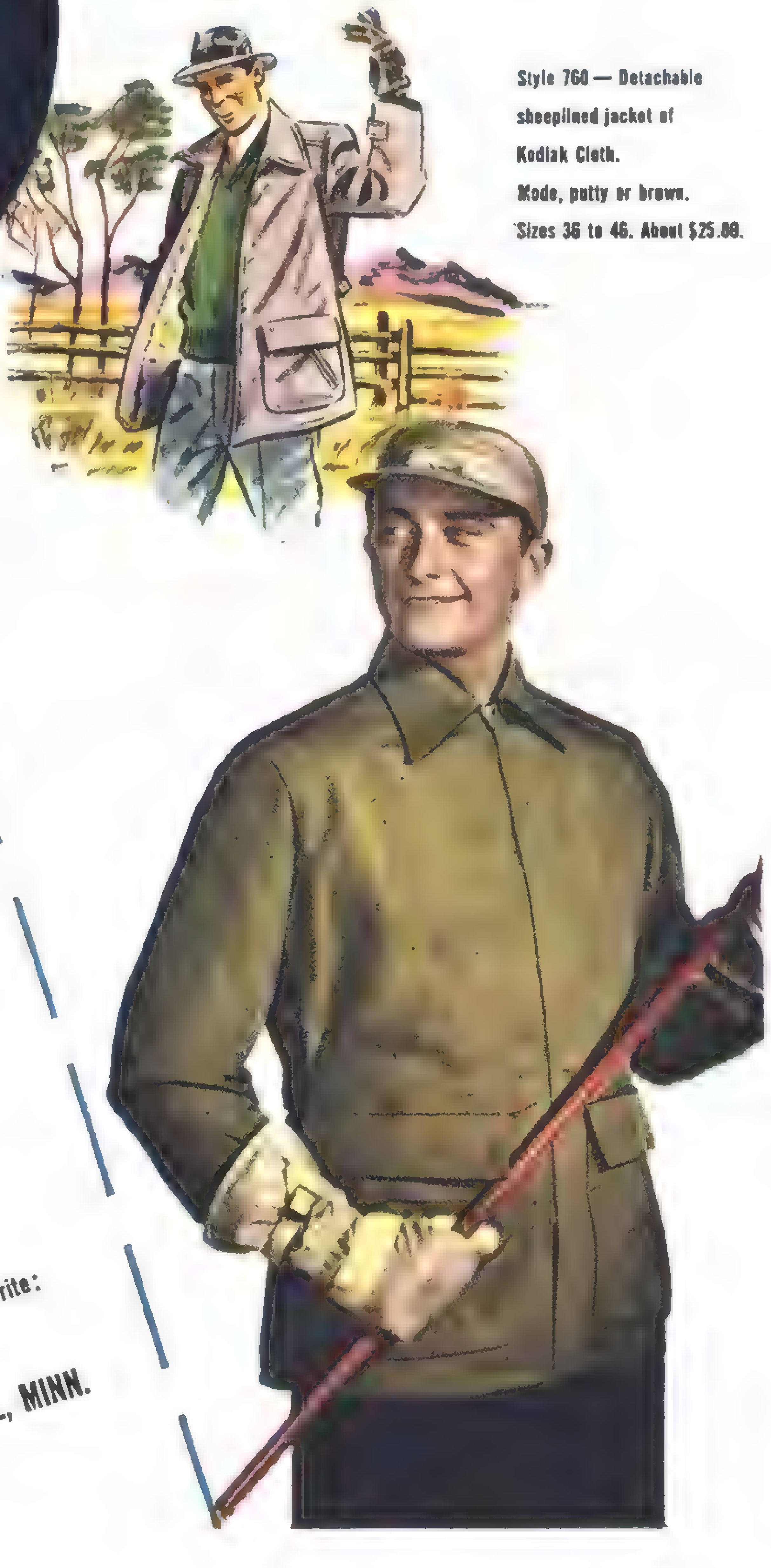

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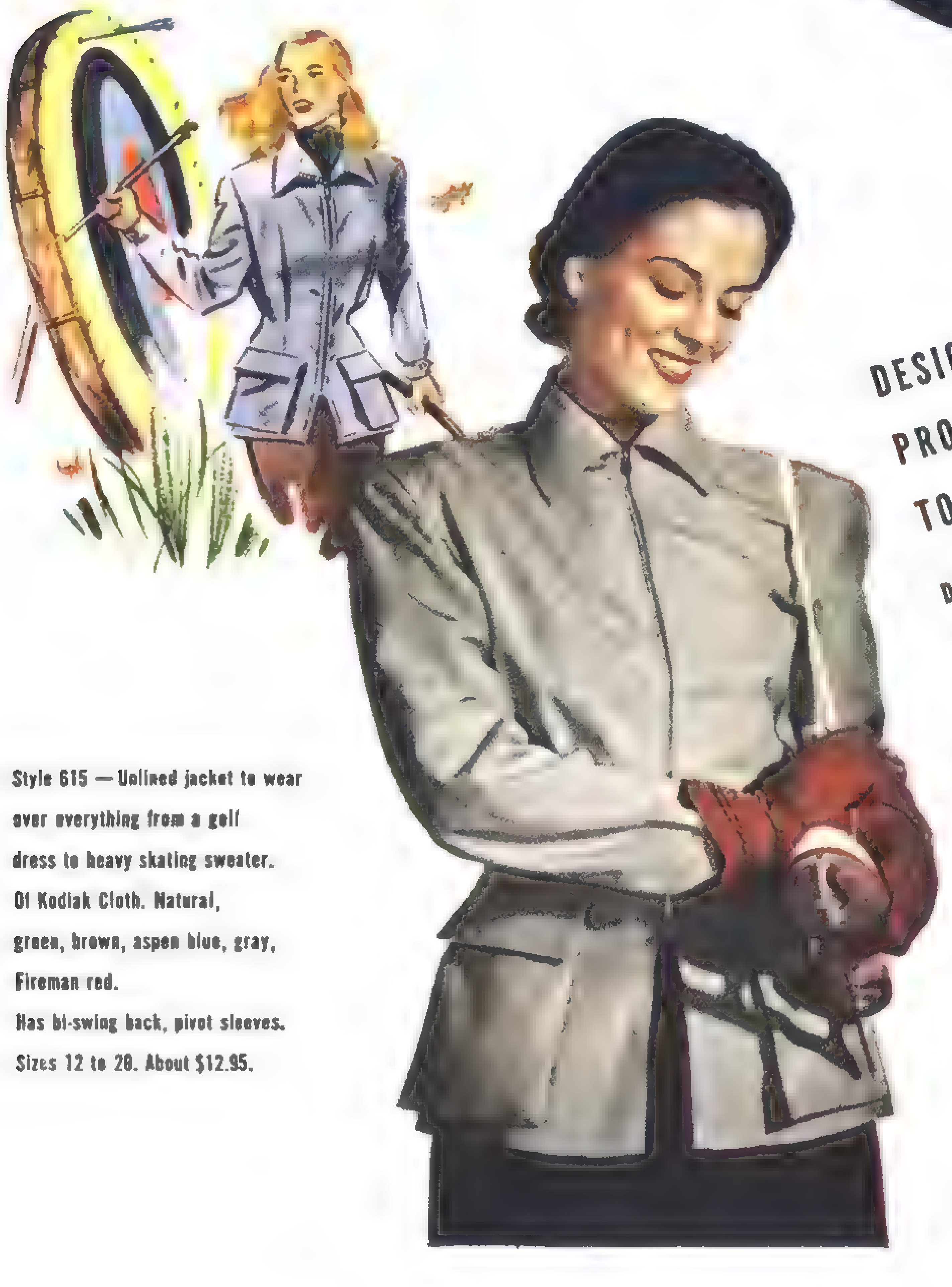

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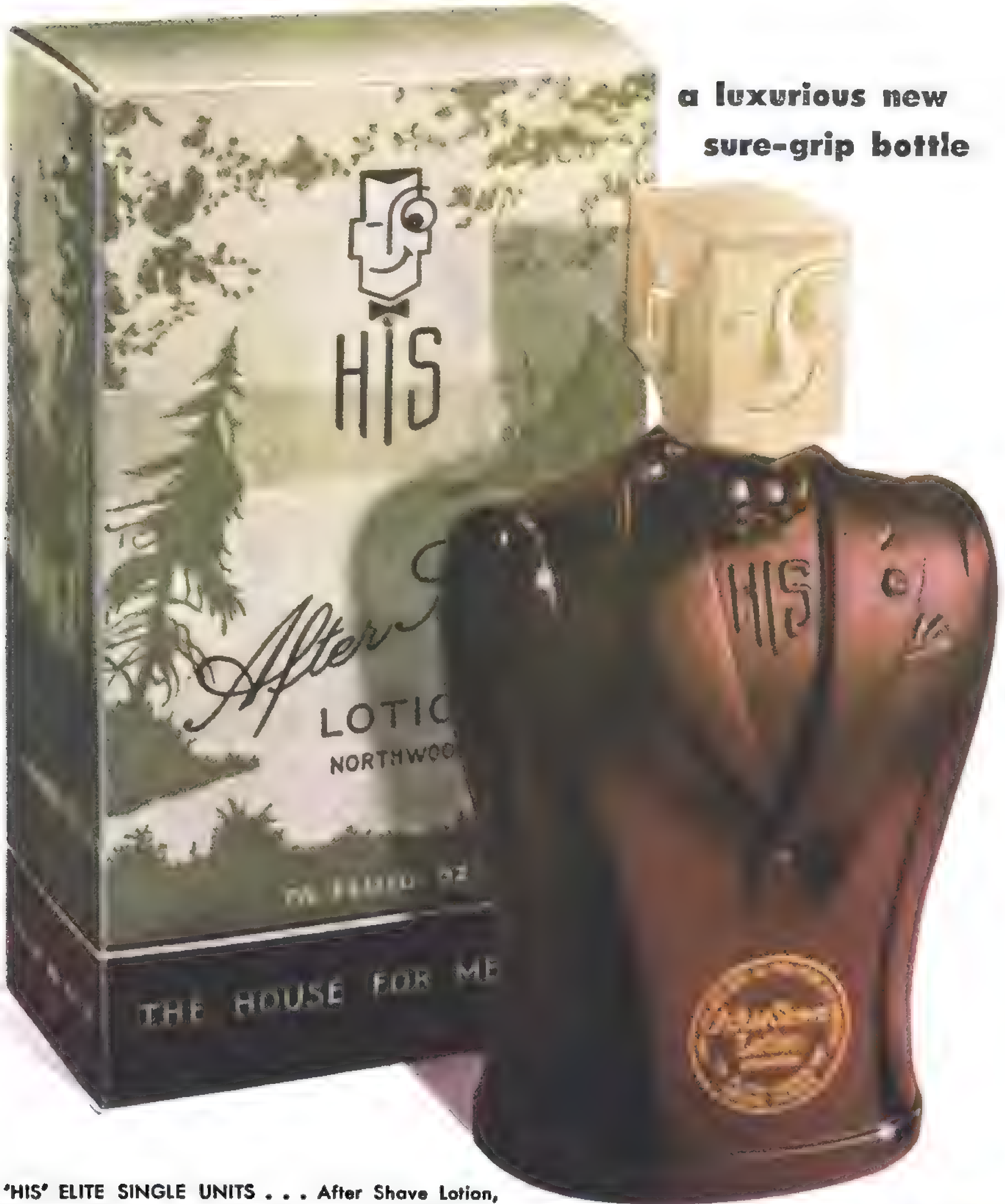

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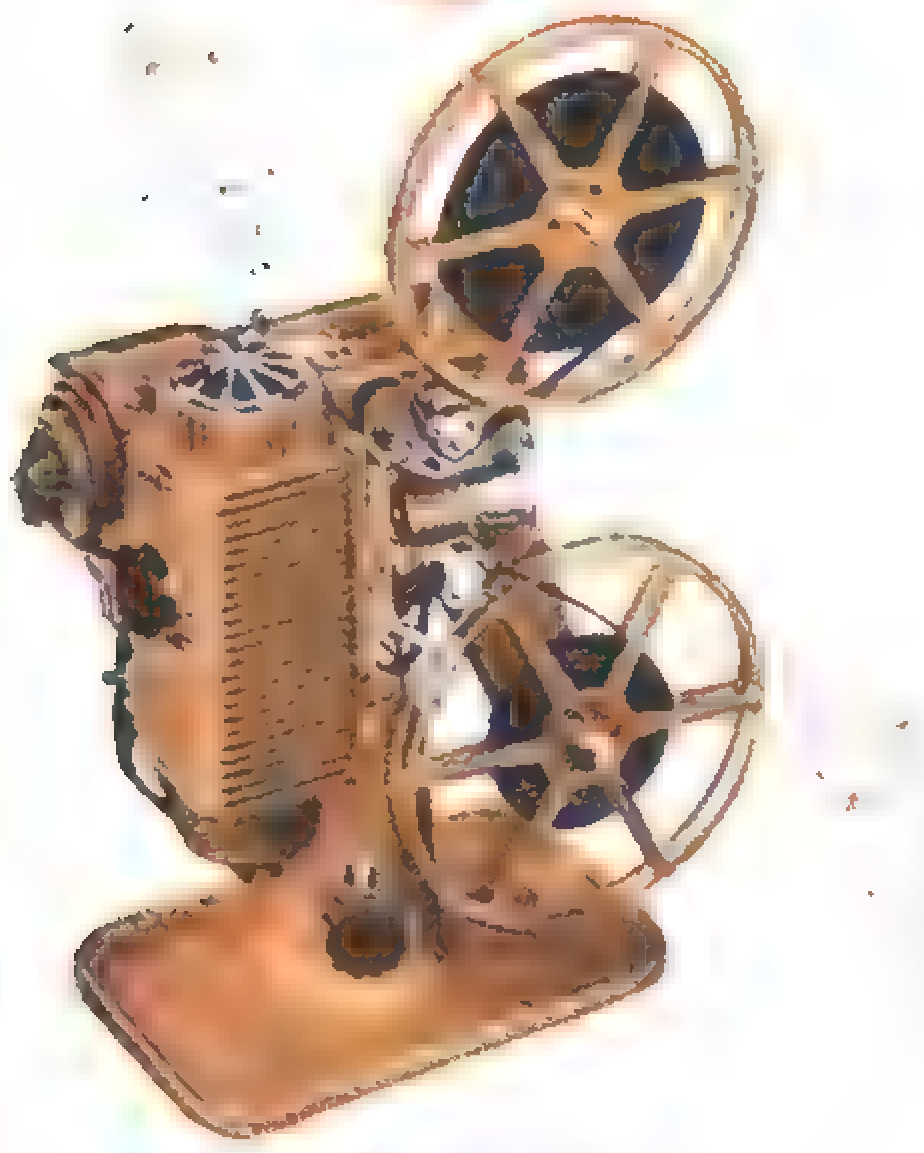

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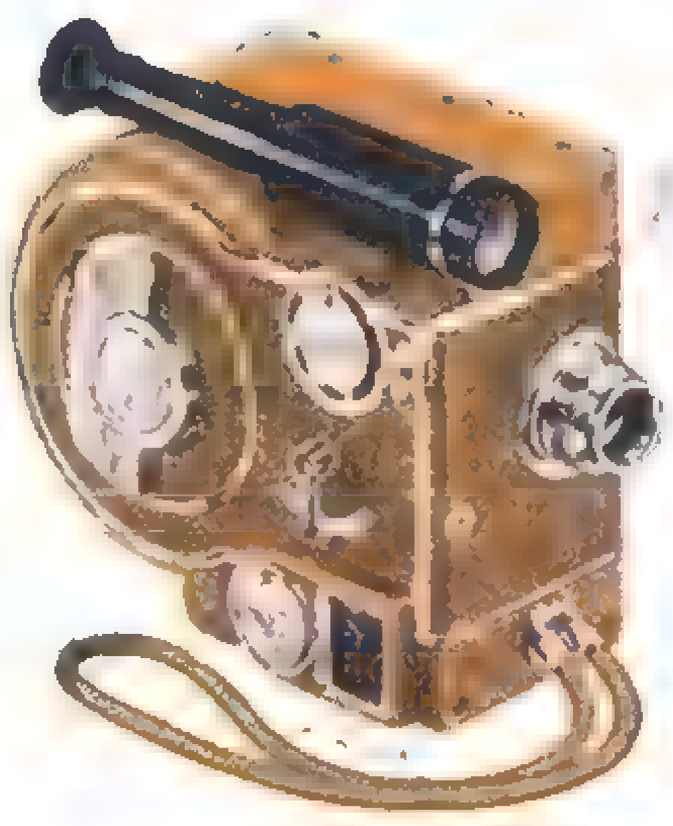

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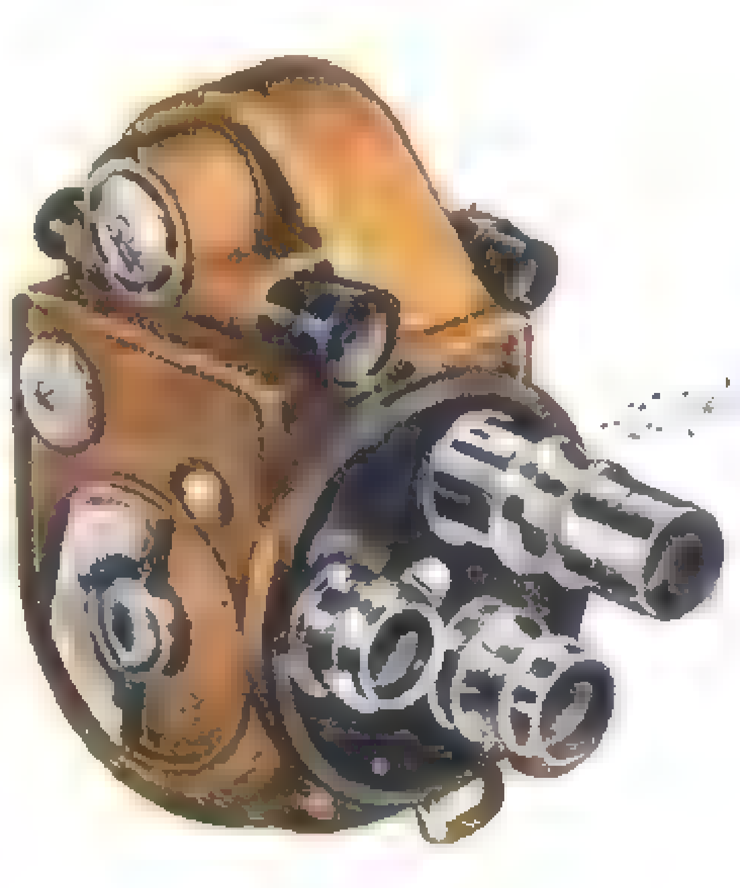

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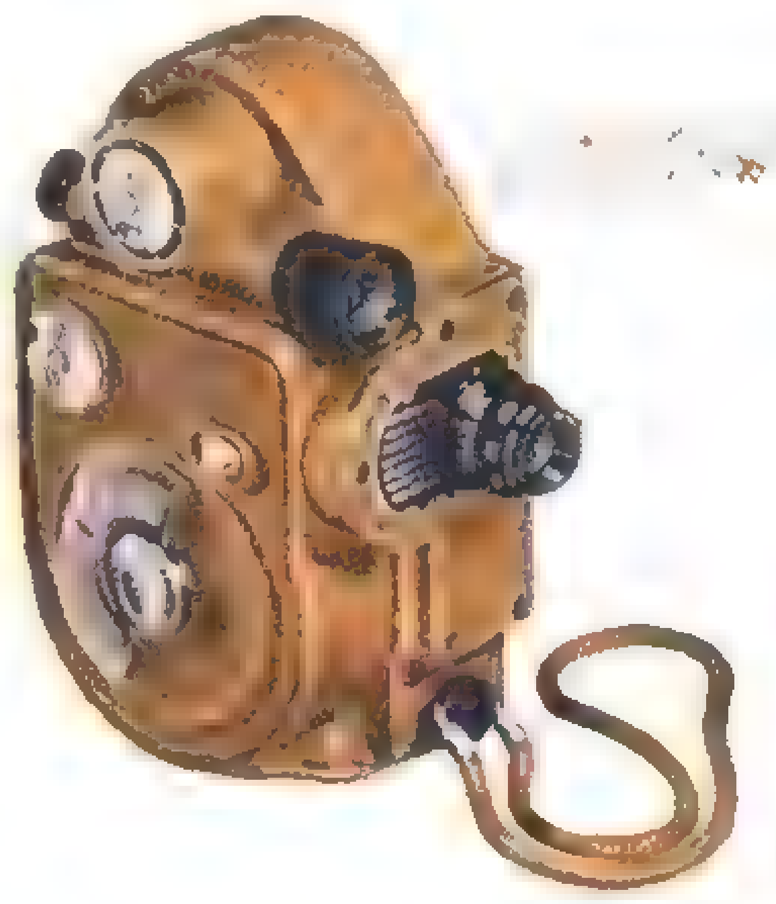

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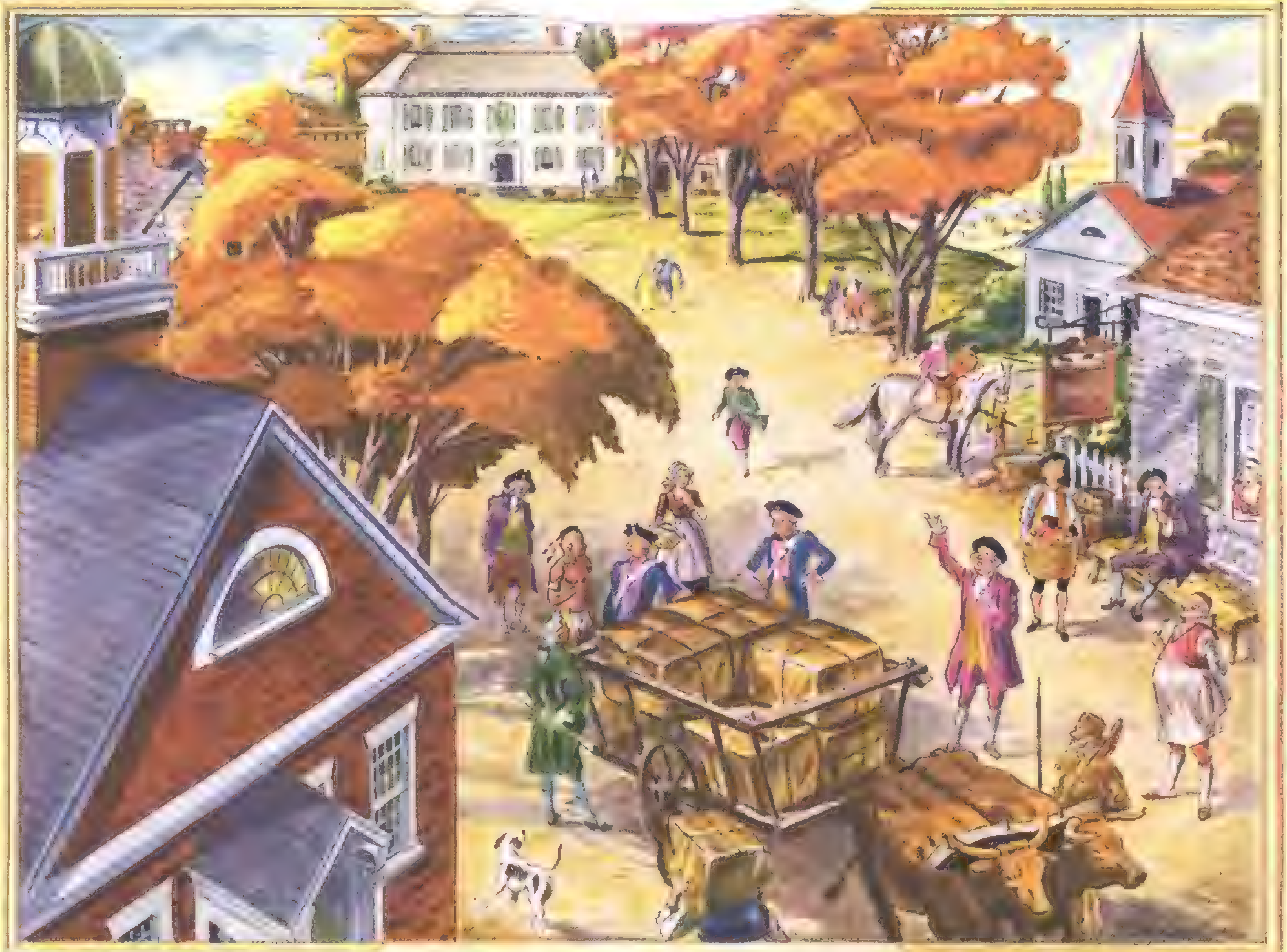

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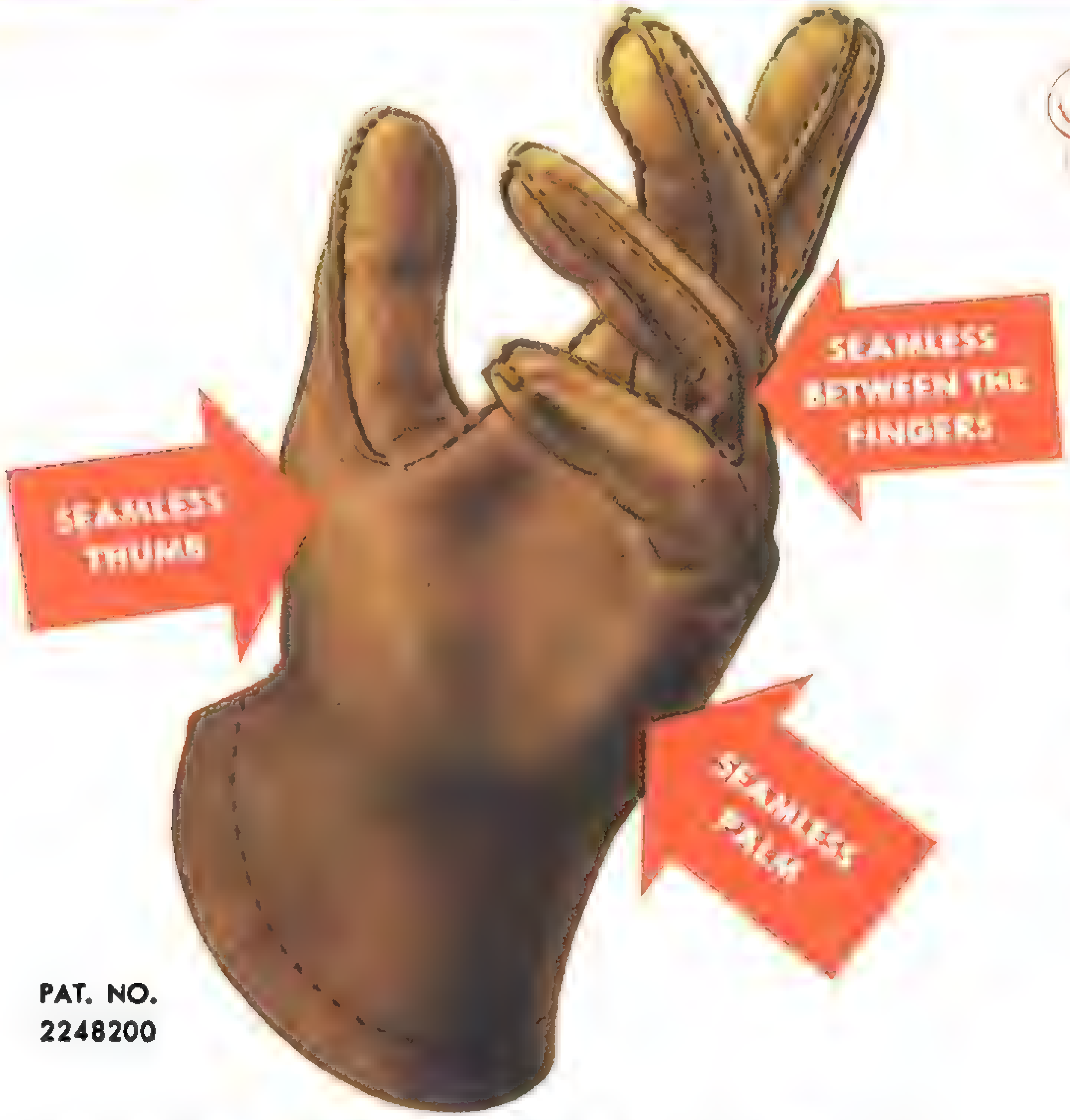

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Mr. Potter Among the Coleoptera

Continued from page 117

some like to pry. *Me*—I like to fish!"

"Why . . . why . . . *Oh!*" She sputtered in righteous indignation and stomped back to her car.

Mr. Potter, watching the undulating plume of her hat as it disappeared behind the hedge, grinned more broadly. Then he broke into a chuckle that rippled up and down his massive frame like a minor temblor, and by the time he reached the front porch again the temblor had become a mirthquake.

He chuckled all through his painstaking toilet, and was still chuckling when he entered his suite of offices in the Mutual Building an hour later.

Beaming like a cat that had breakfasted in an aviary, he boomed a genial "good morning" and waddled toward his private office.

Then he lost his grin suddenly, as a stentorian sniffle stopped him in his tracks: a sniffle that could have emanated only from the very personable person of Miss Wendy Osborn, his private secretary. He turned and stared at her.

Miss Osborn was in her very early twenties; blue-eyed and blonde and quite, quite beautiful and extremely capable for all that, and even Mr. Potter, who conceded that he was no longer an authority on such matters, would have agreed that she had no inconsiderable amount of sex. There was a postage stamp of handkerchief—quite obviously tear-soaked—on the desk beside her, and at the moment she looked very much like a young lady who wanted to indulge in a good, old-fashioned bawl, but who simply wouldn't permit herself the privilege in the august Potter presence.

Or, at least, so it appeared to Mr. Potter.

Miss Osborn was bravely attempting to apply lipstick with a brush to a trembling lower lip when he approached her.

"Crying, huh?" he snorted. It was more in the nature of an accusation than a question. "Ridiculous. Smart girl like you. Come in and tell me all about it."

He turned and waddled indignantly into his private office and Wendy rose and, squeezing out another sniffle, followed him.

When he had eased himself into his massive leather swivel chair he lit a foot-long cigar, kicked off his shoes, and scowled.

"Now," he commanded, "you tell me what this is all about."

"It's . . . B-B-Barry," she sniffed. "W-w-w-we were g-g-going to g-g-get married and now we c-c-can't."

"Barry?" he frowned. "Thought

Continued on page 262

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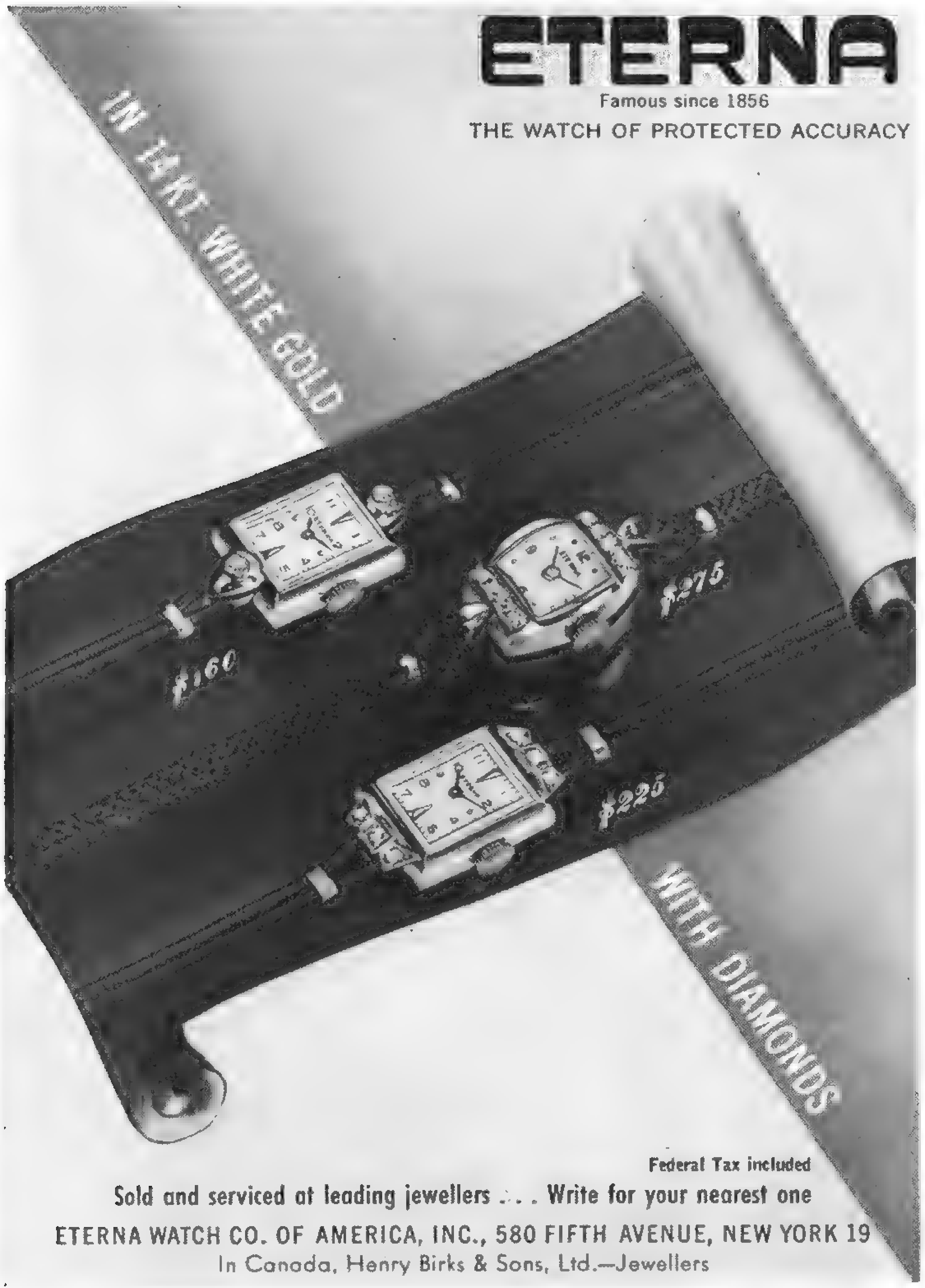
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Mr. Potter Among the Coleoptera

Continued from page 261

your young man's name was Charles."

"Oh no . . . at least . . ."

"He change his name?"

"Not . . . exactly . . . I . . . you see . . . I changed him!" She looked brightly at him.

"Oh," Mr. Potter sighed. "Go on. You can't get married. Why?"

"B-b-because he c-c-an't get a . . . job! D-d-don't you see?"

"No," Mr. Potter said. "Why can't he . . . in times like these? What's this . . . this latest acquisition do?"

"He's a scenarist," Wendy said, composing herself with amazing rapidity. "Well, just before he went into the Army, he wrote a story and submitted it to Henri Le Blanc. You know, out at Metronome. Mr. Le Blanc said he'd consider it. Well . . ."

Mr. Potter cleared his throat. "He considered it, liked it, stole it and made it into a picture. That it?" he interrupted.

"How did you know?" she looked at him in amazement.

"Know Le Blanc," he shrugged. "Go on."

"When Barry got out of the service, and found out, he tried to collect, of course." She shook her head. "But . . . well, he couldn't even get in to talk to Mr. Le Blanc."

"Old Hollywood custom," Mr. Potter nodded. "They do it with secretaries."

"What?" Wendy asked.

"Give people the run-around."

"Well, Barry ran into Mr. Le Blanc the other night and . . ."

"Le Blanc offer an explanation?" Mr. Potter asked.

Wendy's teeth clicked indignantly.

"Barry didn't ask for an explanation," she said. "Barry just . . . broke Mr. Le Blanc's nose! In three places!"

"Hunh," Mr. Potter snorted. "Has the sort of nose could stand being broken in three places."

"One of the places was the Mayfair Club," Wendy said sadly. "It was crowded too, Barry says. With picture people. Well, that . . . that sort of ended Barry's career in pictures, I guess."

"Thing like that will do it," Mr. Potter said sagely.

Wendy rose and walked despondently to the window.

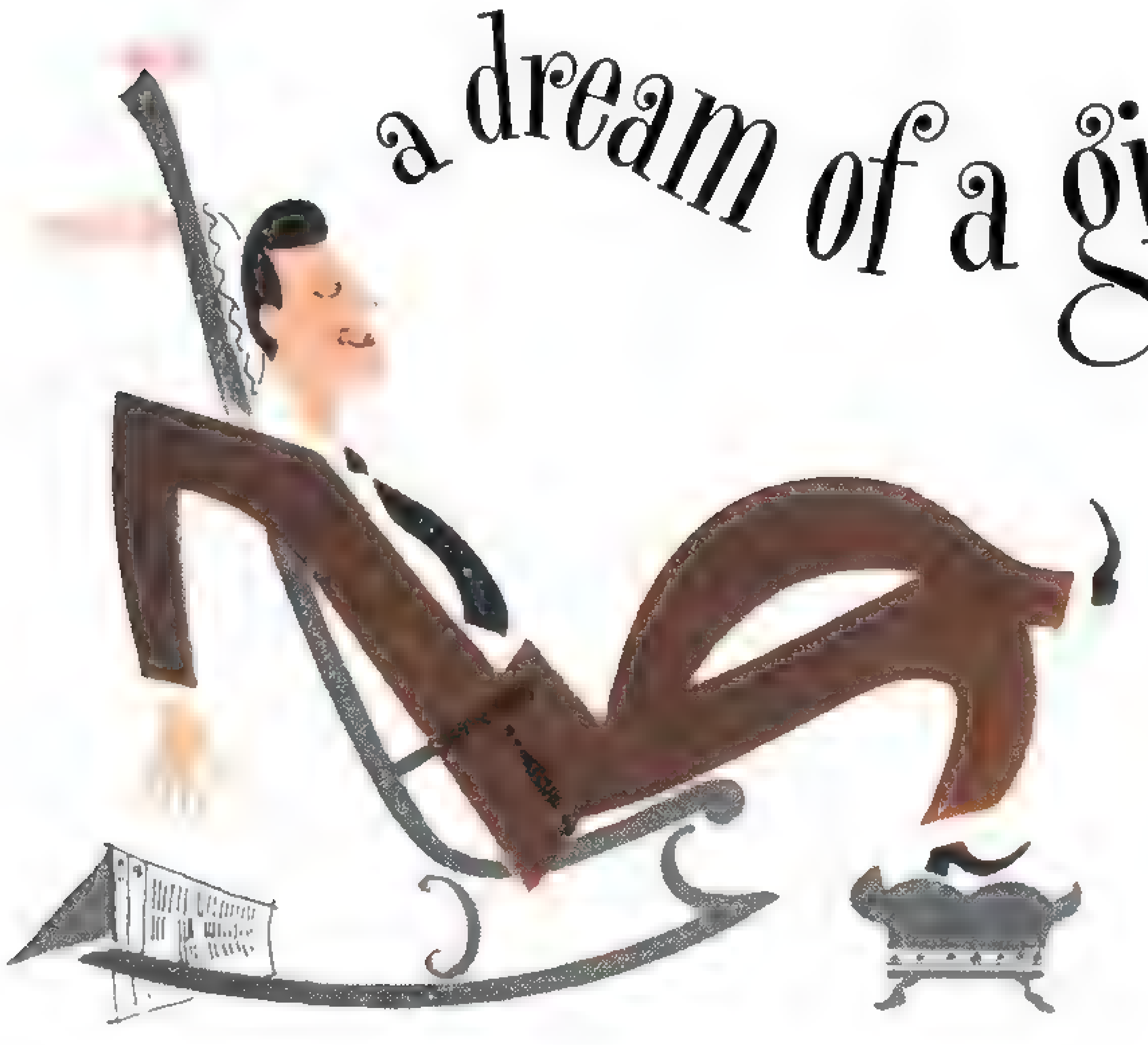
"Hunh," she mused. "Le Blanc stole Barry's story . . . and now *Barry's* poison. It just doesn't make sense."

Mr. Potter sighed.

"You name me one thing this side of Phoenix that does." He rose, and waddled to the window beside her. "What's this Barry doing now?"

"Writing a book." She shook

a dream of a gift . . .



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her head and sighed. "About . . . bugs!"

"Bugs?" Mr. Potter blinked.

"Bugs," Wendy nodded. "Insects. You know. Whatchamaycallit."

"Entomology," Mr. Potter said helpfully.

"That's it," Wendy beamed. "Bugs. He used to write about 'em in college. It was his . . . well, a sort of hobby."

"More money in pictures," Mr. Potter grunted thoughtfully.

"But that's just the point," Wendy bridled. "I told you . . . he can't get a job in pictures."

Mr. Potter shrugged.

"How do you know?" he asked. Clasping his hamlike hands behind him, he waddled thoughtfully back to his desk. "Boy ought to get himself a good lawyer," he began, but Wendy interrupted.

"But don't you see, Mr. Potter, no lawyer here in Hollywood would dare fight Le Blanc!"

Mr. Potter blinked.

"Hunh," he said. "Who said anything about fight?"

"And besides," Wendy dropped her eyes, and fiddled with her sodden handkerchief, "until B-B-Barry gets a job . . . he . . . he can't afford a lawyer."

Mr. Potter's large, owlish eyes closed slowly. They then opened, or at least one of them opened, and he looked at her a little archly.

"Oh," he said.

But Wendy wasn't the one to let sleeping advantages lie.

"That's why . . . I mean . . . you see . . . I thought that . . . maybe . . . because I've been here so long and everything . . . if . . . if *you'd* take the case . . . why . . . you could take your fee . . . out of my salary . . ." She looked at him brightly. "You see?"

Mr. Potter gimleted one eye and made a funny, rumbling noise deep in his throat as he sat down.

"I'm beginning to," he said.

Then his face lit up, and he chuckled pleasantly.

"My dear," he boomed, "never let it be said that Peabody Potter was a wholly gullible man—nor an entirely hard one either. Have the young man come in sometime. I'll talk to him."

"Oh, Mr. Potter . . . you're so kind . . . that's just exactly what I thought . . . you'd say . . ."

Mr. Potter sighed.

"Don't tell me, let me guess," he said a little wearily. "By the queerest of coincidence he just happens to be waiting in the reception room at this very moment." He bit off an inch of cigar, and catapulted it into the wastebasket. "Or am I wrong?"

"But . . . but . . . how could you possibly have . . . have known?" Wendy began. Then she stopped as Mr. Potter lumbered to his feet.

"Come here," he thundered, and she went to him, meekly and wonderingly.

He took her by the chin, and

Continued on page 264

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Mr. Potter Among the Coleoptera

Continued from page 263

looked into her eyes. Then he chuckled until his huge frame quaked.

"Tell him to come in," he said.

He was still chuckling when Wendy ushered Barry in.

"Barry," he said, familiarly, when Wendy had introduced them, "let me tell you something. You're getting a smart gal; a wife a man can be proud of."

"I am?" Barry asked, taken aback. He looked at Wendy in amazement.

"But . . . but . . . I'm afraid I don't get you . . . I mean . . . I'm not getting married."

Wendy coughed raucously, and turned away with a sinking feeling in her heart, but Mr. Potter never batted an eye.

"That, my boy," he said, "is what you think. Now . . . let's get down to cases."

Barry frowned, and scratched his head. But this was the famous Peabody Potter—and according to what Wendy had hurriedly whispered—it was for free. He sat down wonderingly.

"Miss Osborn tells me you're writing a book," Mr. Potter said.

Barry nodded. "About bugs . . . insects . . . *The Private Lives of the Coleoptera*. It's . . ."

Mr. Potter's eyes widened and he beamed. "Capital. Sounds interesting. Hmm. *The Private Lives* . . . hmm. I'd like to see it."

Barry brightened. "Do you like insects?"

"My boy," Mr. Potter boomed, "I've probably dealt with more of 'em than any lawyer in the state. I don't like 'em, but it's a living." He cleared his throat. "Now, as I understand it, Henri Le Blanc stole a story you wrote—made a picture of it—and never paid you for it. That right?"

"That's right," Barry and Wendy chorused.

"Hmm," he snorted. "Biggest crook in the industry. A well-publicized parasite. Gets away with murder—not because he's smart, but because he's Le Blanc. Huh. Think I can help you."

Barry beamed. What's more, he suddenly found Wendy's hand in his—and squeezed it.

"You . . . you mean you'd really be willing to fight . . . Henri Le Blanc?" he asked incredulously.

"You want to fight, or get paid for a story you wrote?" Mr. Potter asked. But he didn't wait for Barry to answer. "My boy, I'm a rich man because a lot of fools insist on fighting. No need to fight. We'll outsmart him."

"But . . . but I don't see how?" Barry protested.

"If you did, you wouldn't be here," Potter said glibly. He heaved himself to his feet and ex-

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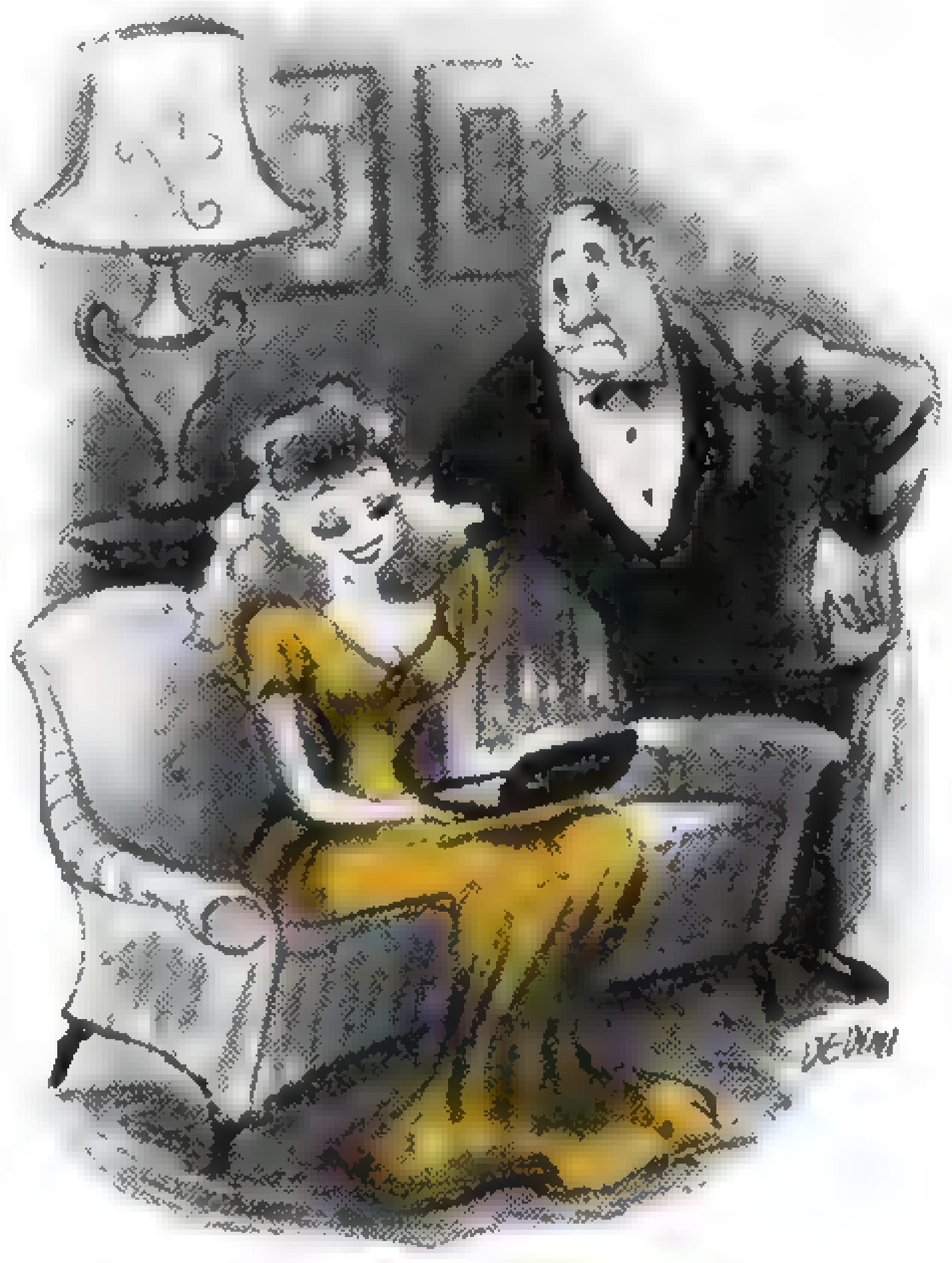
tended a hammy hand. "Go home. Relax. Forget you came to see me. You'll hear from Le Blanc in a day or so. He'll probably be interested in the book you're doing."

"Not . . . the bug book?" Barry asked.

"The bug book." Mr. Potter said with a grin.

"But . . . but . . . there's no picture in it," Barry stammered.



"Oh, Mr. Cedric—you're just like all the others"

"I wouldn't tell him that. You're a smart young fellow. Play along. Tell him nothing, soak him plenty—and above all—be hard to get."

He winked a prodigious wink, shooed them both out of his office, waddled back to his desk and, picking up the telephone, asked the operator for Henri Le Blanc.

Mr. Le Blanc was sprawled on the mammoth leather divan in front of the fireplace in his office when the call came in. A llama-wool afghan was tucked up under his chin, and Miss Maye—an innocuous secretary—was alternately feeding him imported anchovies on imported English wafers and reading him excerpts from the trade papers as he relaxed. He was a little man, small and bellicose—a man with the body of a Pekinese and the bark of a Saint Bernard. Peering out over the top of the afghan, sputtering cracker crumbs and caustic comments, he reminded Miss Maye of a defunct midget—in a shroud. But Henri Le Blanc was Metronome pictures, and vice versa—and even Miss Maye couldn't laugh off $5000 a week.

When the phone rang she pushed another anchovy wafer into him, and padded softly across the office to his desk.

"I am not in to nobody, understand?" Mr. Le Blanc said, in a cloud of cracker dust.

Miss Maye picked up the phone and nodded.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Potter . . ." she began.

"Potter? Peabody Potter? I'll take it." Le Blanc heaved himself out from under the afghan, and was beside her before she could explain what she was sorry

Continued on page 266

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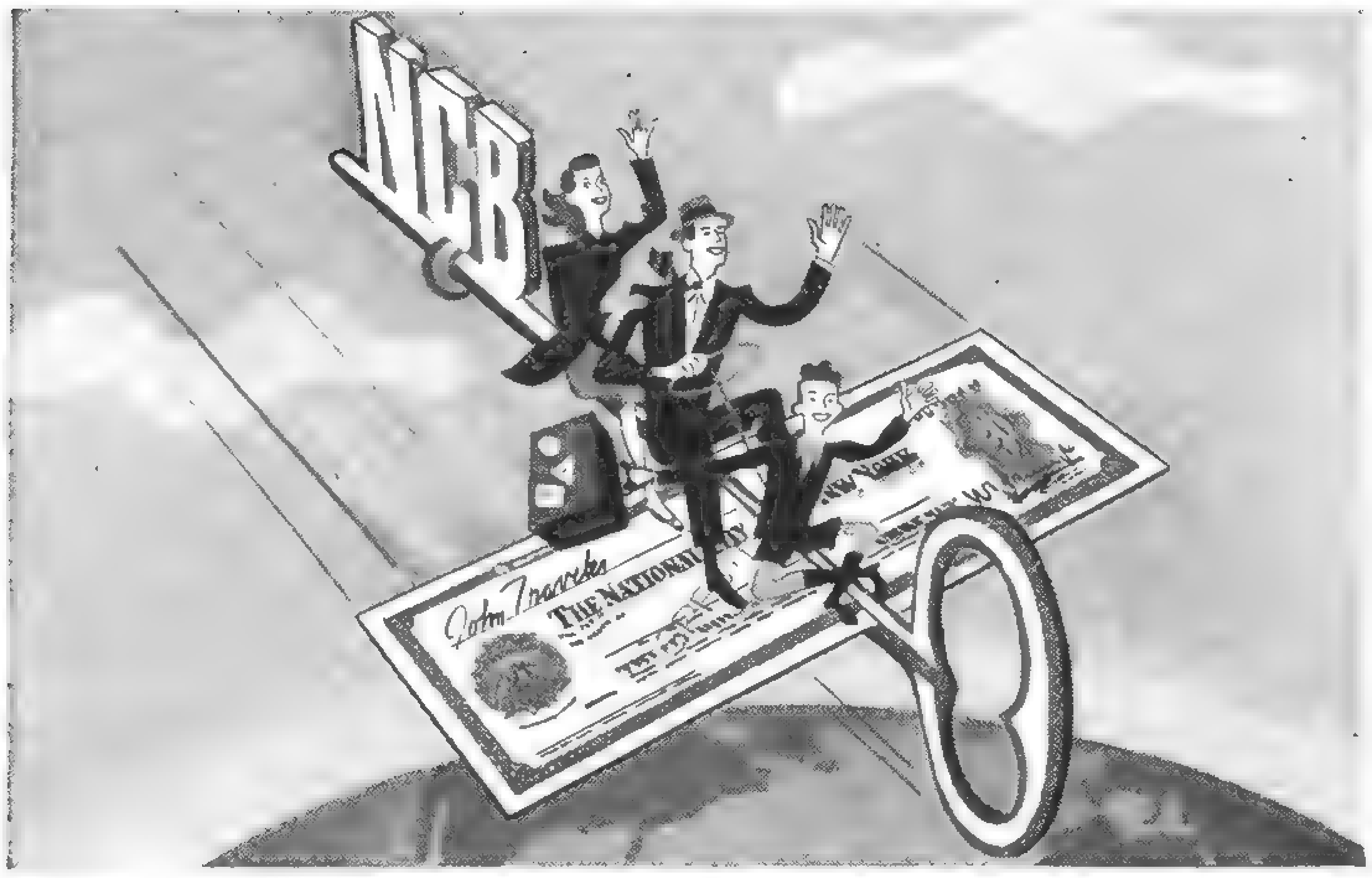
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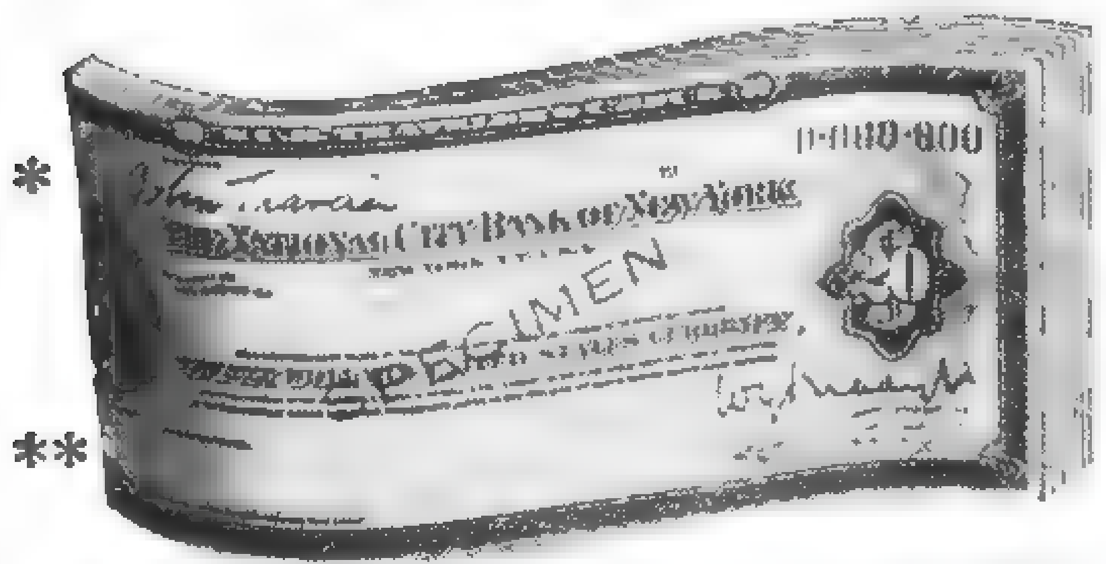

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Mr. Potter Among the Coleoptera

Continued from page 265

about. He grabbed the telephone, tucked himself into a corner of his well-padded ebony swivel chair, and wiggled his slippered feet. Peabody Potter was not merely a big shot in the law, but a director out at Anita, and Henri Le Blanc ran horses out there—big-money horses—and Potter was a good man to be friends with.

"Hello, Fatso," Le Blanc said, in his best hail-fellow manner.

"What do you know, Henri?" Potter asked.

"Oh, just about everything," Le Blanc grinned.

"Least you admit it. Most people merely assume it," Potter said. But mere idle chitchat was really out of Henri Le Blanc's line.

"What's on your mind, counselor," he asked grandly.

"Know a fellow named Jones?" Potter asked. "Barry Jones?"

"Know him—a schmo if ever I met one. Know him! That's a joke, son." His brow furrowed suddenly. "Why?"

"Came in here a few days ago with a book, Henri. Book called—I think it was called *Private Lives*, or something like that."

"I ain't interested," Le Blanc snapped.

"Okay, Henri. Remember me to Mrs. L."

But Potter was altogether too casual about it, and the furrows in Le Blanc's brow deepened.

"Wait a minute—wait a minute—don't be so hasty. I ain't interested—or—am I? What's this . . . *Private Lives?*" He looked at Miss Maye, and lowered his voice.

"It's just one of those—books! And . . . well . . . it's no good, Henri. No good at all. The book, I mean. Won't do you any good—or pictures either. If you follow me."

"So!" Le Blanc's cheeks turned a delicate baby pink, and his breath came in short, excited gasps. "Follow you? I'm way past you, already."

"None of my business, of course, Henri, but you know how those things are and . . . well, if it was me . . ."

"Look . . . look . . . look," Le Blanc interrupted, "am I a guy that you have to hit over the head to know how much is two and two?"

"Okay, Henri," Potter said softly. "Just figured I'd tip you off and . . . well, you might look into it."

"Don't worry," Henri said vehemently. "And . . . thanks, counselor."

When Mr. Potter hung up, his face was wreathed in smiles.

But when Le Blanc hung up, his hand trembled and his face

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was the color of a half-ripe plum. Miss Maye, watching him wonderingly, thought he looked like a pocket edition of Vesuvius after a bad night. He jammed his hands into his trouser pockets, clamped his teeth around a custom-made Le Blanc panatela, and proceeded to stomp back and forth in a rage. Then he pointed to her, accusingly.

"Get me Barry Jones on the telephone. But now. Tell him I wish to see him here . . . in my office . . . inside thirty minutes . . . you understand?"

"Barry Jones, the writer?" Miss Maye asked.

"Nee the writer," the Little Napoleon snapped.

Miss Maye padded out softly and Le Blanc flung himself into his swivel chair and waited—biting off chunks of his cigar and tapping his feet impatiently.

When she returned, the panatela was down to after-dinner size.

"Well," Le Blanc roared.

Miss Maye swallowed hard.

"Mr. Jones said . . ." she began, and shuddered as Le Blanc's fist crashed down upon the desk.

"Listen," he thundered, "when I tell someone he should be here in my office in thirty minutes, I personally don't care what he said. You understand?"

"Y-yes, sir," Miss Maye ventured timidly.

"Well—go on—what did he say?" Le Blanc demanded inconsistently.

"He said," Miss Maye faltered, "that he was busy, and he'd be glad to drop in . . . when he has the time."

Le Blanc looked at her as though he couldn't possibly have heard correctly. Things like this just didn't happen. Certainly they didn't happen to the Little Napoleon! He looked at Miss Maye as though her freckles had suddenly turned green.

"He'll drop in—when *he* can spare the time?"

"That's what . . . he said."

"Listen—I don't care what he said. How many times . . ."

"You asked me," Miss Maye offered, in defense.

"I don't ask nobody *nothing*," Le Blanc roared. "*I tell 'em!*" He poked a threatening forefinger beneath her nose and scowled. "You, Miss Maye, are being very, very nonpleasant!"

But despite the fact that he put in a call to Barry Jones at hourly intervals throughout the remainder of the day, it wasn't until the following afternoon that the erstwhile scenarist appeared.

Henri Le Blanc swallowed a large chunk of pride and quickly adapted Tactic Sixty-eight.

"Well, well, well," he said, liberally applying the old oil, "if this here ain't like old times." He was about to offer Barry one of his pet panatelas, but thought

Continued on page 268

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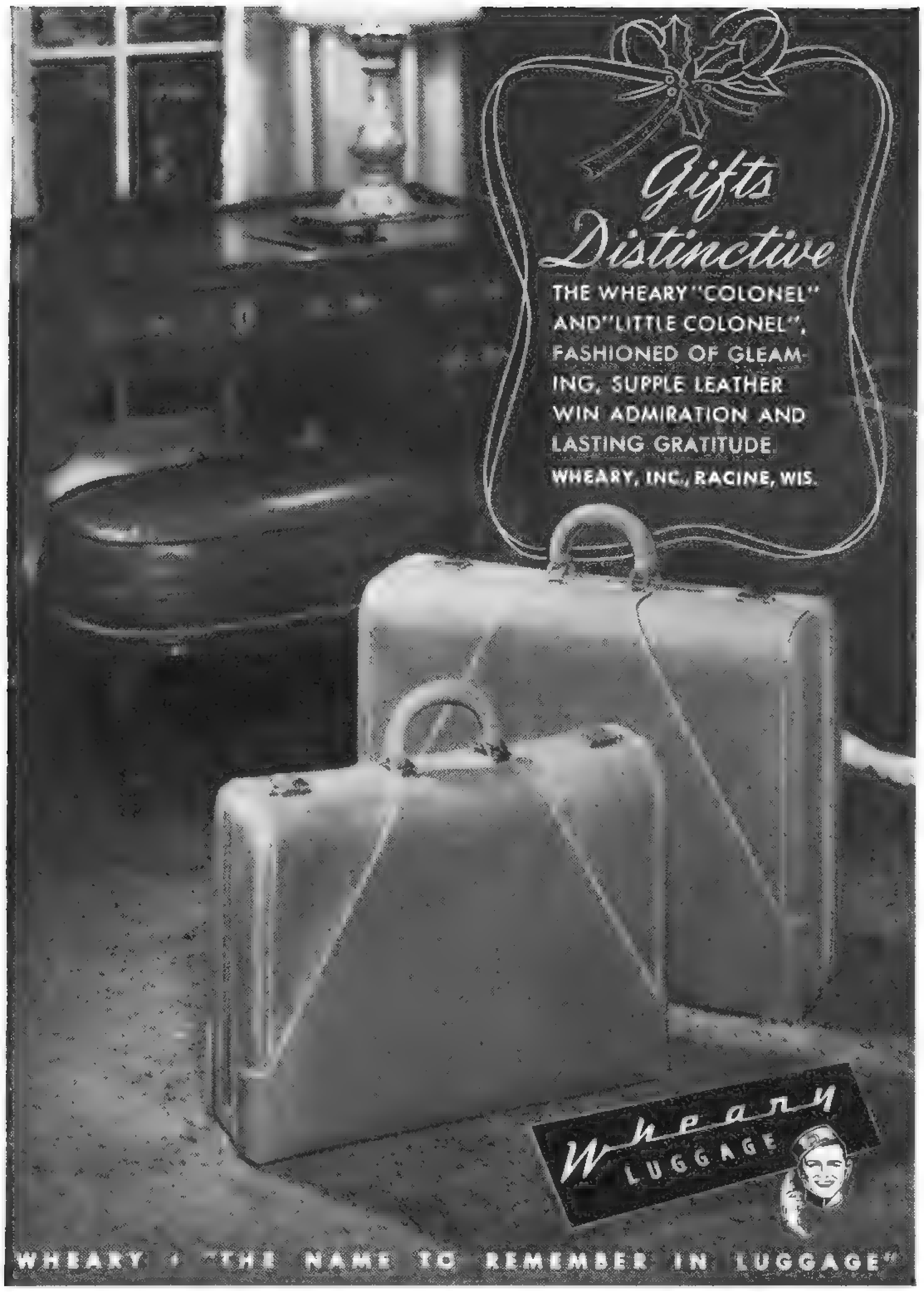
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Mr. Potter Among the Coleoptera

Continued from page 267

better of it and offered him a cigarette instead.

"Hunh," Barry said, after he'd been comfortably seated. "Any resemblance between this and old times is purely a coincidence, I assure you."

Le Blanc wasn't quite sure that the remark didn't have all the earmarks of a crack, but he overlooked it.

"They tell me you are writing a book," he said.

"Who tells you?" Barry asked.

Le Blanc beamed. "I got my—underground—informants," he said cagily. "You can't fool Henri Le Blanc."

"So I've heard," Barry said drily. "So—what happens now?"

"My boy," Le Blanc said grandly, "I am a man of few words, pretty nearly every one of them important. I am buying it."

"You're buying what?"

"Your book. What else?" Le Blanc said it as though the deal were already closed and they were merely waiting for the ink to dry on the dotted line.

Barry shook his head. "It isn't that kind of a book," he said. "There isn't a picture in a carload of it."

Le Blanc's temples turned a sunset pink.

"Did I ask you?" he snapped. He pressed one of an elaborate row of buttons and when Miss Maye appeared he indicated Barry with a nod. "I have just purchased from Mr. Jones here a book," he said.

Miss Maye inclined her efficient head.

"Shall I have the legal department draw up the usual contract?"

"Did I say so?" the little man barked. "This is a personal transaction. You will make out my own personal check . . ." he looked at the passive Barry archly, "in the amount . . . of . . . leave us say . . . $15,000."

Barry smiled, and rose nonchalantly.

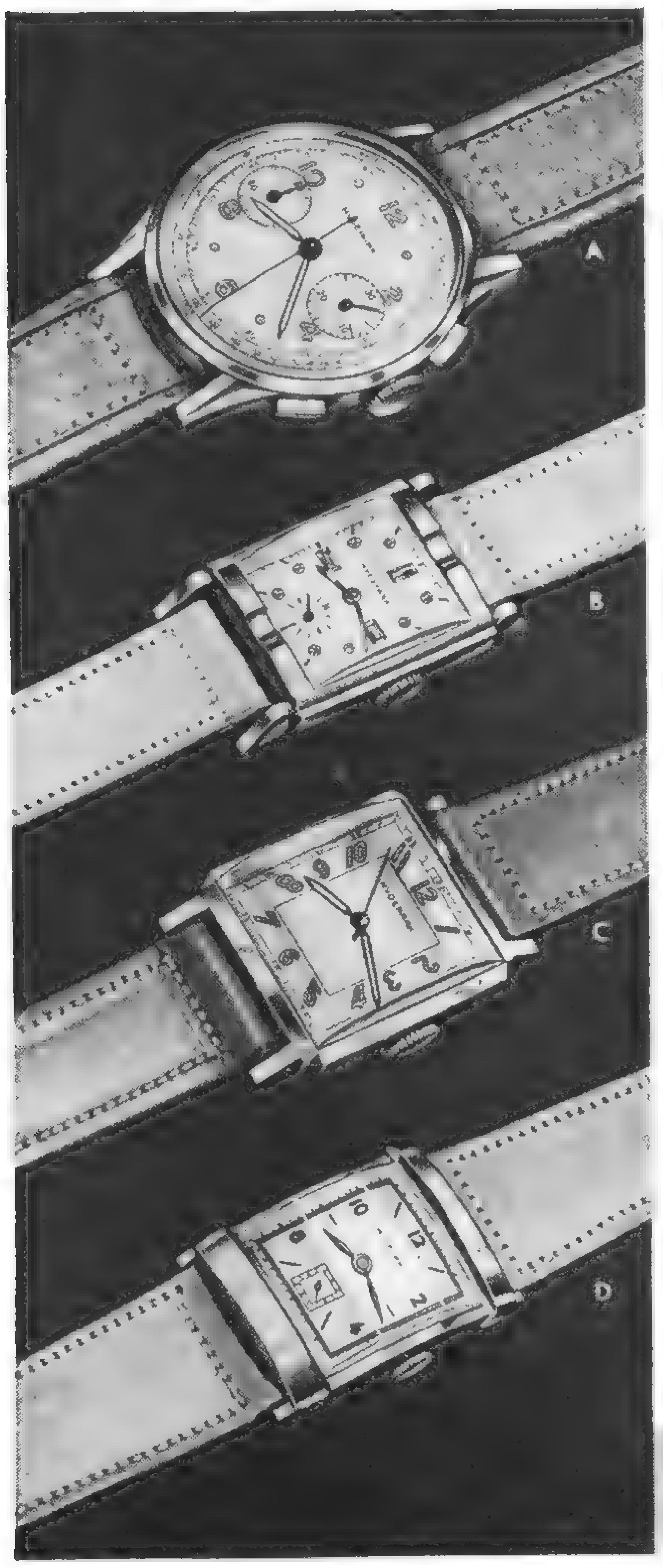
"Well, Henri," he said, "it's nice to have metten up with you again."

"$20,000," Le Blanc snapped. "And not one nickel more."

"G'by, Henri," Barry said. "Give me a ring sometime."

"Look here," Le Blanc clouded up as though he were preparing to rain. "You listen here. Twenty thousand is my very final last offer—and I'm including with it some advice. You better accept it. I am Henri Le Blanc. A word from me and I could fix it so you wouldn't never again get inside a studio even, leave alone work . . ."

Barry made a suspiciously fun-



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ny noise. "Why Henri, how you talk! You have fixed it, don't you remember? You've fixed me, and a hundred other guys; you've ridden roughshod over this town as though you were a little tin god! You've done every low-down trick you could think up to all the little guys who couldn't fight you back and you've gotten away with it—not because you're right, but because you're you! Well, as far as I'm concerned, this is all an anticlimax. You can't finish off a guy who's already finished, can you? Well, that's me. Thanks to you, I'm busted." He grinned pleasantly. "But I can still write. And I could live for quite a long while on fifty thousand bucks!"

"$50,000!" Le Blanc looked at Miss Maye appealingly. "You hear what I just heard. The man has got insanity in his family . . ."

"Maybe," Barry said pleasantly. "But fortunately, I don't seem to have inherited it." He started nonchalantly for the door.

Le Blanc's Adam's apple bounced up and down like a cork in a bottle.

"You're crazy," he screamed.

"Not really," Barry said. "Although I'll admit I may have a few delusions of grandeur. I don't seem to be able to think in terms of anything less than $50,000. That's the price I asked for that yarn of mine you swiped, remember?"

He waved gaily. "So long, Henri."

Barry didn't wait to go home to telephone Wendy. He called her from the studio commissary and a little breathlessly told her what had happened. His call happened to catch her as she was taking dictation in Mr. Potter's office, and the big man patiently twiddled his thumbs as he waited. Then she put her hand over the mouthpiece.

"It's Barry," she said. "You know . . . *my* Barry. He says he thinks maybe he ought to come in and tell you what happened. He . . . he . . . Henri Le Blanc sent for him."

Mr. Potter sighed. "I know

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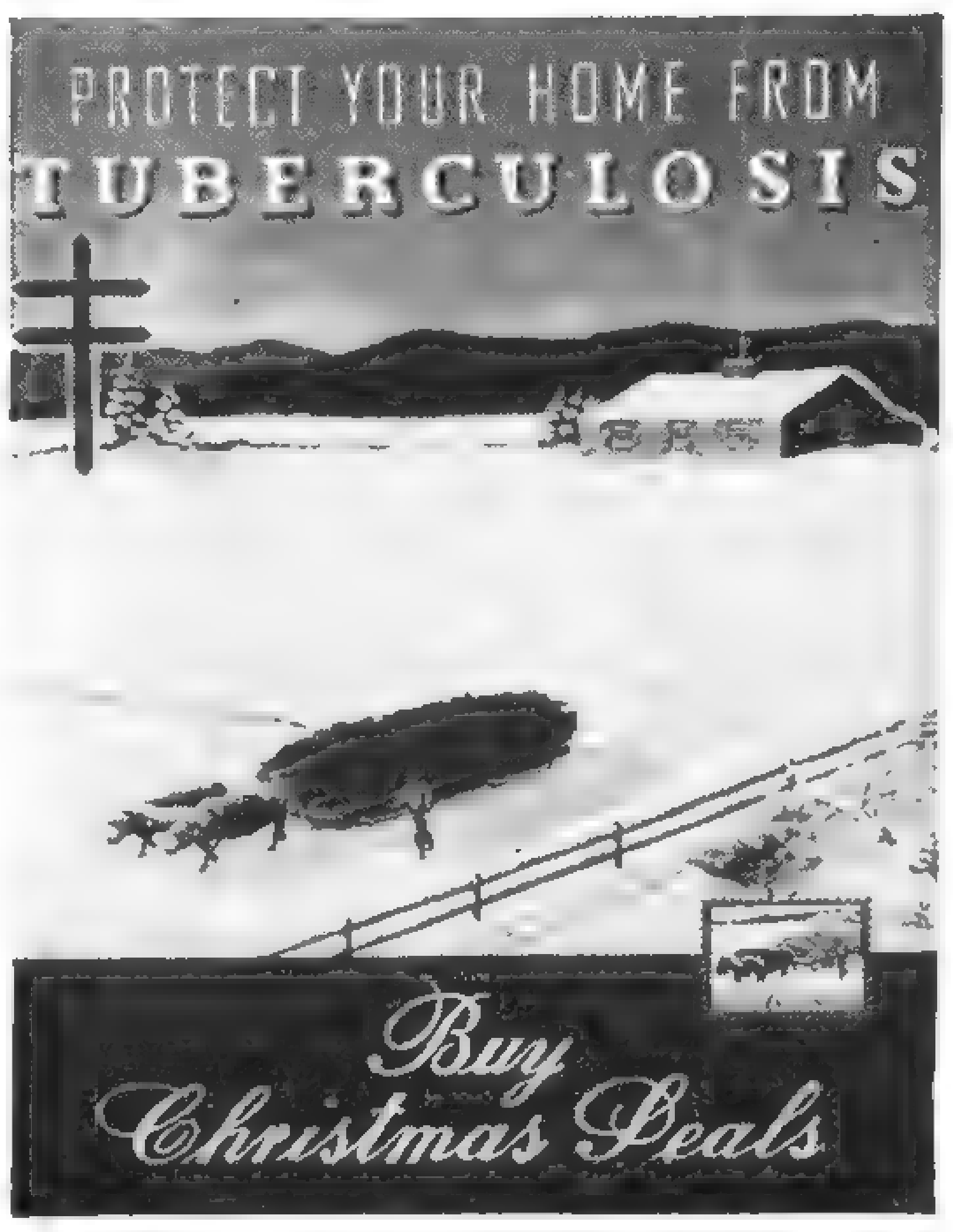

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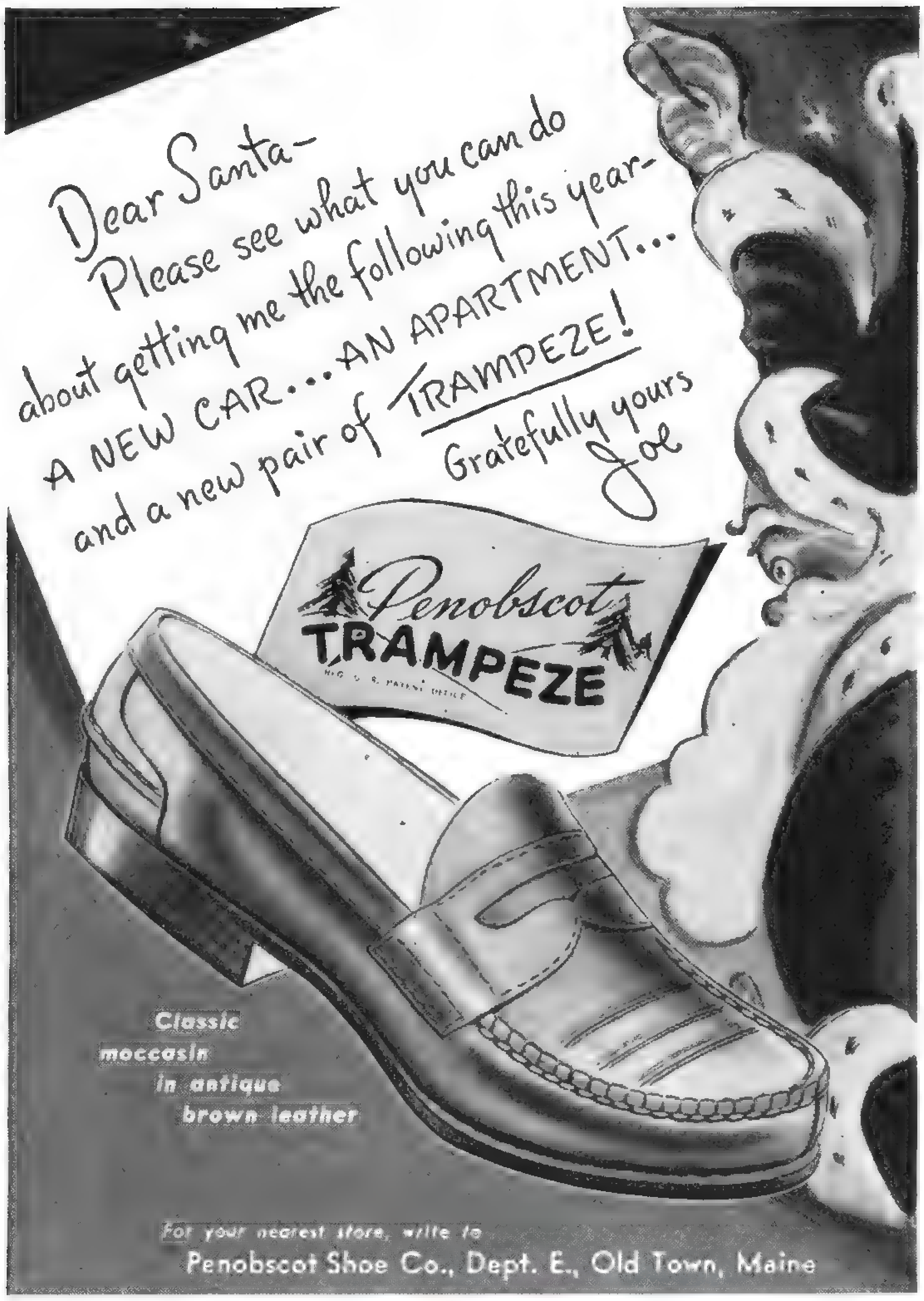
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Mr. Potter Among the Coleoptera

Continued from page 269

what happened," he said wearily.

"But Mr. Le Blanc wanted to buy his book," Wendy said.

"Hmm," Mr. Potter said. "What do you know!"

"He wants to know what he ought to do?"

"If somebody wanted to buy *my* book, I'd almost automatically know what to do," Potter grunted. Then he scowled. "Why don't you two talk this thing over at dinner. That way we might get a couple of letters done."

Wendy beamed. "Mr. Potter thinks we ought to get together at dinner," she said happily into the phone.

"The Copper Bowl would be as good a place as any," Mr. Potter put in.

"At the Copper Bowl," Wendy said.

"Seven o'clock," Mr. Potter added helpfully.

"At seven."

Mr. Potter couldn't hear what Barry was saying, but judging by the expression on Wendy Osborn's face seven at the Copper Bowl was evidently quite satisfactory.

It was eminently satisfactory to Wendy.

Barry was sitting behind a barricade of Martini glasses—empty ones—when she got there, and his normally bright eyes became abnormally brighter. He rose and took her hand, and held it just a little bit too long, and then they sat down and he looked at her and shook his head.

"We've a lot to talk about," he said.

"Namely and to wit?" she prompted.

"What was that business about my . . . getting married?"

"That? Oh, that," she twinkled. "What else?"

"That explains everything," he said drily.

"What do you want to know?" She flushed.

"What that crack was that your Mr. Potter made—about my getting married," he repeated.

"Did . . . did he say something about your getting married?" Wendy asked innocently.

"Didn't he?"

"He . . . he was probably just being funny." She made a great show of fishing the cherry out of her Manhattan.

"Do you think it's funny?" Barry demanded.

"That would—sort of depend on the circumstances, wouldn't it? I mean . . . you know . . . who you were getting married to and all that?"

"I couldn't afford to get married," Barry replied gloomily.

"Even if you sold your story?"

He shook his head. "That . . .

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that would be different. But Henri Le Blanc isn't going to buy it. There's something back of all this that I don't get. Why should Le Blanc want to buy a book about —bugs?”

“Mr. Le Blanc is a very imaginative man. That's what Mr. Potter says.” Wendy smiled. “He says a man would just naturally have to have an *awful* lot of imagination, in *his* position.”

“Well,” Barry sighed, “I'm not counting on it.”

“Mr. Potter is,” Wendy said cryptically. “And Mr. Potter's awfully smart!”

And Mr. Potter was awfully smart.

Within twenty-four hours Henri Le Blanc had upped his offer to thirty thousand; within forty-eight he had gone down to defeat entirely. Within forty-eight, Barry Jones, treading the nap of the expensive rug in Le Blanc's office as though it were a cloud, left the great man's presence with a certified check for $50,000 in his pocket, and Henri Le Blanc had the book.

Carefully locking the door and leaving orders that he wasn't under any circumstances to be disturbed, he furtively took the script out of its manila envelope.

He read the title, *Private Lives*, and eagerly wet his thumb and turned the page. And then his jaw dropped. And as he read a little further, his jaw dropped still more and his blood pressure rose as though to meet it.

With a trembling hand, he pressed the button for Miss Maye. “What,” he demanded hoarsely when she appeared, “is this Coleoptera?”

And Miss Maye, whose job required that she know a little bit about a great many subjects, told him. “A Coleopteron is a beetle. It has mandibles for biting purposes and . . .”

Henri Le Blanc looked fearfully back at page one of Barry's script.

Private Lives of the Coleoptera, he read; then he flung it from him and grabbed the phone, and shrieked for Peabody Potter.

Mr. Potter was in his office, comfortably rocking in his swivel chair, when the phone rang.

He winked prodigiously at Barry and Wendy.

“Him now,” he said happily.

“How—how do you know?” Wendy asked.

“I can smell the fumes,” Potter said, and picked up the receiver. Standing several yards from Mr. Potter's desk, Barry could hear the little man's abusive shriek.

“$50,000 you've cost me!” Le Blanc screamed. “$50,000 . . . cash money. You . . . you . . .”

“Why, Henri,” Mr. Potter said amiably. “I don't understand.”

“Hah,” said Le Blanc—as though he were talking to his alter

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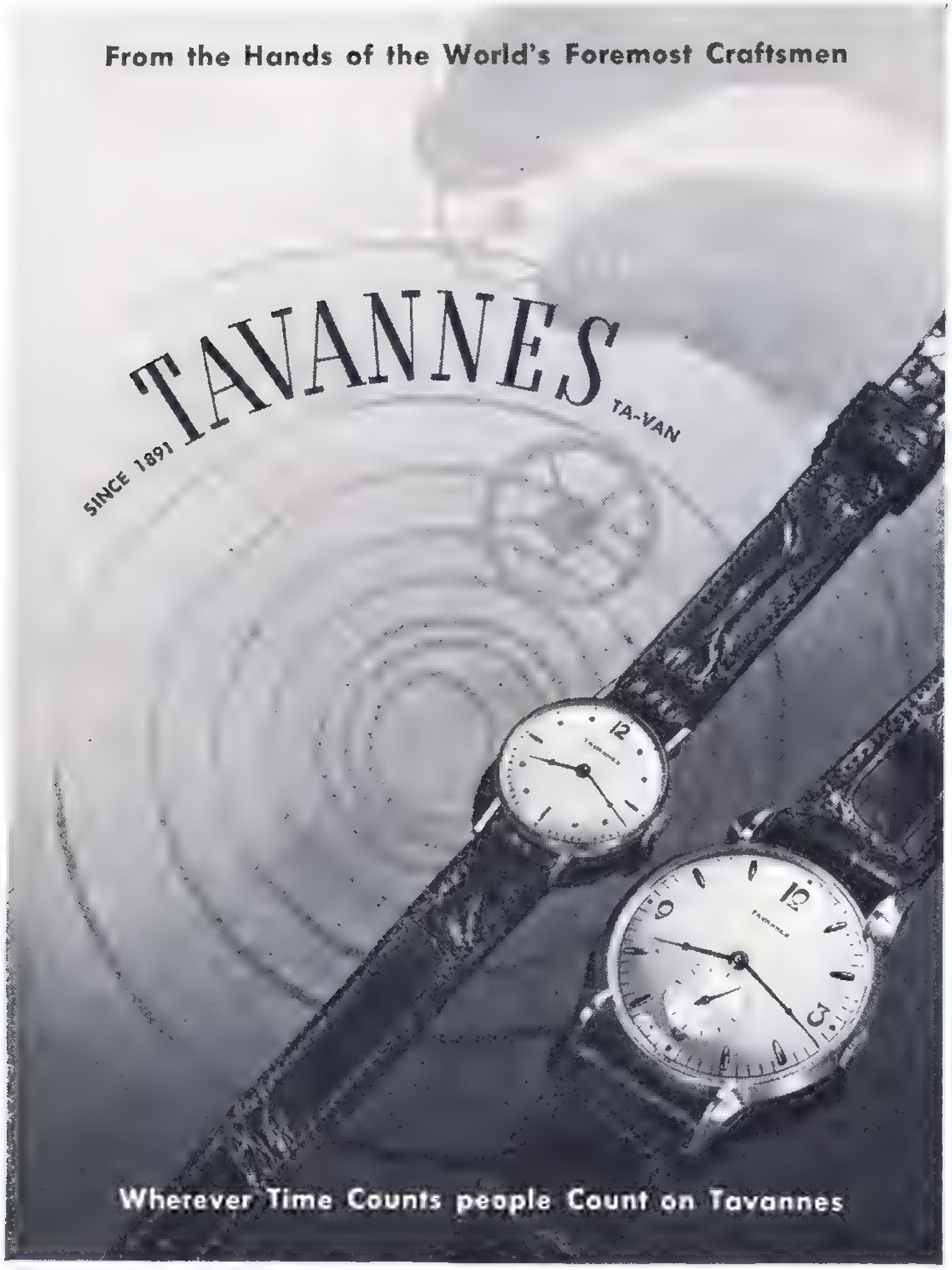
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Mr. Potter Among the Coleoptera

Continued from page 271

ego. "Now he says he don't understand. You look here, Potter . . . you made me buy that Barry Jones book. You swindled me . . . you said . . ."

"Now, now, now, now," Mr. Potter said, and his voice was like that of a fond parent reasoning with a recalcitrant child. "I told you nothing that wasn't wholly true. I told you I'd just seen a manuscript I felt might interest you. I advised you to see it."

"You . . . you told me it wouldn't be no good for pictures," Le Blanc fumed.

"Isn't, is it?" Potter asked casually. But Le Blanc didn't hear him.

"You told me it wouldn't do the industry no good," he screamed; "and that it wouldn't do me, personally, no good, neither . . ."

"Truth, wasn't it?" Potter asked amiably.

"Bah," Le Blanc howled, "and when you told me the title was *Private Lives* . . ."

"Oh," said Mr. Potter softly, as though this was all a revelation to him, "you put two and two together, and assumed that the book was something . . . damaging to you . . . is that it?"

"Assumed, the man says. Assumed!" Le Blanc thundered. "You practically told me . . ."

"That's all I told you," Potter said easily. "Your imagination told you the rest. Ah, yes. Imagination is a wonderful thing to a man who has no skeletons in his closet. My, my . . . so that's why you bought the book, Henri. Well, I *am* surprised."

"Why do you think, otherwise?"

"Why, I thought perhaps you wanted to make amends for stealing his other story. What could I think—otherwise."

"Yah, yah, yah!" Henri Le Blanc was beside himself with rage. "You tell that Barry Jones . . ."

"I'll do that," Mr. Potter interrupted pleasantly. "I'll tell him anything you say—as soon as he comes back from his honeymoon!"

"His honeymoon?" Le Blanc screamed. "You mean on my money he's gonna get married?"

Mr. Potter lowered the receiver, and his eyes roamed around the room until they settled on Barry and Wendy. They were standing by the window, apparently oblivious of Mr. Potter's very presence, and Barry was giving Wendy one of those extra-long-term kisses. Mr. Potter sighed, and turned back to the phone.

"If he isn't, Henri," he said quietly, "I'll personally sue him for breach of promise." #

Continued from page 117

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The Twist of the Knife

Continued from page 123

read some emotion into the cold, boyish statements. Life seemed good all over again. And the days with my father! All the tenderness we had been too clumsy, or too stupid to show, coming out after forty-odd years. That fine old man, halting in his walk, his eyes calm and gentle. And the way in which he produced the wine for dinner that first night! He was living at one end of the house, with a woman from the village coming in to cook and clean. They had put out enough silver for a Lord Mayor's banquet. The bottle of champagne he had kept for me, the port and Madeira produced at the end, his voice saying, "Which will you have?" as if the cellar were still full.

Then the crowded ship battling through a storm from Liverpool to Halifax, and the train across the border into New England. It was six o'clock in the morning when I arrived at the Connecticut railway station. And February. I drove over the lovely country alone, taking in the new scene; the gently rolling fields of white, the sudden hills, and bushes of flaming scarlet berries.

When I came to the house to which my son had been evacuated, he was still asleep. I think before I go on with my story that I must try to give you a little sketch of Mrs. Rhodes, who had been so kind to him.

She was perhaps fifty, with that rare double beauty of a woman who began life with lovely features and then illuminated them with her own character and tranquillity. Her house was big and rather solemn, of stone, with a background of pine trees that rose to the crown of a hill. The room into which I walked was also solemn, with a great deal of Gothic carving on both walls and furniture. And over all, like a friendly cobweb, the shabbiness and untidiness of a house in which the people are allowed to be more important than the chairs and carpets. Mrs. Rhodes was at the door to meet me, and there was coffee, already on the table across which we looked at each other, while we made shy steps towards the confidence her lovely face inspired.

"I thought it better not to call him," she said. "I'm sure you will realize that it won't be easy."

"Is he shy?" I asked. "Is he a little afraid?"

"Yes," she answered, "very."

I asked then if I might go and see him asleep and Mrs. Rhodes led me into my boy's bedroom. For all those years I had imagined it would be a joyous, satisfying moment, but anxiety rose and

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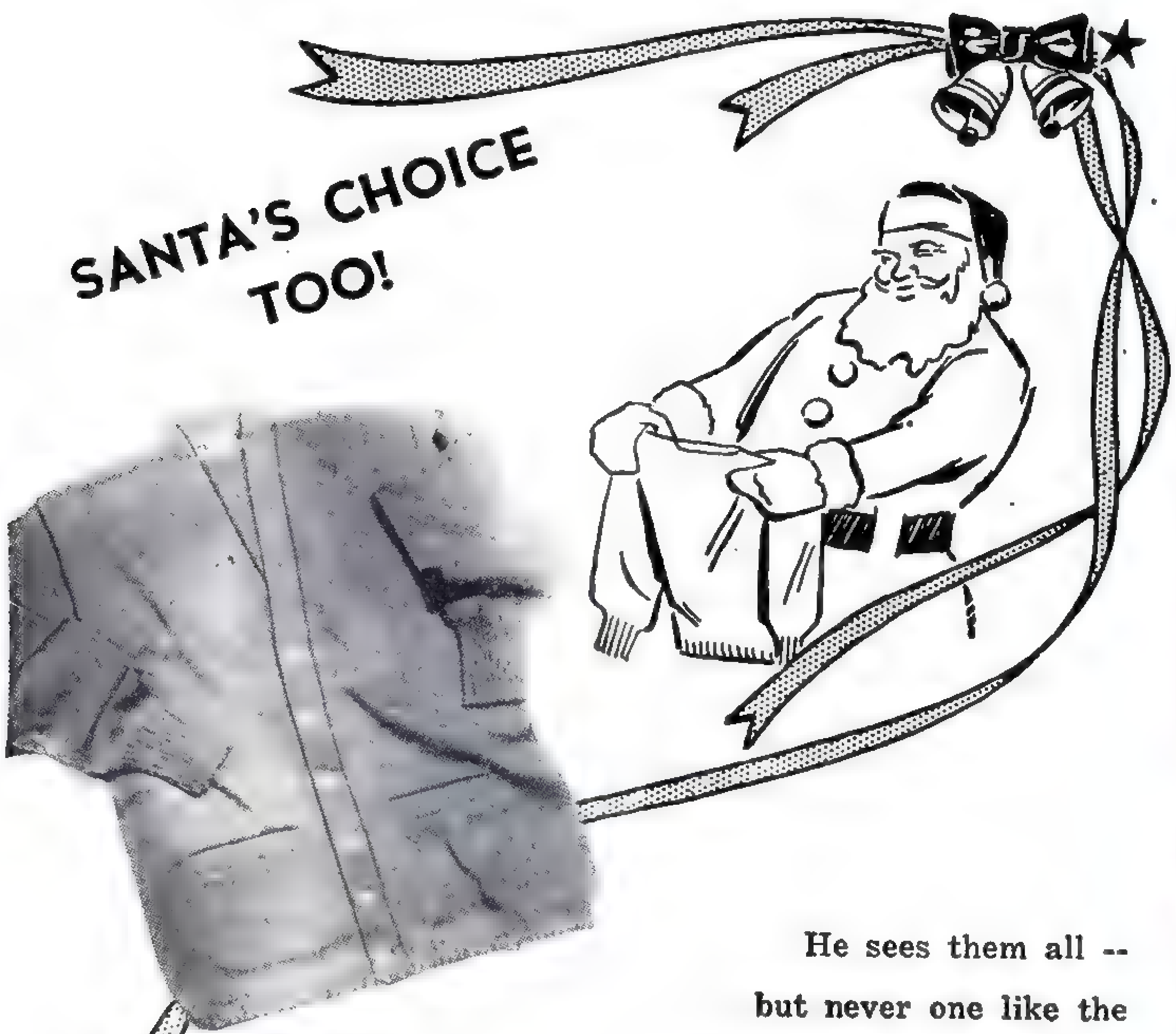
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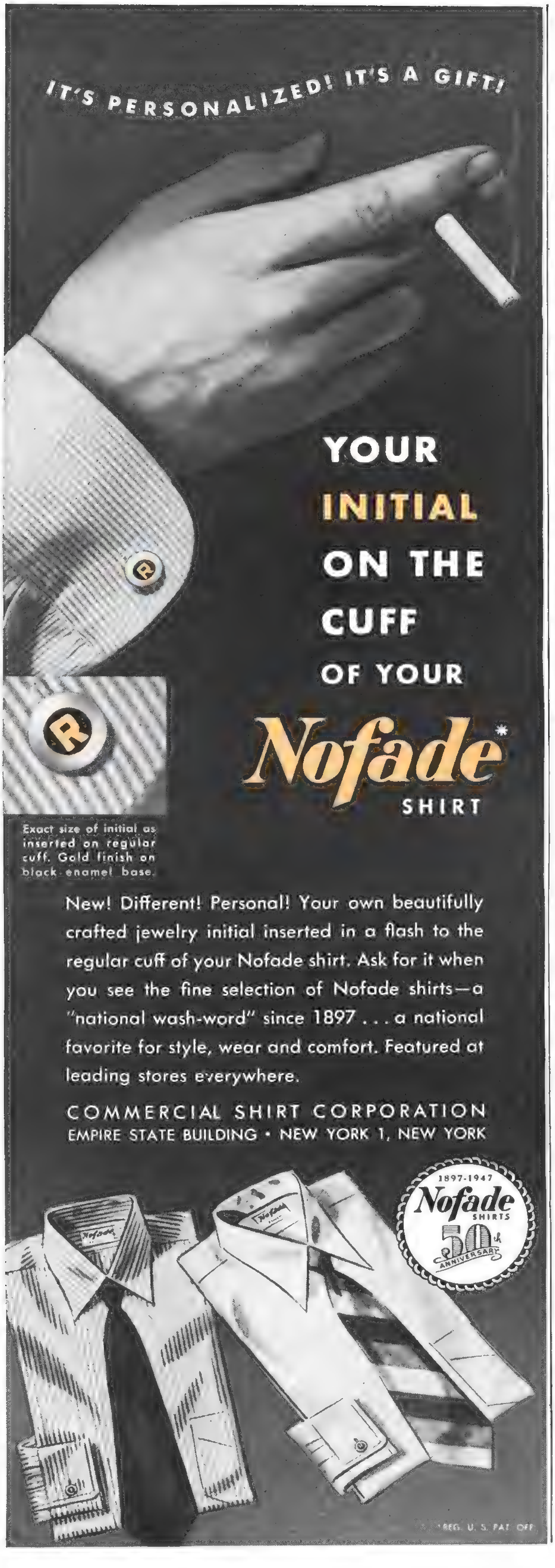
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The Twist of the Knife

Continued from page 273

troubled me. My son was sleeping with the bedclothes wrapped close about him so that I could see he had grown tall and slim. One hand was curled on the pillow, as if to shield his face. I leaned over him, close enough to hear his calm breathing. I can't tell you what I felt. A strange mingling of completeness and fear. Mrs. Rhodes touched my arm and whispered, "Let him sleep." She led me from the room and said, as we closed the door, "It would startle him too much if we awakened him. Do you mind my suggesting that we just let things take their course? He'll wake soon."

My boy came downstairs, dressed, about an hour later. We are always wise after the event; I sometimes wonder if all would have been different had I been less shy in that second when the door opened. It is not easy to tell where tenderness ends and embarrassment begins in showing one's affections. Had I held out both arms! But a taut, male reserve spread like a gulf between us. My boy came forward slowly, held out his hand and said, "Good morning."

I said, "Good morning, son," and although Mrs. Rhodes left us alone, we still stood there, grasping wildly at phrases that sounded so silly when they were said. Then Mrs. Rhodes came back and took us in to breakfast and I tried to tell some of my story.

Three days passed before the fatal night when I woke up screaming, after the torture of my dream. I had felt so free of it all for some weeks. But I must have been tired and anxious because that evening, before I went to bed, I suffered waves of heat and cold, passing through my body, and the terrible weight of inexplicable melancholia. I slept restlessly, and was then plunged into the darkness of my old fear; the Japanese leaning over me, the raised knife, the terrible feeling of being unable to move as the blade came down over my heart.

Mrs. Rhodes told me that when she came into the room I was still screaming. When I woke up she had turned on the light and my son was beside her. Mrs. Rhodes came over to the bed, but my boy stood far away, near the door, and eyed me strangely.

The night that I realized how sadly I had lost my boy was Hallowe'en. I must explain that my son had made many friends among the boys in the neighboring houses. He had become more American than English and I had to adapt myself to many surprises: his casualness over his clothes, his lack of restraint, and

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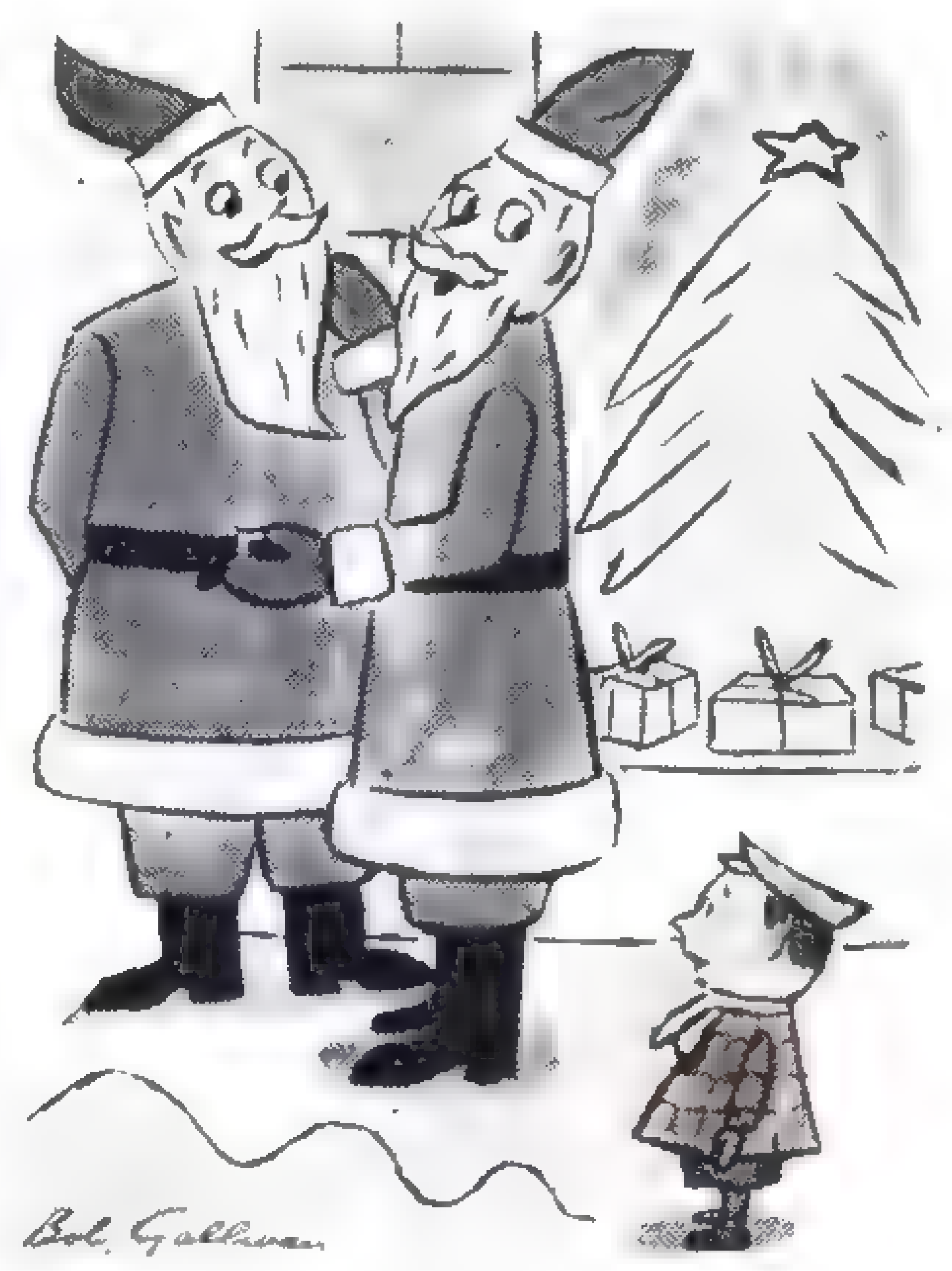
his boisterous way of taking things for granted. What hurt me was when he came home from school. He would leave his friends outside while he ran in for his baseball glove. Mrs. Rhodes said to him, again and again, "You must bring your friends in and introduce them to your father." He always mumbled "Yes," but he still hurried into the house and out again, without coming into the room to see me.

Two nights before Hallowe'en I screamed again in my sleep. Again, Mrs. Rhodes hurried into my bedroom and turned on the light. My son came in slowly, behind her.

I think his sympathy would have cured the loneliness that came after my dream. But he was too young; the mystery of my sick imagination was too perplexing for a boy, and I remained alone.



"Which one of you characters is in charge here?"

Early in the morning of Hallowe'en I went up to New York to see a doctor. The doctor did not help me. He prescribed what the others had prescribed, "Rest," "Patience," and "Time." So I traveled back to Connecticut in a poor frame of mind. The bus stopped at the drugstore which was three blocks from the lane that led up to Mrs. Rhodes' house. I went into the drugstore to buy some shaving cream and found about six boys sitting at the ice-cream counter, my son among them. I was suddenly very happy. Here, perhaps, was the opportunity I had been waiting for. Those youngsters could not have been more friendly when I went over to them. They had the unsuspicious cheerfulness that is so attractive in American boys and I asked them all to have ice-cream sodas. I purposely addressed no remarks directly to my son, just treating him as "one of the gang."

When we had finished our ice-cream sodas, I left the drugstore, with the six or seven boys milling around me. One of them was a forthcoming lad of about sixteen and when we were outside, he

Continued on page 276

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Lady's Gold Watch
8 full cut diamonds set in platinum

The Twist of the Knife

Continued from page 275

said, "We'll race you two blocks, Major."

It is a bit challenging for sturdy boys to ask a rather weary old soldier to run two blocks to prove his manhood. I looked quickly at my son, but he was gazing across the street as if he had not heard the challenge.

I raced with them. I remember once when we were making our way through the jungle, in the early days of the Jap war, I had to carry a wounded man. My strength was giving out and I prayed. And as I prayed I could feel the energy pouring back into my body. It was a pretty extraordinary experience. As I ran, with those husky New England boys, I prayed again. "Please, God, let me win. Please, God, make my feet fly. Please, let me win."

My head was throbbing and my heart thumped when I had covered the two blocks. I beat the leading boy by about a half-yard and stretched my hands towards the lamppost at the end of the lane. I leaned against it for a moment, frightened that I would faint, but the youngsters gathered about me and yelled with great delight, "Gee, Major, you're a champion."

I looked over their faces in the lamplight for one that was not there. My son had not joined in the race.

I walked up the lane alone, and into the solemn house. There was a sitting room in front, with an archway into the hall, and I waited there. Finally my son came in, and passed the archway without looking towards me. I think some flash of indignation came then. I called him and he stood, sheepishly, beneath the arch.

I tried to make my voice seem gentle as I said, "I won, you know."

He looked down to the floor a moment, then slowly raised his head. The coldness of his eyes made me ill. Then the anger broke through and I cried, "Are you ashamed of me? Are you ashamed because I screamed in the night?" I leaned forward and beat the arms of the chair as I repeated, "Are you ashamed of me?" He looked at me without answering, turned, and walked up the stairs to his room.

The sun-heat came back upon my face, and the cool nights, and the steaming earth between the railway lines at Tjilaboeng, and the burning rubber candles, and the opening door, and the full black horror of my dream. My body seemed to crumple in the chair as if, at last, that dreadful knife had been thrust and twisted into my heart. ⌗

Continued from page 123

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Christmas in the country is a pleasure
that everyone would enjoy . . . but
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Miller High Life

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Basketball's Accent on Altitude

Continued from page 141

ers get a vigorous working over by players of ordinary height. In self-defense the long boys return the treatment with a premium and, generally because of their experience, with somewhat more finesse than was used when the rugged treatment was applied.

Naturally the rules don't provide for this element of roughness which has been introduced by the smaller contestants in the belief that they can wear the big guy down to boy's size. The game has been slowed by penalties and the penalty factor has become so prominent it threatens the character of the game.

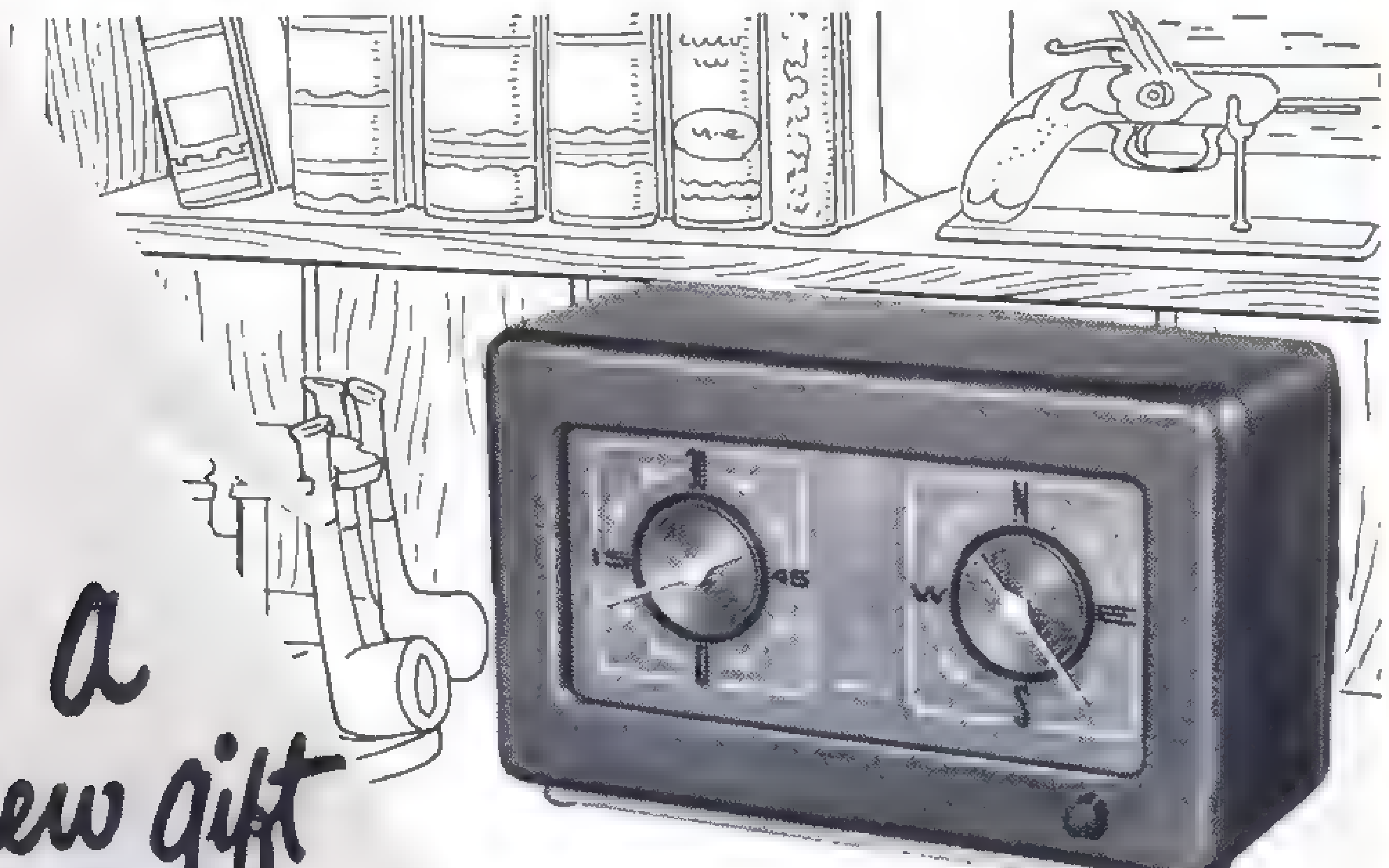
The crux of the situation is that coaches are no more inclined to overlook the possibilities of making superstars out of taller kids than a horse-racing man would be inclined to neglect developing a good light youngster into a great jockey merely because the lad was light.

Early football when it depended mainly on beef and brawn was due to go through the change basketball has in prospect. When football developed variety by opening up the game and giving the swift and nimble players chances to shine, the game emerged as a great sport. Basketball started, grew and generally has been maintained as a fast sport; hence its vast and deep appeal. Now that it is getting identified as a sport mainly for tall men it may be edging itself into the class of an athletic curiosity along with the fat-men's race at a Fourth of July picnic.

Bear in mind that basketball has built a big and strongly partisan army of American fans faster than any other sport that you can name and with less forced draft of publicity.

If the game is to be allowed to become a sport in which a not unusually good abnormally tall player can outscore experts of only average American height, then basketball is on its way out of favor with average-sized athletes and fans.

The coaches still may plan and hope for offensive and defensive operations that will give the smaller player an even chance with a kid who wouldn't have to stretch to strum the wires on a telephone line, but so far the fans haven't seen much evidence of that equalization. As long as the basket is where the tall player can drop the ball in and the puny athlete of only 5 feet 10 inches or so has to hurl the ball at the basket and hope, the American public's interest in basketball is in considerable danger of dwindling, and rapidly. ##



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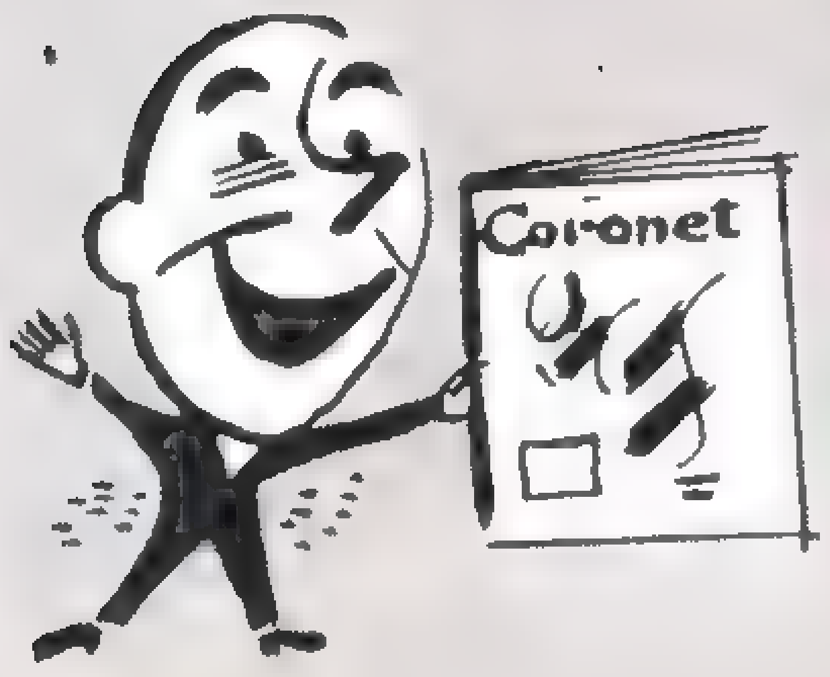
Noel?



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Robert Riggs: Dissatisfied Painter

Continued from page 160

his magnificent collection of records: music of Africa, Tibet, Malaysia, China, Japan; calypso songs. The music has deep shadows; these are thrown by flame and desire. Riggs is with them. At moments you feel as though you must snatch a child out of the fire. But this is not a child; it is an artist. And it is not only a fire. It is a world which an artist has been caught in the act of creating.

The chiaroscuro of Rembrandt is more than a manner of painting a picture—dramatic lights against deep shadow. It is a way of looking at the world. Riggs, like all artists, a creature of light, seeks shadow. He is famous for his lithographs; they are an expression of polarities. The savage fight pictures, the circus scenes, even his commercial work are attempts to plumb a world of barbaric light against encroaching darkness. The ring's savagery, its glaring highlights, primitive ritual, high, playful-ferocious animality, its sweat, glory, brute beauty, are, for Riggs, a subject as ready-made as rabbis and old ladies for Rembrandt. In the subject and in the technique which follows the need which light has for dark and the momentary emergence of form from shadow constitute the leitmotiv over and beyond purely aesthetic considerations. This is true also of George Rouault, whose religious figures, harlots, judges, clowns, likewise only momentarily emerge from ever-impending shadow.

When Riggs paints a dancing Negro on a brilliantly lighted stage he is at grips with the poles of his own ambivalence. As he is again, when his lithographic crayon caresses the form of fighters under the skeletal glare of the spotlights. Or when he reaches into one of the big cages in his studio and gently lifts out his seven-foot boa constrictor; or shows you a magnificent, six-foot black snake, his companion for many years. Man learns to live with his own destruction. Without Rembrandt's shadows his golden lights could not exist; nor his shadows without light. It is natural that man, too, like the physical world about him, should wed that which is his opposite and his need, that complement to what he is, without which he cannot survive.

To an extent we all struggle with these destructive forces, but, while most of us play around on the fringes, men of Riggs' temperament are compelled to work in the white, central heat of the problem. Specifically Riggs wishes to find the central, inescapable pattern of the world where opposites converge. The

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use air-wick
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Stale smoke, stale air, stale drinks...don't let unpleasant indoor odors spoil your holiday parties. Simply open several bottles of air-wick* before your guests arrive. air-wick keeps the air clean smelling during your parties... and afterward. There's nothing to burn... nothing to spray. Get your supply of air-wick now before the holiday rush.

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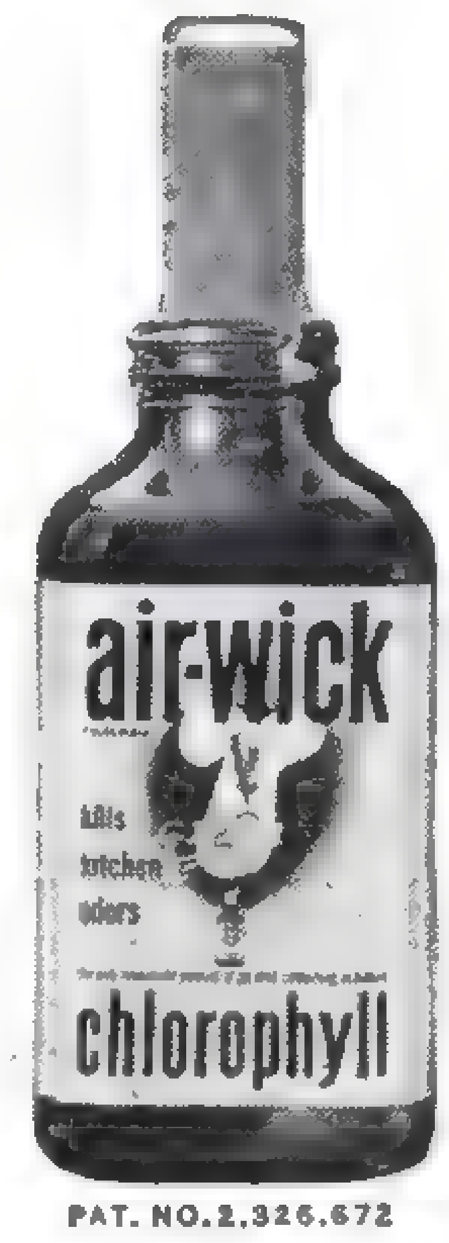

PAT. NO.2,326,672

relics which line his rooms represent to him people, but people at the opposite end of his tradition, environment, constitution. By an act of sublimation he becomes one with them, a type of magic. For Riggs this is inevitable.

Born in Decatur, Illinois, fifty-one years ago of a polyglot lineage including Pennsylvania Dutch, he had a scholarship at the Art Students' League in New York, and a brief period at the Académie Julien in Paris. The commercial art field captured him when he was quite young. His is one of the most frequently mentioned names when commercial artists gather, a tribute with much weight. The museums are much aware of him, too. His lithographs hang in many collections. The globe is his canvas. From its far reaches he has gathered the materials which have gone into the making of that personal world which has taken him, steadily, into a superreality of his own. He believes that all art is symbol, that the line of what we call a profile is only a symbol of a profile, that it can never even approximate reality except to the degree to which we agree to accept it as real. He believes the graphic symbols an artist employs are merely visual semantics upon which we more or less agree.

It is a world of unceasing flux, this region of Robert Riggs' dream. A truth is merely an axiom called into being by its equally valid opposite. By an act of supreme amalgamation, opposites become identical. This large, kindly man is also a savage. This is his act of synthesis. It is only when such syntheses are carried to extremes that a man is in danger. Success, for Riggs, would be a complete realization of his world of dream. Anything short of this is failure . . . a failure which, considering the objective, can only be viewed as salvation. For this reason his survival as an artist hinges upon the defeat of this objective. He must miss his target in order to remain a man of this world, with its flame and its shadow. Otherwise he retreats into pure flame or pure shadow. His art, therefore, contains a devastating seed. Whether or not it is visible in his work is not the point. It is there and Riggs knows that it is there. The savage music, the snakes in their cages, are a type of consolation, of compensation, even. They must remain that. And he must paint, without faith, if necessary. As an artist and as a person he knows that he must maintain a fine balance between the poles of his ambivalence. He must walk, if you will, as taut a wire as any of the circus performers who are his friends. His alternative is quite the same as theirs. There is a high, dramatic light up there—a great darkness down below. ⫳

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I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB. It's a product of Burlington Mills.

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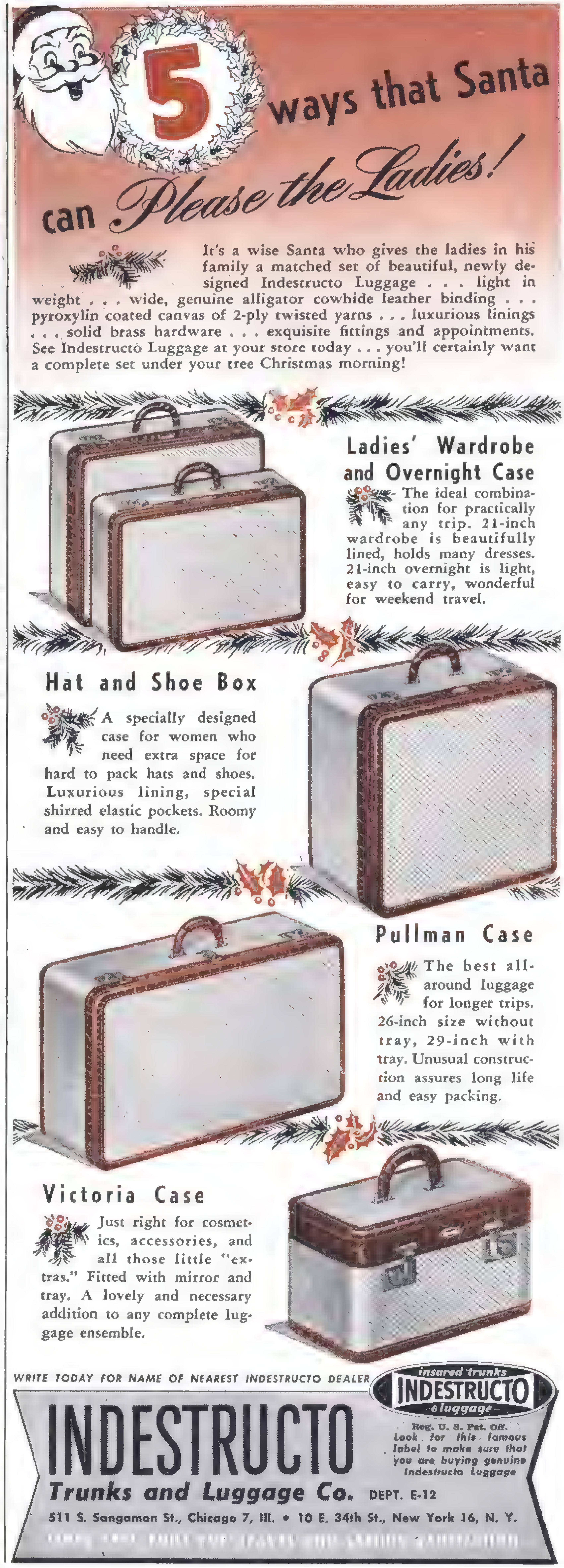
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It's a wise Santa who gives the ladies in his family a matched set of beautiful, newly designed Indestructo Luggage . . . light in weight . . . wide, genuine alligator cowhide leather binding . . . pyroxylin coated canvas of 2-ply twisted yarns . . . luxurious linings . . . solid brass hardware . . . exquisite fittings and appointments. See Indestructo Luggage at your store today . . . you'll certainly want a complete set under your tree Christmas morning!

Ladies' Wardrobe and Overnight Case
The ideal combination for practically any trip. 21-inch wardrobe is beautifully lined, holds many dresses. 21-inch overnight is light, easy to carry, wonderful for weekend travel.

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A specially designed case for women who need extra space for hard to pack hats and shoes. Luxurious lining, special shirred elastic pockets. Roomy and easy to handle.

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Mild, fragrant,
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WALNUT TOBACCO is
$2.50 a pound; $1.25 a half pound
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Heckle at Your Own Risk

Continued from page 149

few m.c.'s ever have to use other squelching weapons. But should remarks about his appearance fail to shut the heckler up, the m.c. can hit him in a variety of ways equally devious and evil. The point is the heckler simply must not be permitted a triumph, however momentary, and he never is.

He may prove vulnerable on the subject of stinginess. Whether he's miserly or not, the m.c. will make him appear three times tighter than Jack Benny's radio personality, with these bon mots:

"The way he's nursing that Scotch and soda, you'd think he was drinking out of an hourglass."

"Now, there's a real sport for you, folks. I bet he doesn't care any more for a nickel than he does for his right arm."

Only the rarest heckler ever needs to be poleaxed with squelchers plucked from the bottom of the m.c.'s bag. But just in case, the complete m.c. has some general observations handy for the emergency. These remarks fit everybody in one way or another and can be thrown into the conversation without checking in advance. And they work with devastating cruelty and efficiency. Here are a few choice ones made famous by Berle, Youngman, and company:

"Look, if you want to heckle me, I'll go out and check my brains. Then we'll start even."

"I never forget a face, but in your case, I'll make an exception."

"His head is so big he can't get a headache to fit him."

"Don't mind him, folks. He only gets out once a year, so let him have his fun."

"Look, is that the way to act when a guy's trying to make a buck? When you're working do I try to take away your shovel?"

"Okay, brother, keep heckling, but tomorrow while I'm still sleeping, you'll be delivering ice."

With the m.c.'s safely forearmed against hecklers, many are now worried about the dearth of hecklers to devastate. In the old days they could generally count on some fool challenging them to a round or two of billingsgate, but now most of the better clubs are devoid of white hopes who want the spotlight themselves. Trade rumors have it that Berle, Youngman and other top gagmen are wont to plant hecklers in the house to jazz up their performance, and this is probably true when these masters of the retort terrible work theatres. It seems that local humorists are getting wary of sticking out their silly faces and tongues at pro mike manipulators. All of which is—on the evidence—the only intelligent course of action open to them. ⱡⱡ

Luxury IN CORDUROY!

Seldom, indeed, does lustrous, luxurious corduroy so truly come into its own as in this thrilling new insulated jacket—the "Laramie"—by Glover. Here are smartness—styling—unmatched comfort and distinction. Here is Glover tailoring at its supreme best. Of narrow, pinwale corduroy, the Laramie is available in two smart modern shades of brown and beige. Its features are outstanding—the new mothproof "Intercel" lining that insulates so perfectly against cold and damp, yet without adding weight or bulkiness —and the smart, "Sideswing" aviator zipper front for more perfect closing and throat protection. In the Laramie, you'll truly find a garment you'll cherish. It's just one of many outstanding Glover Styles.
H. B. GLOVER CO., DUBUQUE, IOWA.

QUALITY SINCE 1856

Glover *Tailored Man Apparel*

SPECIALTY SHIRTS • PAJAMAS
SPORTSWEAR

The Benevolent Despot of Music

Continued from page 124

Judson gives his commission to the orchestra's pension fund.

Judson has given many a youngster his first boost up the ladder. Some years ago in Philadelphia he dropped in at a concert, the Eastern debut of a tow-headed California youngster named Eugene List. Judson signed him on the spot and has backed his career ever since. Pianists William Kapell and Eugene Istomin and baritone Lansing Hatfield are Judson protégées.

Once A.J. is convinced an unknown musician has talent, his belief is unshakeable. He has been known to pay for lessons and living expenses while an unknown struggled for recognition. Such investments sometimes pay off and sometimes don't, for in spotting commercial talent Judson unfortunately is not infallible.

In the music business, Judson's integrity is as generally acknowledged as it is uncommon. A handshake from Judson is considered as good as a signed contract. Contrary to time-honored managerial practice, Judson will not accept a fee to handle performers. He sells artists on what he persuades himself are their merits, or not at all. He frowns on sharp practices of all kinds.

"I have built my career as of bricks, firmly laid one on the other," Judson once declared. He sheds no tears for the passing of the old-time, fur-coated, cigar-smoking impresario, who stranded his fiddler in one-horse towns. As Judson puts it, "There was too much artist in the manager, and too much manager in the artist."

Judson's first ambition was to be a concert violinist. As a boy in Dayton, Ohio, where he was born February 17, 1881, he worked to earn money for his lessons. In New York he studied under Max Bendix and Leopold Lichtenberg, then at nineteen returned to Ohio as Dean of the Conservatory at Denison University.

After seven years, during which he infused new life into the moribund music department and organized a series of gigantic music festivals, Judson returned to New York for another try at concertizing. He shared the heartbreaking struggle of every young fiddler, playing occasionally and filling in with teaching and writing for *Musical America*. Soon he joined the magazine staff, switched from writing to selling ads, and put away his violin for good.

By 1915 Judson was advertising manager. The magazine offered no more worlds to conquer. Coincidentally the Philadelphia Orchestra, then a second-rate band just taken over by an organist

Continued on page 282

The Gift of the Year...and the Years to come

THE NEW SARD BINOCULARS

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Sard Theatre Binoculars 3½ x 15
Fine prismatic glasses designed for the theatre—powerful, yet feather-light and very small. Exquisite finish, with silver inlay. With fine gift case and smart leather carrying case. $150 plus tax.

AND COUNTRY!
Sard Sportsman 6 x 20 Binoculars
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These Sard glasses are the newest and finest in binoculars . . . a gift to be cherished for years to come. They are made by Square D Company's Kollsman Instrument Division, designers of precision optical instruments for aviation. See them at the optical counter of your favorite store. Or write today for informative, illustrated booklet.

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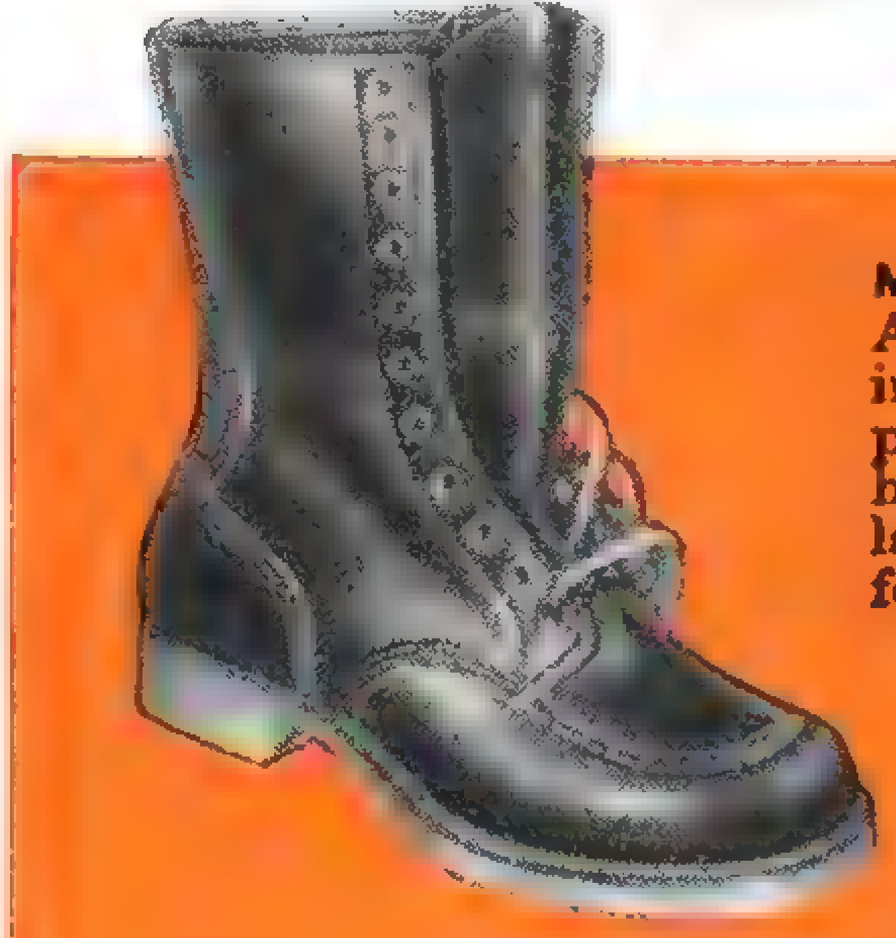

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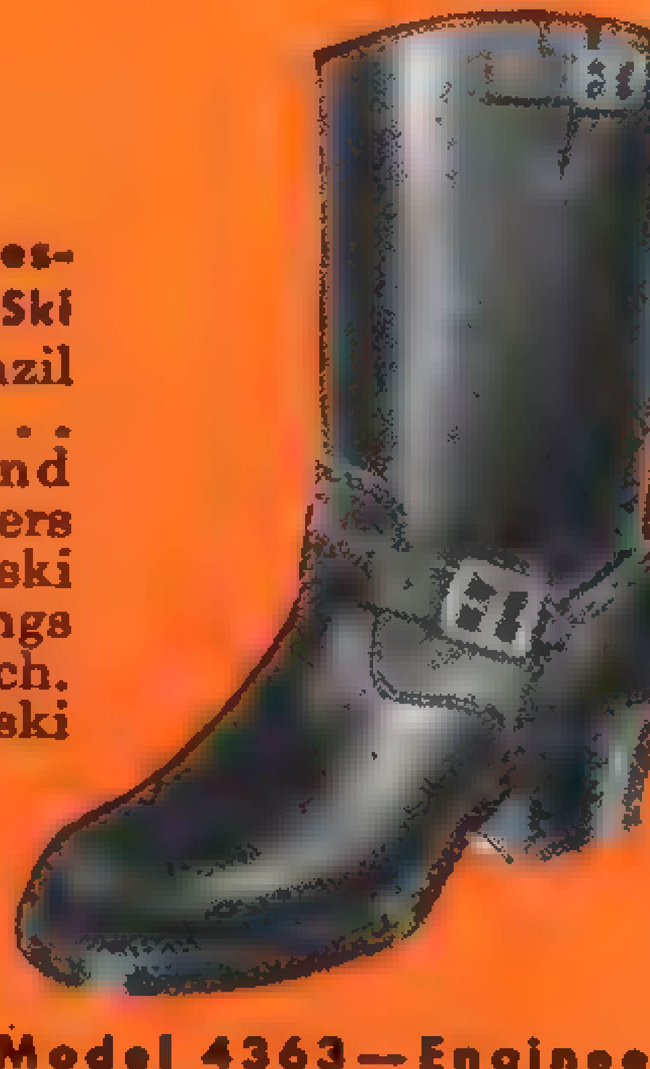

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Many other popular sports and outdoor boots are available.

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30 handsome JOY SETS to choose from

LADIES' SETS from $3.95 to $44.00

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AVAILABLE ONLY AT THE BETTER STORES

The Benevolent Despot of Music

Continued from page 281

named Stokowski, lost its manager. Judson got the job.

Three years later an efficient job of strikebreaking brought Judson to the attention of Clarence H. Mackay, then head of the Philharmonic board of directors. The Lewisohn Stadium concerts, now a fixture of Manhattan's summer scene, were launched in 1918. Three days before the scheduled opening, the orchestra struck. In a sleepless week end Judson rounded up musicians from all parts of the country. The concert took place as planned. By 1921 Judson was managing the Philharmonic as well as the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Judson commuted between New York and Philadelphia for the next fifteen years, and began selling solo artists as a side line. Casting about for ways to keep his artists busy, Judson eyed the new medium of radio. It was 1926, and Atwater Kent was getting the best talent for his network show. But a rival manager was booking the talent. Judson asked David Sarnoff of NBC to sign a similar contract with him. Sarnoff politely declined, and almost fell out of his chair laughing at Judson's promise to establish a network rivaling Sarnoff's own.

Previously Judson rounded up several associates, among them Mrs. Christian Holmes, a Cleveland matron with a bent for speculation. On a bankroll of about $7500 (according to *Motion Picture Daily*) the Judson Radio Program Corporation, which eventually became CBS, was born.

Judson, having persuaded WOR to take his programs and thus having a key station in New York, built a network simply by promising sixteen stations $500 a week each to take his programs.

Judson's first angel was Louis Sterling who, as head of The Columbia Gramophone Company, was alarmed by radio's threat. The Radio Corporation of America was about to swallow Victor. Sterling hoped to reverse the process. Bankrolling the network three months, he succeeded in changing its name to the Columbia Phonograph Broadcasting System. Otherwise he achieved only a deficit of about $100,000 a month. After ninety days Sterling unloaded his stock for $10,000 and 30 hours' free air time. Judson & Company were again on their own. For a while they were one jump ahead of the sheriff.

Judson found another backer in Jerome H. Louchheim, millionaire Philadelphian, and by 1927 CBS was reasonably solvent. It also had one of radio's first big commercial successes, the La Palina

unconditionally guaranteed!

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Hour, which upped the cigar sales 200,000 a day. Sponsors were Samuel Paley and his son William, who had come into a fortune on his 21st birthday, and decided to invest it in radio. Louchheim, bored with radio, sold out to the Paleys and the Levys, and young Bill Paley proceeded to become the Boy Wonder of radio.

Under the new setup, Judson was no longer active in management, though he had a large block of CBS stock. This came in handy after October, 1929. The depression did not keep CBS from mushrooming, but it dealt the concert business a near-mortal blow.

In this crisis, Judson proposed to Paley a merger of top-flight managers and artists. CBS underwrote the venture for 55 per cent of its stock. Columbia Concerts grew from the Wolfsohn Bureau, Metropolitan Musical Bureau, American Opera Company, Evans and Salter, Haensel and Jones and Concert Management Arthur Judson, Inc.

But for radio, the concert business might have foundered in the depression. Columbia Concerts and its opposite number, NBC Artists Service, paid a large share of their rent by peddling flesh to the networks. But the real control of radio talent was gradually taken over by advertising agencies. Concert business improved, with better times and the "co-operative concert" system which a bright young man named Ward French had brought in from the Midwest. Coincidentally the trust-busting SEC began looking over the books. The radio chains quickly unloaded, and today Columbia Concerts and NCAC are back in the concert business where they started. Columbia was bought out by a coalition of executives, including Arthur Judson.

At sixty-six, Judson still puts in an eight-hour working day at 113 West 57th Street. His office looks more like a gentleman's library than a business establishment, except for a honey-colored antique desk at which he works

Continued on page 284

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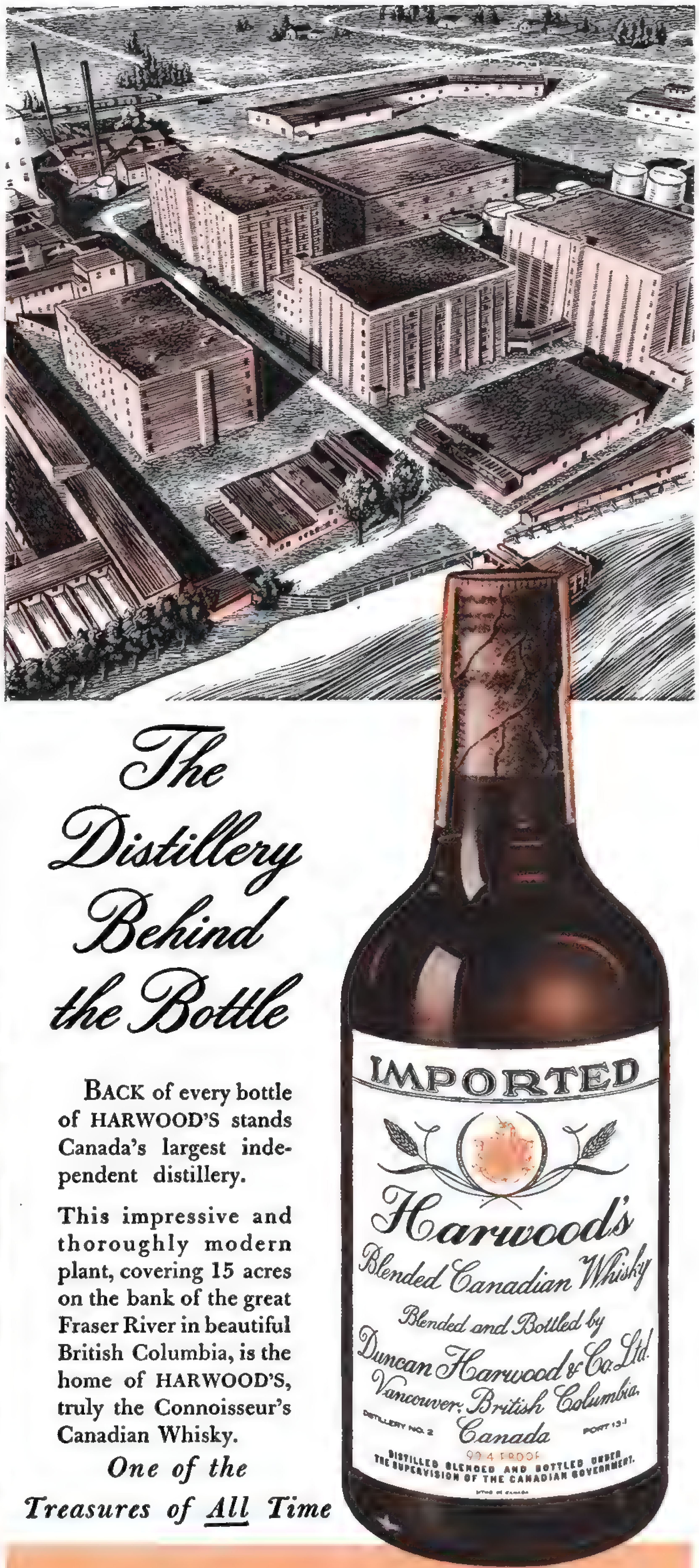
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The Benevolent Despot of Music

Continued from page 283

standing up. It is stocked with collectors' items in pewter and Sheffield, comfortable chairs, a sofa, choice etchings and a shelf of Elizabethan literature, Judson's favorite reading matter.

Some managers exhibit a broad streak of lens louse, like to be photographed with famous artists on their roster, or appear with them socially. Judson frankly finds his precocious charges a headache. "When you are working with temperaments all day," he says, "you have to find some way of getting away from all that afterward."

Judson finds solace in plays, and goes often to the theatre, but is rarely seen at concerts other than those of the Philharmonic. He lives quietly in a small house in White Plains with his second wife, the former Daphne Duquette of Montreal, whom he married in 1941. By his first marriage, to Edna H. Bench of Dayton, in 1904, he has a son, Francis, and three grandchildren.

Essentially a simple man, Judson's manner is unassuming. His speech, though he has lived in the East nearly forty years, has a pungent Midwestern accent. He is quite outspoken, often treading on the toes of sensitive souls.

He is an incredibly handsome man who looks like the president of a steel corporation. He is a little over six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. His iron-grey hair hasn't yet begun to recede at the temples. Once, complimented on the freshness of his complexion, Judson explained, "That isn't health—that's a permanent rage!"

The dominant impression radiated by Judson is a leonine virility. Women are invariably fascinated by him. Men, as a rule, aren't.

With almost half a century of active music-making behind him, Judson still has an eye to the future. Already he has booked postwar concerts in Europe and South America. He is currently looking over prospects for wholesale selling of musicians abroad. Before the war, Community Concerts had signed up a series of tour towns in South Africa, and was on the verge of organizing Australia. If Judson's plans mature, the already ebbing Europe-to-America tide in musical affairs may reverse itself completely.

"God and the musicians' union willing, we'll still continue to import talent," Judson says. "But we'll export too. The days are past when a manager sitting in London or Paris can dictate what we hear. We're developing first-rate talent of our own, and the Atlantic is no longer going to be a one-way street." ⧺

Continued from page 124

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Ask for any of these pipes, by name, at your tobacconist.

A Virtuous Lady of Florence

Continued from page 148

of your favor, were minded to dine with me, I deemed it a right thing and a seemly, having regard to your worth and the nobility of your station, to honour you, as far as in me lay, with some choicer victual than that which is commonly set before other folk; wherefore, remembering me of the falcon which you ask of me and of his excellence, I judged him a dish worthy of you. This very morning, then, you have had him roasted upon the trencher, and indeed I had accounted him excellently well bestowed; but now, seeing that you would fain have had him on other wise, it is so great a grief to me that I cannot oblige you therein that methinketh I shall never forgive myself therefore." So saying, in witness of this, he cast before her the falcon's feathers, feet and beak.

The lady, seeing and hearing this, first blamed him for having, to give a woman to eat, slain such a falcon, and after inwardly much commended the greatness of his soul, which poverty had not availed nor might anywise avail to abate. Then she took her leave and returned, all disconsolate, to her son, who, before many days had passed, whether for chagrin that he could not have the bird or for that his disorder was e'en fated to bring him to that pass, departed this life, to the inexpressible grief to his mother. After she had abidden awhile full of tears and affliction, being left very rich and yet young, she was more than once urged by her brothers to marry again, and albeit she would fain not have done so, yet, finding herself importuned and calling to mind Federigo's worth and his last magnificence, she said, "I would gladly, an it liked you, abide as I am; but, since it is your pleasure that I take a (second) husband, certes I will never take any other, an I have not Federigo degli Alberighi." Whereupon her brothers, making mock of her, said, "Silly woman that thou art, what is this thou sayest? How canst thou choose him, seeing he hath nothing in the world?" "Brothers mine," answered she, "I know very well that it is as you say; but I would liefer have a man that lacketh of riches than riches that lack of a man." Her brethren, knowing Federigo for a man of great merit, poor though he was, gave her, with all her wealth, to him, even as she would; and he, seeing himself married to a lady of such worth and one whom he had loved so dear and exceeding rich, to boot, became a better husband of his substance and ended his days with her in joy and solace. #

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Ladies or Clothes

Continued from page 98

fools! A green girl here, a bored matron there, a depraved noblewoman somewhere else flatters these creatures into an absurd self-confidence until they actually begin to despise women! There was one very famous one, a prince, who was known as The Breaker of Hearts. Ha ha!" The old lady drank more wine, and laughed with indescribable malevolence.

"Breaker of Hearts," she said. "Bah! I said to myself, 'Come along now, most noble Breaker of Hearts, and try your strength on mine.' Within fifteen days he was on his knees, with tears streaming down his face. Within twenty days he was swearing that if I could not be his he would kill himself. Be his! I had simply been playing with him in order to make it quite clear that he was mine. 'Very well, go and kill your silly little self and be damned to you,' I said. He was the only man I ever knew who, having threatened to kill himself in such circumstances, actually went home and did it. Poison of some sort. He did not attract me in the least: it was the conceit of the man that annoyed me. But there again, you see, I was the means of preventing untold misery and saving weaker members of my sex from sinning and suffering. The gods must have been with me, because I have sinned and they have withheld the suffering that is a normal consequence of sinning.

"And it seems to me that this is adequately proved by the fact that I was made to suffer by one man, one alone in all the world who did not desire to sin with me. Yes, and by all the gods of heaven and all the gods of hell, even now, when I think of it, I feel something like the ache that your grandfather used to feel in damp weather, when the old arrow wound in his thigh began to throb."

The old lady sighed. She was less than half sober. Her grandson said: "He must have been a most exceptional man who could resist you, most noble and beloved Grandmother."

"I suppose he must have been," she said, dreamily. "I am convinced that he was sent to me to remind me that virtue . . . that virtue, in general, especially to humble people, brings great rewards. I was never more thoroughly convinced that I was an agent of the gods. They do not generally bother to give such demonstrations to mortals. No doubt they were reminding me that, although I could slay princes and enslave kings with my beauty, I was only a human being. Because of all men, the one whom I could not make my slave was my

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slave." The phrase pleased her, and she repeated it.

"He must have been as handsome as a god," said the grandson.

"If you don't stop rolling your eyes I'll throw this cup at your head... Handsome? No, not handsome. I have fallen in love with hideously ugly men—one of them had been kicked in the face by a camel and had no nose. But this man was not even ugly. How can one describe him? He had the power to please, yes; his personality was agreeable. But that is nothing. I have known many men like that who have not merited more than a second thought. It may be that it was because there was a certain quiet strength about him, and that when I watched him I was reminded of a bow in that little moment when the bowman, having drawn the arrow to his ear, narrows his eyes before letting the string twang. It may be, I don't know. It was certainly not his body, as a body, that attracted me. He was one of those thin rats of desert men who roam about, always half-hungry, from water hole to water hole, living on burnt mutton and goat's milk—a barbarian, to whom a clean garment is a luxury. A drop of water is like a diamond in the desert, so that on the rare occasions when they do wash, washing is a ritual, something solemn. And they can think of no greater sacrifice to their gods than the offering of an unblemished sheep or goat.

"He was one of these. He came in as part of the stock of some traders who had picked up a few slaves, and your grandfather took a fancy to him and had him sent home. His beard had not properly started to grow. He was burnt black, and although the merchants had given him a good wash and made him tolerably presentable, there was still sand in his hair. And when I tell you that your grandfather, who was a careful man with money, paid more for this boy than he would have paid for a good heavy worker, you will see what I mean when I repeat that there was something about him that pleased you—the gods know what, who sent him to me. So he came into our house, and all of a sudden he made himself necessary about the house. He was one of those men who have eyes to see into the hearts of other men, but who can hide their own hearts. Yes, he was calm, perfectly calm, and quiet, very quiet. Ha! It occurs to me! Although he was beyond all question a proper man—I noticed that—he had something of the woman about him. He was everything and everybody. In the kitchen he knew how to talk to the cook. Having exchanged conversation with the hairdressing woman, he could talk to her for an hour about the mysteries of the toilet. Although he had come out of the dust of the

Continued on page 288

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Ladies or Clothes

Continued from page 287

desert he understood the art of growing corn in a week. He never slept. He invented a weighing machine and thought of a new method of counting and measuring grain. He even learned to write. Your grandfather depended on him. There was little he did not know, especially about sheep. He brought in some of the hardier breeds, improved our flocks, and even changed the nature of them so that some of them could be bred for meat and others for wool. Is it possible that this man of all men lit a lamp in my heart because he was the only man who thoroughly understood me and divined what I was about to do?

"Always, as I was opening my mouth to ask a question, he would answer it before the first two words had passed my lips. Again, he moved in every way faster and more smoothly than any other man I had ever known; always with the flat-footed gliding step of the man who walks in the dust. He was always in conversation, drinking in everything that came his way as the desert drinks water; always thirsty. Nothing was too high or too low for him. In the presence of your grandfather he was quick and quiet, deeply respectful, always full of information and suggestion; yet he contrived to blow up your grandfather by making him feel it was he and not his slave who had thought of such and such a thing. On the other hand, with the black savages, who came in with gold and ivory from the mysterious lands in the South, he was friendly and generous. He would embrace some shriveled eater of unclean things and, giving him a few colored beads and a bit of spiced meat, talk of the weather. And so he could tell, by smelling the water of the river, of rainfalls in mountains further away than the moon.

"At first I hated him. And then, after a while, I changed. I fell in love with him. Oh, I had fallen in love and out of love more times than I could count, even then. But this was a new thing. It was more urgent than hunger, thirst, and need to sleep, or any other ordinary bodily need. And he knew it. Yes, he knew it. I could tell. I could guess what was passing through his mind. He was saying to himself: 'Here am I, a slave. My lady has taken a fancy to me. I know my lady.' And rest assured, he knew me to the backbone; perhaps *that* is why I loved him: 'I know my lady. If I succumb, it will be very pleasant for a few days, and then she will find me irksome; in which case I am a dead man. At the very least I should be sold again to someone a

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THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT!

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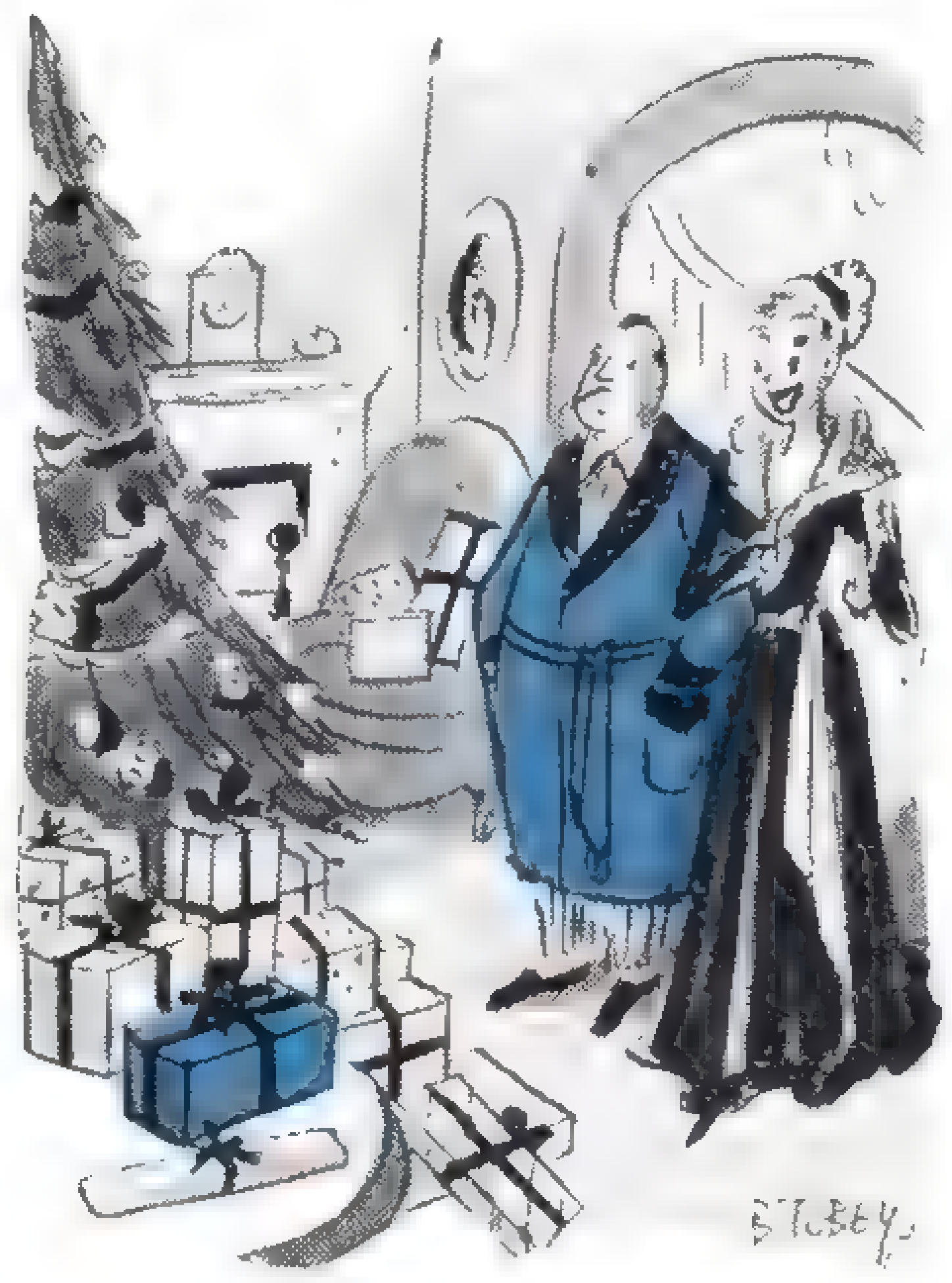
long way away. I am comfortable, even influential around here. Better the devil you know than the devil you don't know.'

"At this time your grandfather, who had never before expressed any concern as to my health, began to ask me how I felt, and how my headaches were. I had frequently told that damned slave, and of course others of the household, that my head pained me. I had been making pretexts in order to have him put his cool hand on my brow—which was, indeed, feverish just then. If it was not, it became so when he touched it.

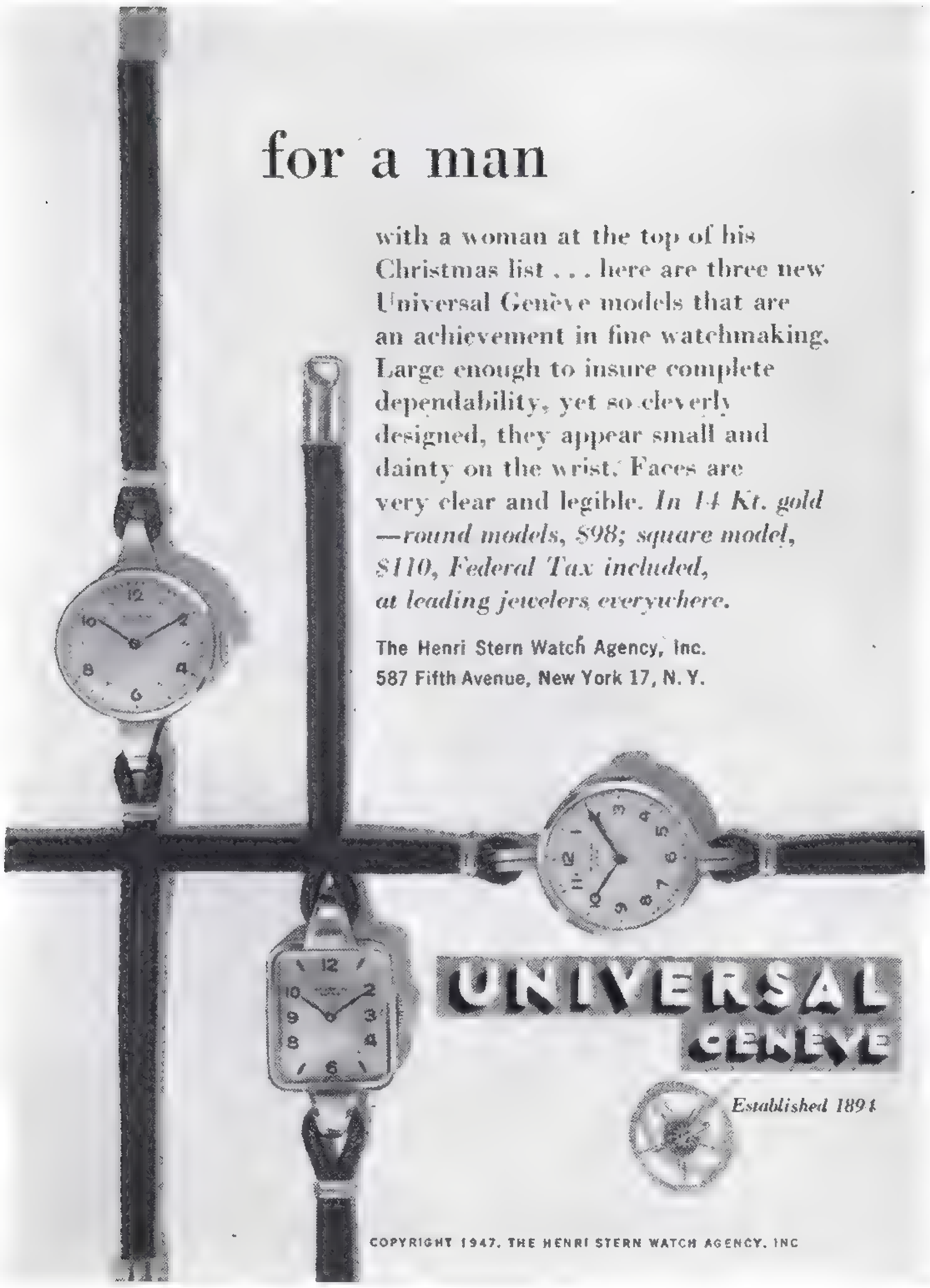


"Oh, George, you dear. Just look at all those beautiful presents I can exchange after Christmas"

"Give me another cup of wine and let me finish. One morning, awakening from a dream better not described, I felt that I could tolerate this state of affairs no longer. I called for the steward. He came—trust him—with two attendants carrying writing materials and begged to know my pleasure. I asked him to dismiss his clerks because what I had to say was in confidence. As soon as the writers were gone I told him of my feelings and embraced him. He told me, very respectfully, that he could not betray his master who had honored him with his confidence. I suppose that I must have been mad. This was some of the 'fire and passion' of which you—you ignorant mouse—were talking the other day . . . or whenever it was. I clutched at him with all my might and his outer garment came off—or else he slipped out of it. Then he ran out of the room. And then I hated him again, hated him so terribly that I nearly died of hate as I had been nearly dying of love. When your grandfather came home I told him this ungrateful slave had abused his confidence and tried to ravish me.

"But your grandfather said that I was sick, not quite myself. The more he protested the more I insisted. I wanted that slave killed, preferably with preliminary torture. I was humiliated. Can this be why, after all these years, I

Continued on page 290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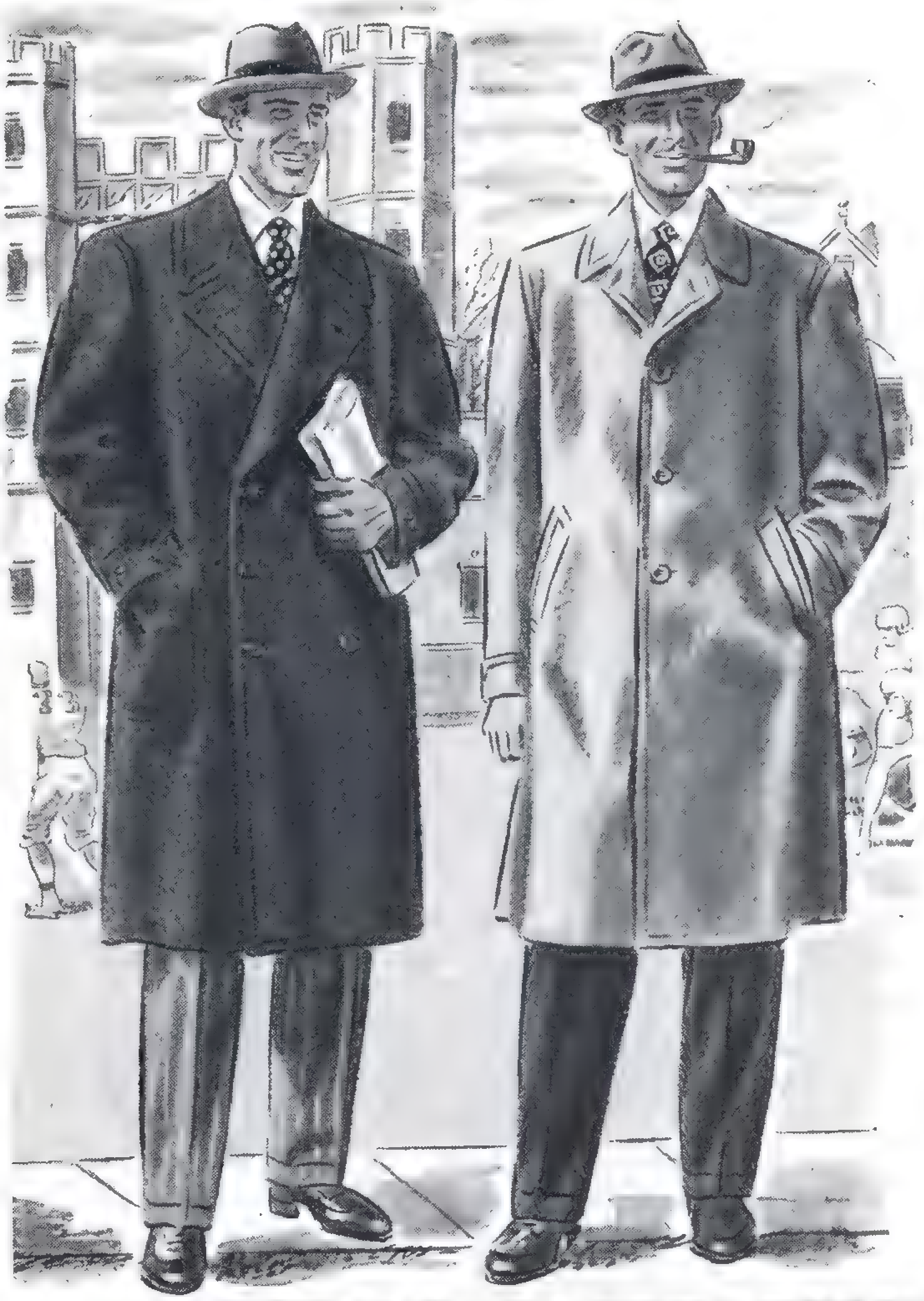

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Remember, Stitchmaster* is also made for women, the ideal gift for her!

Ladies or Clothes

Continued from page 289

still love that man? Because he humiliated me? I don't know. The slave went to jail instead of to the executioner, and I was left biting my fingers. Your grandfather said that he liked the man and so, before giving judgment in the case, he would consider.

"Of course, he got out of jail. Later we understood exactly what he had had in his mind when, having watched the floods, he had talked to the black men from up the river. He foresaw the Great Harvests and the Great Famine. Thus he became very great himself. It seems that he had an aged father, innumerable brothers, sisters-in-law, nephews, nieces, cousins, uncles, aunts, cousins five times removed, and great-uncles. He brought them all under his wings, and they all became great, so great that we have had to take certain measures . . . confiscation, forced labor, readjustment of civil rights. And who knows how it will all end?

". . . I hear that just recently there has been rioting in the brickyards. I am convinced, however, that mine was a mission. Things are not what they used to be. In my day a nobleman was a nobleman. He scarcely ever noticed the rabble. My father could not even have told you the color of a slave. And now I hear that a nobleman has got into a scrap for beating the brains out of a foreman in a brickyard. Between ourselves . . . ah, wine must take the place of blood in an old woman's veins . . . he is supposed to be of the blood royal. A troublemaker. What do they call him? I mean that Monotheist, Moses, whom Pharaoh's daughter said she pulled out of the river. *Aie, aie, aie*, who knows the will of the gods? If that fool of a slave—Yosif was it, or Josif?—had done my bidding all this need never have happened. They called him the Reader of Dreams. His brothers sold him into slavery because his father gave him a coat of many colors . . . There's men for you, eh?" Potiphar's widow sneered and hiccuped.

She was falling asleep. Her steward, taking some coins from her grandson, whispered: "She'll be in a bad temper tomorrow. Come back the day after, my lord."

The old lady murmured: "Ah, Josif, Dreamer and Reader of Dreams, best servant Potiphar ever had . . . if you had let me make you happy—if only for a little while—I'd have solved our Jewish problem for Pharaoh . . . Or might it be read that the gods attach certain importance to many-colored coats? . . . *Aie, aie, aie* . . ."

She slept. Her grandson tiptoed out and the house was quiet.

Continued from page 98

Don't worry! He won't let anything happen to that Gaba-Dean shirt!
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The GABA-DEAN
Do not wash-Dry clean

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UNITED GARMENT MANUFACTURING CO.
MINNEAPOLIS 1, MINNESOTA

No Greater Love

Continued from page 143

Key and the mystery of Maria's opened grave dissolved into blurred legend and was almost forgotten. In the slow, lazy life of the islanders only Von Aulen eventually served as an "outside" topic—aside, that is, from the doings of the borrachos in Tino's cantina, the big or little fishing catches of the day in the Gulf and the yield of the clam diggers on the beaches and the sponge divers off the reefs.

Hubert Von Aulen seemed a changed man. He was civil, almost courteous, and almost cheerful, although a little preoccupied, even with Papa Conchez, and he worked amazingly long hours a day in his laboratory and upon a strange contraption in the sandy wastes before his cottage. No one presumed to re-enter his cottage, but the aluminum machine before his shack was exposed, and gradually assumed shape as an airplane. Excitement rose again among the islanders. *Why* this wondrous machine, they demanded? *Where* would he fly when it was finished? And, finally, *with whom*? For the mysterious Von Aulen (it was learned from a power-boat captain) was assembling, via mail order, a prodigious assortment of negligees, evening gowns, slippers and traveling attire from Miami. These things came in boxes and packages from the mainland and Key West and it was said, perhaps by Tino, that Von Aulen was enamored now of some other island girl who was ready to fly away with the German when his machine was finished.

The war came to the world and ultimately even to Barracuda Key when strange, official-looking men landed from Coast Guard and Navy launches and "screened" the population. Things happened: A Coast Guard outpost was established; some of the young men went away; there was a black-out of nights and the people of the island were warned away from the beaches after nightfall. Von Aulen was questioned and dismissed. The men from the mainland looked over his airplane and dismissed it. The German took it lightly, even when the natives openly smirked in the cantina over the talk about his "unworthy" craft. After all, had not most of the power boats and private planes been commandeered for submarine patrol?

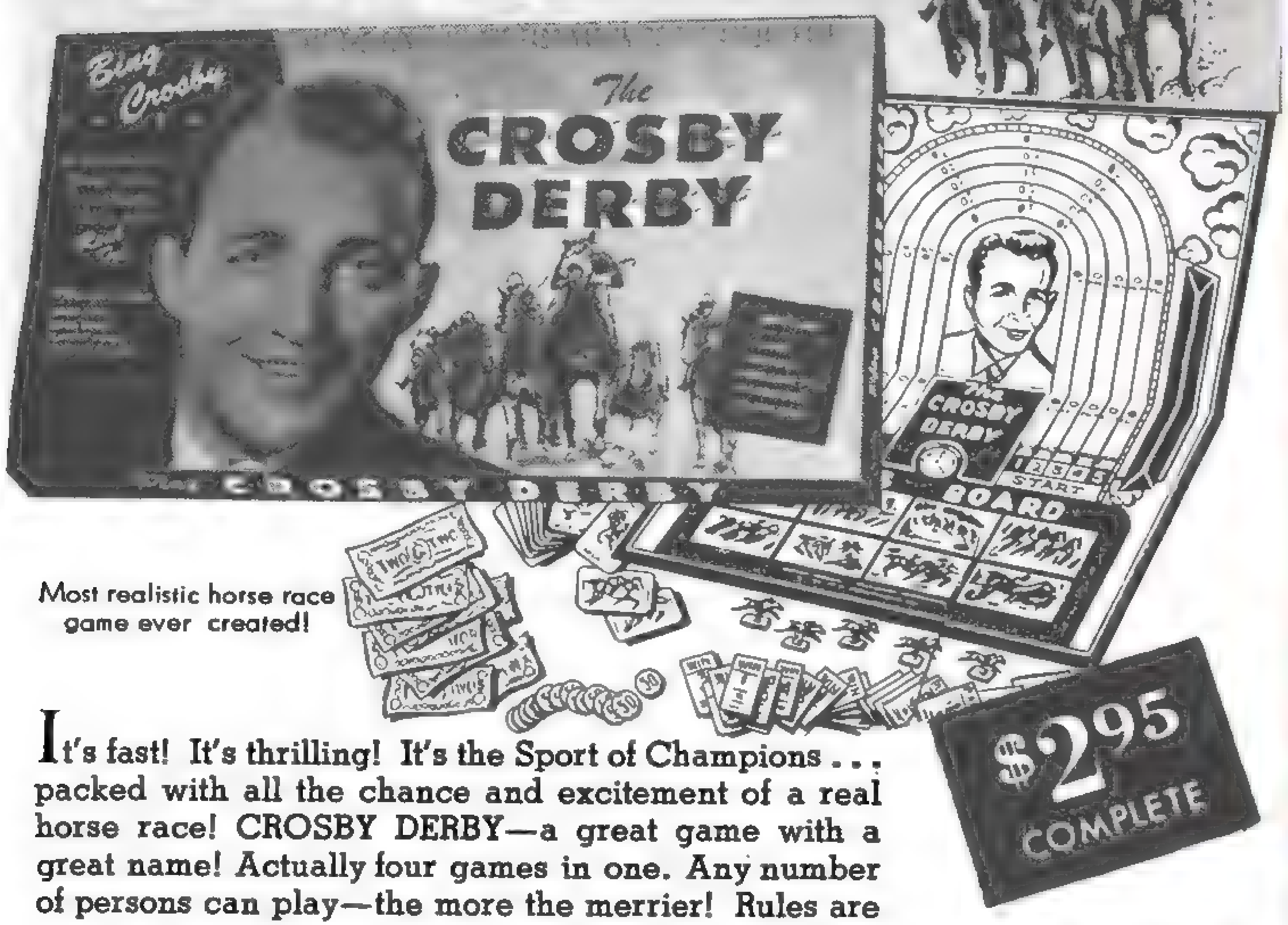
It was more than seven years to the day from the death of Maria Conchez when Hubert Von Aulen made his fatal blunder. He had grown careless, perhaps, with the passing years. Von Aulen was absorbed with the controls inside the cabin of his twin-engined monoplane on that afternoon when the always suspicious Manuel—Man-

Continued on page 292

PLAY THIS EXCITING NEW GAME!

FOR REAL PARTY FUN . . . THRILLS!

The CROSBY DERBY



Most realistic horse race game ever created!

It's fast! It's thrilling! It's the Sport of Champions . . . packed with all the chance and excitement of a real horse race! CROSBY DERBY—a great game with a great name! Actually four games in one. Any number of persons can play—the more the merrier! Rules are easy to follow, based on actual racing principles, scientifically and mathematically correct. Play "Odds," "Players Pool," "Odds Blind," "Jockey's Choice." No two races alike! Game includes "odds" board, playing cards, famous-name horses, money, mutual tickets and instructions. Be first in your crowd to hold "Derby Nights." Get your CROSBY DERBY today!

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $3.00. The Crosby Derby will be rushed postpaid.

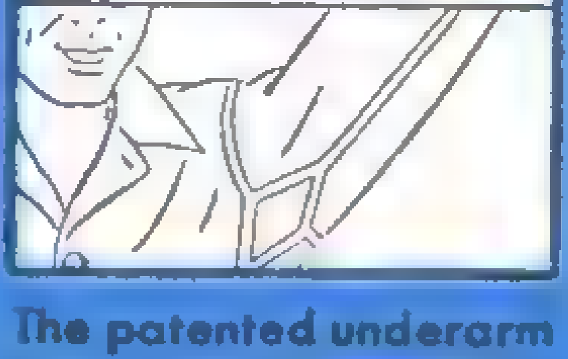
FISHLOVE INDUSTRIES
714 N. FRANKLIN STREET • CHICAGO 10, ILLINOIS

Give a man PLEETWAY PAJAMAS *and give him a chance to sleep!*

Pleetway Pajamas are made of fine fabrics, smartly styled. They are handsome Christmas Gifts for any man. Give him the PLEETWAY gift of "Sleeping Comfort Wrapped up in a Package" and he'll remember you all his days—*and nights!* From $3.95 to $10—at better dealers.

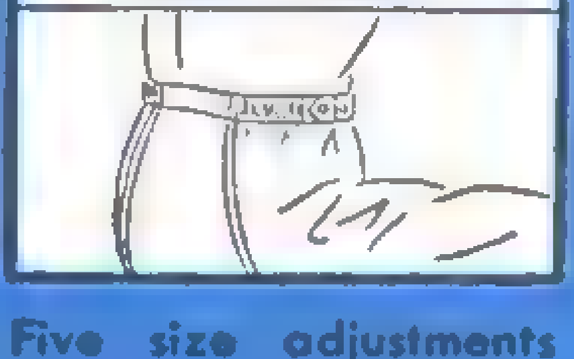
Every pair of Pleetway Pajamas has this patent-protected 3-way Comfort System.

PLEETWAY



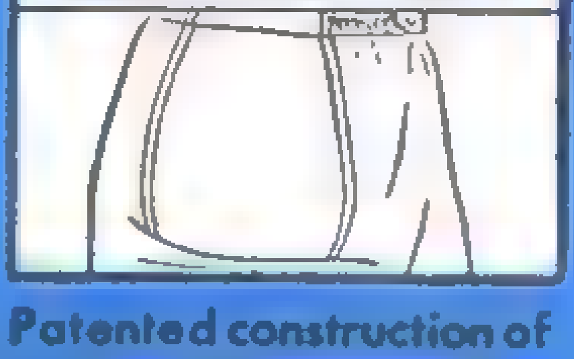
The patented underarm pleat that banishes all binding and bunching —and lets a man sleep!

SIDE TABS



Five size adjustments assure a perfect, permanent fit at the waist —without any binding!

BALLOON SEAT



Patented construction of the seat eliminates the old-fashioned, crotch-cutting center seam.

PLEETWAY

World's Most Comfortable Pajamas for Men

Stadium Mfg. Co., Inc. • Empire State Building • New York 1, N. Y.

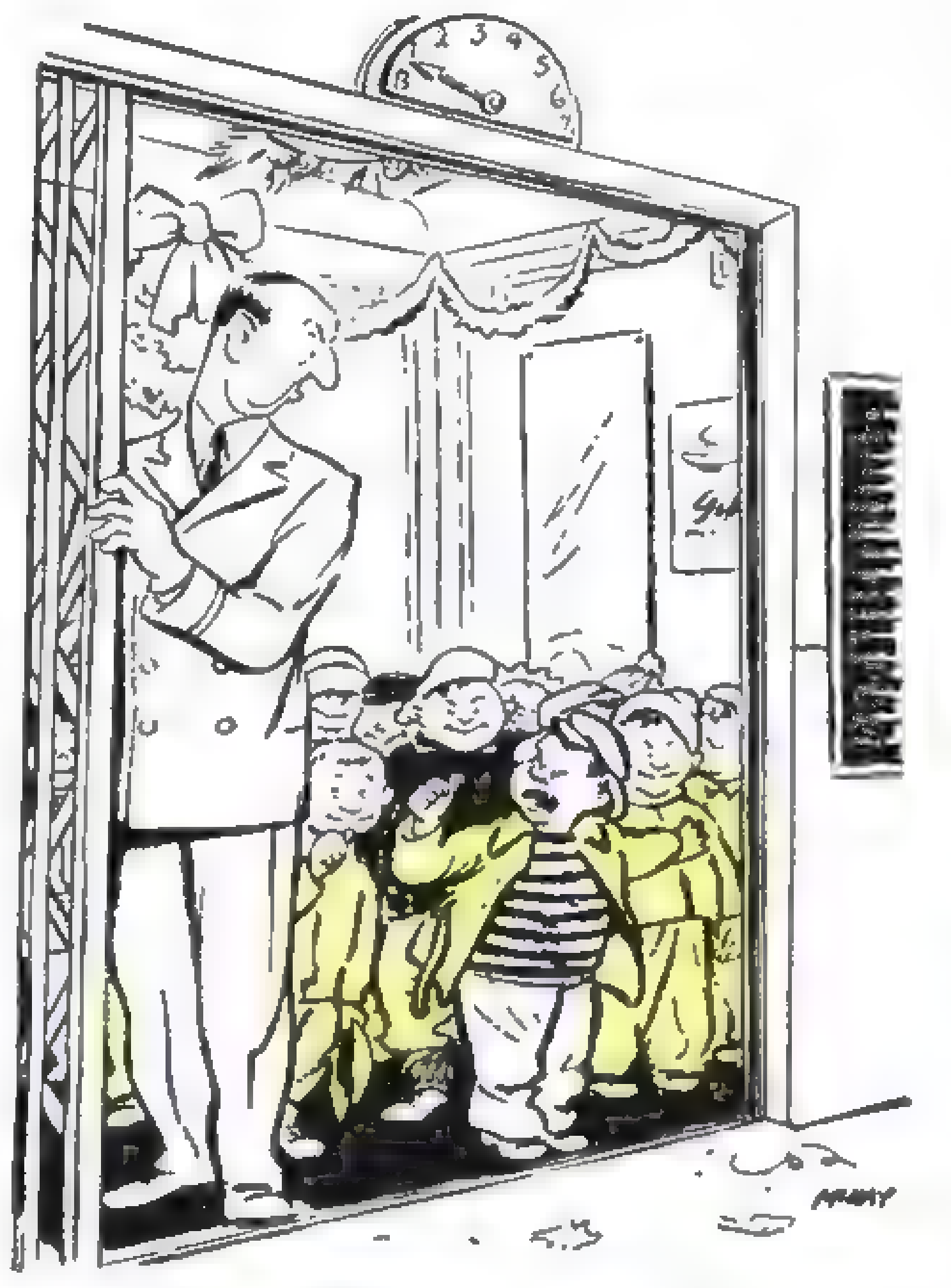
gift watches

No Greater Love

Continued from page 291

uel, whose poor ears had been almost deafened by sponge diving—came back to the German's cottage for another of his ceaseless spying expeditions. Manuel chose the opportune moment and slipped within the cottage. As he had done with his brothers and his

the wrist of his long-dead sister. It was true. Piano wire, insulated by velvet, ringed Maria's wrist, and through a simple system of pulleys, rigged to the cellar roof overhead, would fold Maria's shapely arms over her breast. Benumbed, Manuel pulled back horrified. Ultimately, the simple charges of grave-robbing were dismissed. Von Aulen went forth a free man. Papa Conchez, aging and enfeebled, led his family and the islanders to a second interment of the girl Maria, still incredibly lovely and still attired in the blue silken nightgown of Von Aulen.



"Toy Department!"

Somehow, nobody ever sought to override the judicial decision on Hubert Von Aulen. Ascribe it to island lethargy. Ascribe it to the war and more pressing problems home and overseas. Even Manuel could not ascribe it and in the end ceased trying to ascribe it and sought out Hubert Von Aulen to ask him to come to the cottage of the Conchez family. But the German had reverted to the period of Maria's death. He was inconsolable, silent, a recluse. He was seen wandering and alone to the new grave of Maria and to his own mausoleum where he strew tropical flowers daily. He still came to the island cantina of nights to drink a series of double whiskies and he still worked in his laboratory upon his experiments, for the chimney of his cottage wafted queer-smelling smoke which the islanders detected.

One night came a shocking explosion on Barracuda Key, and two Coast Guardmen and some of the islanders found Maria's mausoleum destroyed, blown to bits in the sand. Hubert Von Aulen was found near by, face down in the wet sand of the beach, weeping and inarticulate. There came another trial and townspeople on the mainland and on some of the Keys were outraged again. But the evidence was weak and circumstantial and trial judge and jurors sympathetic to the defendant. The charges were dismissed.

Hubert Von Aulen disappeared. The indefatigable Manuel, over the protests of Papa Conchez, sought to trace him. Then Manuel gave it up, too. For Manuel had taken spade in hand and gone to Maria's new grave. And when he turned up that last spadeful and opened the coffin, the body of Maria had disappeared. #

Continued from page 143

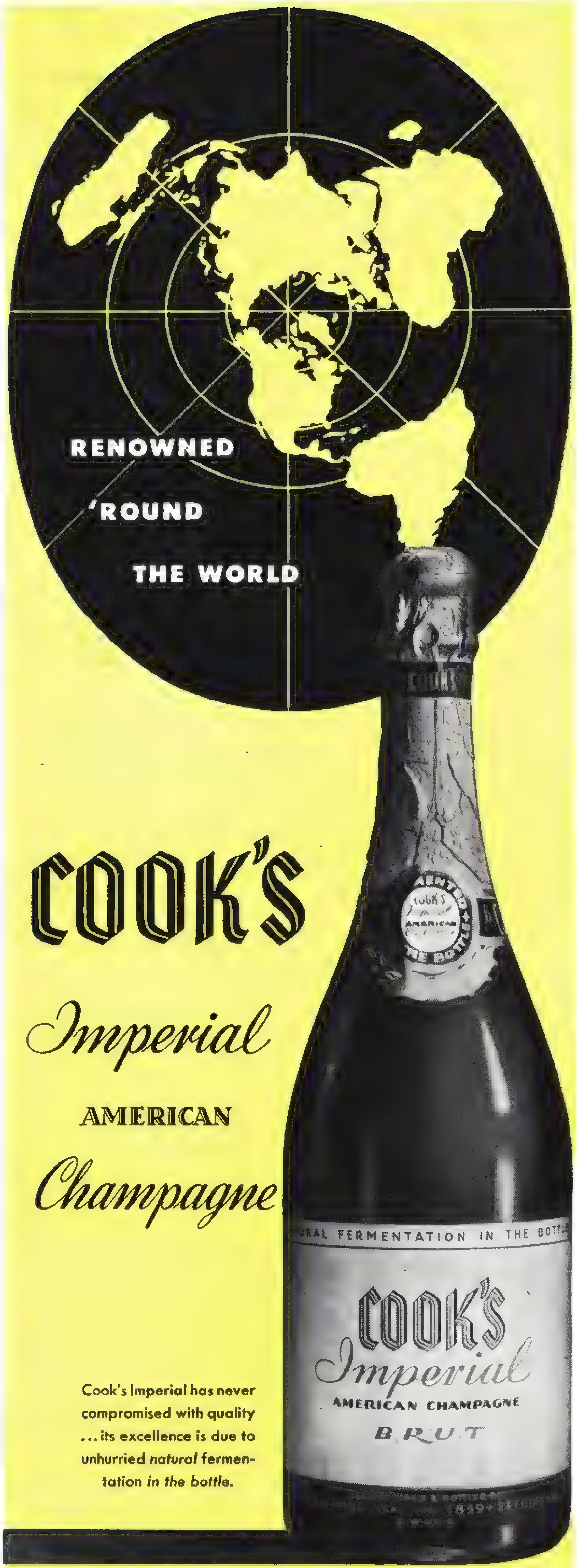
GIFT INSPIRATION...

Venus-Ray
TRADE MARK

The *modern* COMPACT WITH A LIGHT!

● The greatest improvement in compacts in years! Open the case and a tiny light snaps on making it so easy to apply lipstick and powder! It's the modern vanity, complete with lipstick refill case and perfume vial. In richly glowing metal, a gift to please the most discriminating woman. At fine stores everywhere, model illustrated, $6.00 (no tax). Others, $10 to $500.

SPOTLITE CORPORATION
155 W. 72nd St., New York City



COOK'S

Imperial

AMERICAN

Champagne

Cook's Imperial has never compromised with quality ...its excellence is due to unhurried *natural* fermentation *in the bottle.*

Cook's Imperial American Wines—

A W CO. 1947

***Table:** Rhine, Sauternes, Chablis, Claret, Burgundy* • ***Dessert:** Port, Sherry, Tokay, Muscatel*

AMERICAN WINE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MO. • EST. 1859

This Christmas—
and for years to come
...he'll enjoy

a COMOY

WHEN YOU GIVE A MAN A COMOY, you indicate your thoughtfulness and your own good taste. For you have selected the *very finest*...a pipe recognized *all over the globe* as unmatched in quality.

BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, you open for that lucky man on your Christmas list...a whole new world of smoking pleasure. From the moment he lights up his Comoy for the first time...savors the cool, rich fragrance of his tobacco...enjoys the perfect way his pipe looks, tastes, *feels*...you know he will always be grateful that you gave him a Comoy.

SINCE 1825, five generations of Comoys have devoted their unequalled skill and experience to producing pipes that are perfect in every detail, masterpieces of the art of pipe-making.

You will find Comoy's London-made briar pipes in the better shops in your community. Prices begin at $10.00.

COMOY'S *of London*

"THE OLDEST NAME IN PIPES"

H. Comoy & Co. Ltd., London, England; House of Comoy, Inc., New York, N. Y.; House of Comoy, Winnipeg, Canada; House of Comoy of Australasia Pty. Ltd., Sydney, Australia.

Christmas in Sun Valley

Continued from page 152

by mountain lakes, archery and bicycle riding.

Life, though, begins at night for many visitors, generally non-skiers. With a Hollywood crowd generally in evidence, you can expect a busy round of cocktail parties. And, if you're an oaf on the slopes, you might be able to make better time with your film-chick schussing in the Duchin Room, night-life center of the Lodge. You can always go to the movies at the Op'ry House. (First-run films, 85c.) Then, too, there is (shades of the Old West) dear old Ketchum, Idaho, a mile and a half away, where they use silver dollars as chips for gambling, which is strictly illegal.

Where to stay: Sun Valley is a synthetic little village offering three main types of accommodations which correspond fairly closely to the classes on an ocean liner, except that everybody mixes freely at the restaurants and night spots and no assistant pursers try to chase you back aft.

The swankest accommodations are at the luxurious Lodge, where single rates run from $6.50 to $40 per day. (All rates at Sun Valley are without meals.) At tyrolean Challenger Inn, a long rambling building including under one roof most of Sun Valley's shops, single rates run from $7 to $10.50 daily. Best bargain is at the near-by skiers' chalets, where a happy gang, including many college kids, pays from $2 to $5 per day for very comfortable rooms. In addition, the Cottage—also near Challenger Inn—offers single accommodations at $8 a day.

Where to eat, drink and be merry: Probably the most popular spot in and around Sun Valley is the Ram, an alpine-type café and restaurant featuring good food and drink, a relaxed atmosphere, pleasant, informal dance music played by a pleasant, informal trio, and an all-permeating feeling of all-around well-being. After an hour or two at the Ram you start wondering why in hell you ever have to go back to work.

After skiing one goes to the Ram for a Skiball (spiced tea with lemon and clove) or for hot spiced Glühwein (claret heated until it simmers) and a lot more fun. One asks the management for matches with which to burn one's initials in the table tops. One sits down and drinks, dines and bumps elbows with Claudette Colbert, Norma Shearer, the Gary Coopers, the Ray Millands—if one's name is Gable or Garson. Or one bumps into them on the dance floor—even if one's name is Joe Schmoe, from Kokomo. A really terrific dinner at the Ram runs you between $2.75 and $4.50, the latter for steak.

Or, you can wobble to your feet and stagger just a few yards away to the Café Continental for dinner. Prices are a little lower than

An enviable
REPUTATION
built on repeat
PERFORMANCE

The greatest compliment you can pay any product is "repeat performance." Men prefer J & M shoes and wear them from choice because a man's confidence in himself is best expressed in good shoes made by competent craftsmen who have equal confidence in the quality of their work.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE

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HYLO

WOOL-WASHABLE
FABRIC BY PACIFIC
100% Wool
PACIFIXED
LAUNDRY APPROVED WOOL GARMENT

ALL-WOOL
SPORT
SHIRTS
THAT WASH LIKE COTTON

Handsome? Of course . . . because Hylo is one of America's luxury shirts, famed for styling and custom quality tailoring. Now, thanks to Pacific Mills' new Pacifixed* process, you can have this 100% worsted shirt laundered commercially; it won't shrink out of size. Featured at leading stores, some of which are listed below. About $12.

Akron .... Koch Company
Brooklyn .... Buddy Lee
Buffalo .... Kleinhans
Canton .... C. N. Vicary
Dayton .... Metropolitan Clothing
Detroit .... Suffrin's
Kansas City .... Rothschild's
Los Angeles .... May Co.
Miami .... Burdine's
Miami .... Leighton's
New York .... Wallach's
Paterson .... Larkey Co.
Philadelphia .... Sam Gerson
Portland, Ore. ..... Olds, Wortman & King
San Francisco .... Roos Bros.
Southern California .... Desmond's
West New York .... Schlesinger's

HYLO SPORT SHIRTS
Larry R. Engelson
of New York and California

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

at the Ram—between $2.50 and $3.50.

Prices and food at the Lodge dining room are about the same as at the Ram, but the atmosphere is not so informal. Frequent dinner parties are held at Trail Creek Cabin, down the road apiece.

On Saturday night you might want to go to Ketchum for dinner. Good places include the Thunderbird Club, Alpine Inn and the Tram. Food and drink are good, silver dollars clink merrily, and types in broad-brimmed hats, high-heeled boots and levis lean against the bar and lend atmosphere.

At lunchtime you'll probably be up on a mountain somewhere, so you'll eat at the Round House on Mount Baldy or at the cabins on Dollar or Ruud mountains.

What to wear: Informality is the theme for Sun Valley attire, so leave dress clothes at home. For off-ski hours and evening loafing you'll want a fairly heavy sports jacket, wool slacks and a pull-over. Many skiers just stay in ski clothes, substituting soft, comfortable moccasins or after-ski slippers for ski boots.

About ski clothes. Most important item of the ski wardrobe is the boots. Look for a snug heel, plenty of support in the ankle, snug over-all fit while wearing a light and a heavy pair of sox. The boot is the connecting link between you and your ski and it's one item you shouldn't stint on. At Sun Valley good boots cost from thirty dollars up.

Lighter-colored ski pants are becoming more popular. Tans and light greys are coming in. Newer-model ski parkas are designed to be tucked into ski pants, thus avoiding open spaces created by body movements in action. In sweaters the trend is toward stripes and solid colors. Hand-knit jobs run from twenty-five dollars up. The Sun-Valley-model cap has a fairly long peak and ear flaps long enough to give good protection to the neck. A long string is attached to the flaps to allow sliding the cap off on the back of the neck when it is warm, and to hold the flaps in close for cold weather. In ski gloves the professionals prefer a lined finger glove with seams placed so as to avoid wear from contact with ski pole or tow. Shirts should be of fairly light wool, gabardine preferred. Wear a silk or rayon scarf under the collar. Air Force flying goggles, rubber trimmed, with three sets of interchangeable lenses, are a popular model. Sell for about $2.50.

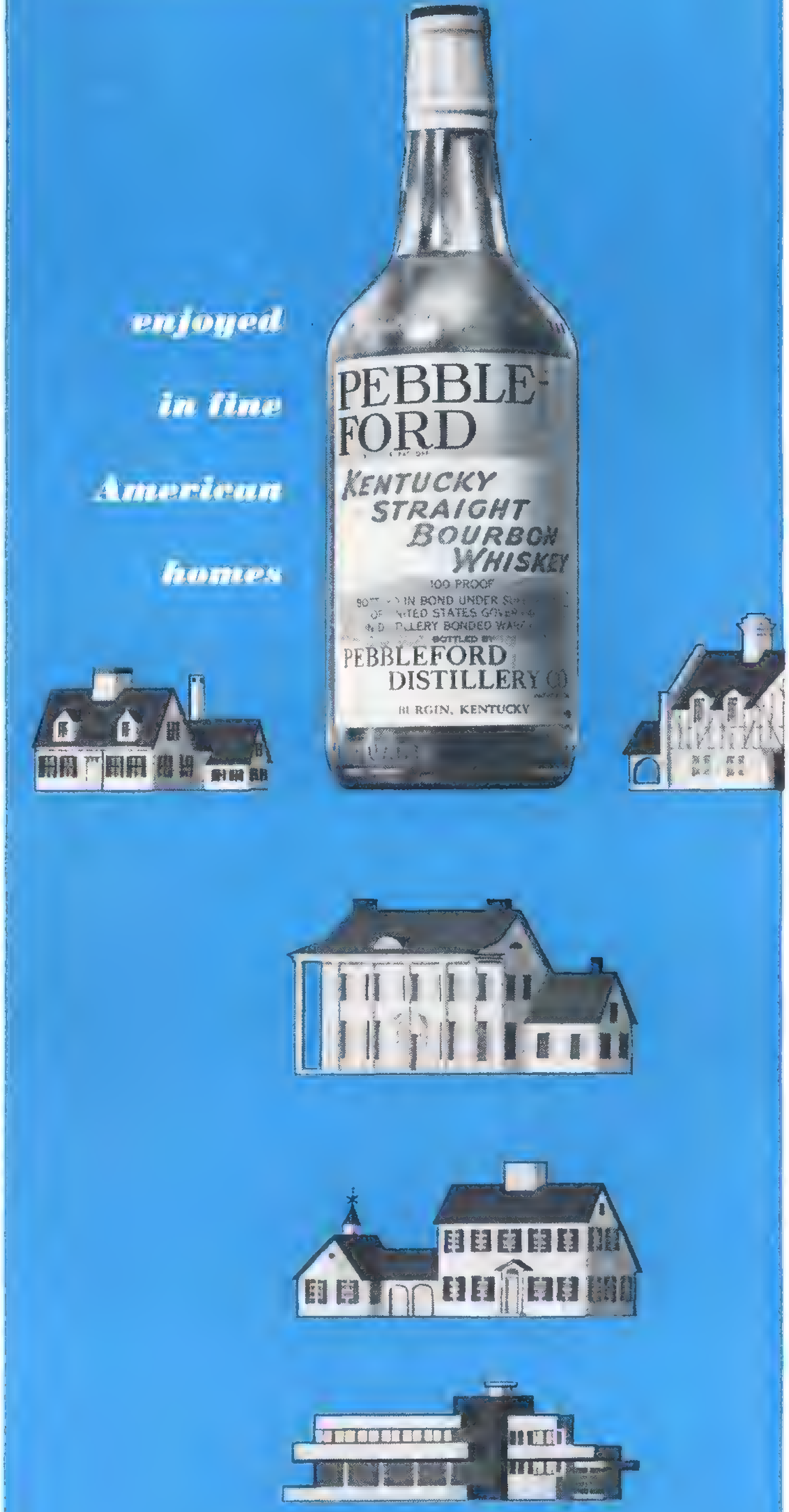
Warning note: Greatest sartorial crime which can be committed in Sun Valley is wearing of ski sox rolled outside of ski trousers. Them as does this are called "snow-bunnies," a term which—applied to a girl—means cute, but directed at a man means jerky.

What to buy: If you're married, engaged, going steady or just knocking around, chances are

Continued on page 296

Pebbleford

precious pre-war
*BOTTLED IN BOND
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey



enjoyed
in fine
American
homes

*from Schenley,
the House of Aged Whiskies

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from California **Rough Rider** presents
SLACKS & CORDS

Bill Goodwin and Bill Jr.

who shed light on your Christmas gift problems

"Say, what do you think I am —a genius?"
"What's a genius, Dad?"

Listen to the Bill Goodwin show on CBS —Saturdays

Goodwin: "Oh, somebody who's smart like anything."

Bill Jr: "You mean, like guys who get other folks to give 'em Rough Rider Slacks for Christmas?"

Goodwin: "Could be. Hey, you aren't growing up to be a radio actor, are you?"

Bill Jr: "Sure, just like you."

Goodwin: "Okay, then, smarty pants...or maybe I should say smarty Rough Riders. Let me quiz you. Did you know, 'frinstance, that Rough Rider Slacks are *comfort-cut* to fit right? Also, *California-styled* to look right and *sturdily stitched* to wear longer?"

Bill Jr: "Gosh, pop, you're awful smart."

Goodwin: "Oh, merely a genius, my boy—that's all."

Available at fine stores everywhere

Rough Rider
SLACKS & CORDS
for Men and Boys
MADE IN CALIFORNIA

ROUGH RIDER Inc., Napa and
South San Francisco, Calif.

Christmas in Sun Valley

Continued from page 295

you'll have to get out of the doghouse, which you've taken over by going off on a solo vacation. Best way of squaring yourself is to take back a present. At the Gift Shop in the Challenger Inn you can pick up such items as ski dolls, ski jewelry, musical cigarette boxes, Navajo and Zuni Indian jewelry, bar and apartment accessories, and the more usual gewgaws, gimcracks and gadgets. Fred Picard's shop in the Lodge is the place for imported silk scarves, gals' lounging suits, hand-knit sweaters, tweed sports jackets, pajamas, lingerie and suchlike.

How to get there: With the Union Pacific Railroad owning the place, your natural assumption would be that the U. P. would be your best way of getting there. Well, so it is, strangely enough, so it is. From Chicago or Portland, Oregon, the streamliner City of Portland takes you to Sun Valley, as does the Portland Rose from Portland or Denver; and the City of St. Louis from St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver and Portland. United Air Lines flies to Gooding, Idaho, from which you can make bus connections to Sun Valley. Driving, you'd connect with U.S. 93 from an East-West highway, and follow it past Ketchum right on into Sun Valley.

What it will cost: Your expenses will depend on where you stay. We've worked out approximate costs for a week at Sun Valley on three different planes. Here are some average prices—single.

LODGE:	
Room with bath @ $13 a day	$ 91.00
Meals about $8 a day	56.00
Ski lifts—$22.50	22.50
Ski lessons (six)	20.00
TOTAL	$189.50
CHALLENGER INN:	
Room with bath @ $7 a day	$ 49.00
Meals about $6 a day	42.00
Ski lifts—$22.50	22.50
Ski lessons (six)	20.00
TOTAL	$133.50
SKIERS' CHALETS:	
Single room with running water @ $5 a day	$ 35.00
Meals—Skier's Café about $3.50 a day	24.50
Ski lifts—$22.50	22.50
Ski lessons (six)	20.00
TOTAL	$102.00

Best buy at Sun Valley are the Learn-to-Ski weeks, scheduled frequently throughout the season, during which you can enjoy the above accommodations at the Skiers' Chalet for a total cost of $75.

Tipping: The usual twelve-to-fifteen-per-cent rule is good in the restaurants. Tip your maid fifty cents per day for a stay of a few days, a quarter per day for a week or more, a total of $2.50 for two weeks, and $5 for a month's stay. If you're staying for a month or the season, about $10 to the dining-room captain at the Lodge or Challenger Inn would go very nicely. ⧺

Continued from page 152

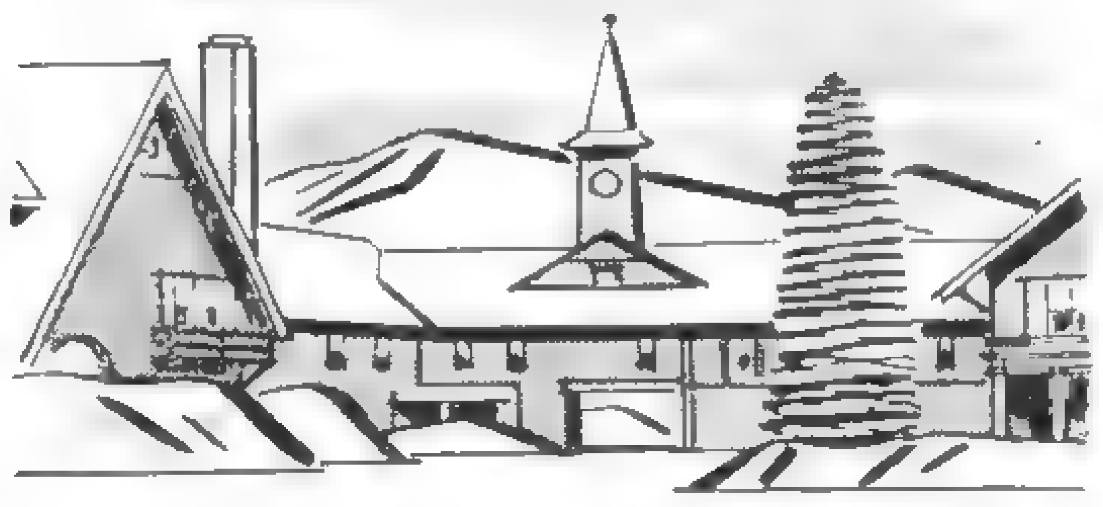
Where Winter is Welcome!

Sun Valley
IDAHO

Softly falling snow lends to Sun Valley a picturesque "Christmas card" atmosphere. Skiers joyfully ride to the mountain tops in time-saving chair-lifts. There's the magic tinkle of sleigh-bells . . . and whir of ice-skates . . . and, in delightful contrast, the splash of swimmers in warm-water pools sheltered by glass walls. Winter is welcome—and exciting—at Sun Valley. It's ideal in summer, too.

* * *

For further information or reservations, write W. P. Rogers, Gen'l Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho, or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 1137, Omaha 2, Nebraska.



WINTER SPORTS UNDER A "SUMMER SUN"

Oppenheim Collins

"BEWITCHED"

8.98

Intimate as a whisper! Provocative bare midriff with bewitching lace above, flowing fragile rayon sheer below. Styled by Lady Leonore in desirable shades of midnight black, blush pink, heavenly blue. 32 to 38.

In all Oppenheim Collins stores.

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Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Please send me______"Bewitched"
gown at 8.98 each. Size______
Color______2nd Color Choice______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______Zone ____State______
Paid ☐ Charge ☐ C.O.D. ☐
Delivery within 2 weeks.
Add 15c shipping charge on prepaid orders beyond our delivery area. Add 2% City Tax within N. Y. City. E-12-47

The Ordeal of the Great Morelli

Continued from page 169

directing the movements of things and persons like a ship's captain on his bridge. He was concerned now, as he inspected their rooms, only with getting down to dinner on time, for he counted a favorable impression in the hotel's dining room as second in importance only to the triumphal parade. He saw in the room devoted to the puppets that Jo had for once done his work well; the puppets were all arranged in perfect order. He went into the room shared by Tony and Jo. Jo was shining his shoes; he looked up and went right on polishing. Morelli smiled benevolently, "Go ahead, my boy. I'm pleased to see you engaged in such a laudable activity . . . clean shoes, clean conscience!" Tony was sitting in an armchair, a cigarette drooping from his lip, leafing through an old copy of an illustrated magazine, and he accorded Morelli even less attention. His coat and cap were thrown over another chair. "He's going to be out on the town tonight, too," thought Morelli, but aloud he only spoke with a strained joviality, as if to show that he was ready to forget that he had insulted Tony. "Well, are you pleased with your room? Looks pretty good to me." He went over to the window and raised the curtain. "Nice view right out over the street." He made these remarks aimlessly, so that whoever chose could pick them up. Jo grinned inanely, while Tony muttered something unintelligible without looking up from his magazine. "That's right, rest yourselves a little," Morelli went on, "because it's important that we be at our best when the show goes on tomorrow." Then, leaving the room, he added over his shoulder, "But get dressed as soon as you can, boys, because tonight you're dining with us downstairs." This time Tony no longer muttered. He said, loudly and distinctly, "Don't want to eat!" Morelli spun around as if he had been lassoed, and repeated Tony's words with the rising inflection reserved for great wonders. "And why not, if I may be permitted to inquire?"

"Got to work on the puppets."

"What's the matter with them?" Morelli was plainly scared. "Didn't I say, before we left . . ."

"Leave that to me," Tony interrupted sharply. "I know what to do. It'll all be okay tomorrow."

"Nevertheless," Morelli was clearly upset, "I'd like to know what's wrong. We'll work all night, but they've got to be . . ."

"Jo can give me the only help I'll need," Tony broke in coldly, "but it might be all night at that if you don't leave us alone!"

Morelli slammed out of the room without a word. Obviously there was nothing wrong with the intricate mechanism activating the puppets; Tony was only trying to bait him into worrying him-

Continued on page 298

Are you Popular with your Mother-in-law?

1 Do you give her the same break you would any other human being?

2 Do you remember her on Mother's Day? (she's your wife's *mother*, you know!)

3 When you give her a gift, do you choose something that makes her feel *young?*

Believe it or not...

mothers-in-law are *women* and subject to the same reactions of *all* women. Which means that they are vulnerable to the flattery of a well-chosen, *feminine* gift.

Try your mother-in-law with Adrian's *Saint* and *Sinner;* she'll be a little shocked and tickled pink to be placed in the category of women who prefer these exciting famous perfumes.

At better department stores throughout the country.

Adrian

Adrian
SAINT
SINNER

NOW!

in TUBES

AS WELL AS BOTTLES!

- EASY TO USE
- NO WASTE
- NO SPILLING
- HANDY FOR TRAVELING

WILDROOT
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
Hair Tonic

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW **WILDROOT CREAM-OIL**

GET A TUBE at your drug or toilet goods counter today! See for yourself how Wildroot Cream-Oil... the non-alcoholic hair tonic containing LANOLIN... grooms your hair neatly and naturally, relieves dryness and removes loose dandruff. Then you'll know why Wildroot Cream-Oil is again and again the choice of men who put good grooming first.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Mothers say, "Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair!"

The Ordeal of the Great Morelli

Continued from page 297

self out of a night's sleep.

But after dinner Morelli could hardly wait to get back upstairs to see whether Tony had indeed worked on the mechanism. For it occurred to him that if anything had gone wrong with the mechanical functioning of the puppets, it would be exactly as if he had died! Mingled with this dramatization of his utter dependence upon his puppets was an uncomfortable realization of his dependence upon Tony, for Morelli knew nothing about the intricate apparatus.

The minute he entered Tony's room he relaxed, for Tony and Jo were calmly playing chess. "So there wasn't much wrong with the machinery, eh?" He tried hard to keep his tone lightly casual.

"Just a few wires that had come undone. I found them and tightened them up," said Tony, adding "Check!" addressed to Jo, as if to close any discussion.

Morelli decided Tony had simply been trying to scare him. He reflected as he left the room, Tony was just as devoted to the precious machinery of the marionette show as he was. After all, Tony got ten per cent of the profits, quite apart from his pay and his keep.

"The idiot," Morelli thought as he undressed for bed, "without me he'd be out on the town."

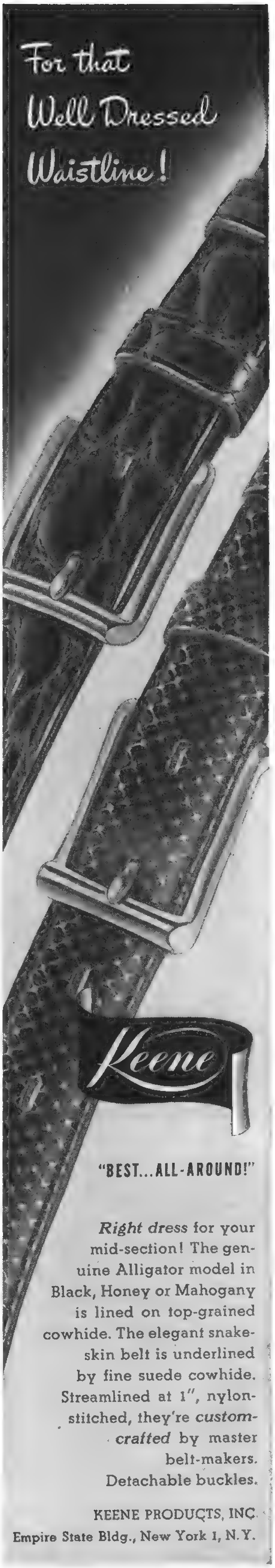
The next morning he woke up feeling fine and ready to be everybody's friend. But this feeling was dissipated by the discovery that Tony had gone off the night before and left a letter Morelli didn't have to open to know it boded nothing good. For the envelope was simply inscribed "For Morelli." No "Mr.," to say nothing of "Director."

"Just like him," he thought. "Strictly a lout. No more education than manners. Ate with his fingers and never brushed his teeth..." The letter was curt: "Tired of being your lackey. I'm blowing. Put on the show yourself if you know how!"

The enormity of the insult surpassed even the considerable dimensions of his capacity for indignation, so that instead of exploding he remained icily calm. "So that's it," he said aloud. "Very well. We'll see who gets on without the other. Yes, we'll see."

Only on observing Jo's open-mouthed stare, did Morelli realize he had been thinking aloud. "Well, what are you gawking at?" he said. "Get yourself ready because his honor the mechanic"—he underlined these words with such heavy irony that even Jo could not fail to catch it—"has done us the honor to ditch us. So the show will just go on without his honor the mechanic."

But he scared himself by these words far more than he succeeded in impressing Jo with his sangfroid. For the ten years of the show's existence there had never been a performance without Tony



For that Well Dressed Waistline!

"BEST...ALL-AROUND!"

Right dress for your mid-section! The genuine Alligator model in Black, Honey or Mahogany is lined on top-grained cowhide. The elegant snakeskin belt is underlined by fine suede cowhide. Streamlined at 1", nylon-stitched, they're *custom-crafted* by master belt-makers. Detachable buckles.

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Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y.

DRY
HEUBLEIN'S
The Vatted Vermouth
VERMOUTH

Read

One secret of making *better* Dry Martinis and Manhattans

between

is to use the Vermouth made *especially* for cocktail use

the lines!

by the world's largest producer of cocktails.

Heublein's

This Vermouth is made from our own wines and *natural* herbs exclusively.

Vatted

Vatted to perfection; crystal clear in the bottle.

Vermouth

Sweet for Manhattans
Dry for Dry Martinis

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behind the scenes seeing that everything ran right and knowing what to do if it didn't. Tony's presence might be, for all Morelli knew, as essential as that of the puppets themselves. "Well, hurry it up. Go get yourself dressed," he snapped at Jo, "we'll see now whether you're worth your keep."

But the false front of his courage collapsed the minute he was alone. He couldn't cancel the show; most of the tickets were already sold. He found himself wishing that his actors and actresses were not so obviously immune to head colds or any other providential "indispositions." For a wild moment he thought of tearing off in pursuit of Tony to appease him at any cost. But where to find him? So there was nothing for it but to resolve again the show would go on without Tony.

Go on without him it did, and only ten minutes late, this extra time having been consumed by Morelli's most exacting inspection. He had seen for himself that each wire that led from the little push buttons labeled variously, King, Poet, Knight, Banker, Sorceress, etc., activated the proper puppet. Morelli saw that the synchronization of the various sound effects and the successive cuings of the various speeches of the different puppets, recorded on the discs so cleverly concealed within the marionettes, was completely automatic, that Tony's work during the performance had been reduced to a matter of sitting with his arms crossed and simply overseeing the running of a thing that really ran itself. What to do about putting things back afterward, how the carefully distributed discs, once they had played through for this show, could be put back in a position to play through again for the next one, was a worry that Morelli simply couldn't cope with now. But he decided that if Tony should come back, on his knees, after this show had proved how well things could go without him, he might be forgiven and rehired.

At the last moment, Morelli received his worst scare of all, as Nina, peering out through a small aperture of the curtain, had spied Tony sitting in the last row next to one of the exits. As he pressed the first push button, which was supposed to send the king and queen out to the center of the stage, Morelli fully expected to see the two puppets explode. But nothing out of the ordinary occurred. He pressed the next buttons, sending out successively the lords and ladies of the court, and as everything went off nicely, his confidence returned. His fingers began to fondle the push buttons with the assurance of a virtuoso's fingers on the keys of a piano.

He paused, once the stage was filled with this first crowd scene, giving the audience a moment to appreciate this extraordinary spectacle. The public perceived that this crowded stage represented something no other mari-

Continued on page 300

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The Ordeal of the Great Morelli

Continued from page 299

onette theatre could present. Morelli glowed as their murmur of astonishment sprang up.

From here on his fingers ran almost automatically. He knew by heart every entry, every least gesture of the play. As he watched the marionettes moving, he had time to reflect: "The play itself is excellent! Written by a well-known poet, of course strictly in accordance with my own careful instructions. . . . Now the king mounts his throne . . . fine . . . now the queen on the other throne . . . excellent . . . now the lords and ladies move to either side . . . wonderful . . . this machine is a veritable marvel."

Now came the turn of the red buttons and the first speech, which always brought the house down. As if all these lifelike actions weren't wonder enough, the speech of the various puppets came to cap the climax, and the audience was always enchanted.

The lords and ladies beside the two thrones stood stock-still as the chamberlain rapped three times with his stick. Now the king was getting up. "My dear subjects," in his richly royal voice he would say, "it is with joy that I have come here. . ." Morelli waited for the electrifying effect of these first words.

The effect came, but it was not the one he had expected. First of all because the response to the first words, at the instant they were emitted, came not from the audience but from backstage . . . a loud, angry imprecation by Morelli, a gasp that was almost a scream from Nina, and a vainly stifled laugh from Jo.

For the king had rudely barked out, instead of "My dear subjects," the following words, in anything but a richly royal voice: "Bring 'im in to me 'n' I'll chop his head off!"

"But that's the executioner's speech!" Nina wailed.

"The rat has changed the discs around," blubbered Morelli, who had turned white as chalk. He guessed Tony's terrible vengeance: every disc was undoubtedly switched so that every puppet would say the wrong lines, producing unimaginable confusion.

"Shall I ring down the curtain?" Nina whispered.

Before answering he wondered what he should do; step out and explain unforeseen failure of the machinery and offer everybody's money back, or have Nina make the announcement? A woman might not be received so rudely. He looked out in desperation at the puppets, standing as if transfixed. The king still had his mouth wide open, like a bore who has been interrupted and wants to continue his interminable anecdote as soon as he regains the floor.

From out front Morelli could hear murmuring. "Oh, oh," he

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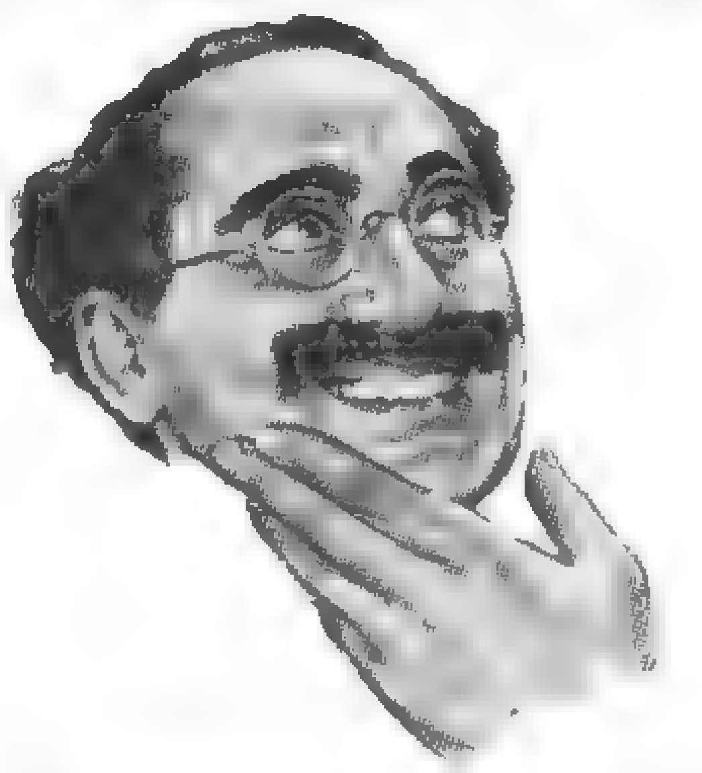

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thought, "it's starting." In a minute there would be an uproar, he felt sure, so he whispered to Nina to step out front and tell them the show would have to be interrupted. (He realized Tony's skill could not untangle the jumbled discs under two hours, that he himself could not hope to do it in a month.)

Nina started dutifully, but as she peered out from the side, she turned back, her face expressing infinite surprise: "But nobody has budged," she whispered, "they haven't noticed a thing!"

Morelli snapped out of his lethargy instantly, and pushed the next button. Whatever happened could be no worse than what had already happened, and the public still seemed strangely satisfied despite the horrible faux pas of having the executioner's words issued from the king's lips.

In response to the white buttons the puppets moved and a door opened into the throne room on the stage, whence the intrepid hero strode in, brandishing his sword. Morelli recalled the hero's lines: "Your majesty, the enemy has crossed our frontiers, our army is in flight, but my strong right arm is here to protect you . . ."

But the hero, waving his saber, shouted, "Our soldiers have no wish to die for your stupid whims! The wise man settles his difficulties without recourse to combat and avoids conflict at whatever price!" These words were, naturally, those of the corrupt chancellor who had been bought by the enemy. Tony had worked with diabolical thoroughness. Morelli was not surprised when the lords of the royal suite, in place of the proper words, "Our arms and our blood for the king and queen!" roared out instead, "Down with this bloody tyranny! Death to the sorceress, she's the cause of all our troubles!"

Morelli read Nina's expression as she studied the reactions of the audience and nothing suggested that he should stop.

"I only took this terrible job for the sake of my kids," said the king. And the queen, rising from her throne with graceful gestures of leave-taking to all the court, said, "I will have you grilled to death over a slow fire. I will turn all your dreams into nightmares. Tremble before my fury!"

"Hurrah for our beloved queen," shrilled a young page whose speech Tony had apparently neglected to change, but all the noble lords and ladies, trooping mincingly off stage behind the royal couple, shouted "To the stake with the wicked sorceress!"

Morelli went on pushing buttons, wondering how long the farce would be endured. During a pause he at last heard the long-feared commotion out in the audience. Somebody shouted, "But they're all saying the wrong thing." That voice could only be Tony's. But other voices rose instantly. Morelli had shoved Nina away from her vantage point and he saw strong arms hauling the

Continued on page 302

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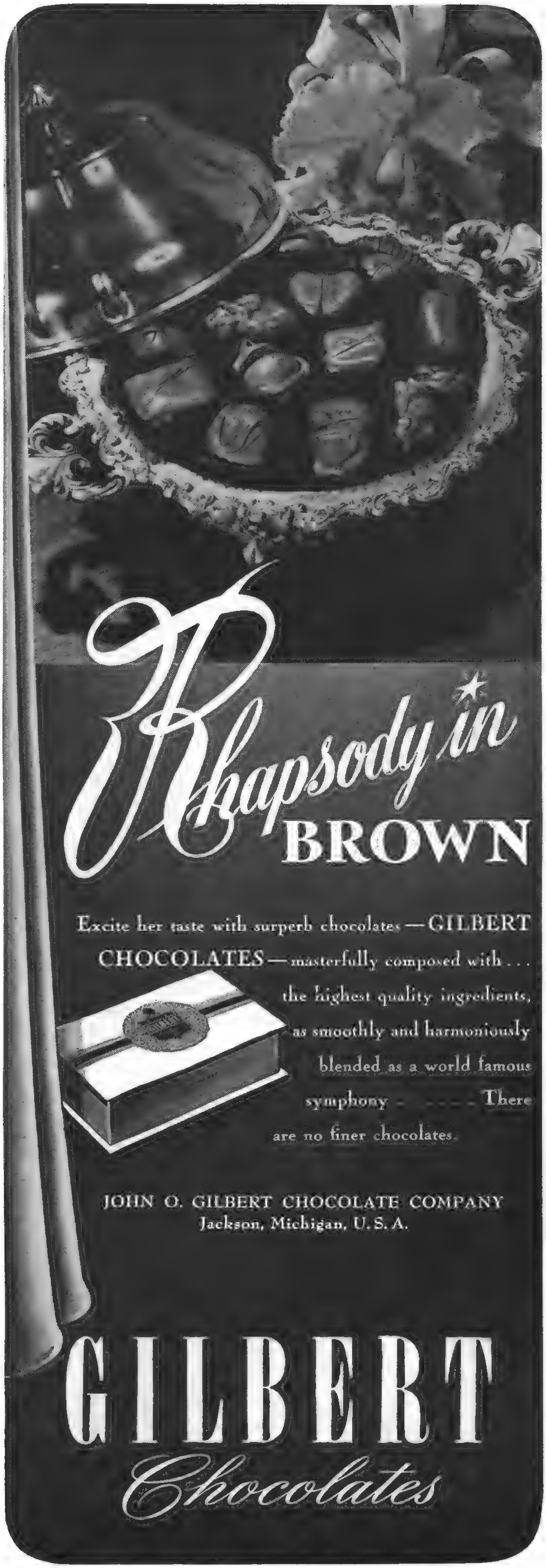

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The Ordeal of the Great Morelli

Continued from page 301

objector out of his seat and bustling him out of the exit. Morelli could not resist shouting "Bravo," a cry that was echoed throughout the audience. Suddenly Morelli realized that never in the play's history had there been anything resembling this ovation.

"They've thrown the bum out," screamed Nina happily. "Serves him right, too."

But Morelli, drinking the heady wine of applause, paid no attention to her. Now they were stamping their feet as well as clapping their hands. Forgetting the velvet curtain between him and his public, Morelli bowed again and again, his eyes brimming with tears. Not even in his most audacious dreams had he imagined such a success.

The applause died down at last only after Morelli had again begun to push the buttons and the show was going on. The poet came on the scene, waving his sheaf of manuscripts, and telling how much money he hoped to make as he pointed to his papers. The banker, on the other hand, came on juggling his sack of gold and talked with dreamy lyricism about the blue of his true love's eyes. "Very, very good," murmured Morelli, "nothing strange about that at all; bankers have moments in their lives for love, and poets have to think about making their living, too." Apparently the public felt the same way about it, for the scene met a hurricane of applause. There was no less enthusiasm when the judge in his purple robe uttered the thief's lines about the injustice of society. But the grand climax came when the wife of the intrepid hero, seeing him off to the wars, called down to him the imprecations meant for the scullery boy by the wicked sorceress. From then on, the audience remained at that psychological high point of ecstasy where the least commonplace was greeted with torrential enthusiasm.

When the play was at last ended, and Morelli came out front to accept a thunderous ovation, he reflected as he bowed repeatedly in acknowledgment of the applause that seemed destined never to stop, "I am the hero of the day, and rightly so. The author . . . that's a laugh . . . just goes to show you how little words matter, it's only actions that count. And I'm the one that pushed the buttons to make the actions. I don't need anybody, not Nina, not Jo, and certainly not Tony. Morelli's troupe . . . *c'est moi!* From here out, I'll always play it that way. Leave the discs where they are. New policy. The marionettes can go right on doing the same things as always, it's only their words that are different. More logical, more natural, more human. It's amazing how much the text has gained this way in profound significance. Maybe at that I will change the title . . ." ⧺

Continued from page 169

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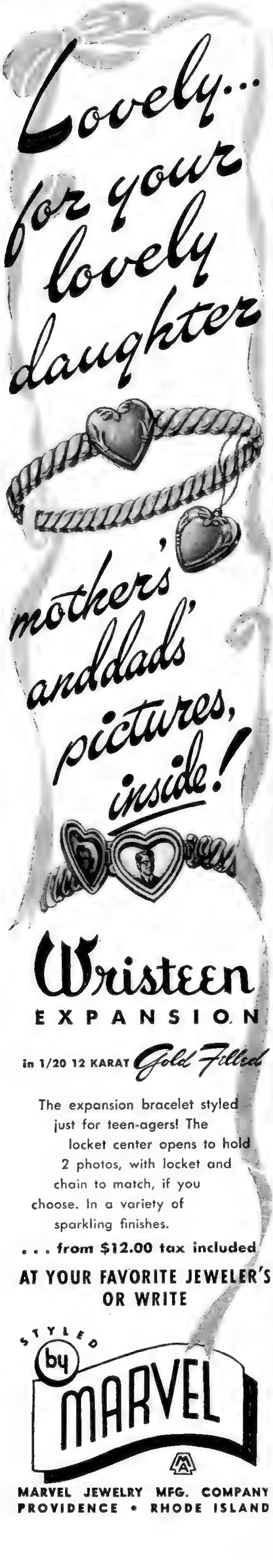

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Season's Greetings

Continued from page 163

with the class that you've got."

Harry finished bandaging his right hand and Scoots snipped the bandage with his scissors and talked while Harry applied some adhesive tape. "The crowd's nuts about him and he likes to fight, too."

Harry mumbled something about how much he'd like it tomorrow when he couldn't eat on account of his sore tongue. Scoots countered: "Y'know, Joe, Harry'd a been better off if he'd never went to high school."

"Think so?" I said.

Then he changed the subject: "I don't know how you ever licked this guy out on the Coast, Harry."

"I'll tell you, Scoots. I was a last-minute sub and he figures I'm not only washed up but I ain't in shape. So while I go to work on him with my left hand, I'm talkin' to him. He heard a lot of fancy names that night—and he went right-hand crazy. All I had to do was keep my left hand in his mush all night."

He wrapped a towel around his neck and laid himself on the rubbing table. "He's good enough to lick any welter in the world, but that night he was a stinkeroo. Maybe he'll want to get even with me." Harry raised his head off the table and looked at Scoots. "I know one thing, though. He'll have to fight to win this one. I ain't a dope and I ain't a hero, and I ain't sticking my chin out for nobody."

Somebody opened the door and we could hear the roar outside. Harry lay back on the table, and said: "If I fight him it'll be because I think it's smart to fight him. A lotta good they ever done me."

A fellow in a green suit stuck his head in the stall and said: "You're wearin' the red and black trunks, Harry. The semi just started."

Scoots pointedly suggested the semi should be a good fight to watch, so I said, "Good luck, Harry," and went out.

During the semiwindup between Billy Williams and Matt Kelly I kept thinking about Harry. It had been a long rough road and he'd taken all the bumps. He always thought it wouldn't be long before he'd be in the big money. Once, right after he'd graduated from high school, he had said: "It's nice to have people call you Doctor and all that, but we've always been poor and hell we're still poor. I can make dough now and make it fast. I'll go to college later."

But things didn't work out that way. Finally his boxing went cold; he was winning decisions and losing the crowd. Other things happened along the way, and now his spirit was as battered as his face.

The Williams-Kelly fight had ended. A young fellow wearing a white sweater with "Arena A.A."

Continued on page 304

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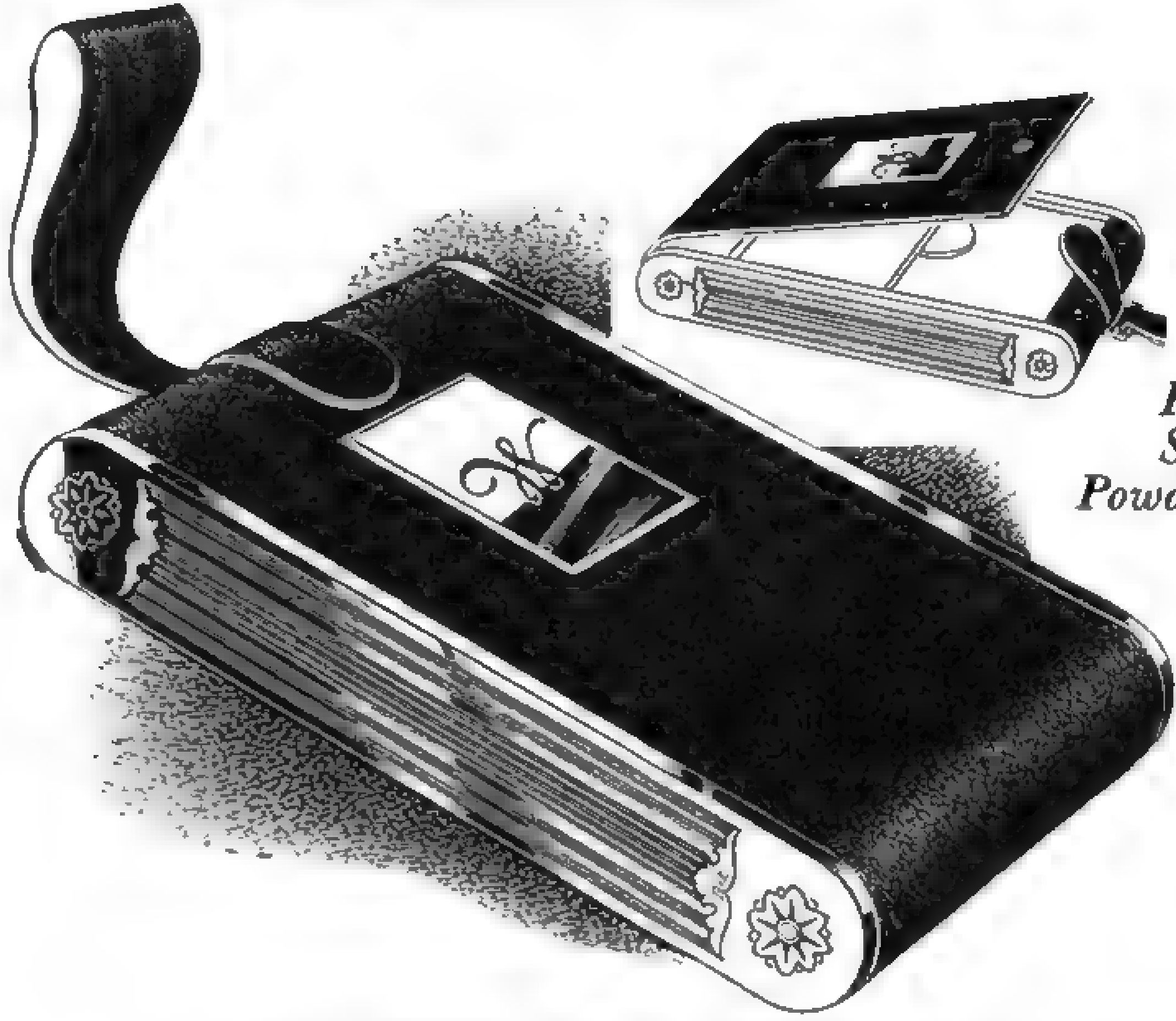

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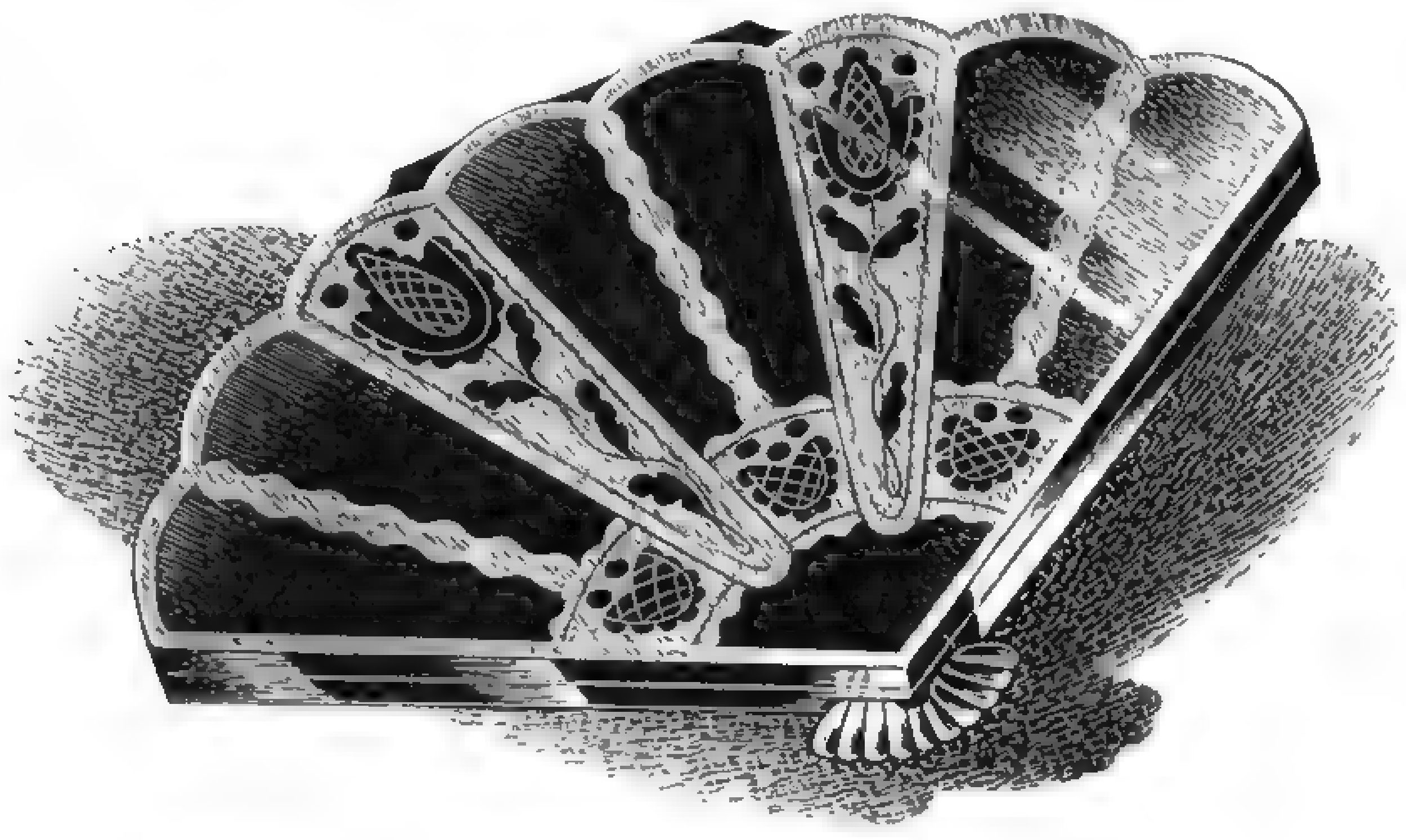

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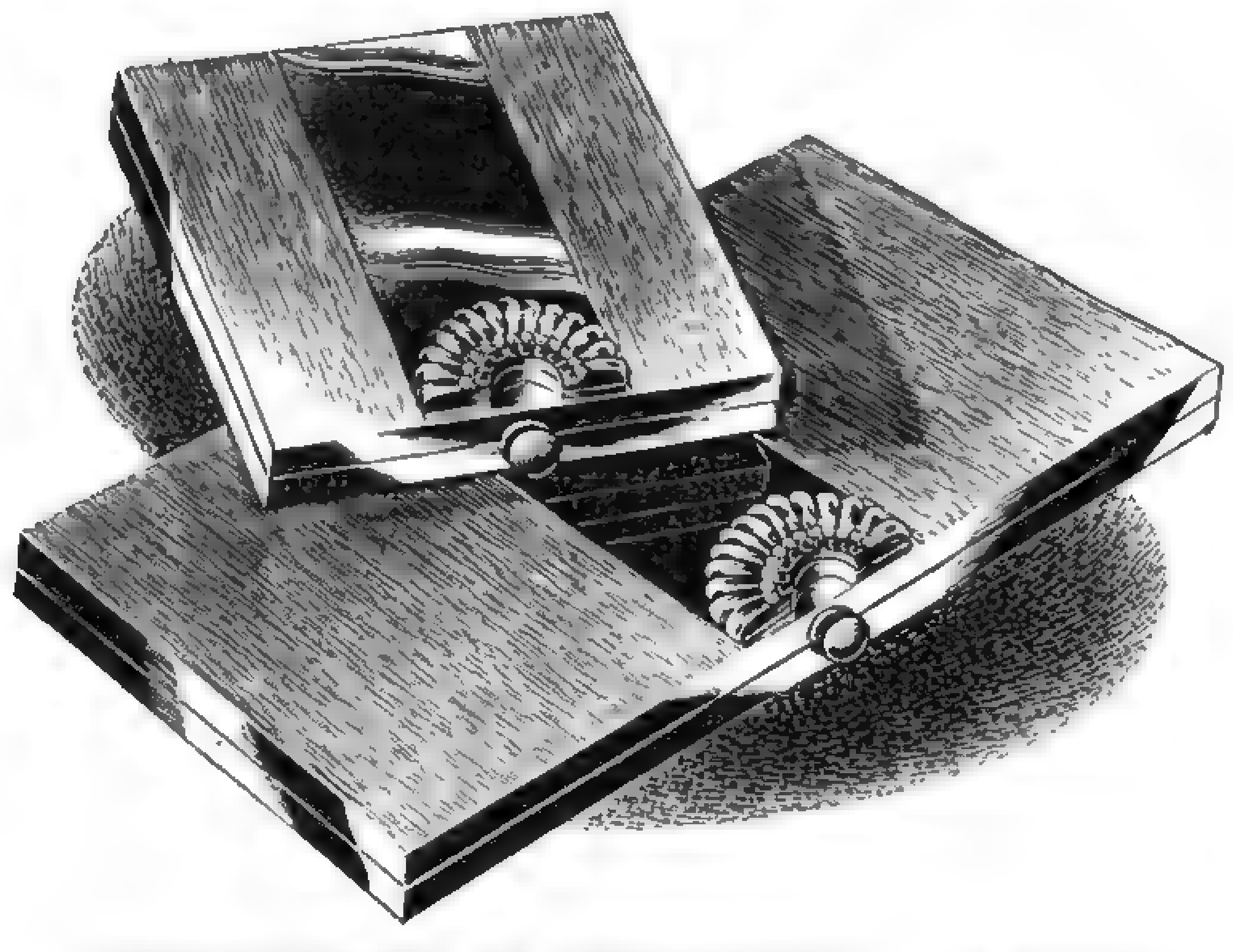

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Season's Greetings

Continued from page 303

on the back jumped into the ring and scattered resin on the wet parts of the canvas, spreading the stuff with his foot.

Young Jack climbed through the ropes. Harry and his party moved down the opposite aisle, Tippie running ahead. He stepped on the bottom rope and lifted the second rope so that Harry could easily step into the ring. Harry shook hands with the colored man, then went to his corner, rubbed his feet on the resin-covered canvas and sat down. There were a lot of announcements, and the promoter and his matchmaker offered the Season's Greetings to "each and every one."

The bell clanged, and the announcer stood in the center of the ring with one arm raised in a quieting gesture.

"Windup, ten rounds, wearing purple trunks and weighing 148 pounds, the outstanding welterweight of the West, the man who the champion has refused to meet, from Los Angeles, California,"—and turning and pointing abruptly at the corner, "young Jack Johnson."

Class was written all over Johnson. His muscles and joints were nervy, but you could see he had hold of himself. An overfed guy in front of me said happily: "Blake's gonna get it this time, but good. It cost me $4.40 but it's gonna be worth it."

I leaned up to him and said, "Merry Christmas."

After the first mix-up, I was able to relax. Jack had tried to draw Harry into a short left hook, but Harry's right hand took care of that while he stuck his own left at the coffee-colored head in front of him. He pumped the jab two or three times in the half-clinch, but young Jack deftly picked the punches out of the air with his right hand. Jack tried to counter with a short right across, but it slid harmlessly along Harry's outstretched left arm. He had a lulu of a right and Harry knew it. Then Harry speeded up. He flitted gracefully in and out around Jack, flickering, sticking, and slashing at his face with his left hand, and a few short slashing hooks found Jack's nose and mouth. Jack twitched his nose and a thin stream of blood ran out of one of his nostrils, but he didn't seem worried. He tried a nice one-two and a hard left hook to the body, but Harry wasn't there. He had moved to the side, and stuck his left fist sharply into Jack's face as the colored boy charged past him.

"Oh you cutie," someone yelled in falsetto. The guy next to me winked and said solemnly, "Classy guy," as if he had just read an obituary.

Jack wasn't going to lose his head this time—he knew this old guy was cagey and fast, but he was taking his time to figure him out. He tried to beat Harry at his own game. He stepped around

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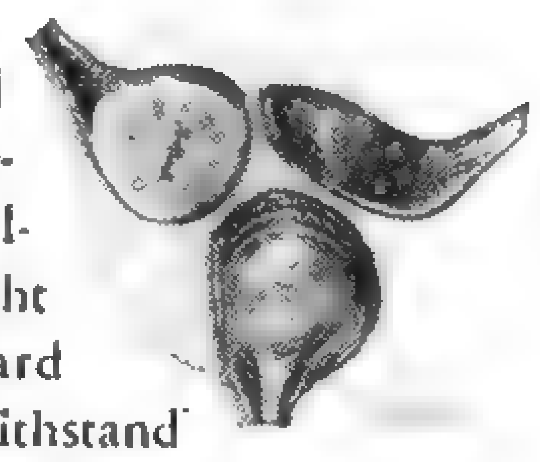

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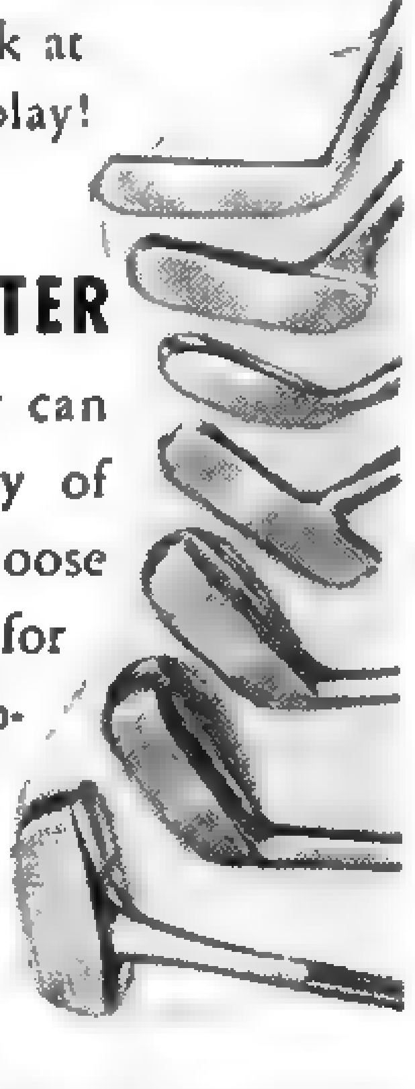

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fast and kept sticking out his left jab. He feinted and leaned back, trying to draw Harry into a counterpunch, but Harry stepped to the side and pecked away.

Somebody yelled: "Open up, Harry. He can't make that puss of yours any uglier," and everybody laughed. Then the bell ended the round.

There was some tolerant applause as the men walked to their corners. Harry sat upright on his stool, looking bored.

The fat guy in front of me complained: "I didn't pay my $4.40 to see two guys dance."

"Give them a chance," I said. "Hell, the fight just started."

In the second round, Harry continued that nerve-racking technique. It was peck, peck, peck, and then swish, as a tantalizing hook brushed past Jack's head. Jack couldn't maneuver him into position for any long-range shots, and in the clinches Harry tied him into knots. The colored boy was trying to make a fight of it, but he wasn't having much luck. All he was getting for his trouble was a facial massage from Harry's left hand.

The gallery gods started to stamp their feet. Clump, clump, clump. "Waltz me around again, Willie."

The fellow next to me shook his head. "That guy ain't no fighter," he said sadly. "Nothin' in here." He pointed to his heart.

"Give him a chance," I said.

"Look," he said disdainfully, "ya can't make a lion out of a dog."

Jack with all his class couldn't land a solid punch, and Harry was outjabbing him. The second round was almost over. The gallery bunch got tired of stamping and stopped. Then Harry went into a crouch and threw a hard left hook to Jack's body, then a wild right that landed on the colored boy's chin and almost spilled him. The crowd seemed to explode to its feet.

Jack lashed back with a sweet right cross, and Harry staggered away from a left hook that would have knocked him into the balcony if it had landed. But he bounced back, driving Jack across the ring with a flurry of punches. The referee, probably the only man present who heard the bell ending the round, tore Harry away and pushed him toward his corner. The people settled back into their seats.

I was pretty excited. "How d'ya like that?" I yelled so that everybody around heard me. You'd think I had done it myself.

The fat man looked happier now. "Okay, but Jack is gonna knock 'im crazy if he fights that way."

The fellow next to me raised his eyebrows approvingly. "Yeah," he said.

Harry tried to appear fresh as he sat upright on his stool; he licked his lips nervously as Scoots talked to him. His hair was wet and mussed now, and you

Continued on page 306

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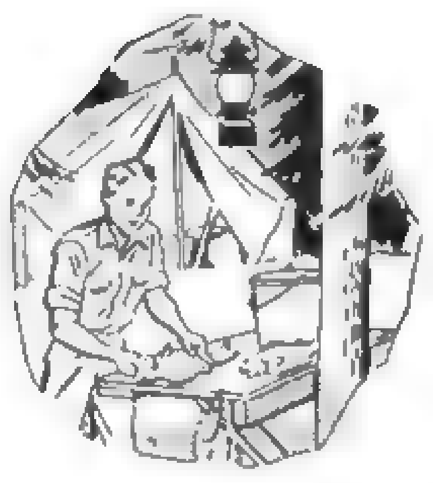

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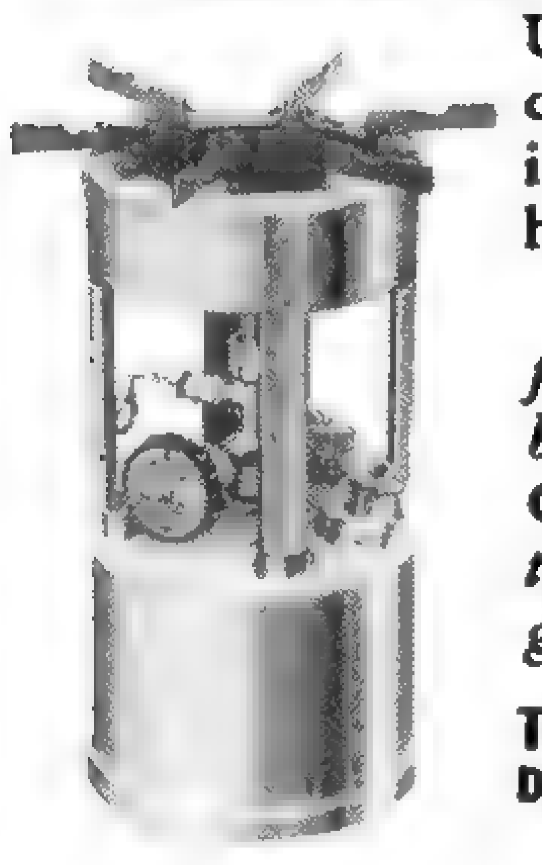

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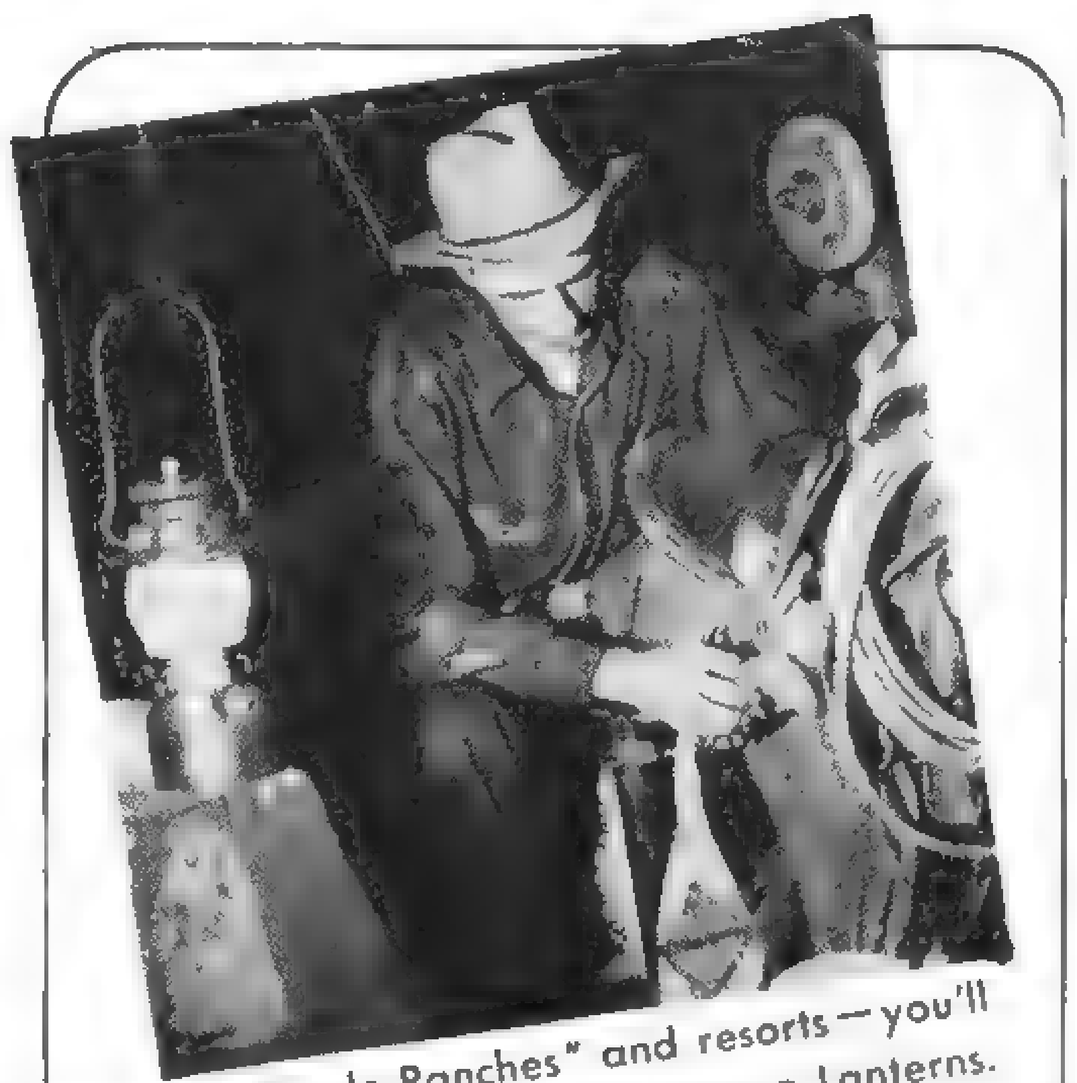

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Coleman
FLOODLIGHT LANTERN

Season's Greetings

Continued from page 305

could see his bald spot on top.

The boy with the white sweater walked around the ring showing a big card with a "Three" on one side and "Season's Greetings" on the other.

The crowd was for Harry now. A lot of people were yelling bad advice to him. I was myself.

Harry, looking like a battle-scarred old tomcat, tore out when the bell rang, snarling and throwing punches. Some of the blows landed but most of them whizzed past Jack's head as he moved to the side gracefully. Once in a while young Jack would stop and get inside with a short straight right to the body, and that would spur Harry on to throw another batch of punches. Whether the punches landed or not, the crowd would yell, but I knew those body punches hurt, and I guess the crowd knew too.

As I scored the round for Harry, I wondered how long he would last.

The fan next to me yelled: "Atta boy, Harry. Give 'im hell."

The fourth round was like the third, but in the fifth Harry's flurries got shorter, and afterward Scoots and Tippie kneaded the muscles of his arms and legs. Near the end of the sixth, young Jack opened up with solid body smashes that made you wince every time one landed. The left side of Harry's body began to get red and painful-looking. Suddenly Jack's right fist flashed out, and Harry's mouthpiece flew out of his mouth and the bald head and black wet bangs were on the floor.

He rolled over and tried to rise, but his head seemed too heavy to lift. He managed to get to one knee, drunkenly, and there was a vacant look on his face, like a man who might have tripped and fallen on his way to work. Everybody thought he was going to get up without waiting for the full nine, and a great roar went up. "Stay down."

He smiled and stayed on one knee, raising his right glove to his forehead drunkenly, to salute the anxious crowd. He put his mouthpiece back in his mouth, as if to show everybody he knew what he was doing. Then he wiped his forehead and eyes wearily with his sweaty forearm.

"He's okay," said the fellow next to me. "I think he'll be okay."

He was up at nine, but instead of being careful he rushed at Jack and staggered him with two solid hooks. Scoots yelled: "Stick 'im, Harry, stick 'im!" But Harry wasn't interested in jabbing. "Box 'im!" the crowd roared. But he chased Jack around the ring, bobbing and weaving, and throwing hard, wild punches with both hands, not giving the colored boy a chance to get set for the knockout punch. Then the bell rang, and there was a limp "Whew."

Harry skipped to his corner, pretending to be fresh. He patted Scoots roughly on his cheeks with

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his open mitts and sat down. Scoots went to work on him with the smelling salts and cold water.

What happened after that didn't matter much. I remember everybody yelling, "Hold 'im, Harry." But Harry didn't hold. He forced the fight every second, but he was going along on guts. The fans were pulling for him to stay the limit, and I think Jack himself didn't want to stop him unless he had to. But it's not easy to carry a guy who isn't afraid of you and keeps trying to knock your brains out. Then again maybe that's why Jack would want to carry him. I don't know.

The bell ended the fight, and a great cheer came from the standing mob as the two men embraced each other in the center of the ring. It was one of those few nice things you see at the fights. For a while, everybody seemed friendly, and I forgot about the smart-money boys.

The police guards wouldn't let me get near Harry's dressing room. Finally one of the cops brought me a note from him saying would I stop around at his house the next morning.

When I arrived at his place, he was in bed, his head all swathed in bandages. His wife was there and when I looked at the bandages, she snapped, "The little boy was playing hero yesterday, and his friends didn't like it."

"Listen, honey, I know what I was doin'. The crowd was nuts about me, weren't they, Joe? I can make plenty of dough around here now." He looked at me for support.

His wife picked up the *Bulletin* and threw it into my lap. "Look what his pal Shane thinks, and the other papers have the same story—great fight but he's washed up and ought to quit. Yeah, he's gonna make plenty of dough." She clicked her tongue disdainfully and left the room. I started to read:

In a wild fight that thrilled a Christmas crowd of 9000 at the Arena, Harry Blake, veteran Philadelphia ringman, came home after an absence of almost three years to lose the decision to young Jack Johnson but to win 9000 friends by an amazing display of stamina and courage.

My eye skipped down the page to the last line which I read aloud: "His head was bloody but unbowed."

"My head wasn't bloody," Harry said. "Where does he get that stuff? I'd be crazy as hell to quit now. They were nuts about me! They beat me up—okay—I ain't kicking, but that squares things, don't it? They can't keep a guy from making an honest living."

"Oh, for Chrissakes, Harry . . ." I began.

He drew in his chin, and his little brown eyes grew brighter.

"You're damned right," Harry mumbled. He looked toward the door through which his wife had left. "What more could a guy's family want for Christmas?" #

Continued from page 163

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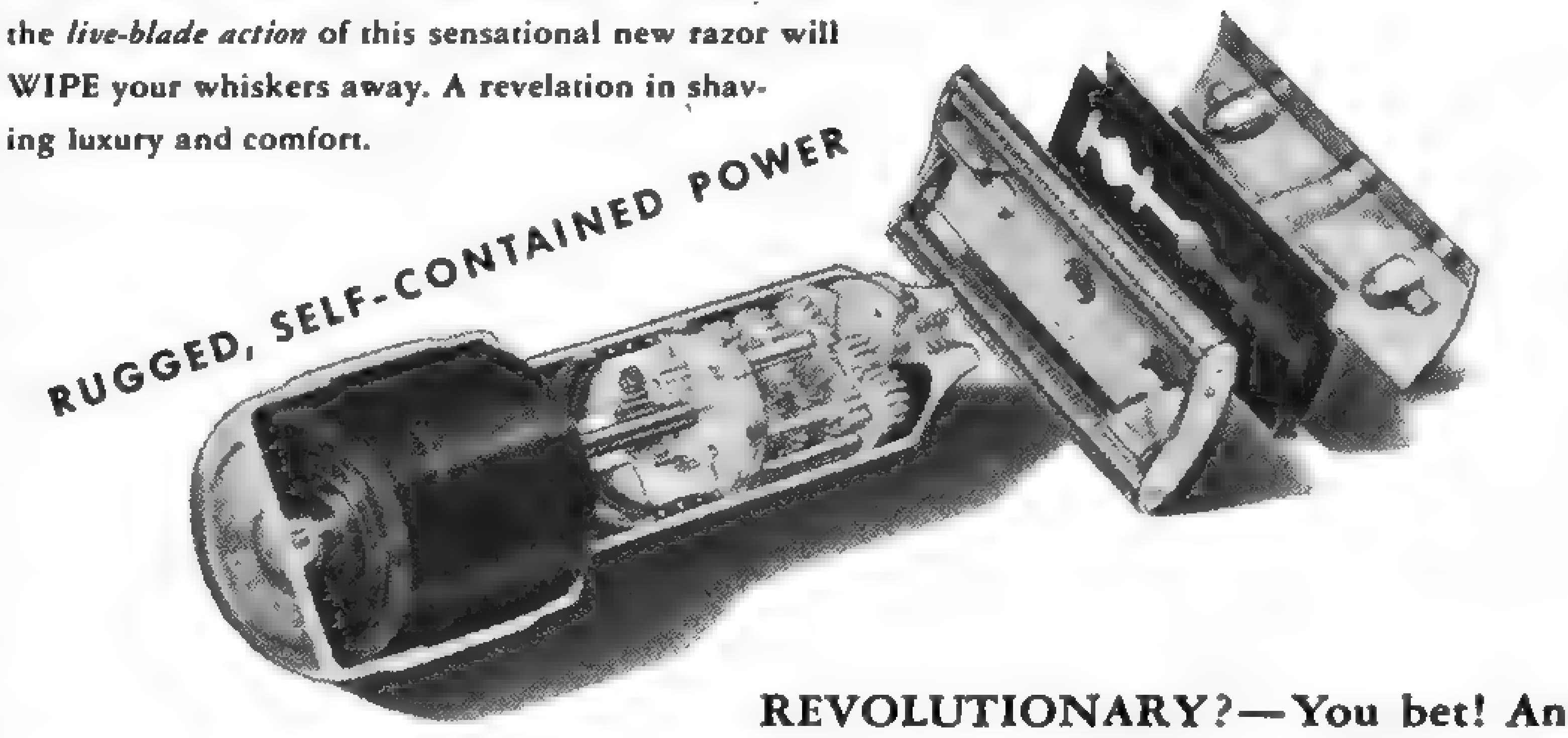

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PROMISE YOURSELF
THE JANUARY ESQUIRE

Nono, Epicure of Negation

Continued from page 129

merely in the forfeiture of bail, but in the punishment of the defendant himself. Without knowing your name and address it would be difficult to trace you if you should fail to appear."

"I assure you that I will appear. I give you my word." He said it sincerely. Those were words I had often heard even from the most irresponsible derelicts.

"I might have trouble trying to remember my name anyway," he continued with a smile. "It is so long since I have used it. Don't you think Shakespeare was right after all? What's in a name? You would be punishing me regardless of any name which I might use. In fact you should punish me as Nono because it is as Nono that I committed the offense. It would be unfair and unjust to the name which I used in my other life to punish me, or the other fellow that I was, for something which I, Nono, have done. Some persons live more than one life."

My expression must have revealed my thoughts, for the defendant added, "I see that Your Honor is somewhat startled by what seems to be the philosophy of a madman or at least of an eccentric one. Ordinary people do not think that way. Ordinary living makes ordinary thinking."

What a strange defendant! Was he just deranged, or was he a brilliant eccentric? He had voluntarily broached the subject that I had been trying to approach in a tactful, indirect way.

"You seem an unusual kind of person for a circus clown," I replied. "And clowns do not usually horsewhip innocent spectators."

"I am not trying to excuse my deplorable action. I have been told that the unfortunate man is suffering from a mental illness." He bowed his head as he said it.

"You must have known him well enough to know it if you knew him well enough to want to whip him," I commented, and then unconsciously, as though talking to a guest in my home, I added, "Won't you sit down?" He did.

"That's the queer thing, Judge. I had never seen him before."

"Nor the people that were with him?"

"No sir."

"You are a most peculiar person. There is something about your manner that leads me to believe you have not always been a clown. What did you do before you went into the circus?"

"I used to be a professor of the classics in one of our leading colleges. I taught Latin and Greek for ten years before I took to clowning." He smiled as he said it, as though he himself were expressing incredulity.

"What an interesting life yours must have been. You ought to write a book about it." I was trying to get him to talk.

"There's little to write about,"

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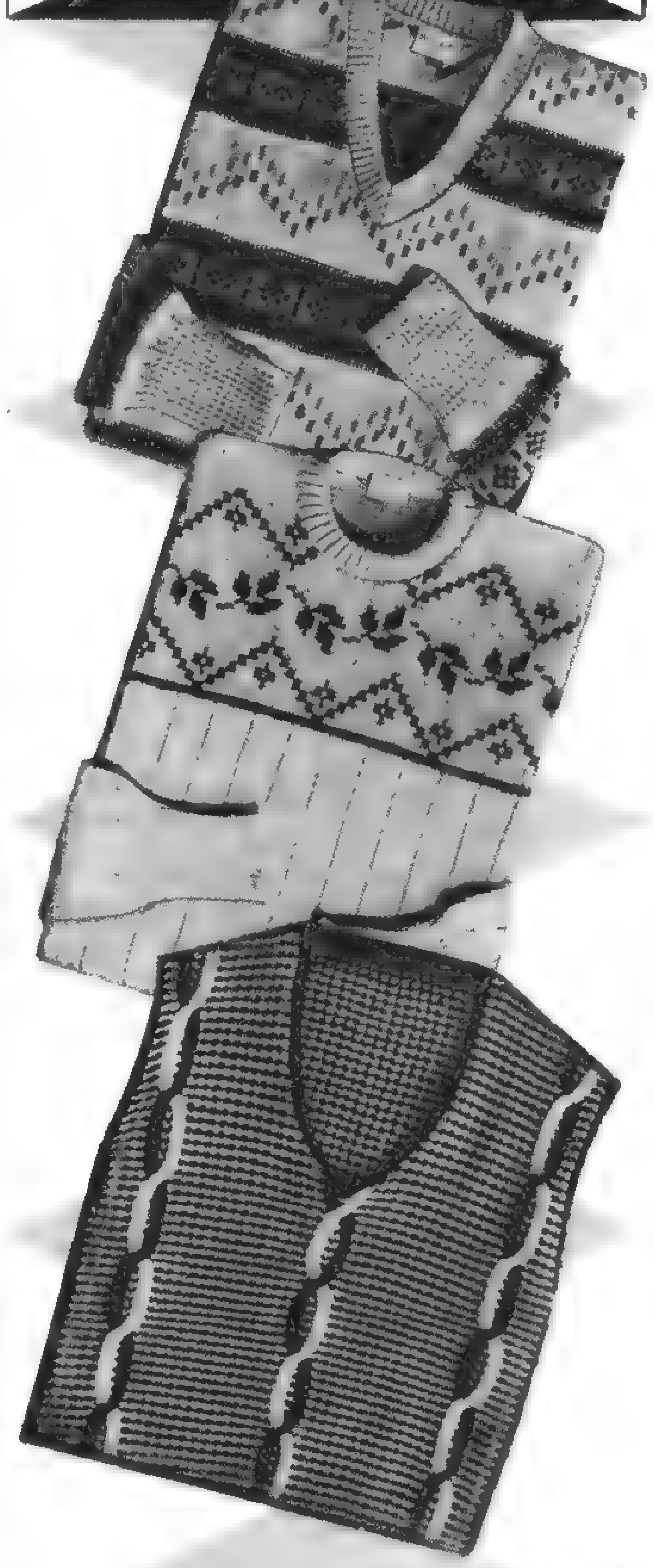

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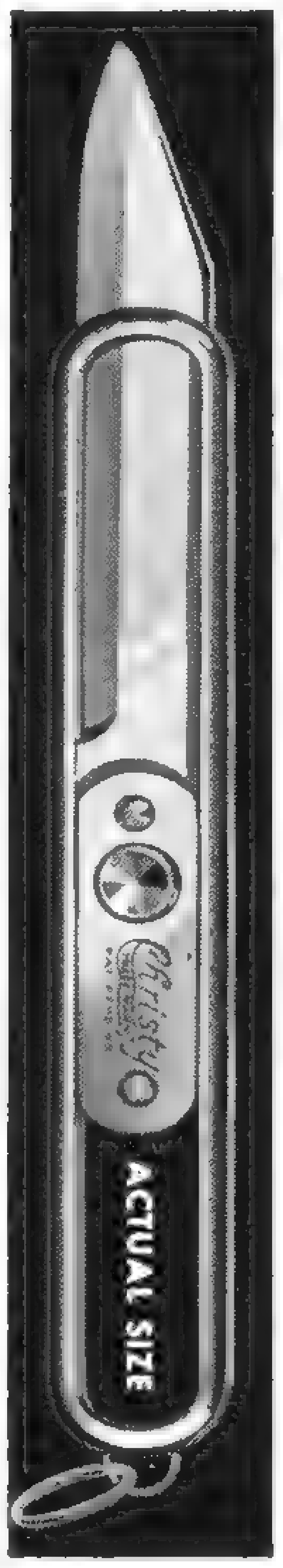
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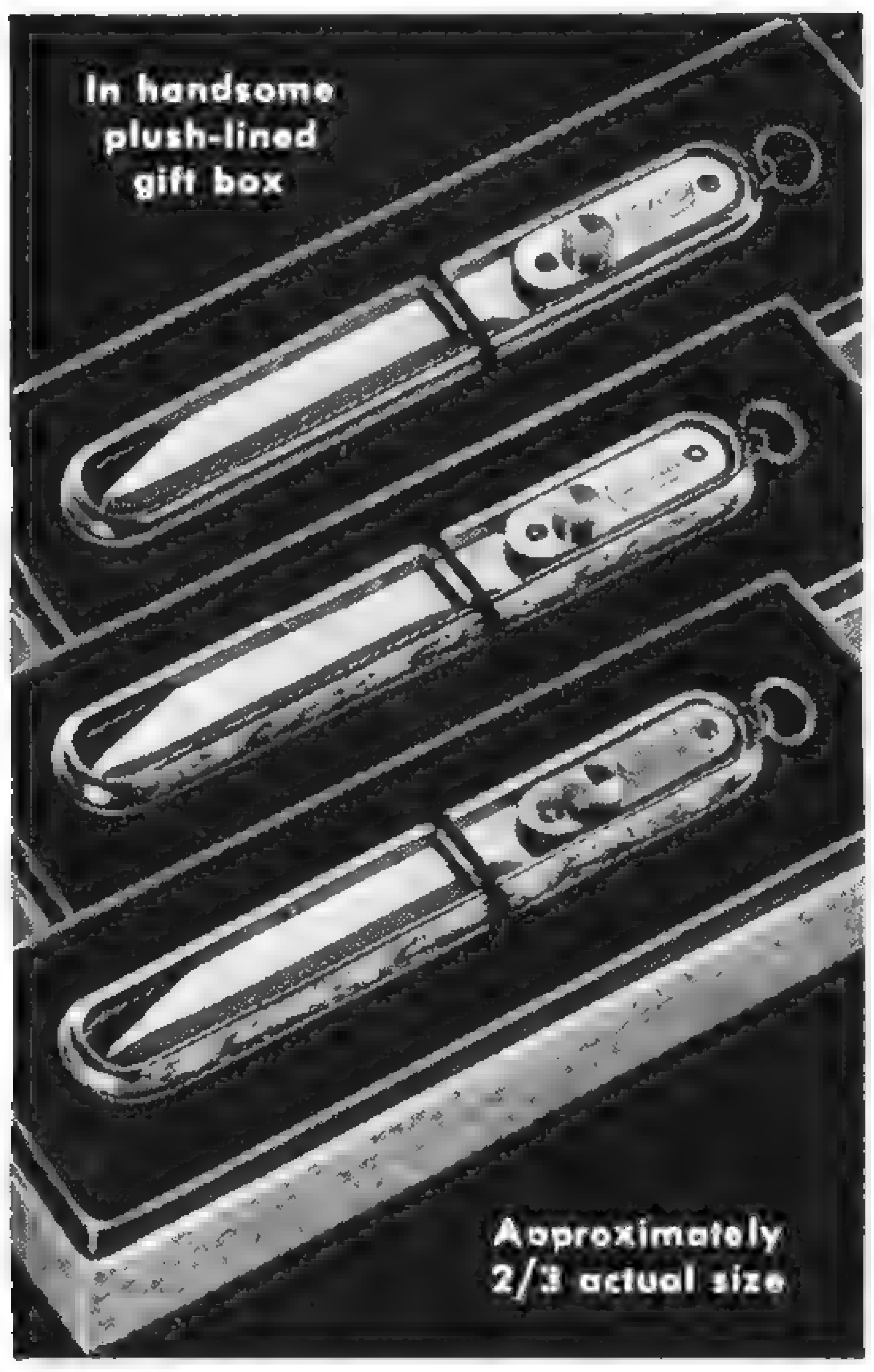
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he replied. "I did much thinking but hardly any living. That was my trouble. Mine would not be the story of a life; it would be the story of a mentality."

"What made you leave teaching for the circus?" I asked.

When he hesitated I hastened to add, "Of course you need not talk unless you want to; you have a constitutional right to remain silent. I really am not asking the question officially."

He smiled. "I wasn't thinking of that at all," he explained. "May I have a cigarette?"

He lit his cigarette, crossed his legs and leaned back, exhaling the first puff of smoke. No one would have thought that he was a defendant in a criminal court and I the judge.

"It's funny how one builds his life as a mason builds a wall," he said. "When he goes off line a slight fraction of an inch and continues to build on it, heaven only knows where he will end; generally it is with the collapse of the entire wall.

"In my youth I was keen, alive and full of ideas. I expressed them forcibly and in an original way. But I was a born dissenter. That led to my undoing. More so because I was really more than one person. A person who is a dissenter may get far by his consistent action. But there was a softer, friendlier, more indolent side to my nature. It suffered unduly from the effects of my other personality. I was quite young when I accepted the cynicism that one must join the minority in order to be right. One can find a multitude of examples to justify that belief, and being young I made a fad of it. I became an epicure of negation. I suppose exhibitionism is an element in my make-up. But, on the other hand, so has it also been true of great heroes and patriots, prophets and martyrs. Fundamentally I believe it was just a fanatical devotion to truth and justice, two smug and righteous gods who leave their votaries isolated and unprotected in a world with a paunch and little metaphysics. I need not recite to you the many examples throughout my youth and professional life showing my characteristic attitude of differing with people, even with those who were friendly with me, and of wrangling over matters that most people never bothered to notice. If a wealthy alumnus of the college made a large contribution to the building fund, I sneered at the manner in which the philanthropy of the gentleman was being broadcast in the newspapers to give him good publicity and I branded him a Pharisee. When I was younger and some sweet girl thought of me with a gift or a message on my birthday or on Christmas, I alienated her by posing as a cynic and belittling such courtesies, yet I hungered for them and was inwardly deeply sentimental. I've sobered up a great deal since I've been in the circus. But there is no turning back. And, strange to say,

Continued on page 310

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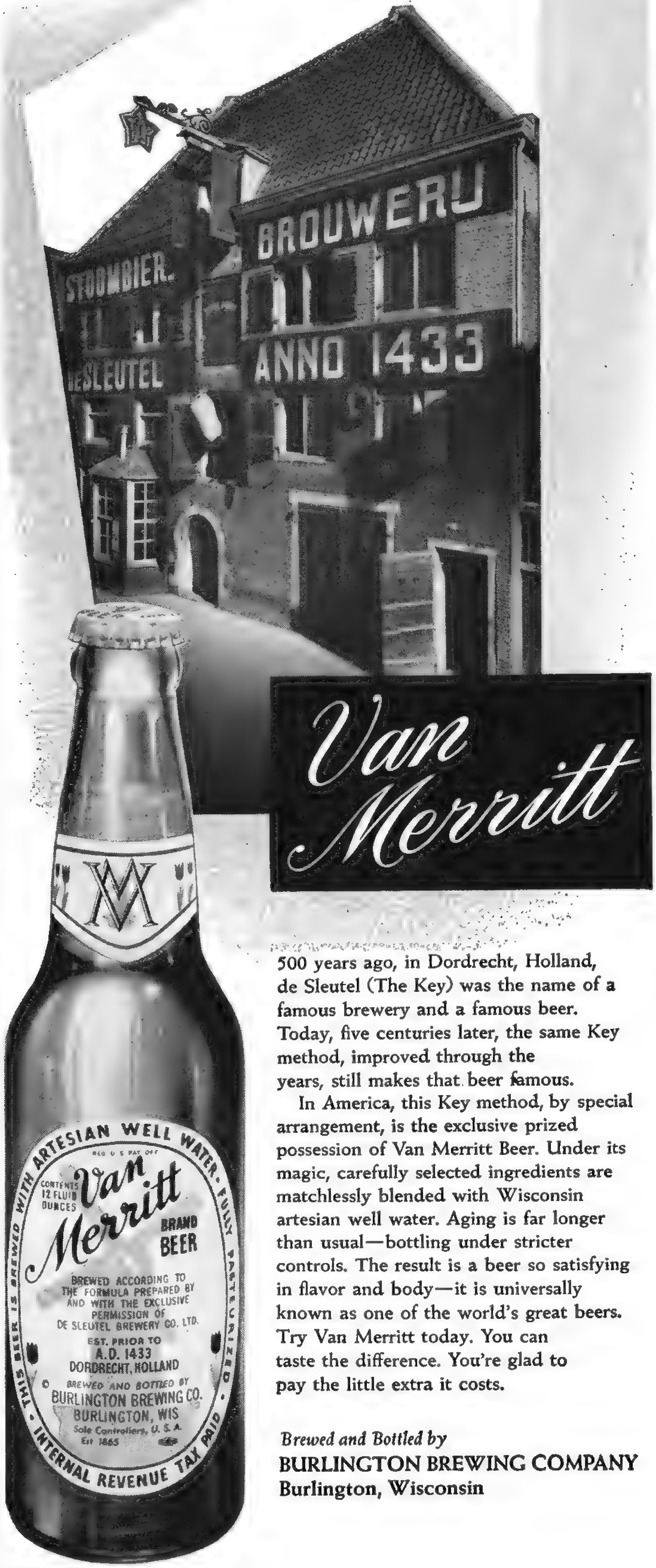
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Nono, Epicure of Negation

Continued from page 309

clowning was like balm to my tortured mind."

I was beginning to classify the man before me. I had seen his type before; you meet them frequently enough. I have found them to be fundamentally sensitive, honest men, even craving friendship and otherwise displaying a lovable personality. But the crusading spirit which has lifted dissenters to immortality, applied in everyday life, has caused this wrangling brotherhood to be branded as queer and eccentric. Consequently they find themselves alienated and isolated. Honest characters generally are like the coin of the land. To make good currency they must be mixed with baser alloy. I have sometimes thought that the really noble races have perished from the earth, leaving only strains of themselves in those that survive. They perished because they were easy prey to less noble races. Nobility weakens the instinct of self-preservation.

Higgins, the court attendant, had sat down too. He was staring at Nono, unable to believe his very eyes. The clown was looking straight ahead of him as though his past lay before him.

"When I chose to become a professor of the classics, it was a great surprise for my friends who had made so many prophecies concerning me. Politics, law, even the pulpit were among their predictions but certainly they had never dreamed I would become a teacher of dead languages. With my spirit of dissent, with all of my Messianic urge to lift the downtrodden and my immense longing to fight and to change the world, I had chosen to deal with the rules of rhetoric and syntax that belonged to a dead world. My friends could not explain it, but I could. I knew how pliant and easygoing a part of me was and how I resented the battle of life. I had also become resigned to the thought that it was all futile. Did not death end all? Did not man himself create the very ties that bound him to life? And the beautiful and fascinating world of the classics was an escape, a respite, an anodyne. However, the other part of me, ever restless, sensitive, unappeased, kept on fighting in a multitude of petty, insignificant ways, wasting the strength and fervor that should have gone for greater causes and missions. In an effort to compensate for the betrayal of myself, I became captious. I was looked upon by my colleagues and superiors as a dangerous man, because my conversations reeked with heresies and protests. Thoughts and ideas for which men had struggled had become mere toys with me and very often stones to fling at people only to annoy them. As you can readily imagine I was making matters

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very difficult for myself. After so much dissent one becomes segregated from the crowds. Thoroughly incapable by nature of conspiracy or treason I yet found myself justifying such men as Catiline and Alcibiades. I sometimes even felt that they really had been patriots, crushed by subtler, less noble forces. I reveled in the biographies of rebels and reformers. I found myself studying clowns and jesters. I learned all that I could about their part in the lives of people and their position at different times of the world's history. I delved into the psychology of folly. I even published an essay on the subject which was widely commented upon; sometimes with some very unflattering references to me. I found a paradoxical relationship between rebels, madmen and clowns. In the mystery plays of the Middle Ages, was not the arch rebel, the devil, the clown of the play? Was he not eventually whipped and beaten off the stage mid the guffaws of the rabble?"

I found myself building a case for the clown as partially as a lawyer defending his client. The more paradoxical the idea, the more I was attracted to it.

"It sounds most unusual, even abnormal to me. To a man of your culture the examples of many who fought to make this a better world, should have been an inspiration to great deeds," I interrupted.

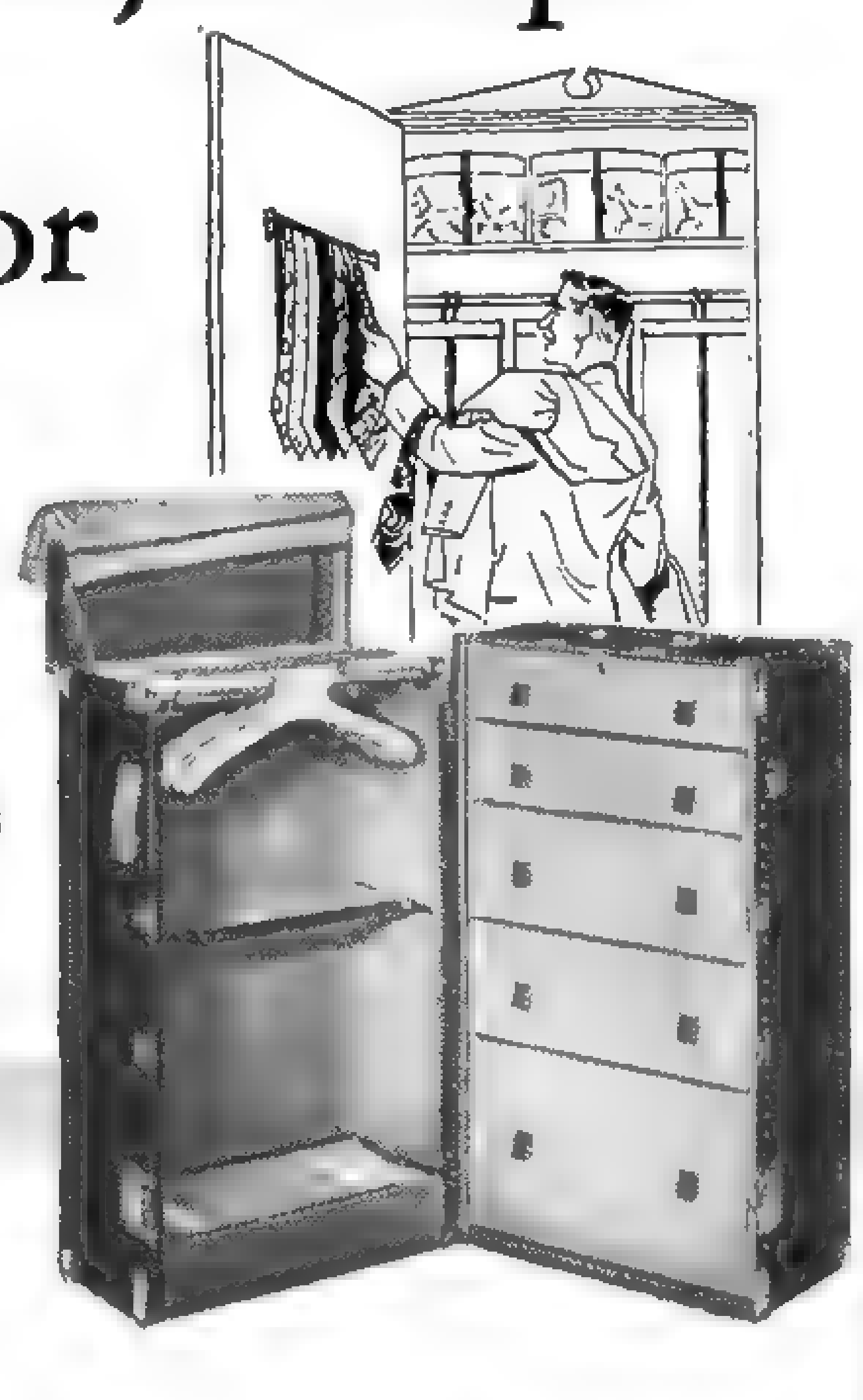
"True, but the sense of the restraint of our daily lives was too much for me. The sense of the futility of all human action was too overwhelming."

I had laid aside my papers and sat immobile like Higgins except that we now looked at each other as though to say, "What a strange creature." Nono smiled. I guessed he was a little proud of being able to startle us as he had.

He continued. "I concluded that life had become a great repression for us all and that clowning, man's natural state, was the opposite of repression. I looked for the clown in every man, even in the most exalted. Sometimes it was hidden behind a multitude of masks, but I always found it. My vivid imagination had spun that strange philosophy and was leading me inexorably to that strange life as the way of stripping me of all my friction, frustration and misery. We were in the library at the college one evening at the end of the term, and were discussing the standards prescribed for the admission of students. The president, the dean and several of my colleagues were there. As usual I was arguing against all of them. They required high averages in all subjects. I argued that the brilliant students in English or Latin could seldom be expected to attain the same high averages in mathematics or in science. That those who had formulated the rules had lost sight of the nature of the students and that we were really keeping out brilliant students. That those who were exceptionally gifted in some sub-

Continued on page 312

The intelligent simplicity of this spacious Hartmann WARDROBE TRUNK makes the problem of packing for major trips very minor



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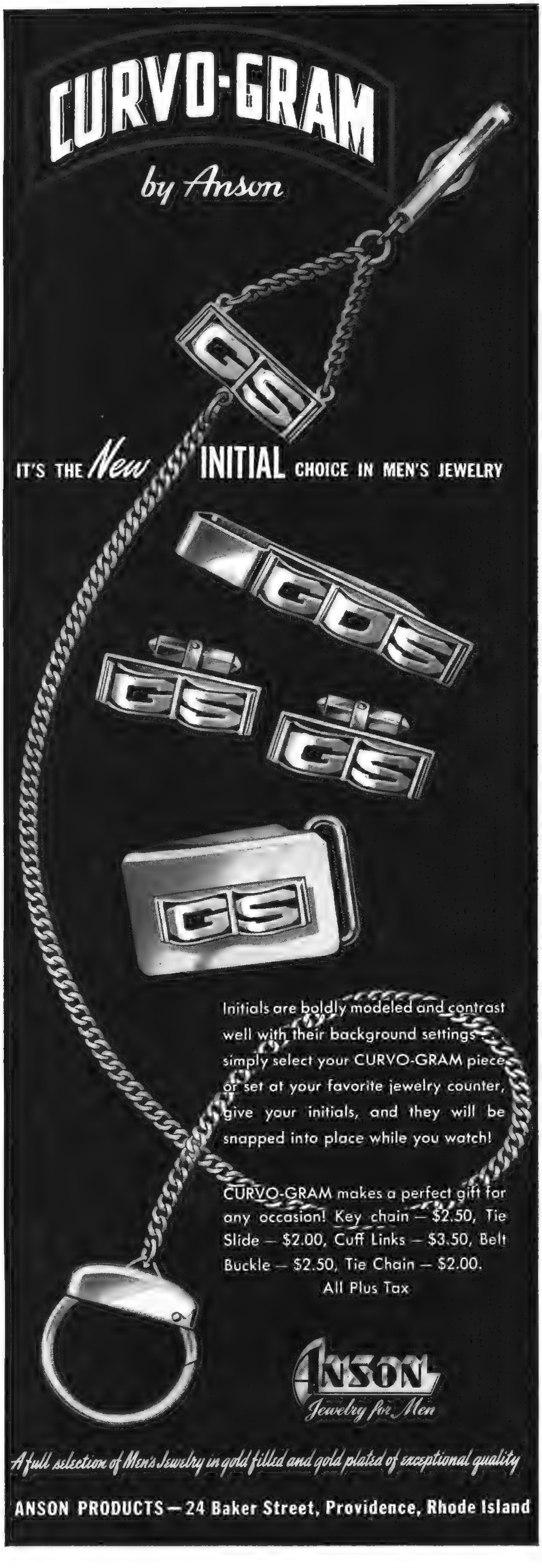

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Nono, Epicure of Negation

Continued from page 311

jects would naturally fall below such high standards in others. My opponents in the debate brought out that after all it was a matter of discretion and that if such students did appear it was possible for them to be admitted. That opened a new line of thought to me. I cited that students who were probably just a little beyond morons had been admitted because they bore the name of the families in whom the wealth of this country is concentrated. I began to attack the institution and I found when the debate was over that I had burned my bridges behind me as my contract for teaching was over that very term and had to be renewed. I could hardly expect consideration from quarters I had attacked in such violent and passionate language.

"That summer I visited a publicity agent of the circus which came to a near-by town every other year. Under the strange pretext that I wanted to study the circus I told him that I wanted employment as a clown in his organization. He was naturally incredulous but I insisted. I even showed him my copious notes on clowning and on folly. I had new ideas on clowning that I wanted to give the world. He was suddenly struck by an idea. He threw up his hands and said it was great. It would be carried in large type in all the papers: 'College professor becomes a clown!' I objected strenuously to this for obvious reasons, and for the further reason that I wanted to begin a totally new life, unhampered by any thought of the past. I became a clown and did not even bother to inquire about a new teaching contract or to notify anybody of my whereabouts."

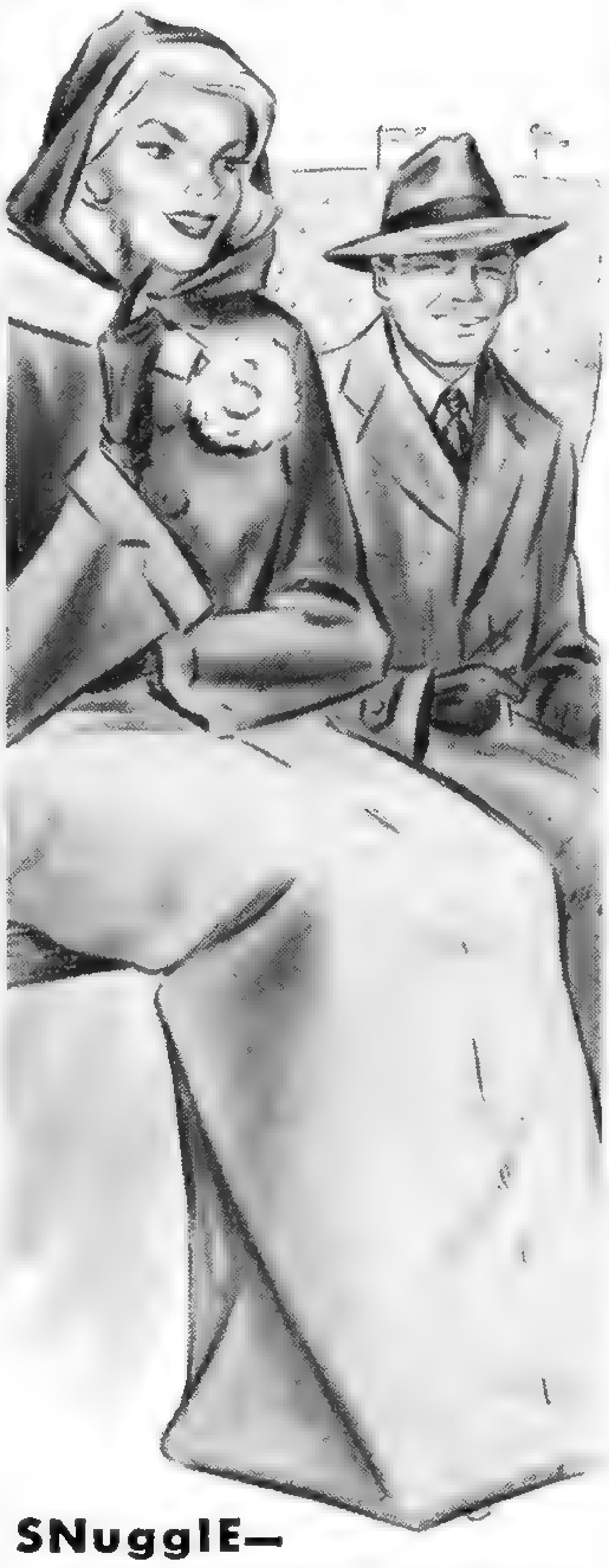
Nono had left nothing for me to analyze; he knew more about himself than anybody else ever could. That kind always does.

"Well how did so complete a change affect you?" I asked.

"At first it was great. I did not have to live up to the expectations that position and caste create. It was soothing for me to revel in the antics of the circus. I attacked persons and things, revealed their fraud and hypocrisy. People would have lynched me if I had assumed the solemnity of a crusader. But I made them laugh and remained unpunished. Aristophanes and Socrates fought the same prejudices and errors of their fellow Athenians, but Socrates made them think and was executed; Aristophanes made them laugh and was applauded. The butt of my pranks was a stooge decked out in a silk hat or a cap and gown. I was taking my revenge with impunity."

I thought I would interrupt him. "I suppose you stopped then being a dissenter among your new friends and associates."

"For a while the novelty of my



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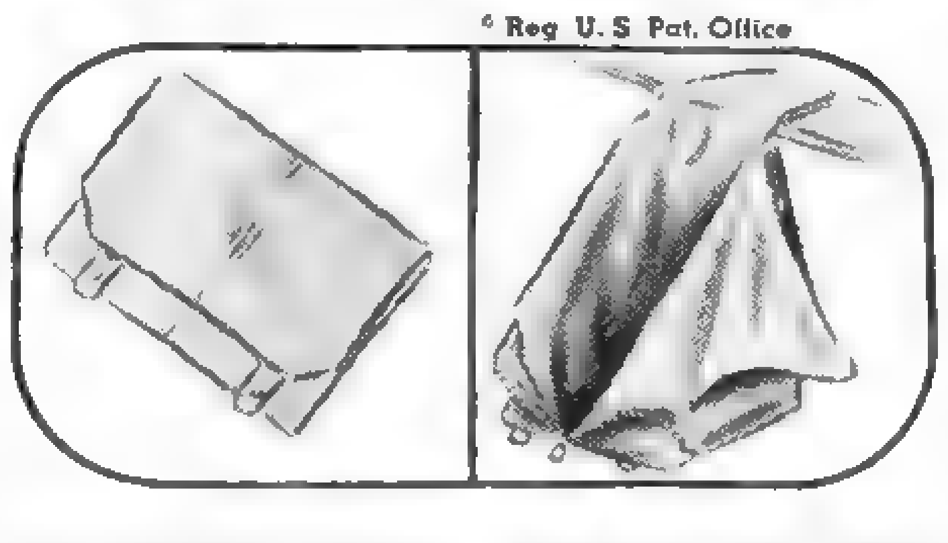

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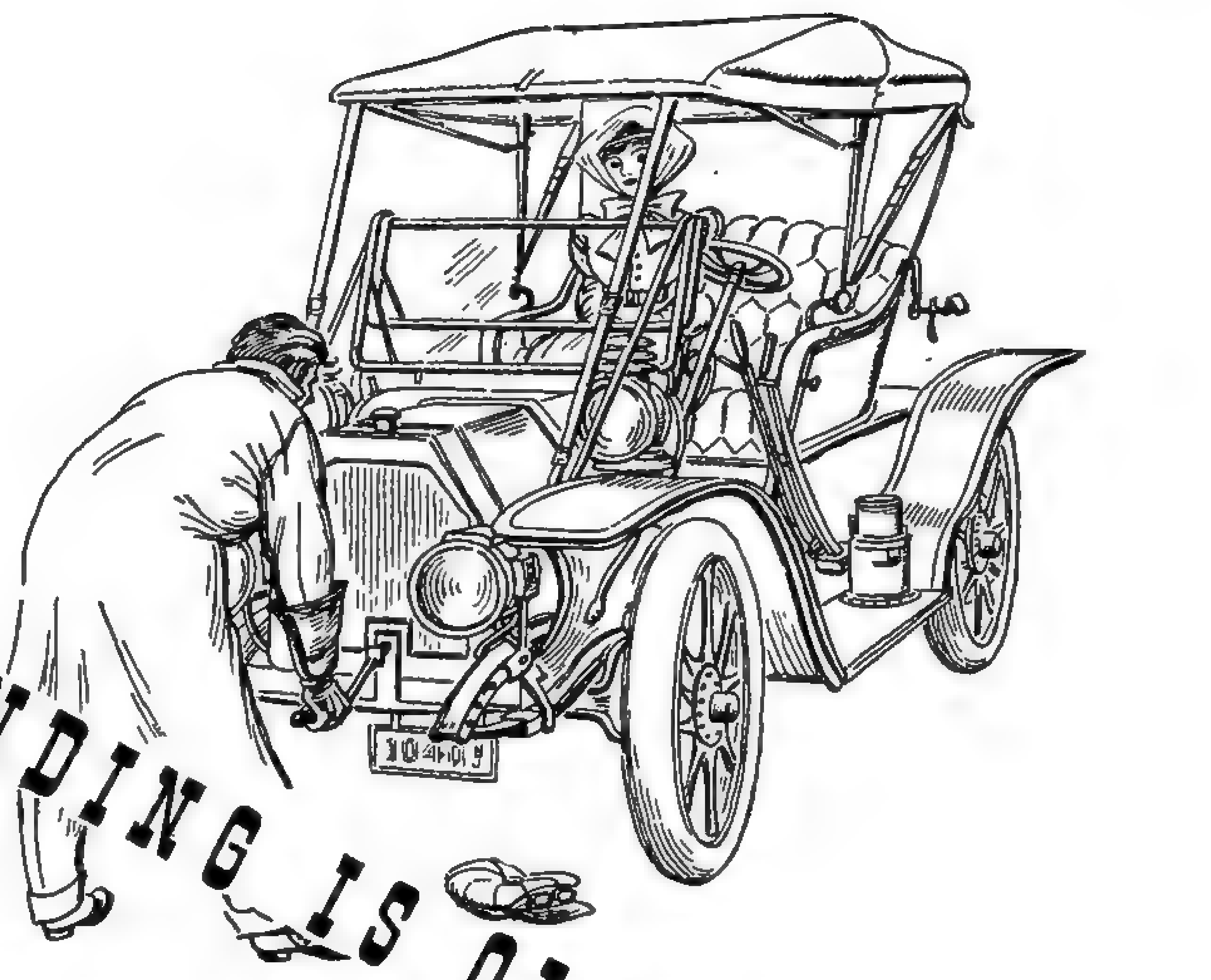
new surroundings made me non-critical and put to sleep my old habit of introspection, until one night I found myself brooding on the life which I was now leading. I thought of my friends, of their smugness, their worldly success. I came to the conclusion that my friends would have thought me degraded. I imagined that those who composed my audiences were people like my friends and that they too probably thought me degraded. I remained immobile, buried in my own thoughts until the light of dawn aroused me. Another grudge had been born in me that night. From the very next performance on, I could distinguish, or at least I thought I could, some spectator, I usually picked one with a paunch, who reeked with respectability and who laughed at my antics with an air of condescension. At least I thought so. It all looks so foolish now. I felt that fundamentally I was a failure and that I had missed out in life because of the world's injustice rather than because of my own faults. I suspected that I had paid too great a price for my liberation. A man who broods over a grudge becomes very warped in his judgment."

"Well, how did you come to attack the spectator at the circus last night?" I asked.

"I noticed the poor devil that night in the most expensive box with a lady on one side and a gentleman on the other. The seats around him in the box were unoccupied. The representative who had purchased the tickets had said rather ostentatiously that a Mr. Random wanted the whole box so as not to be bothered by the presence of strangers. I was told he had also bought the tickets for the boxes on either side so that these too might remain unoccupied. Apparently the mighty Mr. Random did not wish to rub elbows with ordinary mortals. I looked for him when I came out. There he was, with what must have been a servant and a secretary on either side, to attend to his wants. Surely he had never struggled with the notions that had embittered me and made a clown of a college professor. He looked so aloof. I was going through the motions of my act. The audience was rollicking with laughter and so were the companions of Mr. Random, who looked into his face from time to time. A stone face would have had more life. They guffawed and nudged him. He just looked on unmoved, immobile. He even yawned. After a while it seemed his companions were making frantic efforts to make him laugh. They were pointing at me, shrieking with laughter; slapping him on the shoulder. 'They are clowning too,' I thought. I hated Mr. Random, the solemn and respectable snob. He represented all that I had hated in society. The stooge in silk hat had never been kicked so really and swiftly before. He was Mr. Random to me. Why should he, the poor wretch,

Continued on page 314



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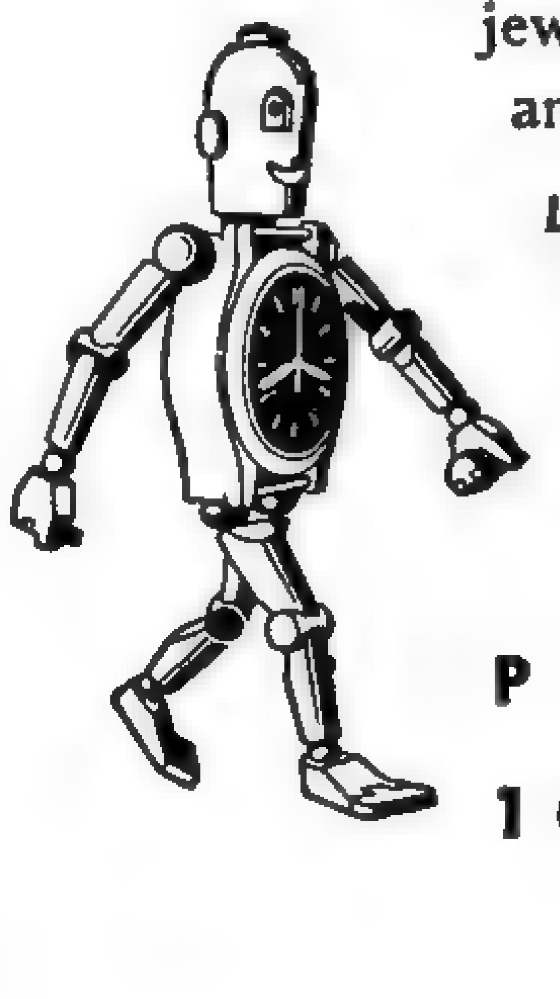

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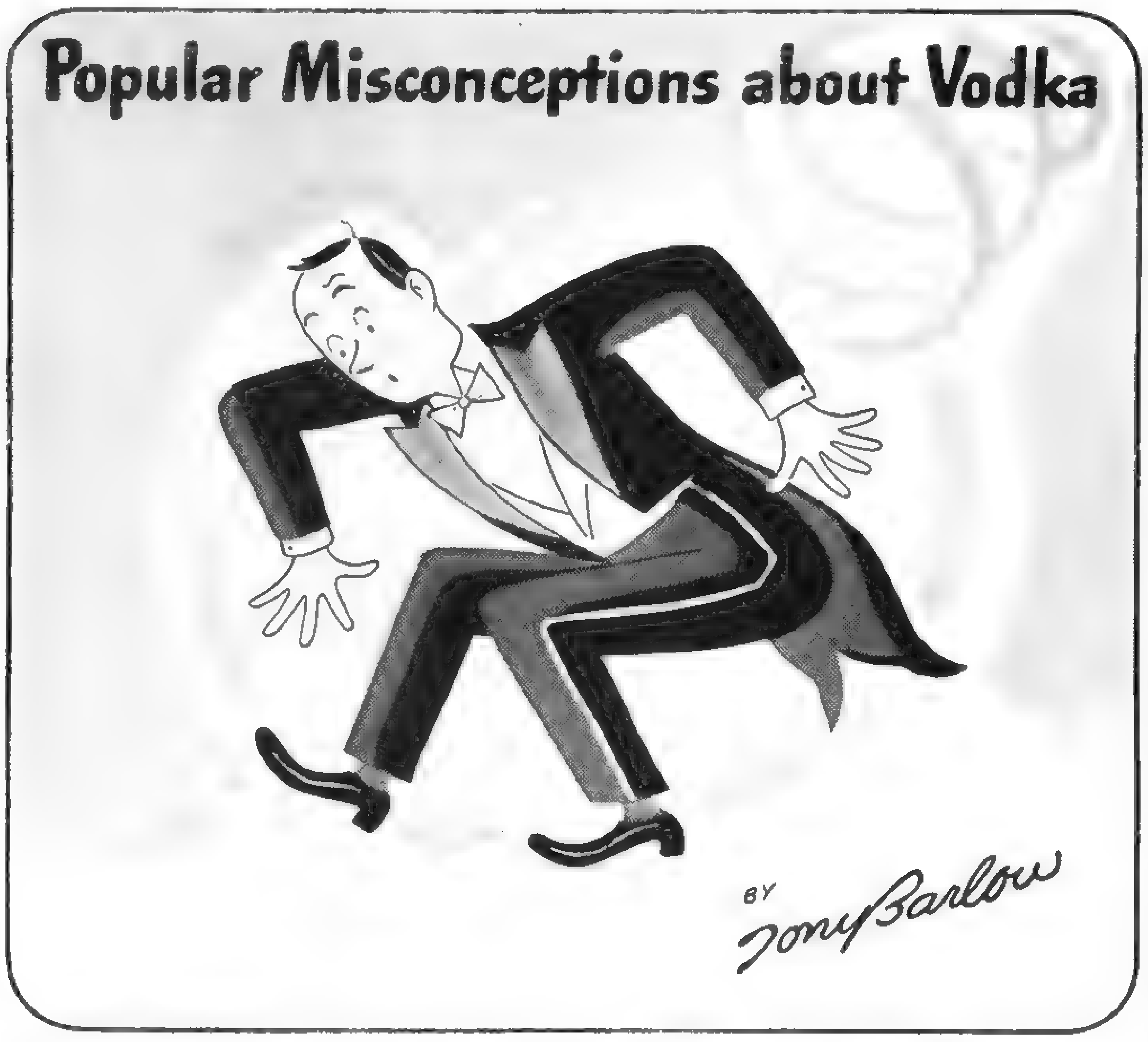

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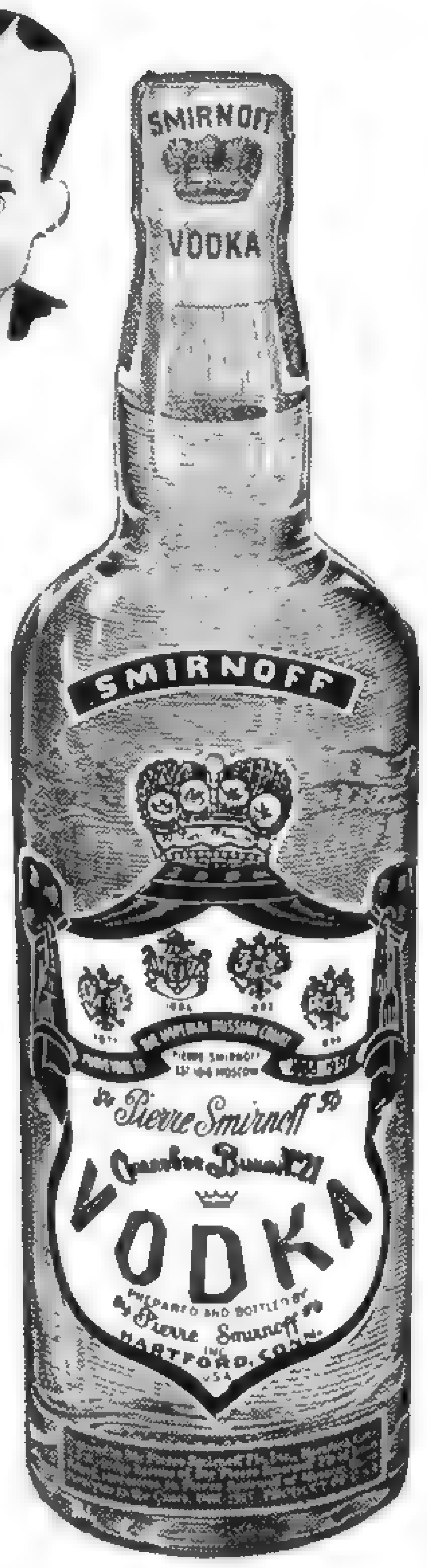

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Nono, Epicure of Negation

Continued from page 313

receive vicariously the punishment for the real culprit out there? There was Mr. Random—he could not even take it in fun. I had been performing very close to him; I could not make him laugh. They were all shouting with fun, except Mr. Random, who seemed to be in another world, a very lofty one, it seemed, and I who was furious with rage. I could stand it no longer; I took the whip from Lady Diana who was to follow in an equestrian act. I walked out of the arena towards the box; I snapped the whip at Mr. Random before anyone could stop me. You know the rest. I have been told that this unfortunate man, who comes from a distinguished and wealthy family, is suffering from a mental illness and that people were kept away from him not to annoy him. That is why they had reserved three boxes for him. A well-known alienist had suggested that a trip to the circus might arouse something in Mr. Random's benighted mind—might help him to return to normality. The doctor was seated on one side of him and the nurse on the other and both had tried to reclaim the madman by arousing his laughter. That is the unhappy culmination of my life and I may add the supreme tragedy, the perfect example of frustration. Throughout my entire life, despite my protests and dissent, I have never stirred myself into action. Last night suddenly I was aroused into doing something for the first time, and then, only against a poor irresponsible madman. It was he whom I had chosen as the object upon which to wreak my vengeance on society. He who was not a part of that society any longer. That, sir, was the culmination of frustration. I was indeed an epicure of negation."

There was the end of the story. I felt sorry for him. Then, as though embarrassed by his own revelations, ashamed at what he had done, he said, "That's all there is to it. I suppose I may go now. I have told you all."

I really did not know what to say. Somehow I felt he was not really crazy.

Higgins had already taken him by the arm. Before leaving, Nono turned around to me and added, "It is a strange fate for me, who had dreamed to blaze my name on the immortal records of history to finish merely by having my alias entered in the records of a criminal court."

As he passed through the door I thought that life is strange indeed, that so much thinking, so much suffering, so much dreaming can find the same reward as no thinking, no suffering and no dreaming and I saw in my mind's eye poor Nono in the pen downstairs huddled with the stinking, filthy vagrants and wastrels. #

Continued from page 129

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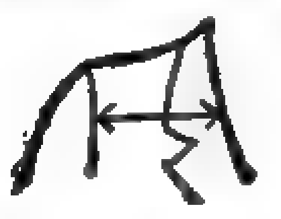

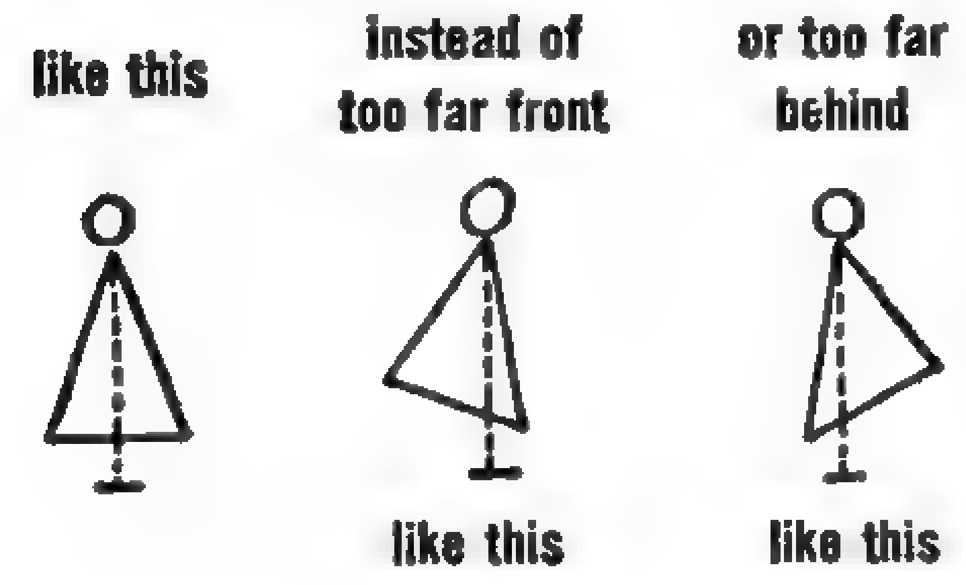

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The Cruise of the "Turpitude"

Continued from page 144

the bottle back and his Adam's apple surged in his throat; he handed the bottle to Renwick. "Ye lovely man," he said reverently and reached once more.

"Save it," warned Renwick. "The carpenter's tongue is hanging out."

The carpenter wiped the lip of the bottle politely upon his bare chest before drinking somewhat more than a third. Renwick took his share as a connoisseur. The moon rose; the boatswain snuffled.

"Me poor old mother," he said softly. "I can see her now, standing at the door of the little house in Clonakilty, County Cork, asmiling down the road in the sunset. A poteen still, going to beat hell in the yard, and the neighbors, lined up in the lane wit' jugs."

He caught the bottle as it passed his nose and he took his share on the wing, lurching across the deck to where the cook had left a half sack of old potatoes. He hoisted the sack to his shoulders, hurled it far over the side, and shook his fist at the bridge.

"Ye belly-robbers!" he roared.

The carpenter, also on his feet, took from its nail behind the galley door that length of salami which the cook dragged as condiment through the soup. He handed this graciously around.

"My treat," he said, "shipmates."

The boatswain threw a protective arm about Renwick's shoulder. "For him," he promised, "I'll fight tigers."

"Pass the bottle, boys," said Renwick. "Keep it moving."

"Tell us," pleaded the boatswain, "how did ye get it?"

Renwick drained the bottle and did not answer for Capt. Founder came running from the bridge.

"I heard the noise from my cabin," he snarled. "What did you throw over the side?" His nose twitched on the trailing edge of the whisky cloud surrounding them. He saw the bottle in Renwick's hand.

"Broaching cargo, no less." He took a whistle from his pocket to summon the watch. "I hope you enjoyed it. It is going to cost you enough."

"Pardon me asking," Renwick's voice was mild, "but since when has it been a crime for a man to bring his own bottle aboard ship?"

Founder snatched the bottle from his hand.

"Why were you so careful to tear the label off?"

"That is my personal whim," said Renwick. "And I think that you will run into trouble if you try pinning charges to innocent men."

The boatswain stuck his sweating face into Founder's, and gave voice to the first sound of revolt to disturb the *Turpitude*.

"He brung a bottle aboard," he roared. "He gives a man a drink ter wet his whistle. On other ships,

Continued on page 316

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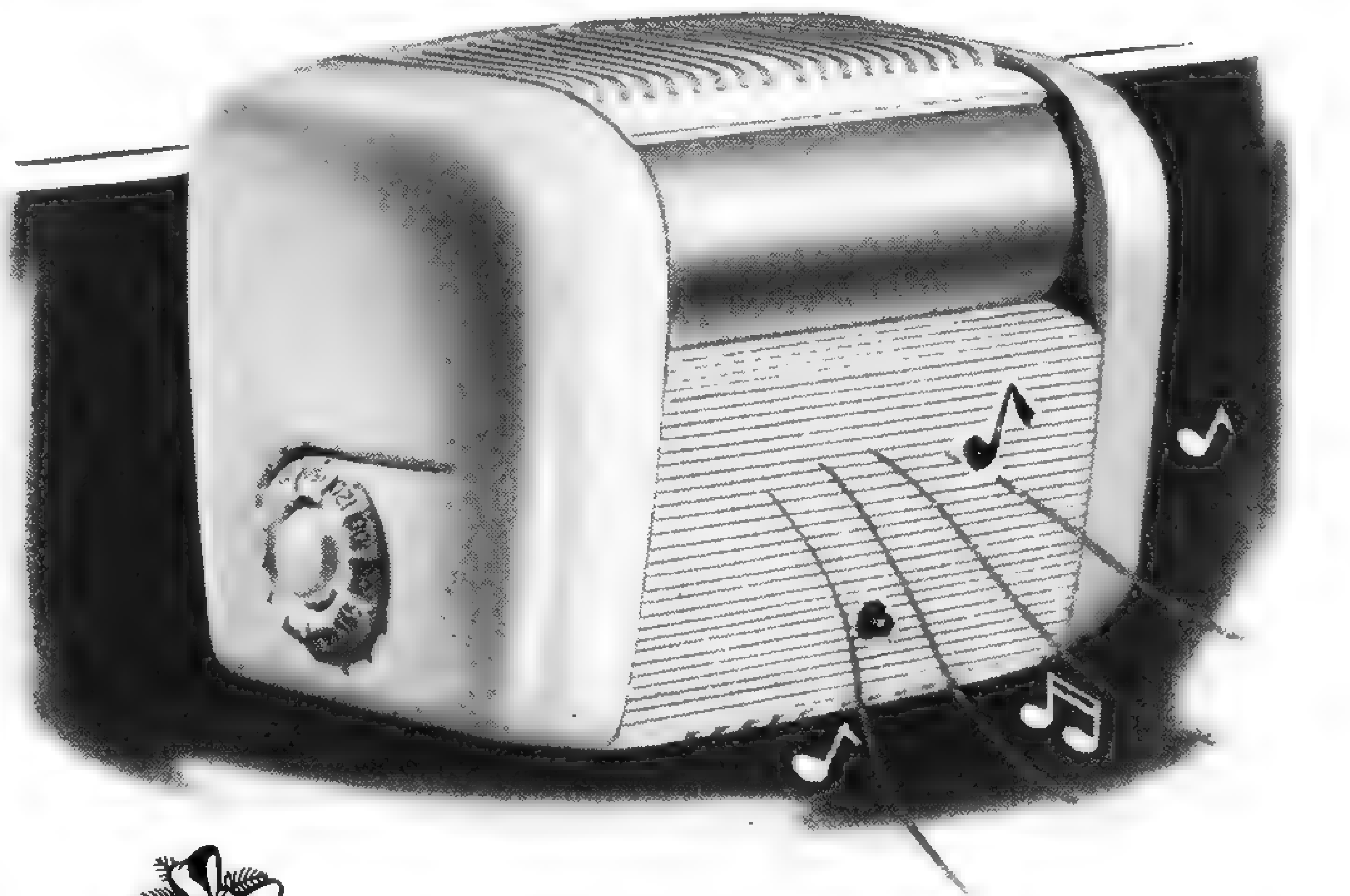

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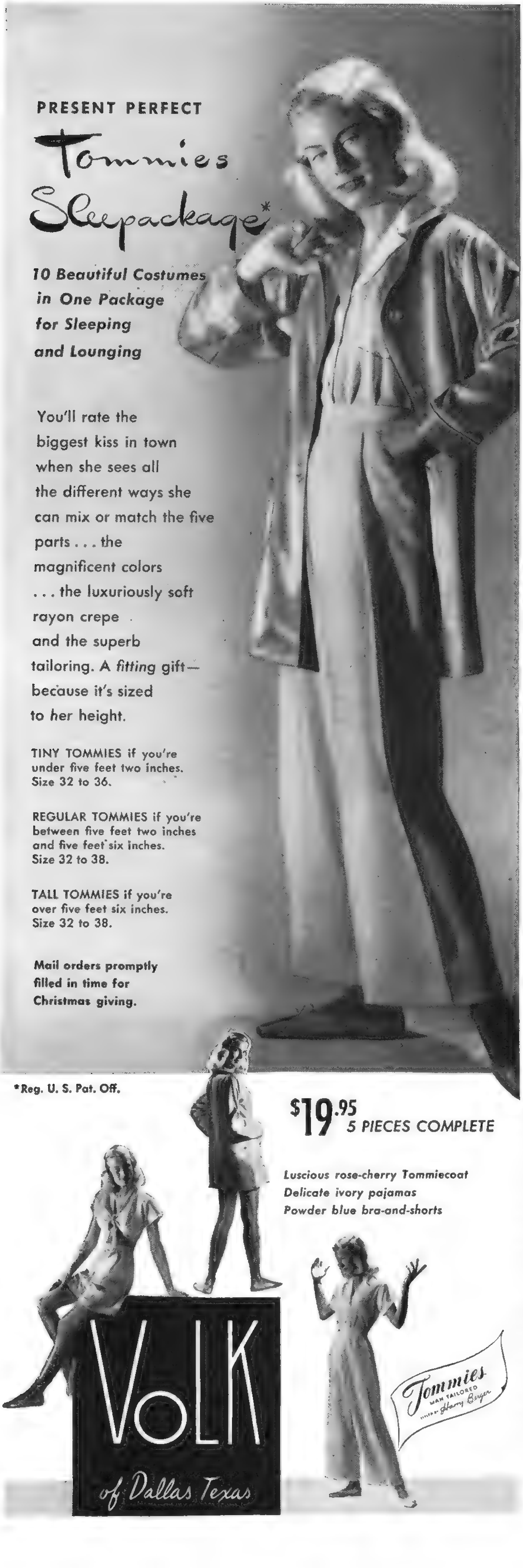

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The Cruise of the "Turpitude"

Continued from page 315

we gets a drink from the skipper!"

Founder ran back to the bridge and number-two hold. The locks had not been tampered with; the hinges were intact.

The next evening, Renwick gave a drink to the stand-by man on the four-to-eight watch. Founder took that bouquet on a nose that could smell a barman's apron at three miles.

The forecastle was searched and every man in it. Renwick explained later to Founder he had brought a few bottles aboard for his private delectation.

Founder put a guard of two sailors on the hatch top and he paced the bridge all night while the firemen shoveled coal in an atmosphere like that of a Glasgow bar on New Year's Eve. Inquiry revealed this was a bottle the second engineer had laid by in case the heat became oppressive.

Somehow Renwick drew a fresh cork every night. He was watched and searched; still he brought cheer with him on his rounds. One night he came across Founder's thermos jug of coffee on the galley table and added a sweetener that destroyed the peace of the ship for many nights after. Everyone knew Renwick had access to the cargo, and no one could guess how.

The *Turpitude* reached Aden and dropped the hook. The crew surveyed the loaded slings as the cargo was whisked from the hold. Not a crate was damaged or short. The cargo was unloaded into barges, for the ship was anchored in the harbor. It was not Founder's custom to pay for a shore launch so that his crew might have leave. This had always been accepted as normal aboard the *Turpitude*; but the sight of land drew Renwick as a magnet.

He unscrewed all the brass fittings about the deck and everything else he could lay his hands on, and he sold them over the side for scrap. Purely for the nuisance value, he invited a white-bearded old patriarch aboard and showed him how to steal Mister Scuttle's best blue suit. He hauled down the ship's flag and rehoisted it upside down as a distress signal. The morning was enlivened by the visit of an armed boarding party from a near-by cruiser; the bluejackets leaped to the deck demanding to know the trouble. Founder granted leave while he explained things to the shore authorities.

Waiting for the launch at the gangway, Renwick looked every inch the Englishman abroad; shoes polished, suit pressed, his austere features set off by a briar pipe. The boatswain, standing by him, was tastefully dressed in a singlet, work pants and a three-day growth.

"Where will you go?" he asked.

Renwick scanned the shore line with a conqueror's eyes. "Fresh fields, laddie. Pastures new."

First man ashore as the launch

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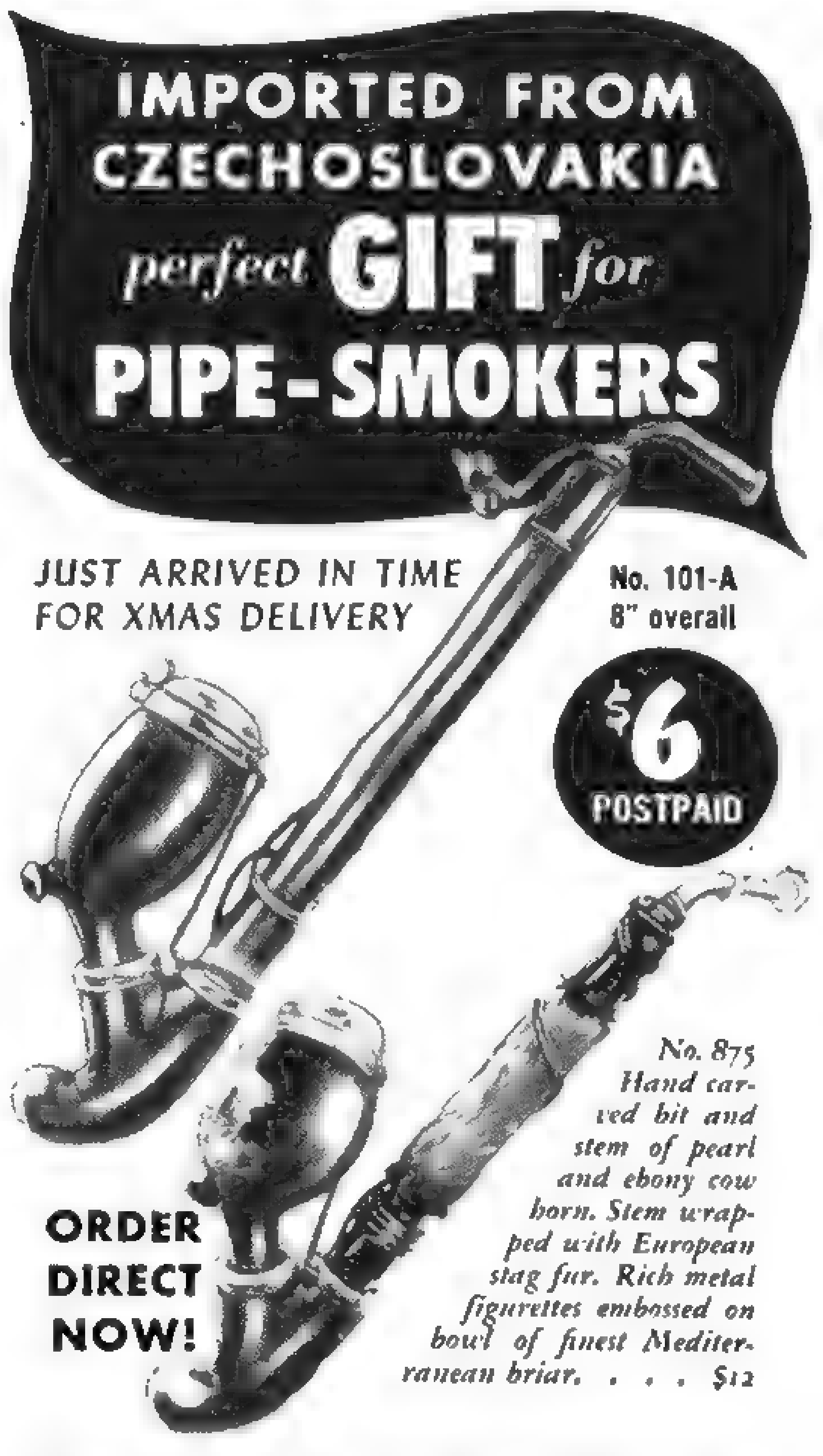

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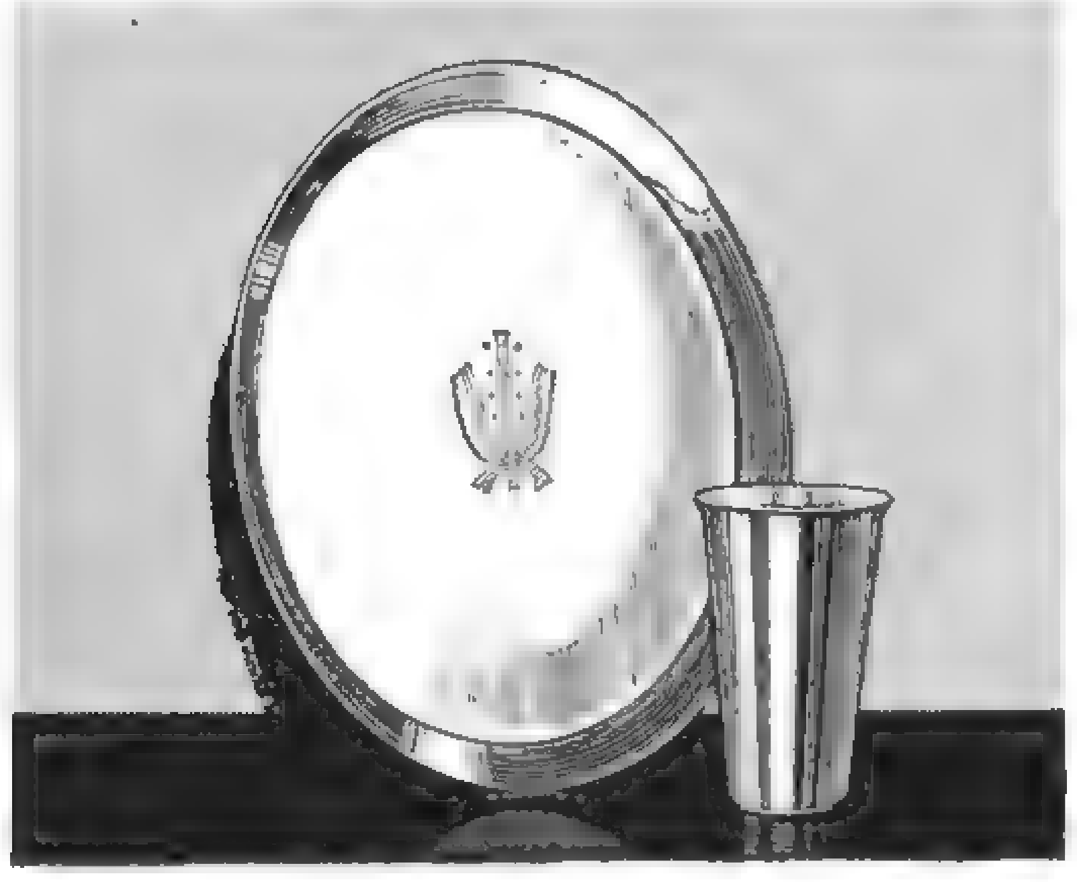

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reached the jetty, he vanished among the water-front crowds.

There were many rumors of him after that. One man saw Renwick lolling back in a huge car, another recognized him on the veranda of the exclusive hotel. Obviously places were open to him that were closed to Jack-in-the-forecastle.

As the last of the whisky cargo was taken from number-two hold, a watertight door was discovered that led from the hold to the coal bunker where Renwick had worked, and those men who recalled having told Renwick that the *Turpitude* had once carried Chinese passengers in the Eastern trade regretted the confidence. It was, of course, reasonable to deduce from such information that there must have been a way from the insides of the ship to the hold. In case of bad weather, the passengers had been confined there.

Founder swore that he would jail Renwick when he came back: then he seemed anxious that Renwick stay ashore. At this time, all hands were confined to the ship.

That night, the *Turpitude* was surrounded by barges and loaded by the light of cluster lamps suspended from the masts. The cargo was lashed to the main deck and the hatch tops. Capt. Founder and the Chief Engineer spent the night in the former's cabin, in earnest conversation with the shipper, a fat little man who jumped at the sound of a raised voice and seemed unduly relieved when he left the ship. The pilot was taken aboard at dawn.

The anchor was coming up just as a great white launch swept out from a private jetty ashore across the harbor. It creamed about under the stern of the *Turpitude* and drew up to the gangway.

Renwick was sitting on a long settee that stretched the width of the stern; he had his arm about the waist of a woman who must have been the most beautiful in the port. She was gazing at him in adoration as he leaned forward to whisper sweet nothings in her ear. The crew lined the rail for the tableau of their last passionate kiss. Renwick extricated himself from the clinch and bounded up the gangway. The launch returned to the shore.

Captain Founder was leaning over the bridge rail, his face mottled with anger.

"Pack your gear!" he roared. "You go ashore with the pilot. You are fired!"

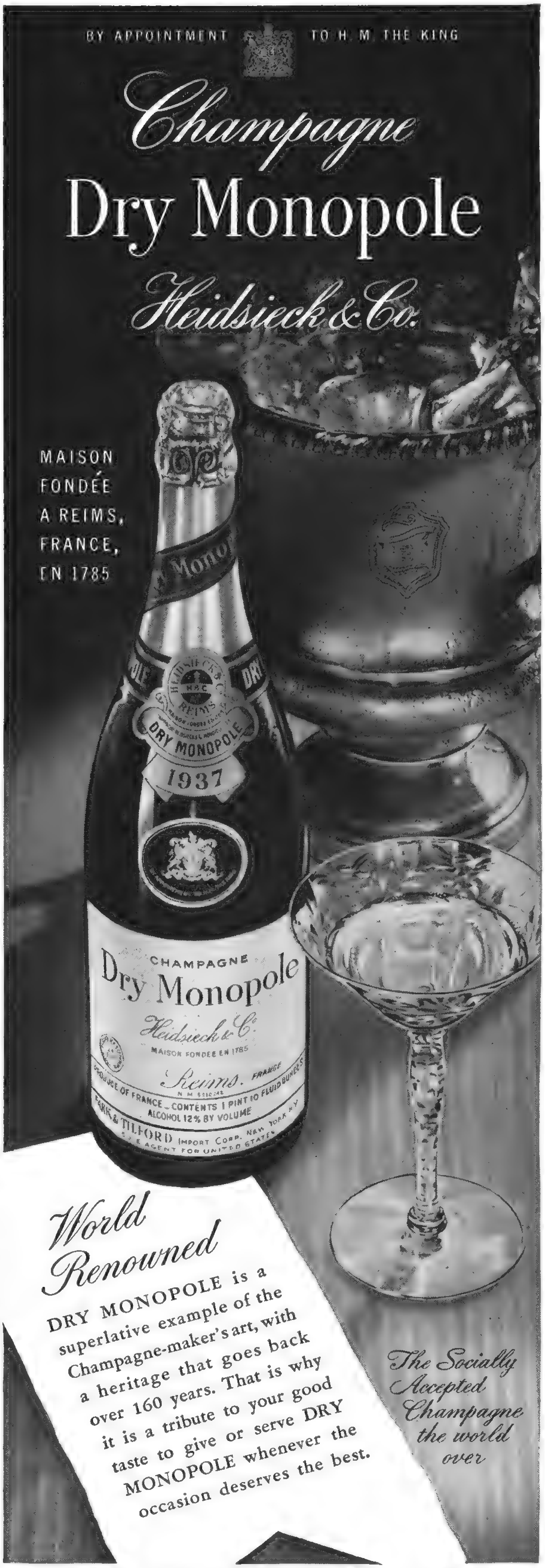
Renwick glanced about the deck at high-packed cargo, felt the empty holds beneath his feet, and his reply was instinctive bluff.

"You'll have questions to answer if you put me ashore," and, as a graceful afterthought, "sir."

Chief Engineer Scuttle stepped to Founder's side and whispered in his ear; Scuttle's face was white as he led Founder below.

The long haul home, past the island of Perim, and up the Red Sea was a journey into fear. The *Turpitude* was being driven without regard to her age or safety. To the utter bewilderment of the

Continued on page 318



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The Cruise of the "Turpitude"

Continued from page 317

crew, the course hugged the dangerous Arabian coast; then the lookouts were doubled. Scuttle himself stood a watch in the engine room, driving the men like dogs. One hundred-and-forty degrees of heat were registered in the stokehold. The men coaled the fires and hauled ashes, their faces glazed with sweat, and they swung their shovels as though they had gone to a hell for marine firemen.

It was in the monsoon season, the barometer falling, clouds massing blue-grey and purple on the horizon. Then the weather broke with a roaring squall that whipped the wave crests to fine mist and knocked the *Turpitude* on her beam ends.

Chief Engineer Scuttle, his face grey with anxiety and lack of sleep, exhorted the men to greater efforts. The engineer on watch pointed a greasy forefinger at the steam gauge and yelled the boilers would take no more pressure.

"Ye'll have to get more out of her," screamed Scuttle. "We're jammed on a lee shore and we'll lose the deck cargo."

Renwick, unnoticed, had inserted himself into the argument. "Why don't you dump the deck cargo?" he asked, and then pushed past the engineer and climbed the ladder to the deck. He took a crowbar from its rack in passing.

The wind was a solid wall he was forced to push against as he battled his way to the forward deck, down the ladder and across to the hatch. The crated cargo, securely lashed, had not moved in the pitching of the ship. Renwick was unseen from the bridge as he pried apart the wooden boards of the first crate and pushed aside the straw packing. His fingers touched an object firm, round and made of metal. It was a tin of peaches.

Renwick flung it aside and began to tear the side right out of the crate. Beneath peaches and packing he found another smaller case and pulled out the short dulled-steel barrel of a machine gun. Working slowly and carefully, he closed up the case, then waiting his chance, dashed for the ladder and gained the upper deck; from there he reached the bridge.

Founder was at the rail and Renwick tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"Reduce speed," he said. "Dump this deck cargo."

Renwick stood with his feet apart, balancing without effort on the shifting deck. The seas had washed the coal dust from him in long grimy streaks, and he stood without defense.

"Pulling a gun on me won't help," he added as Founder slipped a hand to his pocket.

"No?" asked Founder. "It does if I charge you with mutiny." He drew back his fist and smashed it in Renwick's face, knocking him the length of the bridge. He

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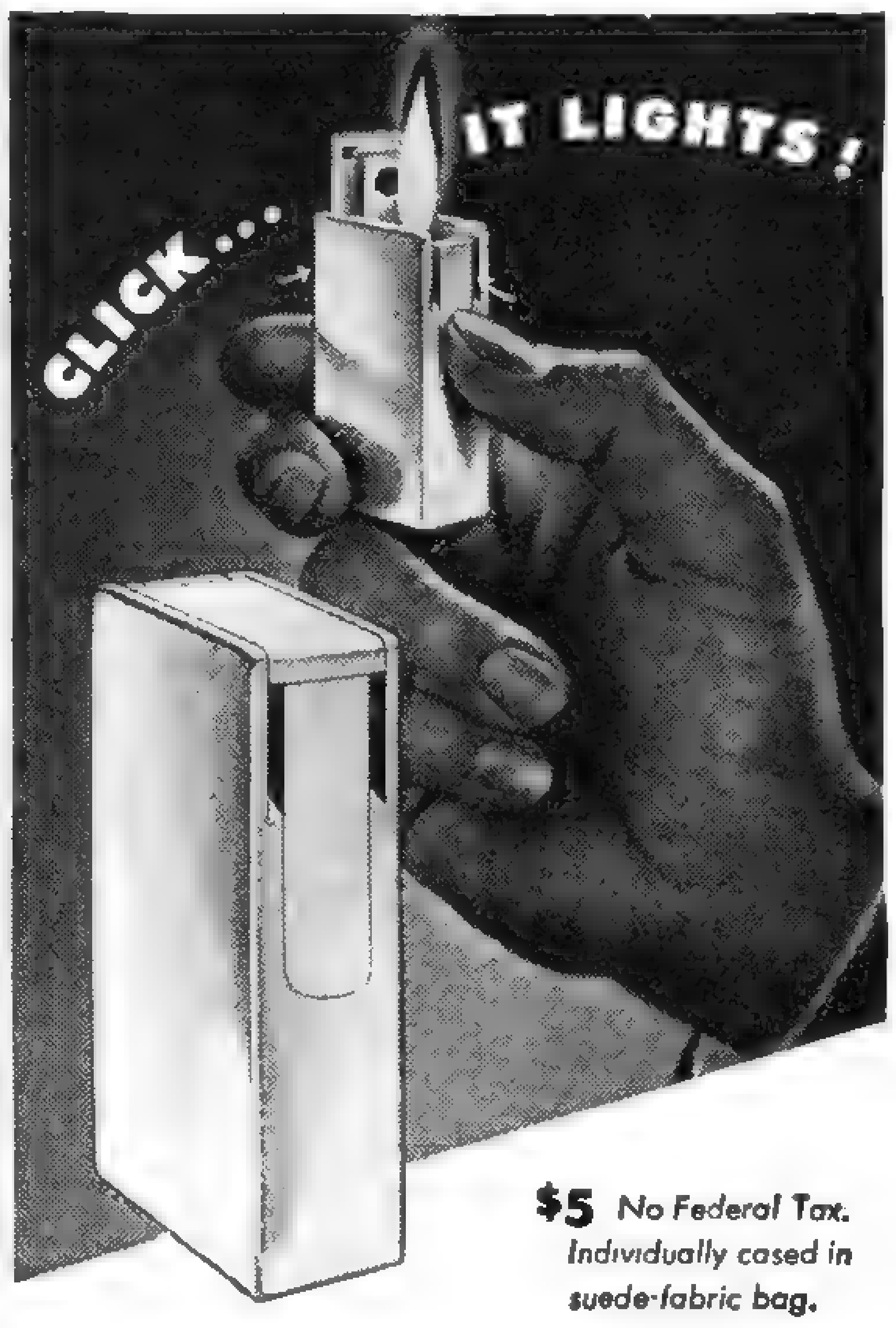

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fetched up at the rail, wiping the blood from his face.

"Guns for the Arabs," said Renwick, and Founder stopped short. "Guns to be transferred to another ship that will meet you at a rendezvous off this coast. That's why you have your cargo on deck, for easier handling. That's why you hug the coast."

"What do you want?" gasped Founder thickly. "Are you Police? Intelligence?"

"I'm not the law," grinned Renwick, "and all I want is that you dump this cargo."

"I'll cut you in," said Founder. "Give you a share."

"I know you will," said Renwick, "and you'll dump the cargo as well."

That night, under Founder's orders, an oil slick was spread from the bow to keep the seas down and the cases were heaved over the side by a mystified crew. The squall blew itself out the next morning, and with cleared decks, the course was set north for Suez. Within the next few days the *Turpitude* fell in with many shabby-looking craft, all hove to and waiting. The crews beat drums and yelled to attract attention. In rage one ship opened fire with an ancient muzzle-loading rifle, but to no avail.

The voyage home was continued without incident until the *Turpitude* docked in Liverpool. The officials of the Board of Trade came aboard to pay off the crew. Renwick watched Founder struggle against a mounting fear and Scuttle reduced to near imbecility.

All hands filed in to the main cabin where the officials and the captain sat behind the big pay table. Renwick had attired himself in his best and there was authority in his every move as he stepped to the table.

"We were in a storm." This he announced specifically to the shipping master, but was heard by everyone. "In great danger of our lives. Captain Founder promised to commend each man for his devotion to duty. Am I right, sir?" Founder smiled, for if this was the only thing asked, he had got off light indeed.

"And to have that commendation endorsed upon each man's discharge papers," added Renwick.

Founder looked nervously about him. With a good mark on his papers to wipe out previous misdemeanors, each man could look for a better ship.

"Correct," whispered Founder. "And a bonus."

Founder leaped to his feet. Scuttle sank his head in his hands; the shipping master gazed from one to the other in blank astonishment. "On account," explained Renwick, "of the way he handled the dangerous cargo."

An expression of such woe as to turn the heart of stone passed across Scuttle's face and Founder sat down heavily. "Pay and bonus," he said. "Send the papers to my cabin and I'll sign them."

Renwick spoke to the assembled crew who stood open-mouthed at

Continued on page 320

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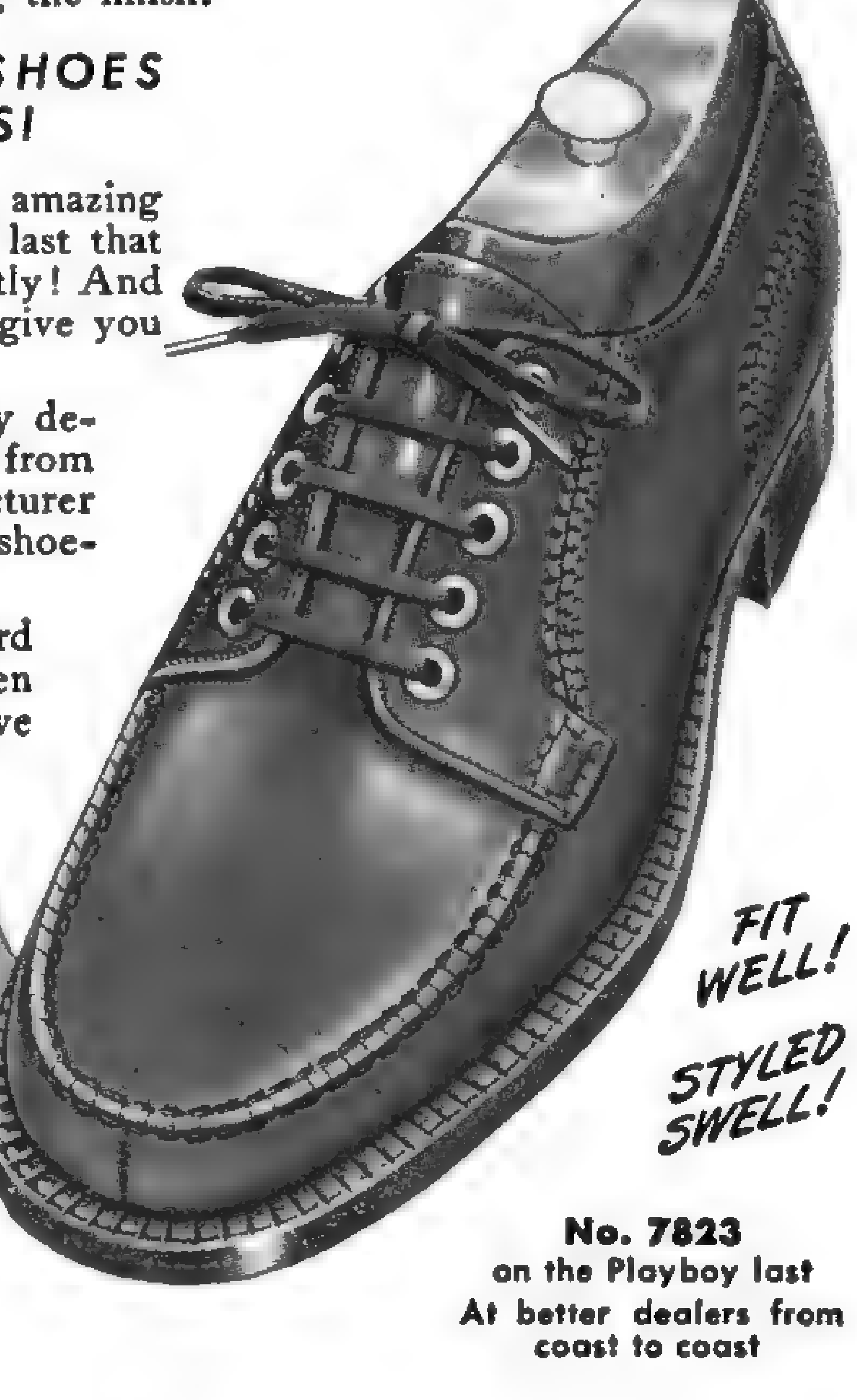
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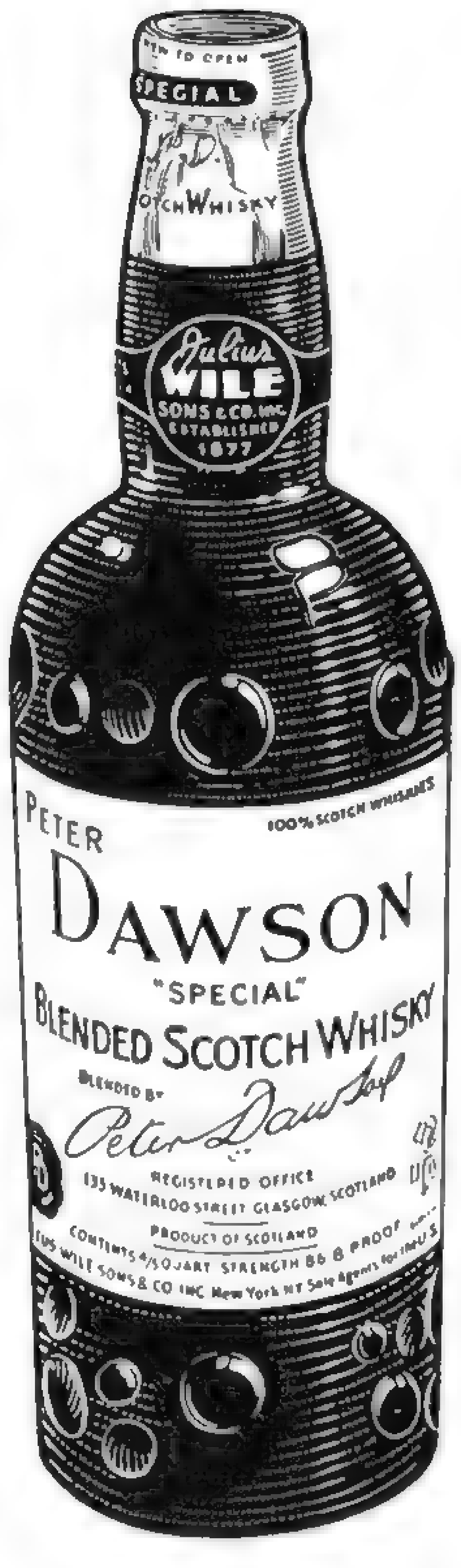

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The Cruise of the "Turpitude"

Continued from page 319

Founder's utter defeat. "You will receive your pay and bonus," he said. "And I wish two of you to report to my office ashore so that I will know that the captain has honored the agreement. I suggest that the boatswain and carpenter report to me at nine-thirty. The address is twenty-five Hackins Street, just off the dock road."

The shipping master drew a hand across his harassed face.

"Twenty-five Hackins Street. Isn't that . . . ?" But Renwick was backing out of the room with a distant smile and a murmur that office space was hard to find and a man must take what he can.

Late that evening, the boatswain and carpenter, each well-fortified, each bearing a well-stocked wallet, stood in surprise outside the doorway of twenty-five Hackins Street.

To be sure, there were offices bounding number twenty-five on each side, but the building itself did not seem to fit in with the rigors of commerce.

"D'you think he might have his desk on the top deck of this 'ere place?" asked the boatswain.

"We can always ask," answered the carpenter. Together they walked down three stone steps beneath a tasteful painting that bore the gilt sign "The Saracen's Head" and pushed open the door.

Renwick was at the bar, talking earnestly to the barmaid.

"My shipmates," he said.

"Listen." The boatswain's face was creased with the effort of thought. "You beat Founder at his own game; you got us this big bonus and a good discharge, and you ain't a shipping man and you weren't sent down by the commissioners?"

"It was fun doing so," was Renwick's deprecated answer.

"And what did you get out of it?" was the carpenter's question.

"The satisfaction of putting Founder and Scuttle out of the shipping business," he said, "for by the time they have found money to pay my bonus, they will have to sell the *Turpitude.* You see, my father used to be partners with Founder—and he told me a little about the *Turpitude* before he died. This trip was like collecting an overdue bill."

The boatswain crashed his clenched fist on the counter. "There's but one drink fit to toast your good health, me lad. A wee nip from a bottle ye took from the cargo. Have ye one left?"

"I had," said Renwick motioning the barmaid to refill the glasses, "but I gave it to Mister Scuttle before I left the ship."

"He wouldn't appreciate it," mourned the carpenter.

"No?" smiled Renwick, raising his glass in a silent toast. "He will when he finds it—in his sea bag. Before I left the dock, I made sure the customs inspector will help him look for it." ⌗

Continued from page 144

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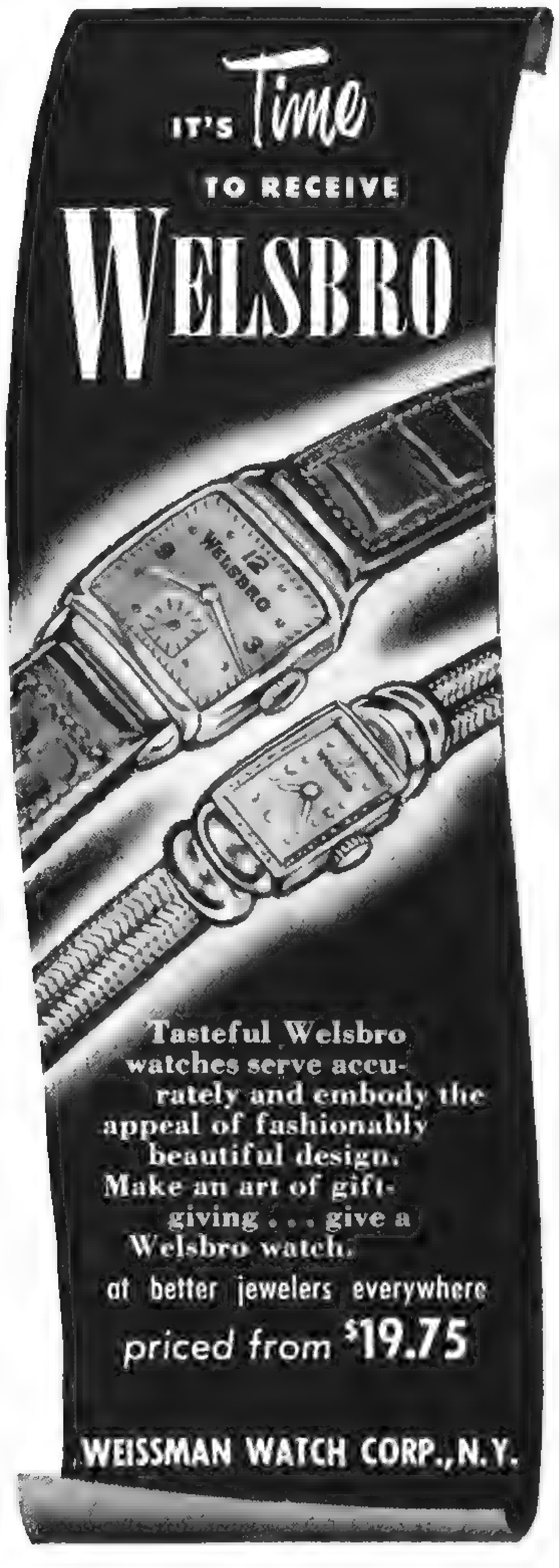

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The General Hoes Some Cotton

Continued from page 103

could, and it wasn't easy, because he didn't know where the actual items were located.

One day he had some luck. A veteran wanted 2000 radio tubes and, by gollies, the little guy found 2000 tubes listed for sale. Eureka! He put through the orders (eight copies of each) for the delivery of tubes to his customer.

The latter had to pay his money. Then he got his tubes. Or so he thought. They turned out to be parts for radar sets. At this writing he's still got 'em; the Government has his money. This was no surprise to the little guy. The same thing had happened before. All over the country the customers got sore about the punk service. They wrote their Congressmen, who complained to the WAA.

The brass hats had to get somebody to answer the lawmakers' kicks. They promoted the little guy to the job. He suggested one way to stop the howls would be to count their radio sets so they'd know where they were before they tried to sell 'em. They said this was impractical. They demoted the little guy to the junk division.

You think I am imagining things? The little guy's name is James E. Waddell. The story as I have told it, flood of paper included, is his sworn testimony before the Surplus Property Subcommittee of House Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Department. Nor is his tale unusual. Take a peek into the Chicago office in 1946. Nobody knows how many million dollars worth of no-telling-what was shipped to 3000 ghostly customers. They received the goods, but the records somehow got chopped up in the Government's electric fan. And how could the WAA send a bill to a man when it didn't know his name, where he lived, what he'd bought, when?

Headquarters took drastic action against the manager responsible for the Chicago chaos. He was promoted to a better job in Washington. Then he resigned. Expert accountants were rushed to Chicago in January, 1947; six months later they still were fitting paper together, trying to learn who bought what for how much.

All he knew, testified Chief Accountant Lloyd A. Nelson, was that he went to Chicago to check on millions of dollars worth of materials listed as stored in 300 warehouses, vacant lots and factory lofts. He found 285 of these cupboards bare. So Nelson and his helpers thought maybe they'd better look over the books. They pounced first upon $4,000,000 in cash, which somebody seemed to have paid for something, probably. The greenbacks were in a large tin box, but nowhere was there a record to account for them. Worse was to come. The accountants found 3200 notations of goods shipped, but not billed. "Why

Continued on page 322

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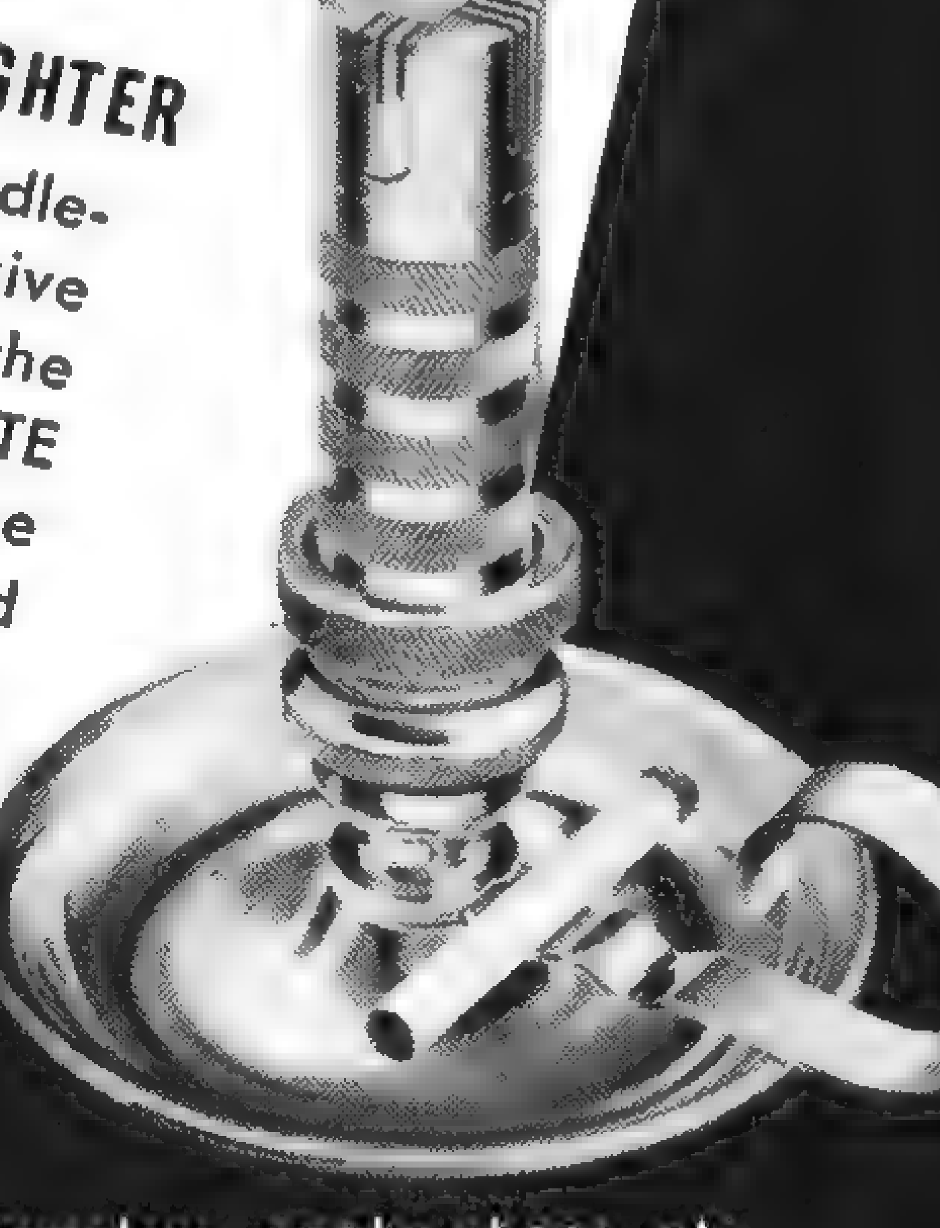

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Continued from page 321

not?" asked Rep. Chet Holifield of California.

Because there did not seem to be any record of the purchasers, Nelson said. But all was not lost, he assured the Congressmen. His assistants actually found addresses of some who had bought surplus property. They have received bills.

"How many?" insisted Holifield.

"Fifteen," Nelson testified. "And I am informed we have information enough to bill eighteen others."

These thirty-three customers bought $250,000 worth of dungarees, derricks and dump trucks. How much the other 3167 unknown patrons bought, Rep. Melvin C. Snyder of West Virginia, said he hated to contemplate.

While the WAA was compounding its own errors with interest, the Army was foisting off some of its own historic mistakes. These included several boxes of ramrods saved by the War Department from the Civil War, a consignment of doughboy hats from 1917, a livery stable of horse-drawn hearses left over from the Spanish-American War and a load of saddles from the Mexican War.

The WAA had no choice. It took what the Army didn't want and that explains the 200,000,000 individually wrapped prophylactics. An unidentified genius at the Pentagon had ordered them several years before, either in the belief that the war would last indefinitely, or that the G. I.s would spend their entire time fighting it in the bagnios of the world. The WAA started peddling these devices to wholesale druggists. "Hey," cried the Pure Food and Drug Administration, "you can't do this; these, er, articles have deteriorated with age." And so they had. The experts turned the whole load over to their young man who so brilliantly had solved the surplus whiskey crisis. He is worrying about 'em now.

There wasn't much spirit of frumenti left over from the war, to be sure: only 230,000 gallons of varying grades, flavors and proofs, at the Richmond, Virginia, depot. Numerous veterans told the WAA that this was one time it would enforce the law as to veterans' preference, or else. The WAA retorted that if it gave each G. I. his share it would have to set up a bar and peddle one drink per.

"Nothing doing," said the Internal Revenue Bureau. "This whiskey has got to be tested and properly labeled, according to statute." The bright young man in charge thought first of pouring it into one big vat, mixing thoroughly and then bottling it under a special Federal Label. But he was a smart fellow. He dallied on purpose. When the heat from the thirsty vets was off—he quietly sold it at a sacrifice to the Virginia State Liquor Commission.

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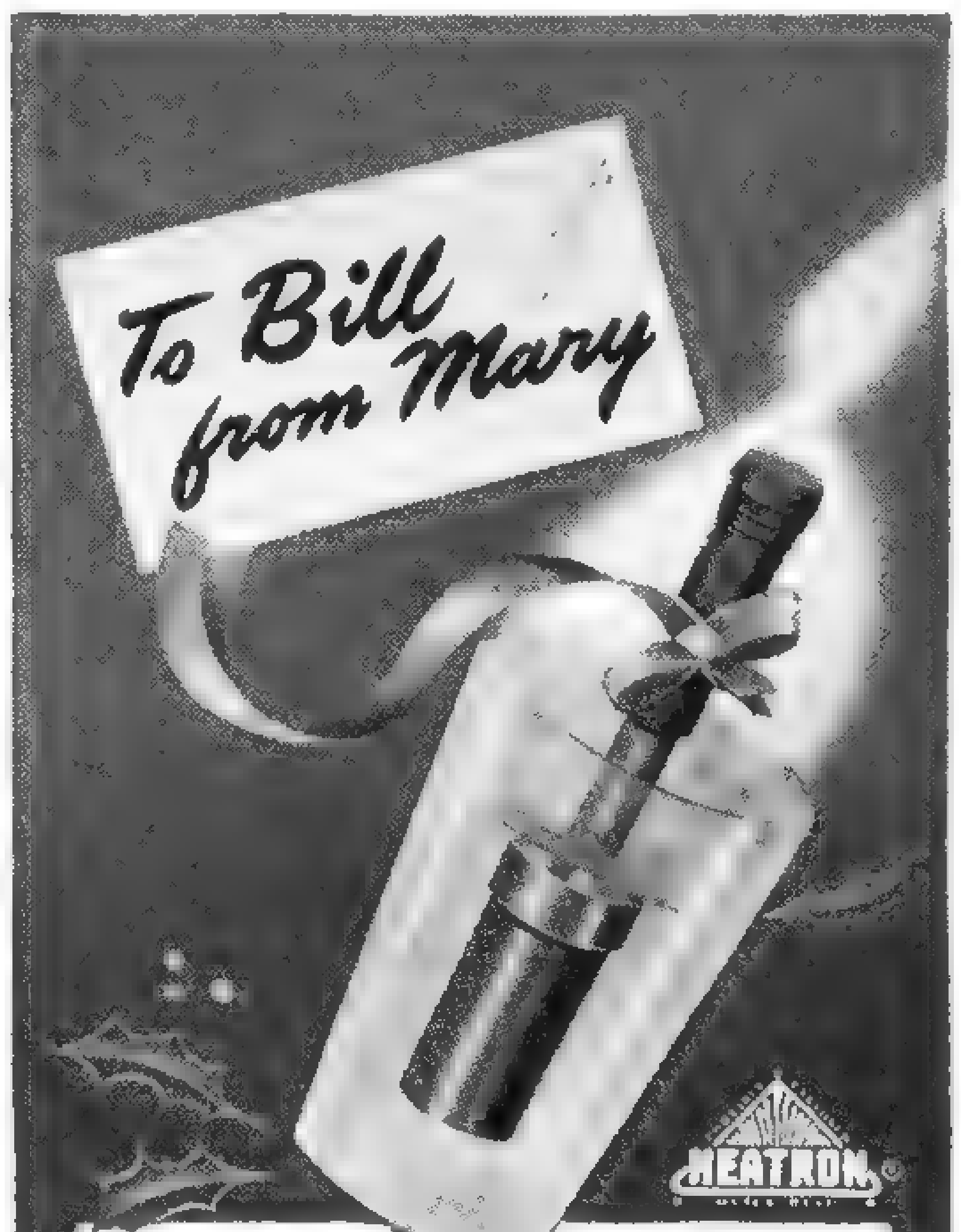

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came nonplused was when the Navy handed him a shipment of bags within bags, loaded with chemicals and designed for shipwrecked sailors to turn salt water into fresh. The WAA set a giveaway price and to its amazement did a rushing business at 45 cents each. The eager buyers were dealers in precious metals. Each bag contained $4.50 in silver salts.

While all this was going on, it was raining hard in Philadelphia. A pile of something or other was battened under tarpaulins in a field ankle-deep in mud. A syndicate of junkmen called at the office and said the material was scrap, maybe? The WAA boys didn't want to admit they'd never looked under the canvas. Neither did they want to ruin their shoeshines. Yep, they said briskly, it was junk. They made a deal then and there to sell at sight unseen for $15,000. The junkies sloshed through the mud; peeled the canvas off their purchase. It made their eyes bulge: a row of never-used Diesel-powered road builders. Their profit was nearly $500,000.

Included among one buyer's bargain machinery was a box labeled scrap. Not until he dropped it did he discover it contained blasting powder. The explosion shook the neighborhood.

These confusions and a hundred others were heaped upon the mistakes of numerous bureaus and departments as control of surplus property passed from the Treasury Department to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to the Surplus Property Board and eventually to the current War Assets Administration. Changing bureaus and shifting staffs multiplied the paper work and made it impossible until this summer to make anything remotely resembling an inventory of the stock.

Uncle is a hopeful fellow. He, at least, calls it an inventory. A G. I. in the Omaha district was assigned to the WAA to list the nuts and bolts piled case upon case in a converted airplane hangar.

This unenthusiastic youth wearily hauled down each package, looked at the stencils on it, and jotted down its weight. His figures on hundreds of cases eventually reached the battery of automatic accounting machines in Washington. These robot bookkeepers punched the facts on cards, other machinery shuffled the result, and whooie! Uncle had enough bolts and nuts listed in Omaha to supply the civilian demand for five years. He began selling bolts and nuts, wholesale; then he had to send most of the customers their money back.

The G. I. seemed to have made a slight error. He hadn't listed weights of the boxes, but their serial numbers. Add 10,000 similar bumbles, stir well, type the result on sheets, make 22 carbon copies, try to outsmart the highbinders, stand up under the pressure of the politicians, and you can understand the preference of Bossman Littlejohn for a hoe in a Carolina cotton field. #

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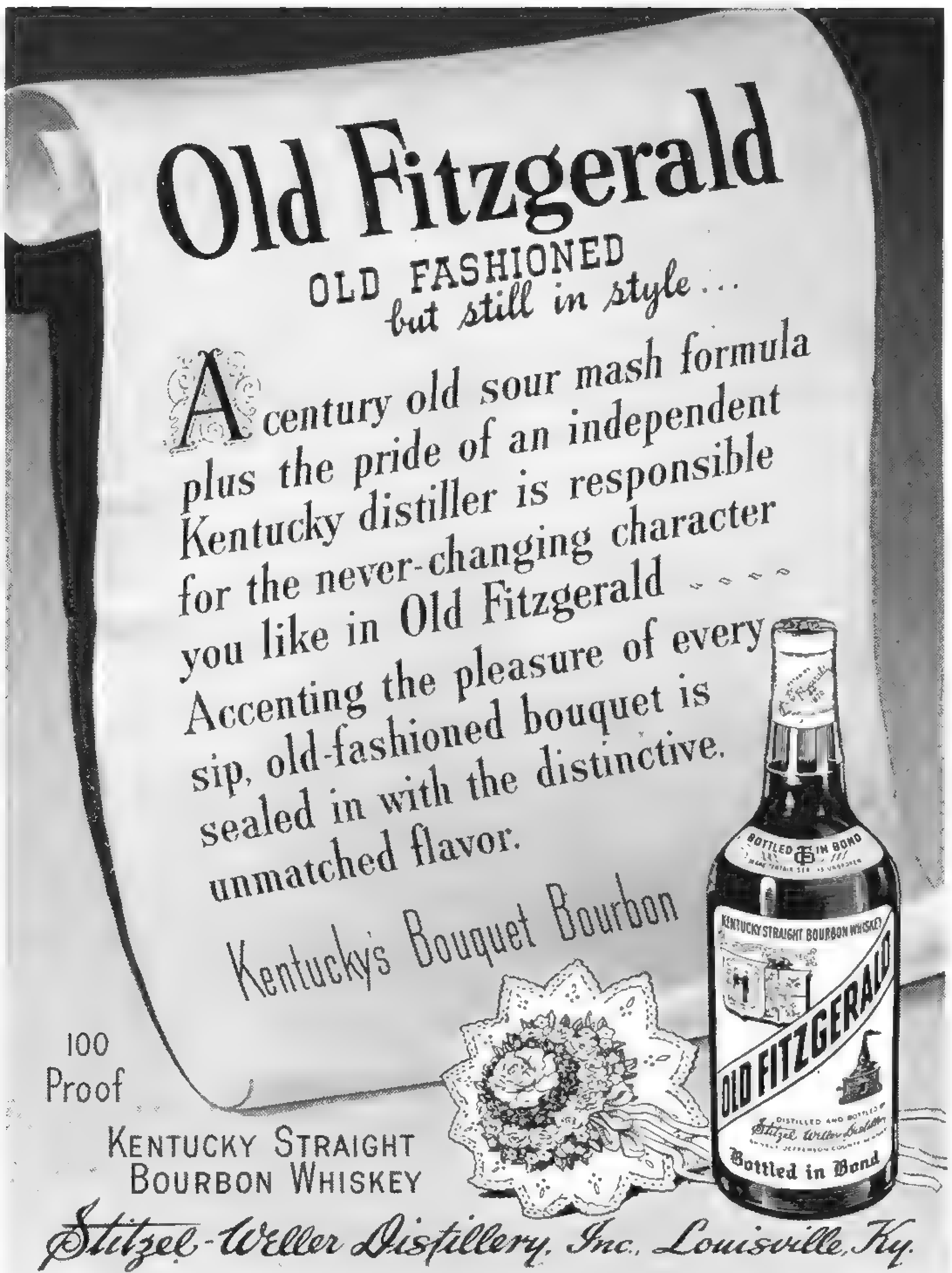
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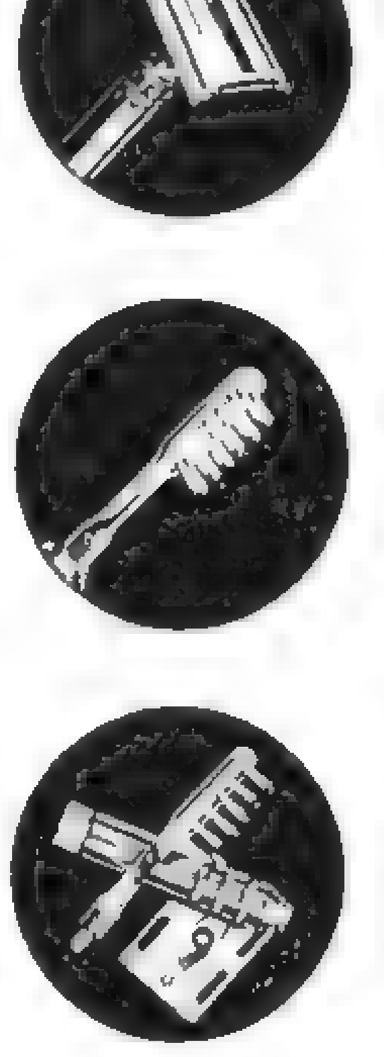
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Fighter's Fighter

Continued from page 132

until the time he met Tom King for the championship was with Sam Hurst of Stalybridge, a man as ponderous as the name of his town. Hurst weighed 238 pounds, could knock over a horse with his right. The fight was a preview of the Sullivan-Corbett fight thirty years later. Mace jabbed, got away, jabbed, crossed, backpedaled, then crossed his right and the giant toppled. It was said that he was unconscious for three days.

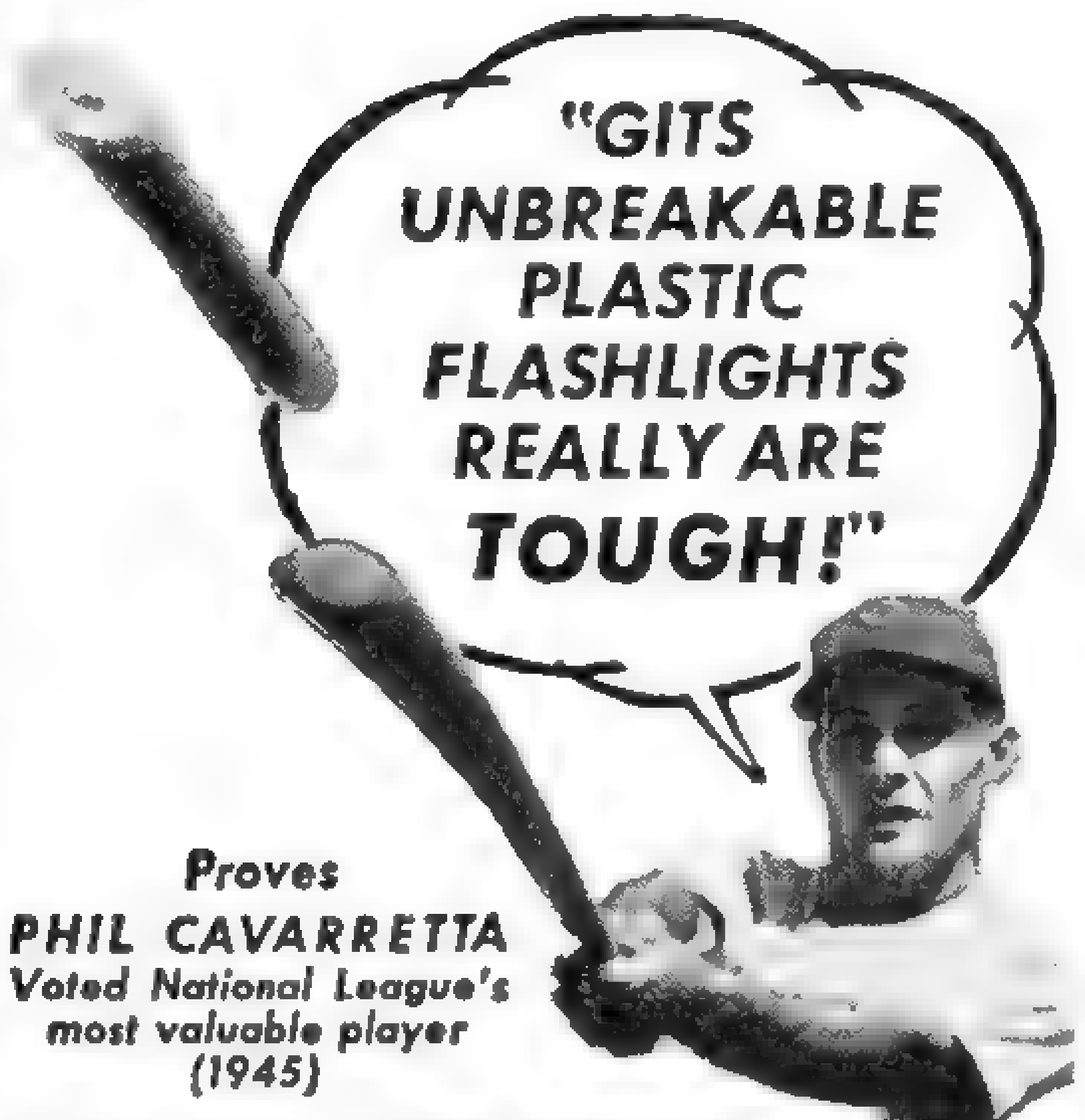
Mace was in the big time and the chips now, ready to fight for the championship, then held by an idol of Great Britain, Tom King by name. King outweighed Mace by fifteen pounds, but Mace won the heavyweight championship of England, held it for six years, and never was defeated for it. Next he sailed for America. In New Orleans he met Tom Allen for the world heavyweight championship. Allen at thirty weighed 190; Mace was 39, weighed 154. But he knocked Allen out in the tenth round. He had other fights in America, and so far as I can tell from the records he never decisively lost one. One or two are a little cloudy, but he never was completely whipped.

He wandered away from America and went to Australia, there to begin his real career of stimulator of boxing and founder of a school of boxing which has influenced, as I told you earlier, every man who has ever put up both fists. One of his early pupils was a big Negro so ungainly and clumsy no one ever thought he could learn how to fight. But Mace was such a good teacher that Peter Jackson is still regarded by some initiates as the finest example of boxing skill seen in any ring. He taught a skinny redhaired blacksmith's helper the difference between a hook and a straight, and Bob Fitzsimmons used the knowledge to good effect. A lad named Larry Foley studied under the old master for a few months. He went to San Francisco and divulged what he had learned to a slender bank clerk named Jim Corbett. You know the rest.

And that's the way it went. Name almost any top-flight fighter during the past half century, trace back his ring education, and you'll find that directly or indirectly, remotely or immediately, his skill can be traced to Jem Mace.

Mace's own technique was flawless. He could hit faster blows than Joe Louis; he could dodge, duck, side-step, roll better than any of his successors, and he could do these things so superbly when he was past seventy that he was still winning fights!

He was the first of the counterpunchers. His favorite was a straight left. He used to say that there is only one time in a fight when a right should be used, and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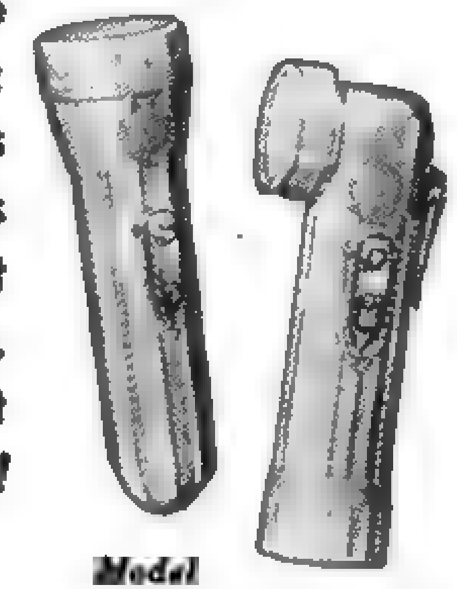

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then it should end it. Mace's method was to let the other fellow lead, and then smash him with hard counters. He would watch an opponent's legs, make up his mind when the other man was going to attack. Then out would shoot the left, catching the man on the chin, on the nose, or in the eye. A few rounds of that and you have a shambles in the ring. This Mace technique, incidentally, is the one which Jack Johnson used when he humbled the great Jeffries.

Mace always said that he owed his quickness and strength to a pet exercise he had devised. He would take a two-pound dumbbell in each hand and strike out from the shoulder, using his waist to propel the blow, until he practically dropped from exhaustion. He claimed that this one exercise made him faster and gave him a harder punch than any of his adversaries.

After he became champion Mace was lionized on both sides of the Atlantic. His buddies in England were not race-track touts or tavern hangers-on, but lords and dukes and members of Parliament. It was the same over here, where nothing less than a senator was considered good enough for the champ.

At one stag party he met Senator Roscoe Conkling, a great boxer. Conkling didn't know Mace from a Mississippi Democrat, so he suggested they put on the gloves. In the first round Mace, feigning ignorance of boxing, took the wrong stance and Conkling hit him at will—but never succeeded in landing very hard. In the second, Mace assumed the correct position, and gave the senator a boxing lesson. Then he confessed he was champion of England, and the two had a laugh and a drink, and later became buddy-buddy together.

The climax of the Mace career, and the final clincher in my argument that there never was a greater fighter, came when Mace was seventy-one, still willing to fight any man in the world. Two heavyweights in South Africa were vying for the championship, but it was touch and go with them, as neither one was able to whip the other.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Mace told a crony. "I'll just go to Africa and whip 'em both." And he did. He fought them within a week of each other. And knocked them both cold.

He returned to a triumph at the National Sporting Club in London. Robert Edgren, the sports writer, saw him that night, and reported that he was brown and lean and hard and sinewy and looked like Jack Dempsey after the latter had gone through a siege of hard training.

Mace lived for another nine years, and died at his inn, a fiddle on one side of his bed, a pair of boxing gloves on the other.

If you have a candidate for the title of "greatest fighter" who can match my man, who is he? ###

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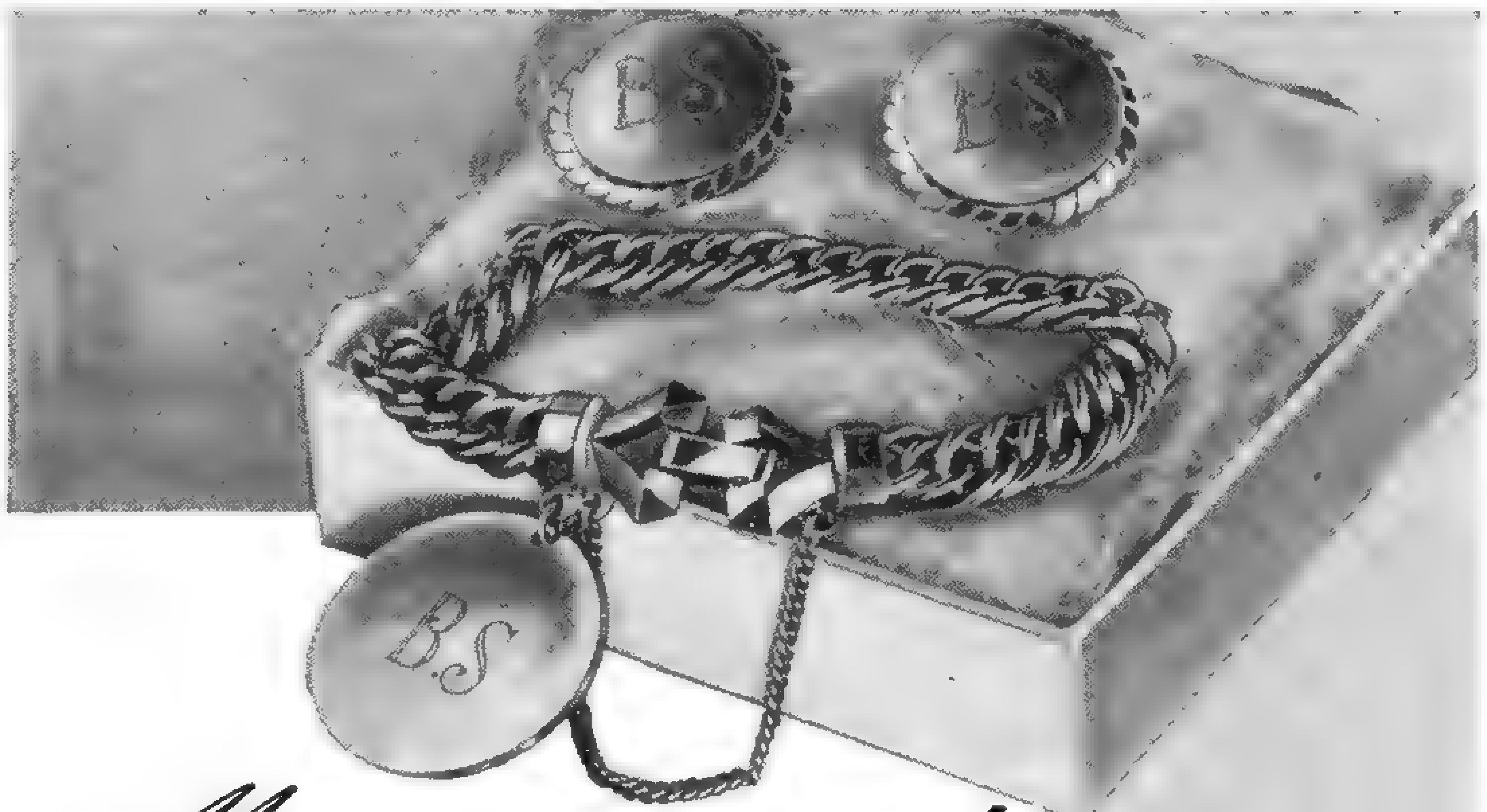

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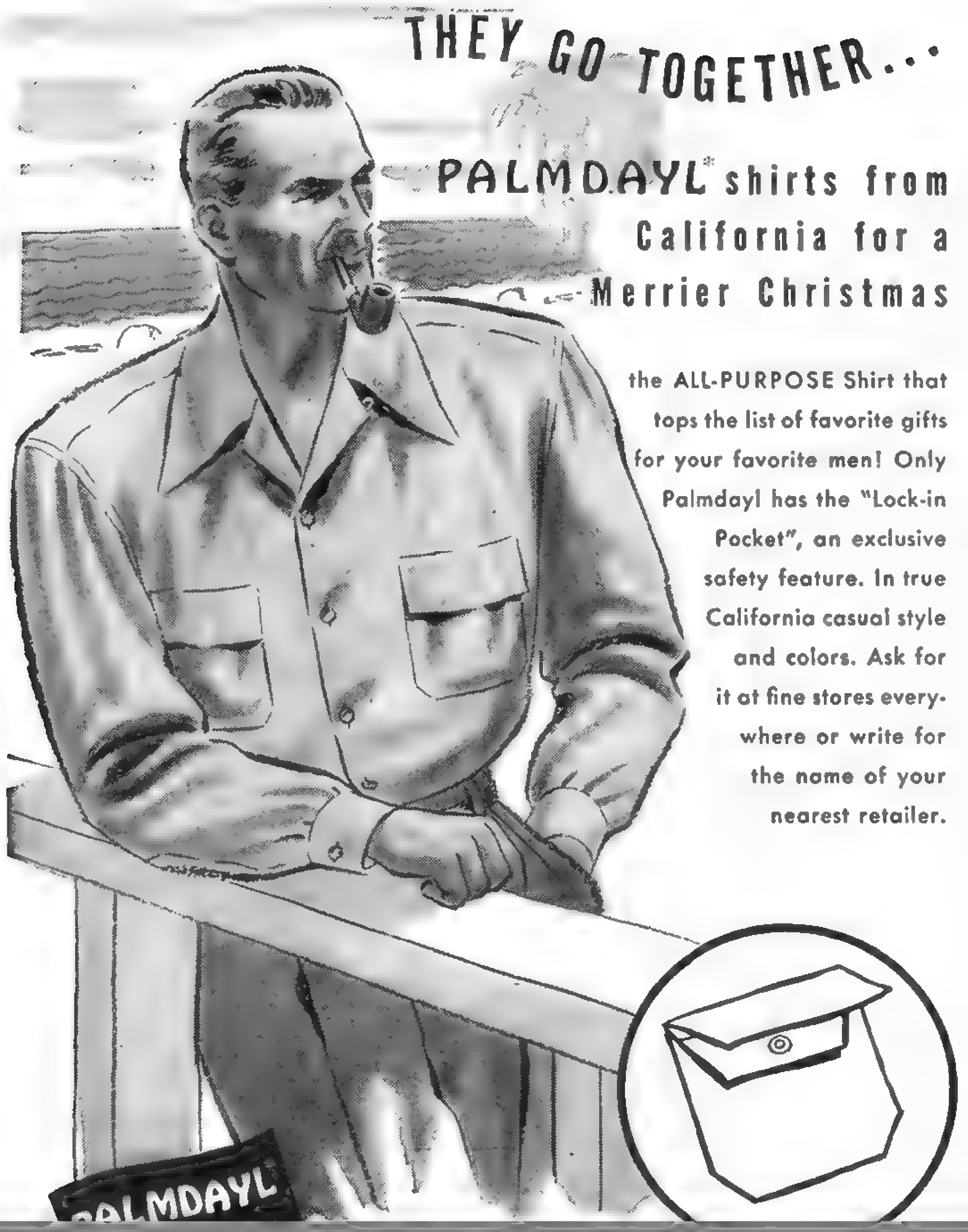

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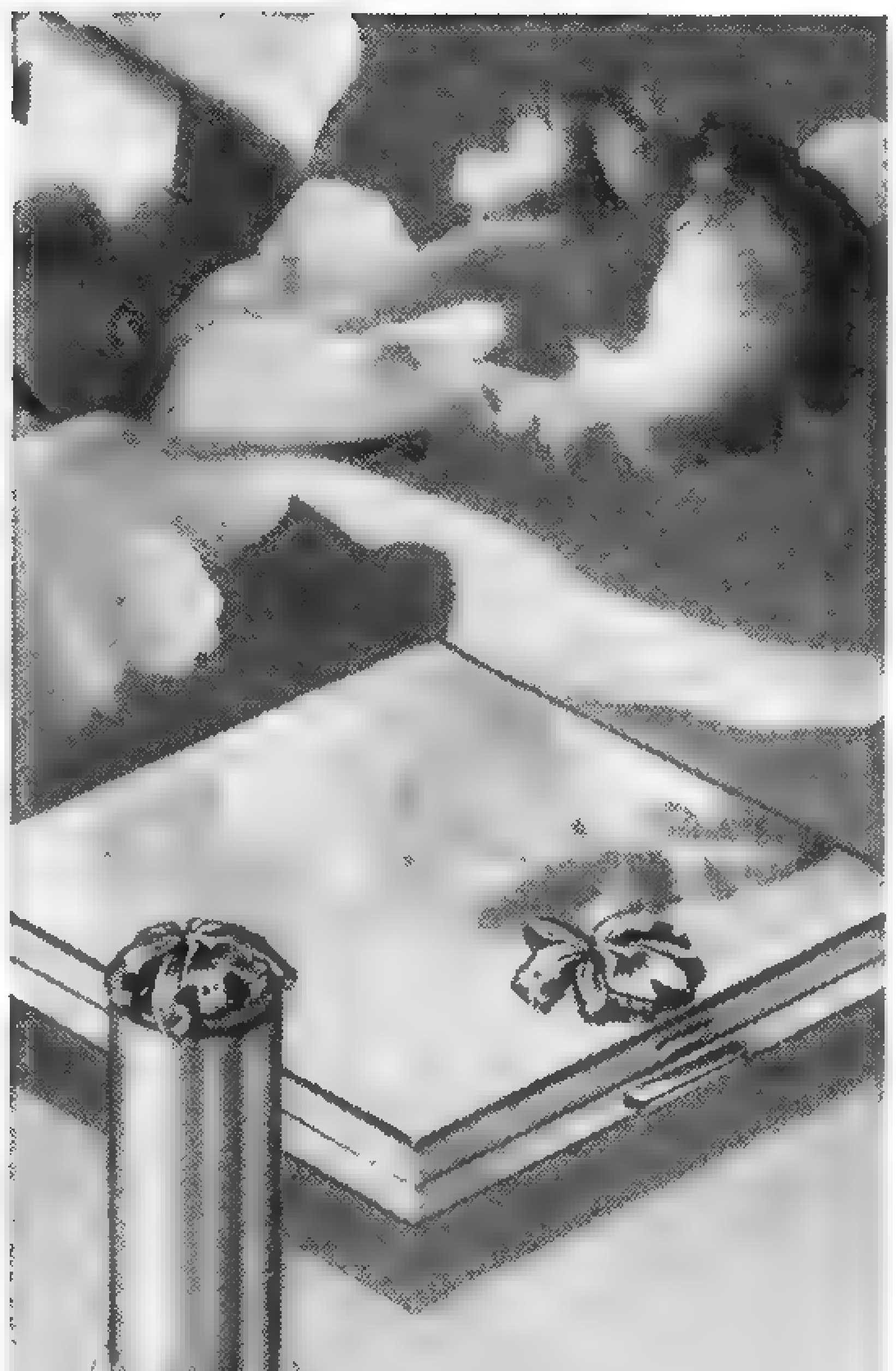

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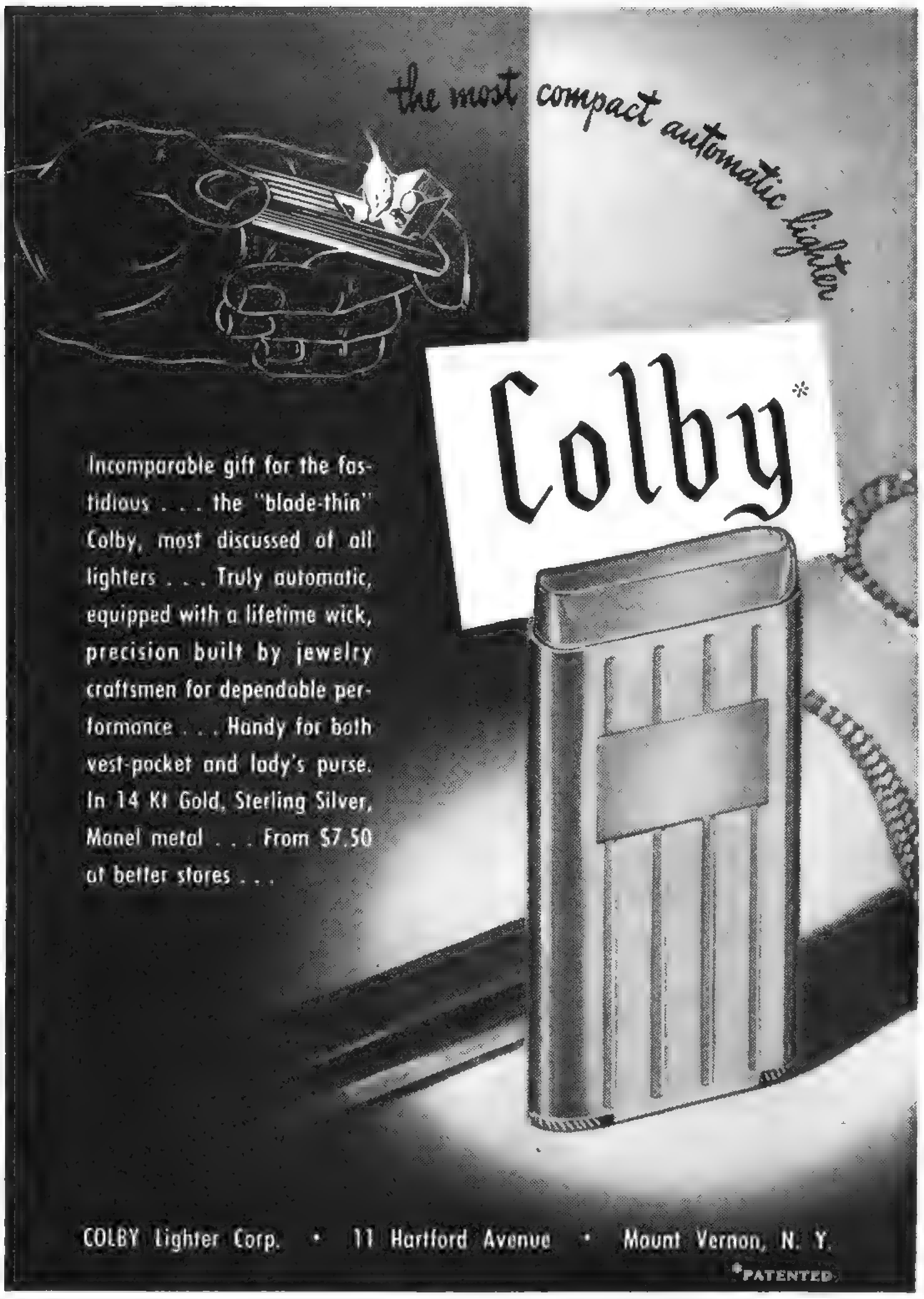

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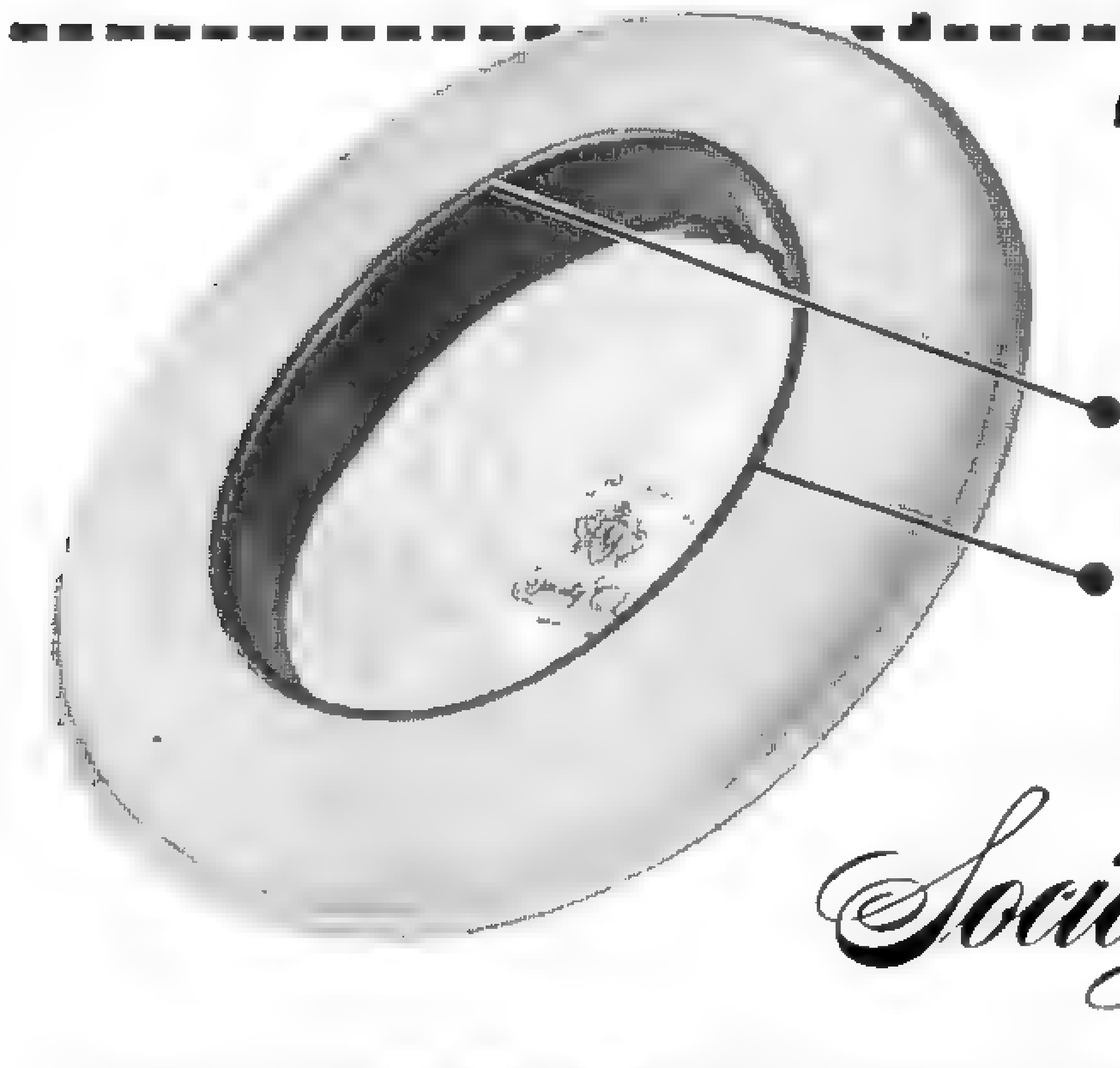

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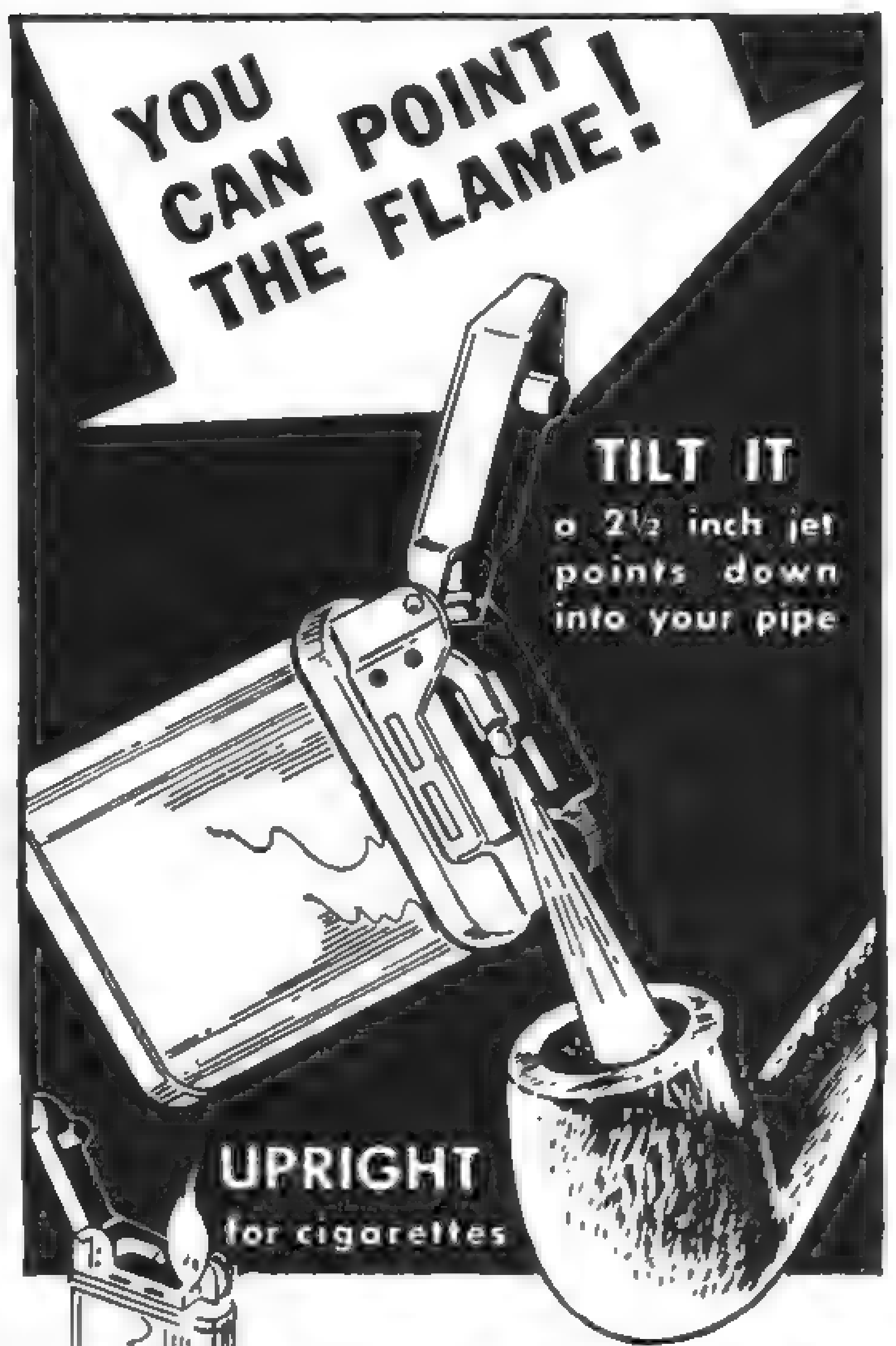

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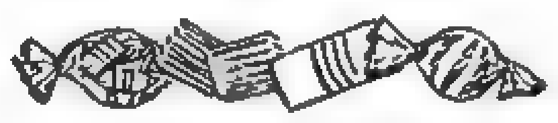

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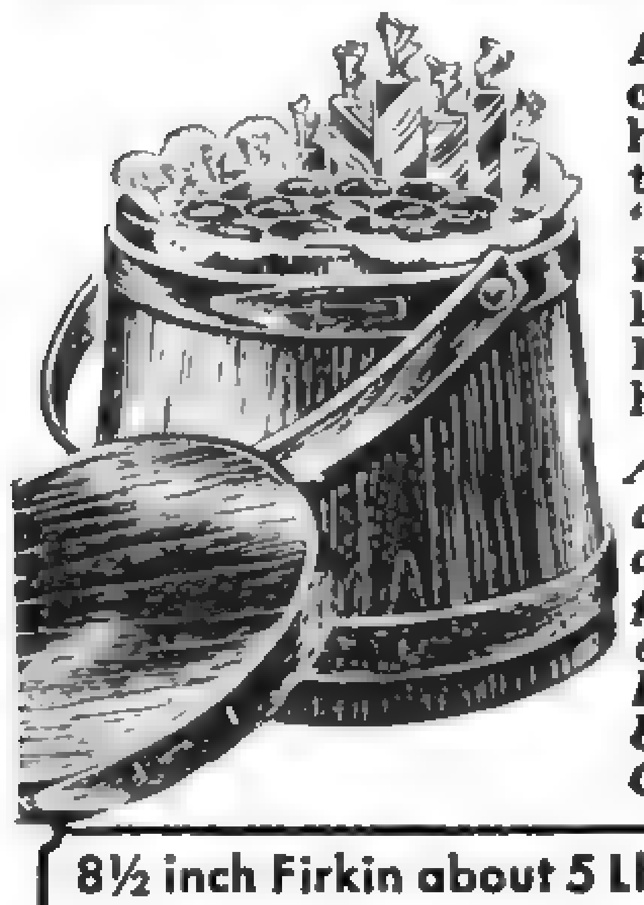

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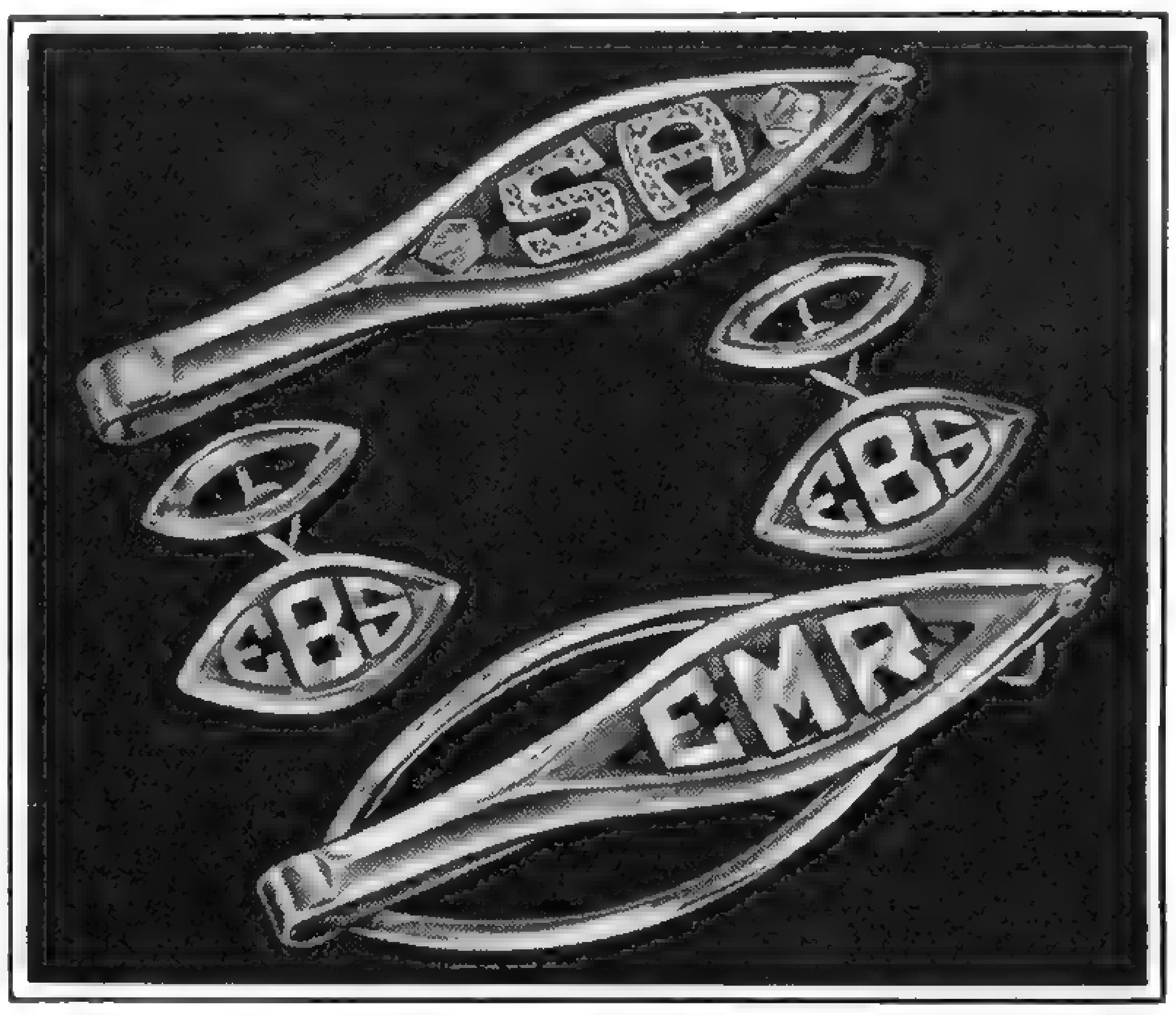

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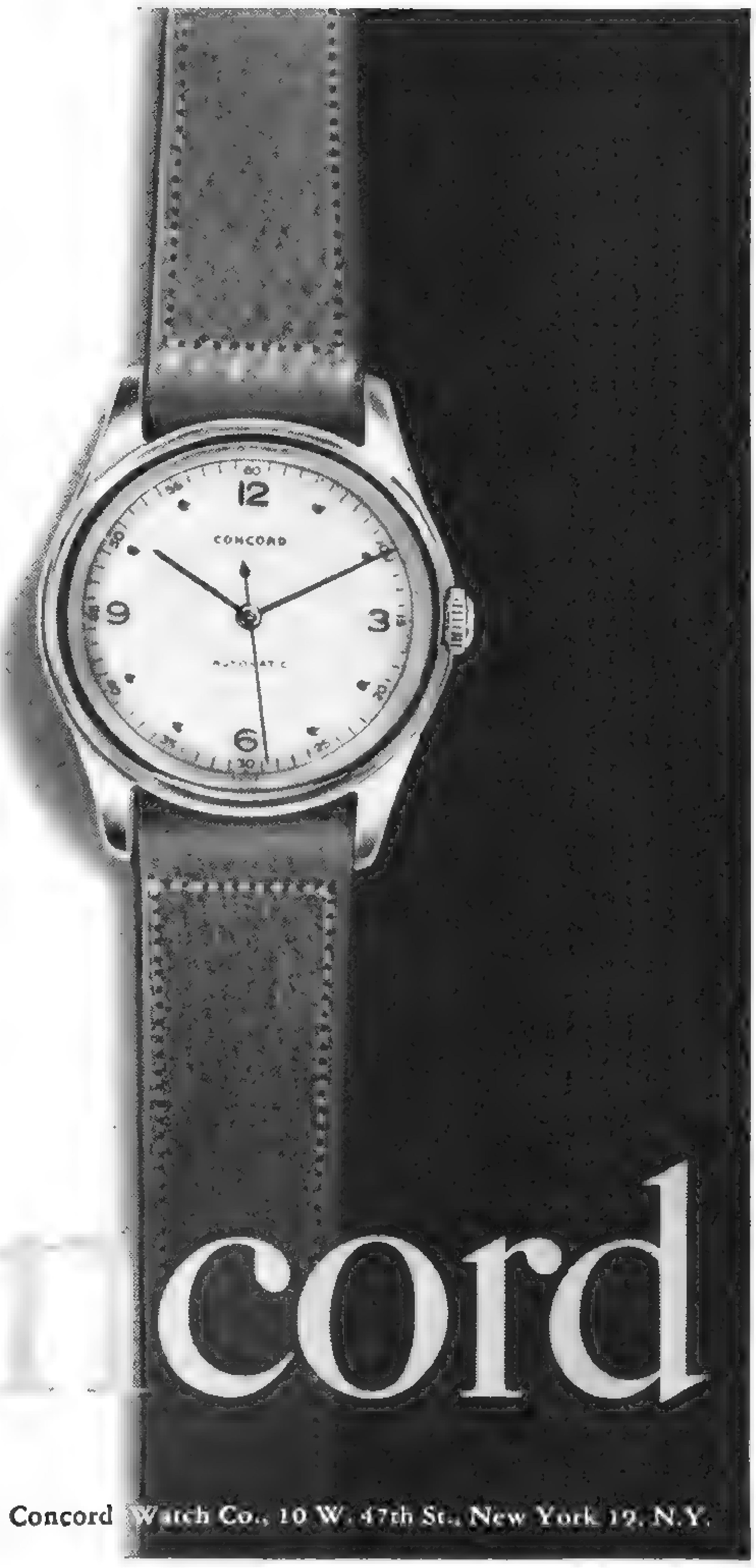

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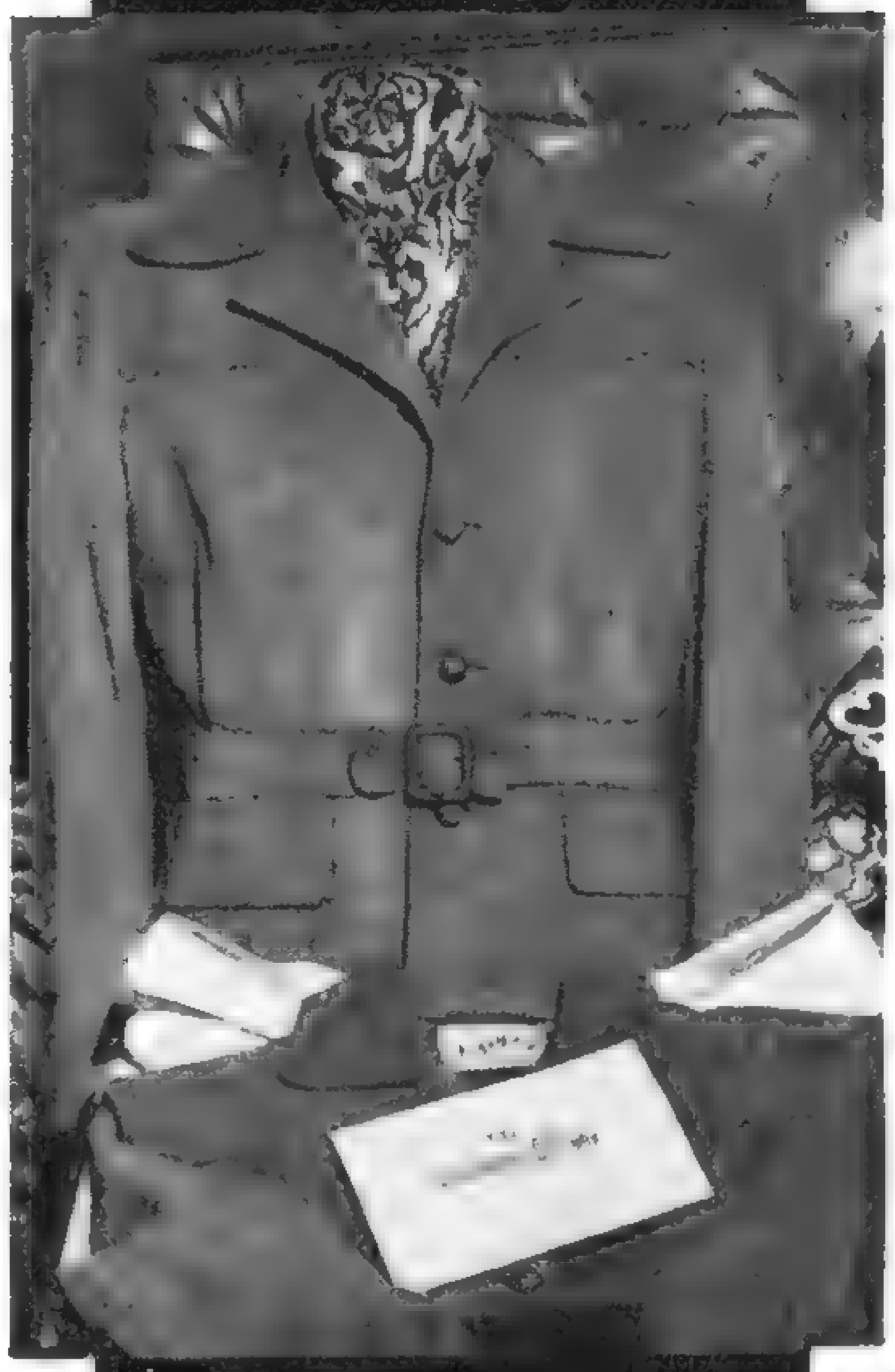

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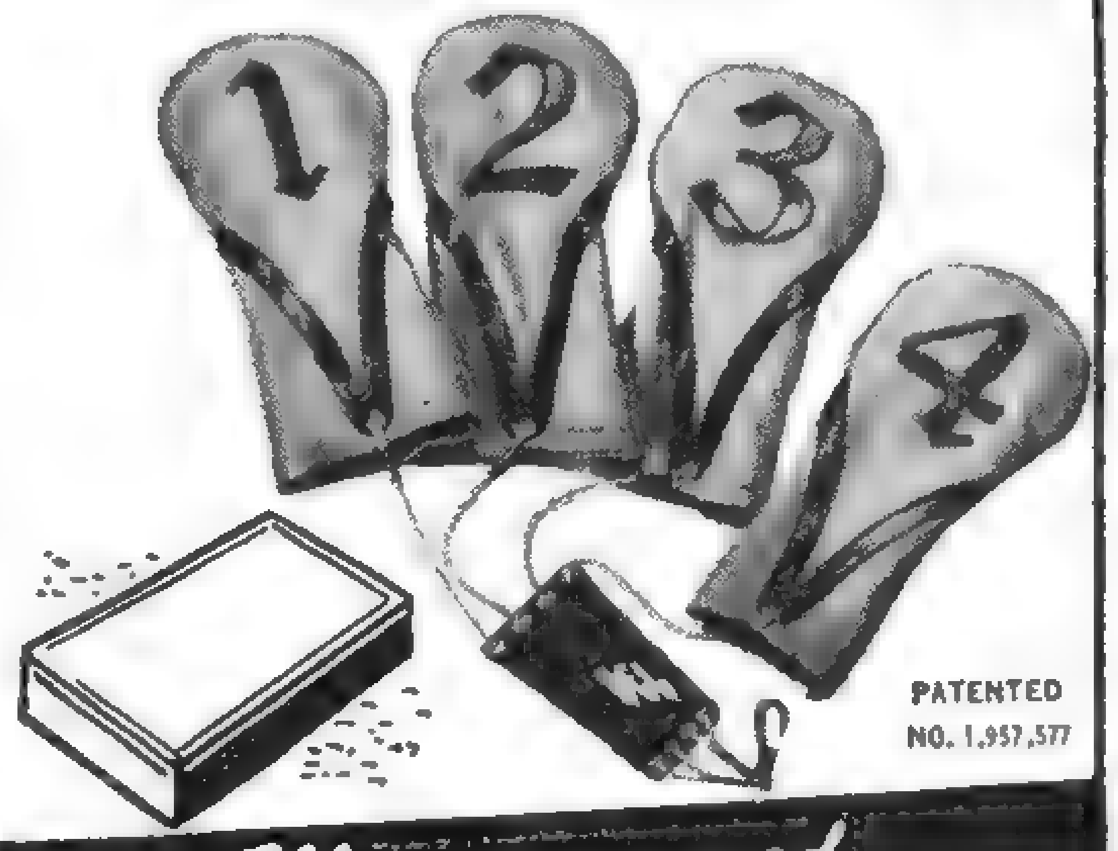

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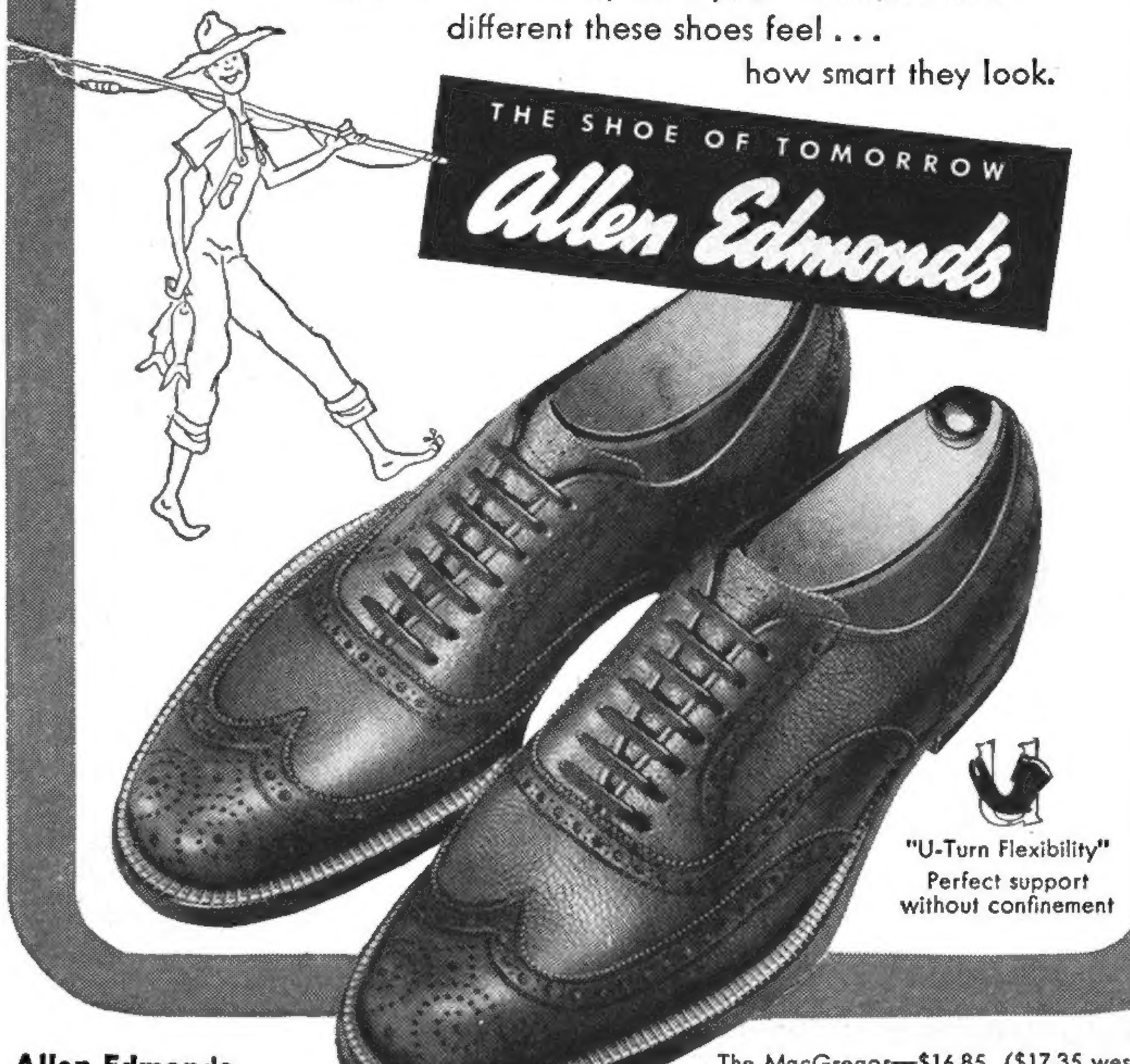

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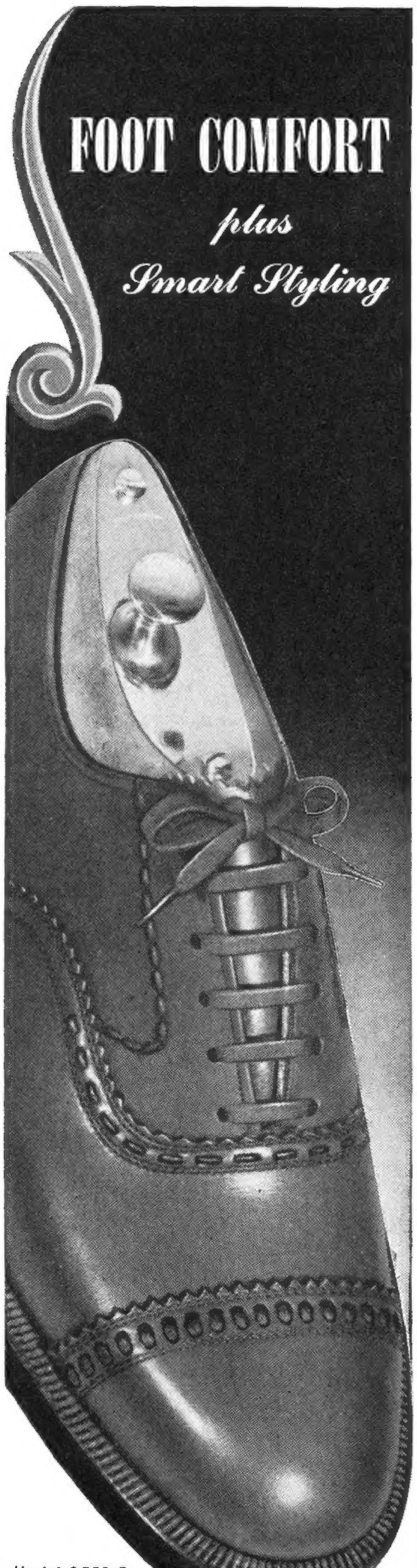

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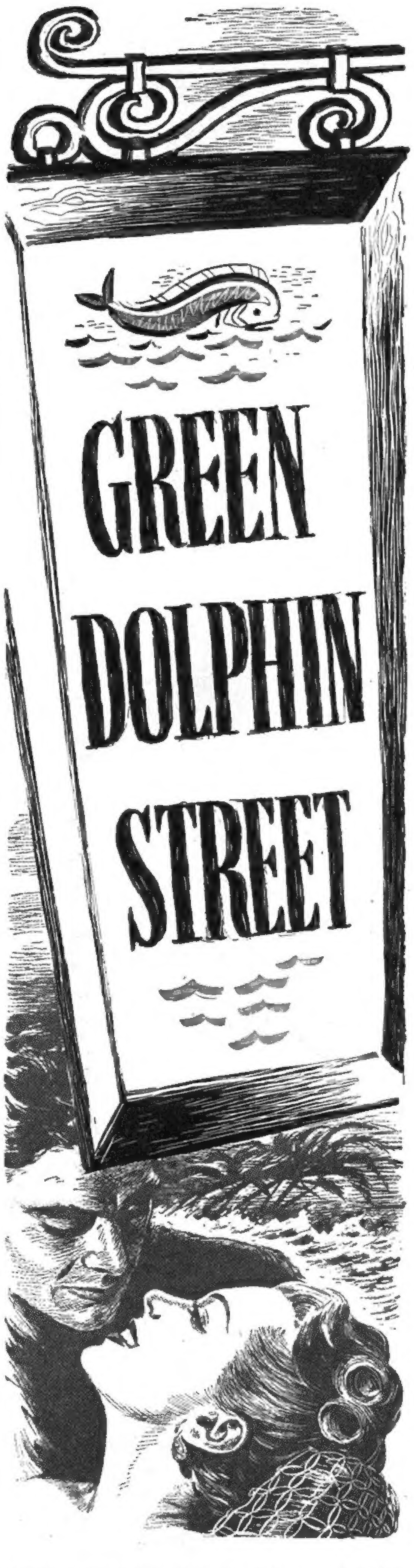

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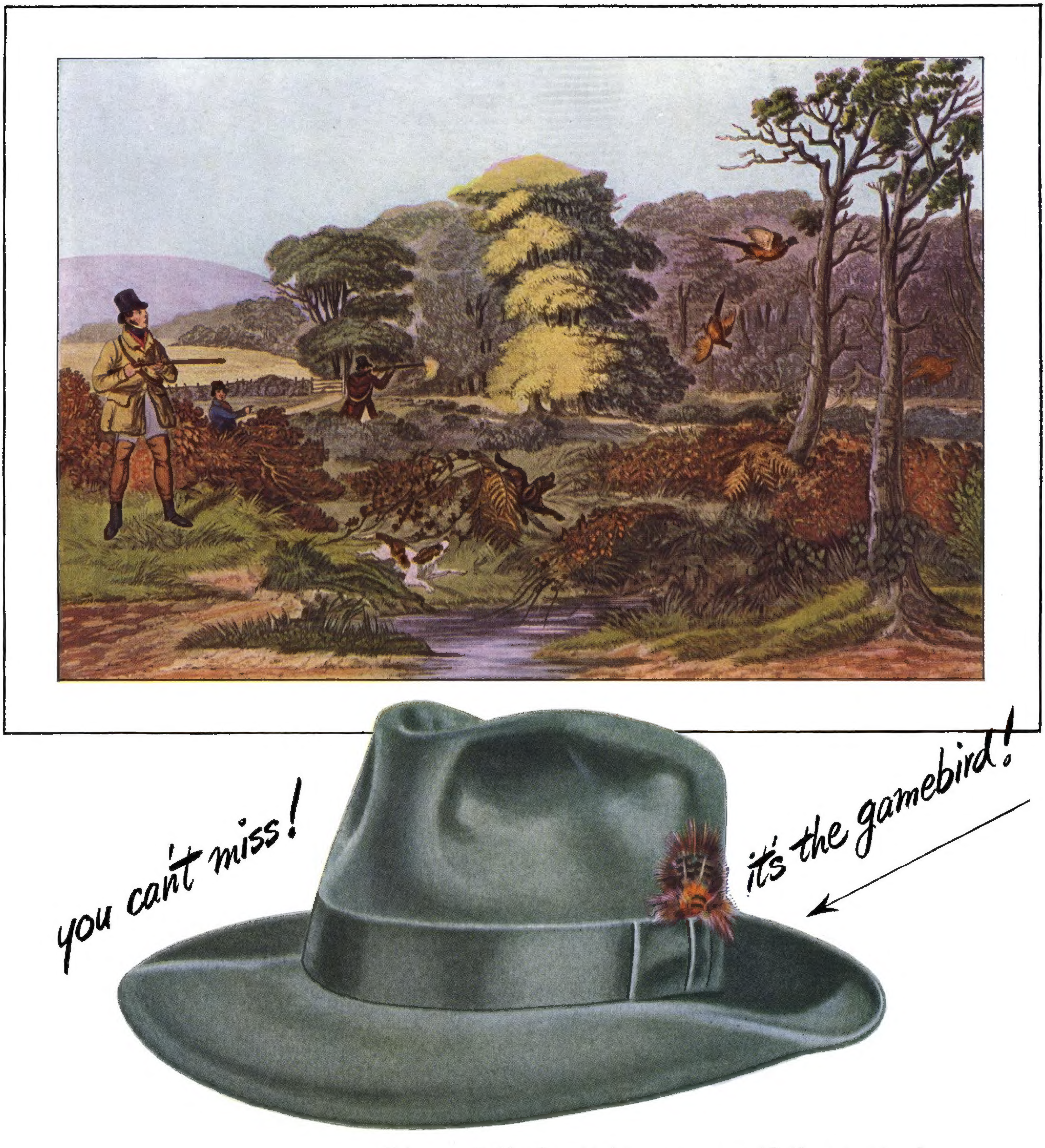
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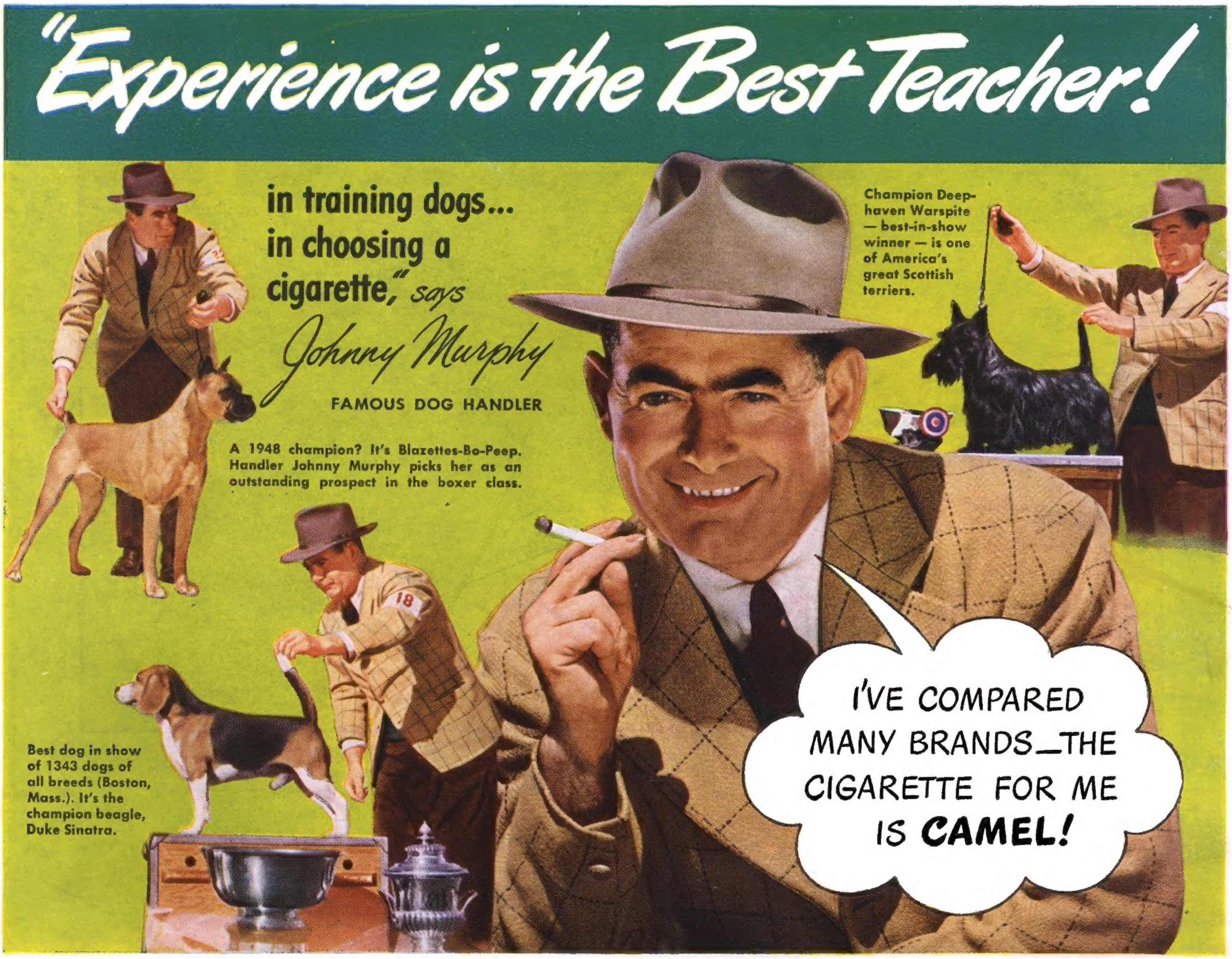
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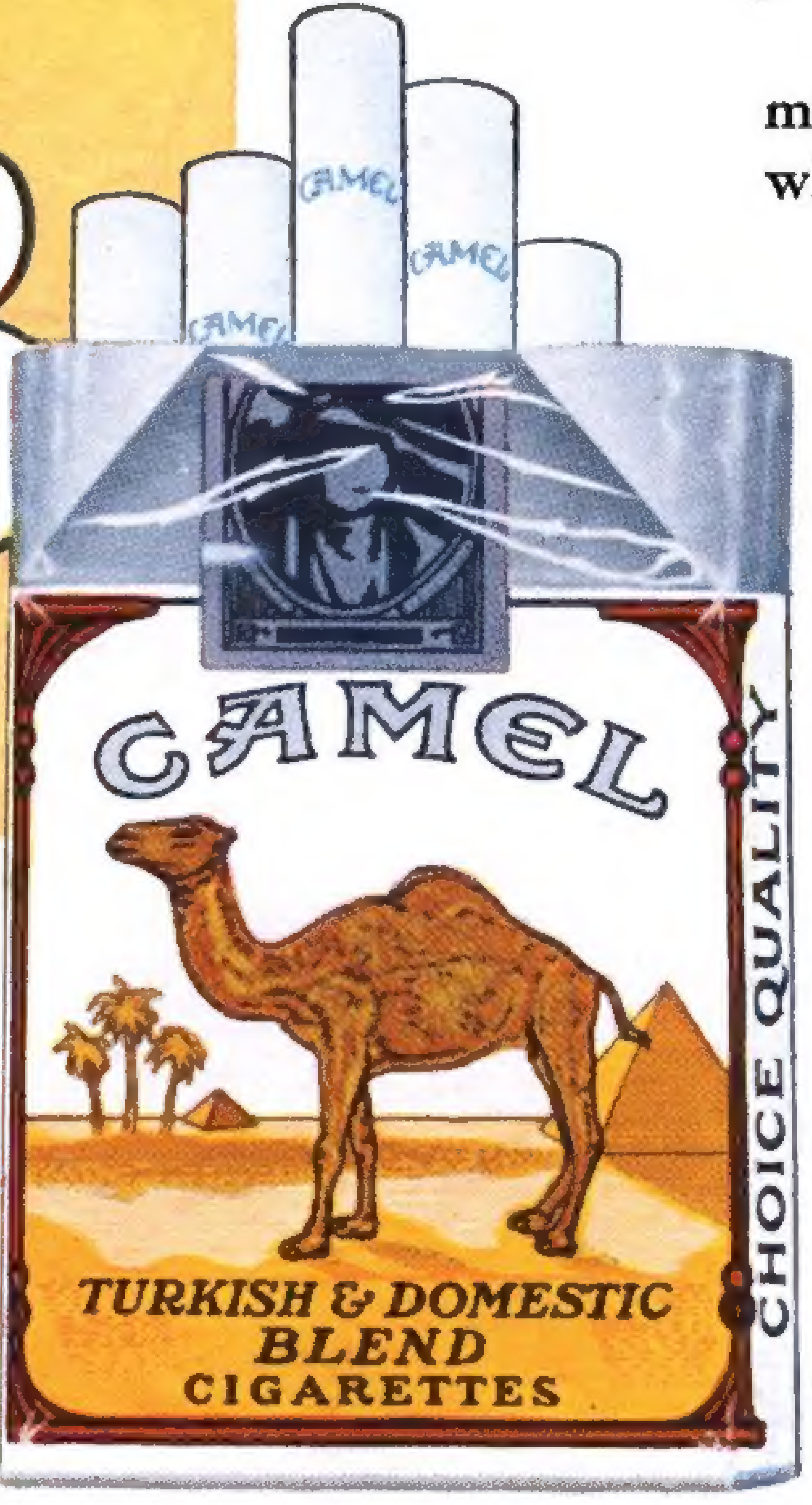
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